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Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "The Penalties of Artemis"

THEIR TALK OF THE FUTURE STOPPED AT A POSSIBLE RESCUE

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXII DECEMBER, 1915 NO. DCCLXXXVII

The Penalties of Artemis

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

PERSIS LAMBERT was asleep in her berth when the catastrophe came. The boat was not crowded—she was not a transatlantic liner nor yet a P. & O. in the season—and Miss Lambert's aunt, with whom she was traveling, had, with her maid, a separate state-room. The niece was the solitary occupant of her own. The alarm was sudden, and the ship's discipline none of the best. Mrs. Lambert's maid, having an eye to a legacy long promised, and the utter futility of the legacy if she did not survive, clothed her bulky invalidish asset as well as she could and put her whole soul into dragging herself and the asset on deck. There were valuables, too, to collect in that hurried moment, for the chief asset would not stir without them.

The maid was sent to wake the young girl—so much, the second wife of Persis Lambert's uncle demanded of her—but it is a question whether her excited rattling of the state-room door and her single cry did more than start Persis Lambert on a dallying path towards waking. It was, in any case, the hurrying feet on the deck above and the shouting of stewards in the corridor that made her sit up in her berth and decide to dress as quickly as ever she could. Not once throughout the whole experience did she set eyes on Mrs. Lambert or Mrs. Lambert's maid.

By the time Persis Lambert got on deck, all the other women and children in the cabin had been thrust into the boats that were now dotting the moonlit sea at sparse and helpless intervals. Those of the under-officers and crew who were left on board were coping as best they could with a swirling, shrieking crowd of third-class passengers—men, chiefly. Those in command had done their best to sift out women and children from the malodorous throng that beset the narrow exits from the steerage. Stewards had been sent down to search for any left behind; but several of the stewards had gone overboard on their own account with life-belts, swimming for the boats as they pulled off. The ship was sinking in a heavy, businesslike fashion by the stern—the captain on her bridge like a statue. He had lost his head, and the first mate was virtually in charge. The only thing that stuck, out of some twenty lucky years at sea, was the conviction that he must go down with his ship. His silence was extraordinary; he was posed there for death; and Persis Lambert herself, crawling and climbing up the companionway to the outer air, saw the last gesticulations of appeal made to him by his second officer—who, even as she found support in a brass rail, and clung, trying to arrange her mazed thoughts, flung up his arms with a despairing oath and slid aft into the babel. He did not see her clinging to her rail.

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Persis Lambert had put on a life-belt before leaving her state-room, but she felt it impossible now to test its value. She was in that condition where the mind seems at once omniscient and useless. She perceived all the alternatives before her, with no power to act in any way—a paralysis not so much of the motor nerves as of the will itself. She stood there, cramped and waiting, in a great lucid dream of indecision. To be sure, neither of the alternatives was tempting — to try her luck with the screaming mongrels aft, or to climb to the deck rail and leap into the glittering black waste of sea. If it came to that, why not face the stern of the boat and wait until the ocean took her? She could not swim; it was folly for a non-swimming female to betake herself to the biggest ocean in the world before she had to. The only thing she felt like doing was climbing up on the bridge and standing beside the captain, at parade. That, too, was foolish. Yet she would move as soon as she was sure of not doing something silly.

All this, instead of being told as a sequence, should be placed before you, if that were possible, in one synthetic glimpse. These thoughts co-existed in her mind: it was a pigeon-holed instant, clear to perception as a small, slightly complicated picture. Her past life, contrary to precedent (for she was virtually drowning), did not, in any detail, occur to her.

Long before the thing could have been put into words, a man stood before her. He had somehow, between moonshine and crazy lantern-ray, made her out, clutching her rail close to the companionway whence she had emerged.

"Come along." There was nothing excited in his tone. He was as stolid as the *Owara* at her business of sinking, as the captain at his business of going down with the ship.

Persis Lambert scarcely recognized the man at her side, though she knew his name—Angier. She had seen him on deck and in the dining-saloon, but they had never spoken. Mrs. Lambert —now tossing in one of those distant cockle-shells—had given her niece little or no time for new acquaintances.

"Where to?"

Angier took her arm in his to steady her. "Anywhere out of this."

"What was it?"

"Reef, I guess. Stove in in the wrong place. Oh, *quick!*" He pulled her towards the side of the ship. "Not much time. There'll be an explosion any second, probably."

"But where? I can't swim. Do you want me to jump overboard?"

"You'll have to. No chance of those boats." He jerked a shoulder aft. "It's hell down there. Discipline all gone to pot. Not room for everybody. Pity about the captain." He turned for an instant and lifted his cap bridgeward with his free arm.

"Can you get into that?" Angier pointed over the side to a small boat. "It's not such a jump as it would have been an hour ago."

"Yes. But what's the use? It must leak—or something—or they wouldn't have left it."

The man paused an instant and looked at her. "I'm not making you. I don't know a thing about the blamed tub. But my guess is that after the very first, in the rush for the bigger ones, they forgot this. They got it ready, you see. I don't insist. If you *want* to chance it down there . . . But you must do something—quick."

Persis Lambert looked aft. She saw men, brown and white, struggling in a confused mass. It was like a pit of snakes. She heard a pistol-shot or two, and indescribable cries — inarticulate, indecent. Then she turned back to Angier. "Shall I jump?"

"I'll go first, thanks. Then jump at—for—me, as far as the moon will let you." He felt his pockets quickly, then buttoned his coat. "Wait a second!" he called, and actually disappeared across the deck. Before she could wonder very hard, he had returned with a shapeless bundle that looked like a heap of blankets. "No good to the *Owara*," he muttered, as he flung them into the rocking boat overside. Then he jumped. There was silence for an instant, but presently, in the moonlight, Miss Lambert saw him holding up his arms.

"For God's sake, fall as straight and as limp as you can."

The deck was uncannily near the

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water. Miss Lambert heard his scarcely raised voice without difficulty. She brought him to his knees as she fell into his arms, but they soon righted themselves. After stooping for an instant, groping on the bottom of the boat, he stood up with a quick motion of his whole body.

"It doesn't leak, I think. They just forgot. Lord, what a rotten push!"

Angier loosed the falls, then unshipped the oars and bent to them. "Can't stop to make you comfortable now. We must get out of this party. Just look and see if there is water in that keg, please. Yes? I know there's food. I saw the tins."

"Are you going to try to follow the other boats?"

"Might as well try to follow a firefly. I'm going to get us out of this—er—place, if I can. I am sure you're like me—you'd rather die in the open."

He rowed steadily away from the *Owara*, out to sea—a phrase that ill suggests their infinitesimal progress. Still, one wave shoved them idly on to another, and in a few moments they were perceptibly farther away from the sinking *Owara*. The cries grew less horrid to the ear; they sounded more like a queer, shrill snarling across the water. At last, louder than the death-throes behind them, sounded in Persis Lambert's ear the cracking of the man's muscles as he rowed.

"We're the only people, I believe, on this side of the ship," she ventured, finally. She had not moved from her uncomfortable position on the big bundle Angier had thrown into the boat.

"You bet we are." That was all his reply.

"But why?"

Angier pulled for five minutes before replying. "Can you get one of those extra oars?" he asked, finally.

The girl reached for one and pulled it towards her. "Well? Do you want me to row, too?"

"Hardly. Though you'll probably have to learn to steer. But if any damned Lascar comes swimming along and trying to catch hold, chop him over the arm with it. I told you I wanted to get out of the party. And I don't make for a reef if I think there is one there. We may tie up on one before morning, but at least I'm not trying to run us on the shore. Don't forget about the Lascar." And his muscles cracked again.

Miss Lambert laid down the oar. "I don't think I could do that, thanks. There's plenty of room, and if there weren't, I wouldn't try to keep any one out."

"No, I dare say you wouldn't. But I prefer to die decently. So I'll trouble you to leave that oar where I can get at it myself without disengaging one of these. Better make yourself as comfortable as you can—though I don't advise you to lie down. . . . Ah!"

The explosion had come. Both mechanically ducked their heads, then lifted them. The crazy lights of the *Owara* were quenched by the sea. They could see, by the moon's glimmer, the quick, final rush of her settling. The captain's interminable wait on the bridge, they knew, was over. But by common instinct they did not speak of the catastrophe. Angier was rowing hard, and the girl tried to limber her cramped limbs and get herself into a more competent condition and posture. Carefully, deftly, she arranged the things that lay pell-mell in the bottom of the boat, selected her seat, and composed herself.

While the moon lasted, the excitement of the situation kept Persis Lambert's mind strictly at home in the foreshortened world of the little boat. She peered about her, taking stock of her physical context. There were blankets—she had wrapped herself in one of them—a water-keg, tins that must hold food. There were also a few irregularly shaped objects here and there which she could not identify in the faint light.

They talked very little after the moon had set. Angier stopped rowing now and then for a moment, letting his body relax. Once, he pulled a flask from his pocket, removed the silver cup and passed it to her, asking her to fill it from the water-keg. He offered her whisky, but she refused it. Excited, warmly wrapped, as yet she felt no chill. The stars paled gradually, seeming to sink deeper into a lightening sky—as if they were withdrawing, backwards,

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out of the presence of earth and sea. The tropic dawn was coming upon them. Around was the constant complex noise of the ocean, running through a watery gamut, from the distant boom to the swishing of the waves round the boat itself.

On the *Owara*, Persis Lambert had seen little or nothing of her companion; but she remembered him tall and dark, and given to inhabiting the smoking-room. Occasionally, since they had crossed the equator, she had seen him walking the deck at a tremendous pace. She had never seen him talking to any one, though of course she had not known how he might spend his time in the smoking-room. Mrs. Lambert had made friends with no one, and her niece had, perforce, followed her example. But she was sure that she had never seen Angier in any of the groups who chattered away the tedious leagues. She felt she must settle a few things before the day was upon them. So strange a day it was bound to be!

"How did it happen you weren't with the first boats?" she asked.

"How did it happen *you* weren't?" He stopped rowing for a moment.

"I must have slept through a good deal. My aunt's maid waked me, but I didn't realize until I heard the confusion. . . . I was pretty slow in dressing, I fancy. And I was trying to decide what to do when you came and told me. I'm very grateful to you."

"Um—yes. I dare say I'm grateful to you. I hadn't made up my mind, either. You're sure your aunt got off on one of the first boats?"

"I think she must have. They wouldn't overlook her. Let's not talk about it. Every one loses his wits at such a time. Think of the poor captain."

"I've no time to waste thinking of anything. Do you realize what we're in for?"

"No, I don't." Persis Lambert answered in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm no heroine, by the way. I'm never seasick, but that's all you can say for me. I hope I shan't fail you or be a nuisance, but I can't imagine that I shall be any good."

"Humph! Well, I'm no Swiss Family Robinson myself. I'm fairly strong in the arms, legs, and back, but I am not what you call a resourceful person. I've never had any experience of this kind. So if we do strike land, you needn't expect any of the comforts of camp-life. I haven't even a pistol, if worse should come to worst. What did you manage to save?"

"I've got some money, which is of no use—and a flask—and my warmest clothes on—and, I think, a toothbrush in my pocket, and a cake of soap. I didn't see any sense in weighting myself down."

"I did better than you, then. At least, I hope there's some loot worth having in that blanket you have your feet on. I stepped into the smoking-room for a moment, you remember. Matches, anyhow. Ah, there's the sun. Suppose we eat. It might give us courage to look around. We must be in a mess of islands about here, you know; and there's a great choice in islands, in these parts — especially when you haven't a pistol. . . . I hope you won't let me get on your nerves," he added, suddenly. "It's a queer hole to be in, and you must be sensible. If you played the fool, I'd chuck you overboard."

"I don't think you would." Miss Lambert's head was bent over a biscuit-tin. "You chucked me *on* board, you remember."

"Oh, it was no place to die—that disreputable old tub with all her virtue oozing out of her."

"You seem to be very fastidious about your place of dying."

"Well!"—he jerked his head back and faced the sun—"you can't say it isn't decent here. You didn't want to go down strangling with a lot of dirty Chinks biting you in the back, did you? When I'm through breakfast, I'll look over that loot. I hope I was inspired last night in the smoking-room. I pawed about like lightning for ten seconds. By the way, what is your name? Mine is Angier."

"Persis Lambert. I should like a drink of water, please. Thank you. And what are we going to do about the sun?"

"Rig up something if we can. And,

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for Heaven's sake, go slow on the water. I've got a map in my pocket, but it's rather small. The boat's not much bigger, and you'll kindly remember that we may be dead before night. If a storm came up like the one two days ago, you certainly would be. You can't swim, remember."

"Why should I go slow on the water, then?"

"Because we have a fighting chance."

"Even if I can't swim?"

"Oh, I'd keep you up as long as I could, if you didn't clutch me."

"You said you'd throw me overboard if necessary." Persis Lambert raised her hand. "Kindly understand me. I'm not asking for anything. Only it would be much more convenient if you would explain to me briefly what I can expect from you. What sort of man are you, anyhow? I don't care, one way or the other. I simply should like to know. Are you going to leave me to shift for myself, or are you going to be conventional?"

Angier laughed—a strange, impotent sound in that waste of sunny waters. "You can bet I'm going to be conventional. That is, I'll play the game if you will. If you're a good girl, I'll be a good boy—if only because being chivalrous at a time like this, edging along towards the tropic of Capricorn, is so ridiculous. I'll let you have the last mouthful, just because it would be so sensible not to."

"You don't mean that."

"Well, just to prove that I am a free man. I'm not going to chuck a helpless thing like the moral law, just because a big brute like the Pacific Ocean comes along and tells me to. I let it pretty much alone when I'm at home, but damned if it isn't worth wasting time on in a place like this, just as a spectacle. Don't you worry. It 'll probably be a shark or a native that does for you. It won't be I—unless you take to acting in a way no man could stand. There's such a thing as being too conventional, you know." He looked her squarely in the eyes.

"I'll be as sensible as I can. But I'm a free woman, too."

"Not if you can't swim."

"Oh, if you think you can swim across the Pacific, I don't wonder you boast about being free." Then, for the first time since the accident, a drawing-room manner returned to her. She spoke very sweetly. "But let's not quarrel. What are we going to do about sleeping? You must be absolutely exhausted. Couldn't I do something with the oars while you took a nap?"

"You might decorate them if you've got a box of colors about you. Thanks, I'm not sleepy. But you're quite right. You'd better curl up for a while. I'll try to rig up something with an oar and one of the blankets. I'll wake you when I want you. You don't look very strong, by the way."

"I'm not, but I'm perfectly well. I'm at my normal weight. It isn't much. But—" She looked around.

"I'll be sleeping myself later. Then you can comb your hair."

Miss Lambert curled herself up obediently and uncomfortably under the improvised tent. She fell asleep sooner than she had hoped, and the man, taking up the oars, with a pocket compass before him on the water-keg, rowed steadily on. The first boats had gone north, making, he suspected, for a port. The other lot, what with bad discipline and savage endeavors defeating themselves, must have gone down, taken by the sharks or that mid-sea level which buoys up the drowned. Many of them had probably been killed outright by huge splinters of the exploding *Owara*. No relic, no fragment, since the dawn, had drifted their way. He kept his course, as well as he could, due south. "A great get-away," he murmured to himself. He did not once look at the girl.

When, a few hours later, Persis Lambert crawled out of her improvised tepee, her sleep-soaked eyes saw, thanks to the glare of the sun on multiplied leagues of water, only the vague litter of objects about her. Her eyes clung to the blessedly dark surfaces of little things—a blanket, the handle of an old hatchet, her own skirt. Then they traveled to Angier's figure at the bow. By lifting and lowering her eyelids in quick rhythm, to shake the sleep out, she managed finally to focus her gaze, to discount to some extent the rude blaze of the ocean. Angier had not

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spoken to her, and she now saw why. Oblivious of Persis Lambert, his back half turned to her, he was looking steadily out to sea through a small pair of binoculars. Perfectly motionless, he seemed to be studying some fixed point in the distance. He must have heard the stir of her waking and moving forward in the boat, but he paid no more attention to her than if she had been the ship's cat stretching herself. She did not know to what point of the compass his gaze was directed—all directions were alike to her, with the sun overhead. She limbered her cramped limbs as best she could in that tiny rocking space, smoothed her hair, and wiped her face with her handkerchief. Finally she turned, to parallel with her own eyes the path of his long, steady gaze through the glass. Then she exclaimed, for land, no less, was what she saw. She was incapable of judging distances, but the peculiar outline of palms was distinguishable to her, lifted above a tiny colorless strip that must be shore. At the girl's exclamation Angier turned and put the glass down carefully.

"These aren't much good—tourist things—but you can see for yourself what I'm looking at." He did not offer her the glass; and she did not ask for it.

"How far away?"

"I don't know. Distances are deceptive, of course. But you will notice that there is a favoring wind and a current too, I'm pretty sure. I don't know that I like the current; but I can't say that I like being boiled alive, either. We shall get there soon enough, I think. You didn't sleep more than an hour or two. I think I'll turn in myself, after you've got some notion of steering. No point in using up muscle to keep out of this wind - and - current combination. There *must* be a current, you know—" He knotted his brows, as if in displeasure.

"Why do you mind the current so?"

Angier grinned. "I'm no navigator, please remember. Nobody ever taught me what to do with a current in a coral area! But you can wake me up before we get anywhere near.

"May I see the map?"

"Sure! But I am afraid it was made only for European consumption. There must be several hundred islands in the immediate neighborhood"—he waved his arm impartially in a circular sweep round the horizon. "I do know about where the *Owara* went down. I looked at the ship's chart last evening. But it doesn't help us much, does it? Now let me show you what to do back here."

Persis Lambert took her instructions in steering as intelligently as she could. They were, for that matter, haltingly given. Angier had to confess, with grim laughter, that he knew very little about the business. "I've had a lot of things happen to me, but they've never been in boats. Perhaps it's a pity we didn't ship a Lascar while we were about it. But what would have been the good of a Lascar without a pistol to shoot him with? Wake me up any minute you want me. I don't think there's much you can do, as a matter of fact, except try to keep her from slewing entirely out of her course. And if it *is* a wind-and-current combination, she couldn't do that if she tried. *Au revoir!*"

He stuck his head out of the tepee after he had burrowed his way in. "You didn't bring a pistol, did you?"

"Of course not. I never had a pistol in my life."

"All right, all right. Only it is just as well to be sure."

"Did you think I would shoot you?"

A deal of pent-up sarcasm went into her tone. There was no reply. Persis Lambert looked about for the binoculars, but they had gone, slung over Angier's shoulder, into the tepee. She sat for a long time clutching the steering-rope as he had directed, gazing at the line of palms on the horizon. It was a great relief to be alone. Occasionally she closed her eyes for a moment to shut out the glare that stabbed like a million arrows; but whenever she opened them again she stared always at that fixed point as if there were no other fact abroad upon the sea.

It was late afternoon when Angier and Persis Lambert landed on their island. Angier confessed that he had feared a hundred easy ways of destruction, but in point of fact the low, sandy coast seemed positively to welcome them. A tiny recess in the shore-line embraced their little boat, harbor-

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fashion—though the *Owara* would have filled its curving arms to overflowing. Angier had trained his glass on the land many times before landing, but at last he slung it back over his shoulder, and eventually they actually heard the soft crunch of sand under the keel as they beached the boat—the first land-noise either had heard for many a day. They seemed to have stepped out of a moving nightmare of great waters, a vast aqueous vision, into a firm, terrestrial reality. Persis Lambert hummed to herself as she carried things from the boat to the shade of a palm-grove.

"Stop that, will you, please?" The man's harassed voice sounded close behind her.

"Why? I hated the boat."

"You don't yet know whether we have this bit of hell to ourselves or not. And as soon as I can decide what to do with you, I've got to find out."

She stopped where she was, with her load. "And leave me?"

"Some one's got to stay with the stores. They aren't much, but they may be all we'll have for some time."

"Do you really think"—it was her sweet tone, brought back into use for the occasion—"that I should be very effective if any one did turn up who wanted them?"

Angier laughed shortly. "Right you are. You wouldn't—unless it were an animal."

"There are very few animals"—she turned again toward the palm-grove—"that wouldn't soon be in possession, for all me. My relations with our dumb brothers don't extend beyond dogs—small ones, with collars."

He looked at her curiously. "I should think you would like to get rid of me for a little while."

"I'd love to." Her tone was still very sweet. "But I prefer you to a quadruped. And until I'm better acquainted with the natives I think I prefer you to them. Of course, they may turn out very nice. In that case, we'll see."

Angier shrugged his shoulders. "All right. Only, if you can spare me for five minutes, I'll go into that next bunch of palms and look through the glass. There'll be a lagoon, or I miss my guess. Keep down by the boat, please, and, if you want me, shout. I shall be close by." In his promised five minutes, he returned. "It's a smallish place, after all. There is a lagoon. We'd better walk round it, I fancy. It would be something of a relief to know that we are the sole inhabitants, though what we shall live on— Oh, well, hang it! no use borrowing trouble."

Both man and girl were silent on their strange pilgrimage. Persis Lambert, indeed, was all but exhausted; and as soon as Angier delivered himself grudgingly of the opinion that they were indeed the only human occupants of the island, she begged to return to the landing-place. The circumference of the atoll Angier judged to be a scant two miles. It was the classic coral island; baldly described, a ring of palms inclosing a lagoon. Vegetation was scanty, and there seemed to be little or no animal life; many birds and insects, and a few lizards. The blue lagoon teemed with parti-colored fish, and the palms in their due time would drop cocoanuts; so much they could count on. They might, with good luck, snare some pigeons. Beyond that, the less thought about it the better.

Angier worked hard, before dark came upon them, to rig up a shelter for the girl. In time he hoped to do wonders with thatch, he told her, dryly; just now she must stick to an oar-and-blanket device. At least, thanks to his plunder of matches, they could have a fire. They ate their supper beside the little blaze of brush. Not since dawn had either one mentioned the *Owara*. They took the catastrophe for granted, as the warp on which they must weave their strange and painful pattern. They assumed it callously, as one assumes the basal conditions of life—the climate, or one's Caucasian blood. Slowly, in their spasmodic talk, they staked out the little dominion of their present—expedients for netting fish, for catching rainwater, for rigging up a signal. With the air of a chancellor of the exchequer, Miss Lambert promised a petticoat for the common weal. As they planned and Angier smoked, full-length by the fire, Persis Lambert drew a ribbon from her pocket, and, measuring it carefully, she

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knotted it about a ring she took from her finger, then hung the ring round her neck.

"Why is that?" The man's voice seemed to rise up from beneath the sand.

"It's a pearl. I mustn't get it wet."

"Wouldn't it be safer in one of my pockets?"

"I think not. See—I put it under everything."

"Why not wrap it up and bury it? It's no protected life you're going to live."

"Thanks, no. It's my engagement ring."

"Oh—" This time the voice seemed to sink into the sand hollow where the man's head rested.

"I'm going to bed," said Persis Lambert at last. "What are you going to do? You've given me all the blankets."

"What of it?" Angier sprang to a sitting position. There are only three, two for your shelter and one to cover you with. I have my overcoat. And sand isn't hard. Better than the boat, anyhow."

"Aren't the nights cool in the tropics?"

"I'm not a class in geography! It was devilishly hot last night, rowing. That's all I know. Anything I can do for you?"

"No." She disappeared into the shelter. It had been braced so far as possible against the strong sea-breeze.

Half an hour later Miss Lambert came out. Angier, who had been dozing by the dying fire, was now sitting up and drinking from his flask. His teeth chattered against the cup. She looked at him gravely. "Have you any medicines?"

"No."

"Nor I. So I think you'd better not get a chill first off. Why don't you build up the fire?"

"I don't precisely feel like starting out for more fire-wood. Besides, it's going to rain. Do get along in there and don't bother me—unless you're cold. Are you?" He pulled himself up to his feet slowly and stood before her.

"No, I'm not." She paused an instant, then went on in her coldest tone: "What good there is in the shelter I think you have as much right to as I. When we achieve thatch houses, it will be different. I should be much obliged if you would get out of the sea-wind, too."

"If you would take a little of that damned hostility out of your voice, I would!"

Miss Lambert looked surprised. "Didn't we decide all that sort of thing in the boat? I don't suppose this is pleasant for either of us." Great drops fell on her forehead. "Is this likely to be a hard storm?" she asked, hastily.

"How do I know? I'm no meteorologist." There was enough in his own tone of the "damned hostility" of which he had complained.

Miss Lambert laughed—a very tired tinkle of a laugh. "No; neither one of us is exactly the person the other would have chosen to be cast away with. We're both tenderfeet. I rather wonder what you used to do for a living. Listen"—the drops came faster and faster, and the swish of the palm-leaves high above their heads grew shriller and wilder—"I don't know you at all. So far as I do know you, I certainly don't like you." Even the beat of her words grew quicker, like all the audible rhythms of the world about them, whipped up, accelerated by the wind. "You create in me a positive aversion. But your strength is the only thing either of us has to depend on. So you will come into the shelter. It's sufficiently open to the sky as it is. I intend to sleep, and I probably shouldn't if I knew you were rotting in the rain outside. If you wish me to take the space nearest the blanket"—she pointed at the seaward screen—"I will."

"I think that may turn out to be the wettest spot of all—since the wind is that way and we don't have much to weight the rug with," he answered. "I think I'll take it myself. If I find I'm keeping at all dry, I'll ask you to change."

He followed her and flung himself down in the indicated spot, on the carpet of leaves and brush he had earlier in the evening strewn hastily over the sandy soil. Presently both slept.

Six weeks to a day was the duration of Angier's and Persis Lambert's stay

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on their island. But six actual weeks, with a possible future of years, means a lifetime as complete as many that consider themselves rounded to the full sum of human experience. The intensity of an existence that is limited to itself is something few of us can conceive—we who are free to brood on the past and hope for the future, whose days are mere portals looking two ways. Neither one discussed a past life in which the other had no share; and their talk of the future stopped at a possible rescue. By some common instinct, mutually reinforced, they refrained from narrative. At the end of their exile Persis Lambert was still ignorant of Angier's business in life, as he was ignorant of the name of her fiancé. The girl's frankly stated aversion to the man doubtless dried up the springs of confidential talk in her—and, by natural result, in him. Anecdote sometimes drifted their way: an analogy out of past experience or an allusion to a book the one or the other had read. But they played a game of which would reveal the less. They bounded their world, as rigidly as children, by the fringe of sand beneath the circle of palms.

And all the while, precisely as if they were children, whose intimate confidences are all objective, immediate, and innocent of moral import, their intimacy grew. By a curious inversion of experience they came to speak naturally of things that, in years of conventional acquaintance, would never have been mentioned. What the merest friend at home might have known about either was jealously concealed, while the little details, which scarce anything but the closest relation would have brought to free discussion, came vividly and frequently into their talk. It was as if the outer walls were defended while the enemy chaffered quietly in the marketplace. Necessity, which drove them to be "sensible," could not drive them to be friends. They seemed to vent their private rage at their plight by being squeamish over things Mrs. Grundy could never have objected to—as if the last resort of dignity lay in being squeamish over something, no matter what. If they had to speak of their digestions, they would never divulge their home addresses! They should have been Adam and Eve at their housekeeping; instead, they were still Miss Lambert and Mr. Angier in Eden. Eden is used metaphorically, to be sure; for the resources of their island were scantier than those of the Seventh Day. Therefore there were painful hours over tasks that in Eden would have been mere play among the roses. They struggled experimentally for food and shelter, working out, with bent brows, the evolution of early periods, achieving in a hard day what neolithic centuries had gone to discovering. When they laughed, it was the grim laughter of the Stone Age—at the fish clumsily speared, or the ripe cocoanut floating out to sea. But if Persis Lambert wept in secret, the tears she shed had taken all history to produce. A strange working of inhibitions, in a land that had never heard the word or seen the thing.

Needless to say, it was the girl who set their psychic pace. More than once Angier bit off in the very utterance some speech that had tried for freedom—his silence following hard upon the chill tightening of her lips. Yet she was not ungracious or taciturn; only clinging desperately, one would have said, to some privacy of the mind. Of the physical privacy which every woman takes for granted, she had next to none, "sensible" as she had promised to be. She could not have accused Angier, had she wished, of limiting it voluntarily; but circumstances did the job as completely as if he had been a brute. The tropic showers that flung them huddled in their blankets against the same tall palm-trunk; the necessary co-operation of all tasks, since her slender, ignorant hands must ever be guided by his; the night-terror that often made her rise and creep where she could hear his breathing; always a measure of the sordid talk of a hand-to-mouth existence, where one of the hundred forms of death rises up ever to dwarf any more delicate danger—every fact of every hour seemed to make them more one than wedlock. The man saw to it that she should have her due share of solitude, but her solitude on such terms was scarcely worth the name. It shrieked the bodily fact of him back at

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her from whatever point of the compass he had taken to.

Once Angier suggested that they should try the boat again, and seek a wider and more fertile exile. "This is too much like rats in a hole. Pretty soon we shall get the stink of those fish we are drying clear across the lagoon."

"You can go if you like," she said. "I will wait for you."

"Oh! . . . and if I never came back?"

"I shouldn't be worse off, should I?"

The man's face twitched slightly. "Permit me to believe that you would."

"Of course I should," she said, perfunctorily. "But I won't go. I will never get into that boat again—never."

"You have a lot of grit, but, I should say, no sense." With that, Angier dropped the subject.

One night Persis Lambert woke—suddenly, out of a sound, dog-tired sleep. Something was near her, in the dark, an indistinct shape bending over her. Almost immediately she knew it for Angier, and closed her eyes again, quietly waiting, every muscle and cord tense under her blanket. Soon he rose noiselessly from his kneeling position and walked slowly away. He did not go back to his own sleeping-place, but moved off through the palm-grove toward the lagoon. As soon as she judged him out of earshot, she rose and followed him, tracking him through the moonlight, furtively. She saw him walk down the little shore to the lagoon and lie down full-length, hiding his face on his arms.

She did what he had done a few minutes before—knelt down and bent over him. But though he was awake, he was not aware of her, as a thick sob told her. Careless, therefore, she bent still closer. It did not occur to her that she was eavesdropping—they were as cruelly close as that! But no words came, only the sobs, worse than words. She pressed so near—though still not touching him—that her ring, hanging from its ribbon, swung lightly against his face. She pulled it away, but he had felt it, and sprang to his feet, facing her in the moonlight. The little lagoon rippled softly beside them.

"You devil!" he cried. "Why did you follow me?"

"Why did you wake me?"

"I didn't wake you."

"Then I didn't follow you."

Silently they walked back to their palm-grove. As they separated, she paused an instant and looked at him. Then she dug her wrists into the deep sockets of her eyes. Blurred by the gesture, she saw him only dimly.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"Oh, damn you . . ." he murmured, with a curious, meditative inflection, and walked away. She did not watch him further, but went back to her bed and slept.

Neither one alluded, in the days that followed, to the incident of that night. Their eyes were clear of allusion, their talk as sterile as ever. On the fifth day after, deliverance came in the shape of a government patrol-boat doing pacific duty among the islands. The signal, religiously kept afloat, was an easy mark for binoculars that steadily raked the horizon for any sign of trouble.

Their return to the world was as swift and inevitable as their departure from the *Owara*. Persis Lambert stood on the strip of sand, watching the boat rowed shoreward by vigorous sailors. When it was within a few rods of them, she turned to look for Angier, who had disappeared from her side.

"Is he leaving it to me—the cad?" she whispered to herself. But he returned from the camp in time to greet the under-officer who sprang from the gunwale to the sand, in high excitement. Miss Lambert, after a grave greeting, left all explanations to Angier. He made them very well, then suddenly fell silent, his eyes fixed on the dwindling coronet of palms. Miss Lambert, her back to Angier and the young officer, strained her glance towards the little steamer. Once on it, she went below to quarters hurriedly arranged for her; and when, some hours afterward, she came on deck again, the island of their six weeks' sojourn was lost for ever in the dusk and distance.

Angier approached her the next morning. "They seem to think we have a lot to say to each other. As a matter of fact, we haven't. But I might tell you that they are taking us on to a port of call of the *Wallaby*, going to Singapore. We shall just about make it in time to

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catch her. We ought to be on board her to-morrow."

Miss Lambert nodded. "Have you any money?" she asked.

"Quite enough to go on with."

"I saved a lot, you know. At least, I suppose a letter of credit is still good."

"I think you'll find so—in spite of everything."

"I wish you would tell me how much you have."

"Is that the kind of thing I ever have told you? Why should I begin now?"

"As you like." She turned her head away from him.

"I'm sorry, by the way, about your aunt. . . ."

Persis Lambert's eyes filled. "That's all right. I mean, you've said all you need to say. Do you think they really know?"

"It seems to be their business to know everything that happens in this archipelago. I think they pretty well live up to it. I'm afraid there's no doubt. The first two boats were overloaded. . . . Rotten discipline." He walked away.

The next morning they transhipped quickly in a lurid tropic harbor; and Persis Lambert took possession of a state-room from which, for three days, she did not stir. When, braced to face the world again—a world whose thousand curious eyes she had felt burning through the very decks to reach her as she lay in her berth—she disposed herself nonchalantly in a deck-chair, a steward brought her a note. So oddly had the two inverted the natural course of experience that she felt Angier had taken a liberty in writing to her. The liberty taken was slight, however, and this she freely admitted after a glance. It was a single line to inform her that he was to leave the steamer at the next port. He must have landed the night before. She remembered objecting, as she tried to drowse, to the noises of landing—the hurrying feet, the unintelligible native babel, the scraping and pounding and shouting before the dinghy went ashore.

Persis Lambert rose and went to the deck rail. The torn bits of the note fluttered over the side. Then she came back to face the congested curiosity of a portly Dutchwoman who had been stalking her for three days.

Summer was heavy on the big town, but Miss Lambert still lingered behind shuttered windows, in a world of brown holland and shadows. Her stepsister, with her own family, had left for the mountains. Miss Lambert would follow, she said, when she could; and the old caretaker and his wife would meanwhile suffice to her service. Mrs. Bayle supposed she knew why Persis stayed on; Tony Wainwright was still in town, working on gigantic plans for some competition or other. After poor Persis's harrowing adventure, it must be good to breathe the metropolitan dust and build up her nerves on Tony's devotion. Persis had not said precisely that; but for all Persis ever said—!

Miss Lambert had seen her betrothed many times in the crowded weeks since her return. She had not particularly sought chances to see him alone. She had taken his and her and every one's engagements as they came. But if Tony Wainwright had had the instinct to complain, he should by rights have stifled it, for in planning to stay on after the family Miss Lambert gave him promise of ample time to have her quite to himself.

She had, in point of fact, seen him quite alone several times; yet she prepared for him this afternoon as if it were their first reunion after her long and eventful absence. She began to speak to him at once, indeed, on a new, strange note—a note, had he but known it, tempered under the Southern Cross.

"Tony, it can't be."

"What can't be, my darling?"

"This—any of it. I stayed on to tell you. Nothing makes any difference—not even being quite alone with you. I have waited to see. Now I know."

"But *what?*" He focussed his eyes on her keenly as she stood near him in the shadows, a frail, pale figure with waving outlines.

"I can't marry you."

"May I open the shutters?" He moved to the windows. "I'd like a little light on this."

"If you think his Satanic majesty, the

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sun, is going to help you," she murmured.

"Why shouldn't he?"

"I've seen him at home, remember."

In the rich afternoon light, they faced each other, still standing among the wan masses of the shrouded furniture.

"Look here, Persis, what is all this about? Anything to do with that rotten voyage?"

She did not answer at once.

"Or with that man—Angier?"

"Yes, everything to do with him."

"You're in love with him?" He dropped into a chair, put his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands.

"Try not to be stupid, Tony. To the best of my recollection, I detested him."

"You've praised him highly."

"Yes? I'm glad of that, for I think he deserved it. I should have scarcely expected myself to do my duty in that way, though."

"Well, then. . . . Have you heard from him?" Tony Wainwright, in the presence of a problem, could not, for the life of him, help behaving like a lawyer. His tones were so like other tones Persis Lambert had heard from him that she smiled a little.

"Heard from him? Never. What do you take me for?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't."

"I fancy he sees. But that isn't the point." She sat down, herself, then. "What I have to say, Tony, is very simple—or it would be simple if you weren't likely to think it preposterous. The honest fact is that I can't marry any one. I feel like a widow, if you want to know."

He was silent for a moment. "I see." Then he got up and walked to the chimney-piece.

"I'd be willing to wager a good deal that you don't see." Her voice was hard as porcelain with a wonderful glaze.

"I tell you I detested him. For that matter, I don't know why. He behaved with exceeding consideration throughout. He rose out of a nightmare and went away into a nightmare, and in between he did everything he could for me. I know nothing about him—who he is, or where he came from, or where he has gone. If either one of us can help it, I am quite sure we shall never meet again. That is the whole history of *that*."

"What is there, then?"

"Quite simply this: that I feel as if I had been married to him and I'm quite incapable of marrying again."

"But why?"

"Try it yourself, Tony! Six weeks—they tell me it was six weeks, but it was the longest lifetime I've ever lived—of complete isolation on a naked coral island with a man you've never seen before. Nothing between you and him—nothing. As lonely we were as the first man and woman; and for all I knew, it might go on for ever. You've never experienced an intimacy like that. Compared with us, you and I are strangers. I can't describe it. . . . Night after night, the only thing that stood between me and dying of fear was the sound of his breathing. Time after time his body kept mine from being soaked, flesh and bone, with rain. I mended his clothes with a sharpened thorn, and we huddled under the same thatch to keep off the horrible sun. There has never been anything like it. I never dreamed of living such a life with you. And"—her voice grew thin, disdainful, remote—"I disliked him."

"Do you dislike me?" Wainwright asked, curiously.

"I am exceedingly fond of you. But I have a horror of marriage. I have a horror of ever again being intimate with any human creature. I can't do it; and that's the end of it."

"Damn him!" said Wainwright, under his breath.

"You needn't damn him. He did his best. And I did mine. But we were flung on that sand to root for existence like two animals. Every nerve in me has been violated. I never wish to face a single reality of life again. To be a wife would be more than I could bear."

"We'll talk of it again." Tony Wainwright, with almost superhuman composure, started towards the door. "You have always been hypersensitive, and now, my poor darling, you are ill. It has been too much for you. It will take time, and I shan't hurry you. You're right about that. I knew something was up, but I imagined it was just the beastly reaction after such a time. I

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Drawn by C. E. Chambers Engraved by C. E. Hart

"WASN'T HE IN LOVE WITH YOU, PERSIS?"

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dare say I'd better leave you now. When may I come again?"

She rested her eyes on him tenderly. "Whenever you like, so long as you understand that we're not engaged."

He took a step towards her. "Persis, I can't go away like this. You snap a thread and blow me down the wind. You must let me have it out with you when you're rested, when you're calmer."

"Am I not calm?"

"Not sanely calm, no."

"Then I never shall be."

"I don't believe that, dear." He bent over her and touched her hair very lightly. "I'll come to-morrow, earlier." She did not look up, but he bent no nearer. In a moment he straightened himself, drawing a deep breath. "Wasn't he in love with you, Persis?"

She started slightly as if she had heard something other than words—as if, across half the earth, the faint ripple of a lagoon could sound faintly and die away. "No, Tony, I am quite sure that he wasn't."

"Could you have told? He must have been, dear."

"I could have told. He wasn't."

"And I may come to-morrow?" He took her hand.

Gently, Persis Lambert worked her hand free. "Surely, you may come whenever you will—if you understand that it's over."

"And you are all to win again? Oh, Persis, Persis! But you're worth it, darling, and I'll never say a word too much. I'll serve seven years if I must."

"It won't take you years to find out the truth." She shook her head at him as he turned on the threshold to look back. "You'll get no more of it from me, ever, than you've had this afternoon."

By old habit, she went to the window to watch him come out. The same habit made him lift his face. She blew him a kiss, and stood there until he was out of sight. "That is the last thing I shall ever do for any man," she said, aloud, as she turned away from the window.

A Song of Parting

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

GO not so soon, dear days
Of sunlight and of haze,
When o'er the spirit flows
The soft gray sea's repose,
And memories of distress
Yield to the air's caress.
Nights of the waning moon,
Go not so soon!

Go not so swift, fair time
Of friendship, like a rhyme
That holds in harmony
What was and what shall be.
Thou that hast brought the zest
Of animated rest,
Prolong thy perfect gift,
Go not so swift!

Go not so fast, sweet hour
Of farewell to the flower.
The mystery of eve
Within our reverie weave.
Whisper that all we see
Is naught to what shall be,
That Life, that Love shall last!
Go not so fast!

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Nassau of the Bahamas

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IT may not seem necessary to say that the Bahamas are not the same thing as the Bermudas. It is advisable, none the less. Knowing traveled people do not, of course, confuse them, but knowing traveled people are fortunately in a minority; for if it were not for that general innocence of geography which I myself confess to sharing, humanity would be robbed of no little of the thrill of travel. Thanks to it, much of the earth's surface still retains its strangeness, and a sea voyage is still something of an adventure. Thanks to it, also, certain mail of mine recently went astray; for Nassau, of which I am about to record some pleasant impressions, is not in Bermuda, as some of my correspondents seem innocently to imagine, but in New Providence, one of those Bahama islands of which, including various "cays," rocks, and banks, there are some three thousand or more. Bermuda and the Bahamas are not pleased with this confusion. There is no little of a sisterly rivalry between them. They refer somewhat haughtily to each other. Each has its partisans. Of late, Bermuda has been fortunate in kindling the enthusiasm of that distinguished essayist whose "Easy Chair" is my near neighbor as I write. In the persuasive limelight of his prose she has for some time past basked and thriven. Not, indeed, that the Bahamas have gone unhonored and unsung. By no means. Some thirty years ago Frank Stockton wrote of them in his own quaint way, and Bliss Carman has transmuted their magic in some lyrics which are not merely beautiful poetry, but singularly accurate description. One of them can truthfully be said to haunt Nassau's main thoroughfare, the long Bay Street that runs through low-lying wharves and Old World frame houses the length of the water-front:

"What do you sell, John Camplejohn?
In Bay Street by the sea?"
"Oh, turtle-shell is what I sell
In great variety." . . .
"'Tis none of these, John Camplejohn,
Though curious they be,
But something more I'm looking for
In Bay Street by the sea!

"Where can I buy the magic charm
Of the Bahaman sea
That fills mankind with peace of mind
And soul's felicity? . . .
Look from your door and tell me now
The color of the sea—
Where can I buy that wondrous dye
And take it home with me?"

I have heard more than one stranger humming these lines as he sauntered down the sunny street, and now that the "John Camplejohn," a local character, thus celebrated, has gone to his rest, his son has found the lines to be a lucrative lyric advertisement, proudly using them as a business card. Surely the drowsy charm of Nassau is in them, as words seldom capture anything, and the magic truth of them is upon you immediately as you emerge from the custom-house shed into the warm, spicy murmur of the negro-thronged street that tells you that you are in the tropics. This murmur you soon perceive is compounded of a curious soft shuffling of feet—the effect of the loose down-at-heel shoes or slippers affected by the negroes—the soft, cooing darky voices pathetically childlike and friendly, to which a note of exhilaration is added by a breezy rattling overhead that puzzles you till you discover its origin in the great bean-pods of the poinciana-trees. "Women's tongues," the natives call them, because of their keeping up this continuous streamlike chatter even on the stillest day. This murmur, that seems the very voice of the thick sunshine, and the low, quaint-looking, white, pink, and orange houses, you manage to detach as a first impression from the throng of smiling and bowing

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negro hack-drivers, all greeting you as old friends, and competing with the courtliest of airs for the privilege of driving you to your hotel. They are all so charmingly persuasive that you would like to take them all; but though you must at length decide on one, "a lively sense of favors to come" still bows and smiles to you from the others, and as you are driven off the more enterprising of them, with confidential archness, will beg you to "Remember number 39," or volunteer that when you need a "really intelligent coachman," to take you out driving, "number 47" is your man.

But what had been one's impression of Nassau from the sea? Here is none of the spectacular mountainous scenery of Jamaica or Martinique. There is very little at first sight to arrest the eye —only a long, low-lying stretch of green island, nowhere rising more than a hundred feet above the shore-line, fringed with cocoanut palms, white-and-pink houses in gardens, an old fort to the right crowning the sloping sward of the golf-links, a giant yellow-and-white American hotel dominating a little sea-front town, populous with masts hugging the wharves, mostly small schooners and fishing-sloops, with perhaps a smart steam-yacht riding at anchor in that harbor which has always been Nassau's chief asset. This harbor is, properly speaking, a strait about half a mile wide made by another long, narrow island stretching in front of Nassau. This is known as Hog Island, and its surf-swept shore takes the brunt of the Atlantic; a lighthouse is near the western end, presiding over a bar which only vessels of moderate draught can cross, and then only in calm weather. Your New York liner must anchor outside this bar and there unload her passengers and freight, which are carried hence by a steam-tender and by swift-sailing schooners managed with great dexterity by native sailors. As you stand on the liner's side, waiting for the tender, your first delighted preoccupation is with the color of the water. It is so blue you can hardly believe it, blue like paint, and yet so clear that the great green-gold mutton-fish that come foraging for the waste of the ship's kitchen are vividly visible in greedy swarms. To this water I shall have to devote more despairing enthusiasm later on, for this first sight of it is only the beginning of its protean wonder. Meanwhile I must note another object lying dark and deserted on the near-by beach of Hog Island, a wreckage apparently of old machinery. It proves to be an eloquent symbol of Nassau's history, for it is the skeleton of the engines of an old blockade-runner that in the eventful years of Nassau's brief glory was there chased ashore by an American man-of-war. There it lies, the rusting monument of that vanished day when, during the American Civil War, Nassau was very much on the tongues of men, as the devil-may-care emporium of contraband cotton—whereby hangs many a dashing sea-story, some of which you can still hear from the lips of the men who took part in them. The whole history of the Bahamas, since Columbus made his first landfall in the western seas on Watling's Island, has been a fantastic record of desperate opportunism. The prose of "legitimate" business has seldom dulled the edge of precarious prosperity on these derelict islands, whose very existence still seems at the grudging mercy of the sea. Bucaneering, wrecking, and blockade-running —no more tedious employ than these masculine professions occupied the Bahamians for generations, and so long as there were merchantmen to be boarded or scuttled, rich cargoes to be harvested from the white-fanged reefs, or cotton to be run to Wilmington at a profit of one hundred thousand dollars the trip, life in Nassau was a purple princely thing, and even the shoeblacks in Bay Street played pitch-and-toss with gold.

But now, if you take a drive toward the western end of the island (it is but a short motor trip to drive all around it, for it is only some eighteen miles long and seven broad), soon after you pass out of the town and enter the wilderness of fiercely thriving jungle which is practically all the rest of the island, you can discern now and then, by close looking into the impenetrable thickets on either side of you, the ruins of stately houses incredibly swallowed up and caged in with savage undergrowth—lordly entrances choked with fanged shrubs and

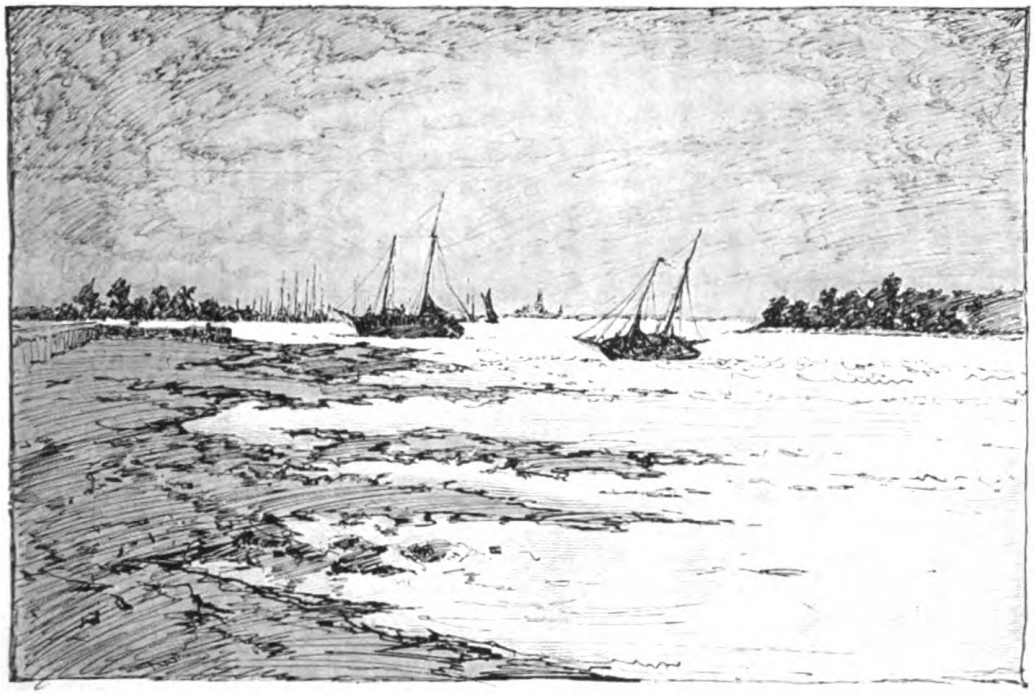
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thorny vines, baronial halls in which enormous trees flourish, chamber on chamber horrid and haunted with writhing roots and sinister weeds. These were the country houses of Nassau's merchant princes. Here they laughed and lived high in Nassau's brief day of glory that is gone. But Nassau's merchant princes have gone the way of Nassau's pirates. Maybe there are still pirates in Nassau—and it is thrilling to think, at all events, that, for certain, one has daily speech with their descendants; but, if so, they wear a most genial guise, and all the visible commerce is mild indeed. Sponging, sisal-growing ("sisal" being a species of aloe from which rope and basket-work are made), curio-selling, and the exploitation of the American visitor being the peaceful pursuits of the Bahamian of to-day. The two thoughts that will first dominate the imagination of the unsophisticated visitor to Nassau are, that one is walking about in the veritable *mise en scène* of one's boy's romances of pirates and buried treasure, and that one is—in the tropics. If you are used to the tropics the Bahamas will lose half their thrill for you. I, fortunately, am not, and doubtless I shall have readers in the same case. Therefore I shall not dissemble my virgin feelings at my first sight of cocoanut palms, bananas and grapefruit and oranges growing as casually as apples in New England, not to speak at the moment of those weirder growths that crowd the impenetrable scrub with a sort of vegetable diablerie. But the glory of palm-trees! No pictures or description in books had ever made me realize that before. "The wind is in the palm-trees" had been for me but a haunting phrase in Mr. Kipling's most famous ballad; but when the bell-boy threw open the door of my room looking into the hotel gardens I cried, "What is that sound?" for my ears had been instantly filled with a delicious rippling, as though the room was alive with invisible rivers of running water. I ran to the window. It was the wind in the palm-trees—the freshest, purest, gladdest sound to be heard in the world. And the glory of the sight of them! Royal palms they were, finishing near their crests with smooth columns of a greenish-gold luster, seeming for all the world as though overlaid with dull gold-leaf. Sixty feet above the ground their stately plumes glittered and streamed like the magnificent shining hair of some lovely giantess. Planted in rows and avenues as they are in some of the white coral-stone streets of the town, they have a very majestic, barbaric effect, suggesting Byzantine temples, and this is especially true of the long, raised colonnade over which they tower and rustle that runs out across the noble and lovely garden, with its cloistral tennis-lawns, to the little dock where gay sloops and power-boats and boats with glass bottoms wait to take you deep-sea fishing, or to surf-bathing on Hog Island just opposite, or to gaze through the glass floor at the "sea-gardens" of waving fairy fans and branching coral and rainbow fishes deep down in the magic glass of the dream-clear water.

"It is hard to realize," said a friend of mine, as we sat one morning on this idle sun-steeped colonnade where luxuriously dressed women chatted and flirted and knitted socks for weary soldiers in far-off trenches, "that just here where we are, one morning a century or two ago, nine pirates made a very different kind of colonnade, hanging in their last agonies from a row of gallows that took the place of these palm-trees!"

For the hotel is built on the site of the old garrison parade-ground, and hidden away among its outbuildings is a well linked by tradition with the name of the famous "Blackbeard"—"Blackbeard's Well"—to drink of which, it is said, is to imbibe a longing to return to Nassau which will last one's lifetime. Visitors to the island drink, consciously or unconsciously, of this well, but there are evidently other wells in the town with the same property, for no one ever seems to visit Nassau only once. You meet people all the time, to whom other earthly paradises are not unknown, who yet find themselves drawn back to it year after year. One of the "out islands," Bimini, was credited with the Fount of Eternal Youth. There Ponce de Leon went seeking it, and one can well believe that that fabled elixir might at least be distilled from this spice-laden, glittering air, everywhere flashed through and

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THE INNER HARBOR AT LOW TIDE

freshened by the living, laughing sea. Of a certainty it is a place of places to eat the lotus and dream dreams. It is just languid enough, just fresh enough. For it is just the tropics—and no more. Technically speaking, its climate is "sub-tropical." Even in the summertime it is not fiercely tropical. Its mean temperature for the winter months is 71°. Yet, for all that, it *is* the tropics. Every tropical characteristic is there—in a graceful moderation—all the tropical trees and fruits and flowers: banians, silk-cottons, mangroves, mahoganies, cactus, sea-grapes, sapodillas, breadfruit, shattucks, guavas, tamarinds, pigeon-plums, pineapples, plantains, soursops, mangos, mammees, pawpaws, almonds, sand-box, bamboos, poincianas, bougainvilleas, daturas, hibiscus, oleanders; many tropical birds, though you must go cruising in the out-islands to see pelicans frivolously disporting in the morning sky—how different from their absurd fellows moping in zoos—or a flight of flamingoes making a glory like a resounding sunset.

In regard to the birds, a lady of my acquaintance reaped this valuable information from the lips of one of those intelligent hack-drivers. She had noticed a bird looking something like a black parrot, and had asked the driver if it actually was a parrot. Oh yes, it was a parrot all right, he said. (By the way, it wasn't.) Did it talk, the lady asked. Oh yes, it talked, but—and this was the really interesting information—it "only talked Egyptian"! "Egyptian!" exclaimed the lady. Yes! all the birds in the island talked Egyptian. Could he understand them? Well, just a little—but . . . in short, he confessed that his own Egyptian was a little rusty; but the birds talked it all right for sure.

Most of the tropical fishes are Bahamians, too. There are plenty of sharks, though they are not known to have made off with any of the beautiful surf-bathers of Hog Island. Yet they come familiarly into the harbor, nosing particularly about the slaughter-house wharf. You can see them there any killing-day, sidling up among the sloops. They may be almost said to be officially recognized as scavengers, for when the town has a dead horse on its hands it

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tows it out to the bar buoy, and a dozen sharks do the rest.

In one respect, which probably few will regret, Nassau is not as tropical as it might be. It is comparatively poor in tropical insects and reptiles. It harbors no dangerous snakes. You must go elsewhere for the *fer-de-lance*. If you want one very badly you can, I believe, be supplied with a centipede, but I think it would have to be advertised for. Mosquito-nets are a part of one's bedroom furniture, but personally I saw small need for them. "Roaches," I regret, however, to say (Croton-bugs of prosperous proportions) are another matter. These, indeed, are the peculiar sorrow of the Nassau book-lover. As you look round the shelves of the Nassau public library one of your first observations is that the backs of the books seem to have broken out into a blotchy eruption of what seems like mold or lichen. On inquiry the librarian explains to you that this is the work of roaches, which have a great fondness for the outsides of books, particularly those in cloth bindings. Another family of insects, known as "borers," prefer the insides, and you can seldom handle a book without its being more or less vermiculated by these veritable book-worms.

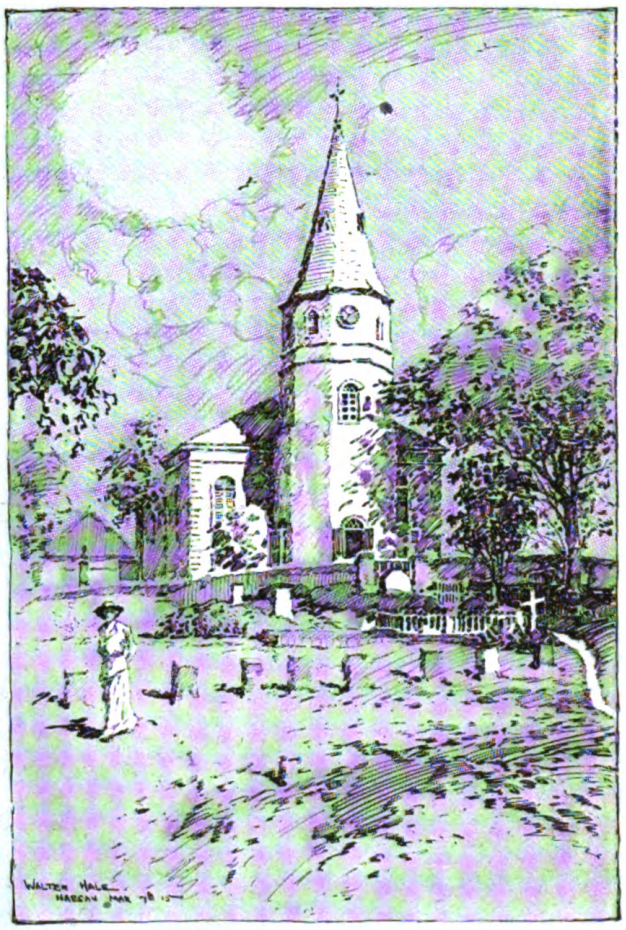


COURT GOLF BENEATH THE HOTEL VERANDA

This library is one of Nassau's pleasantest places. It is a picturesque old stone building, rectangular and solid, looking something like a donjon-keep, and surrounded by the murmur of poinciana-trees. Its fortified appearance comes of its having once been the town jail, and its musing alcoves radiating off from a central magazine-table were once prison-cells. The top floor, which has doors opening on to a covered veranda running round the building, was formerly the habitat of the town debtors, who used the veranda as a sort of prison-yard, and could thence harangue their creditors passing below. It is now used as a reference library, and contains, among much solid learning (the general library being, by the way, one of a very attractive variety, rich in curious out-of-the-way volumes), the bound files of old Nassau newspapers, one of them, *The Bahama Gazette* ("Printed by John Wells, at the printing-office in George

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Street," and duly embellished by a motto from Horace), going back to August, 1784. Turning over these old yellow sheets, the old life of the colony is borne in upon one with a ghostly vividness, made the more vivid by the fact that the descendants of the people whose names you come upon are all about you, many of them your acquaintances, that the town is still very much as it was, and the general atmosphere of colonial isolation from the great world still the same. Here you read how "Peter Dean & Co.—At their Store on the Bay, near the Exchange—Have lately imported from London, a general assortment of European and East India goods"; here for sale is a collection of books then mostly in demand: "Hume's History, Johnson's Lives of the British Poets, Pope's Works, Swift's Works, Robertson's History of the Discovery of America, the Works of Ossian, the Celtic Bard"; and, mixed in along with such other merchandise, we read: "Just



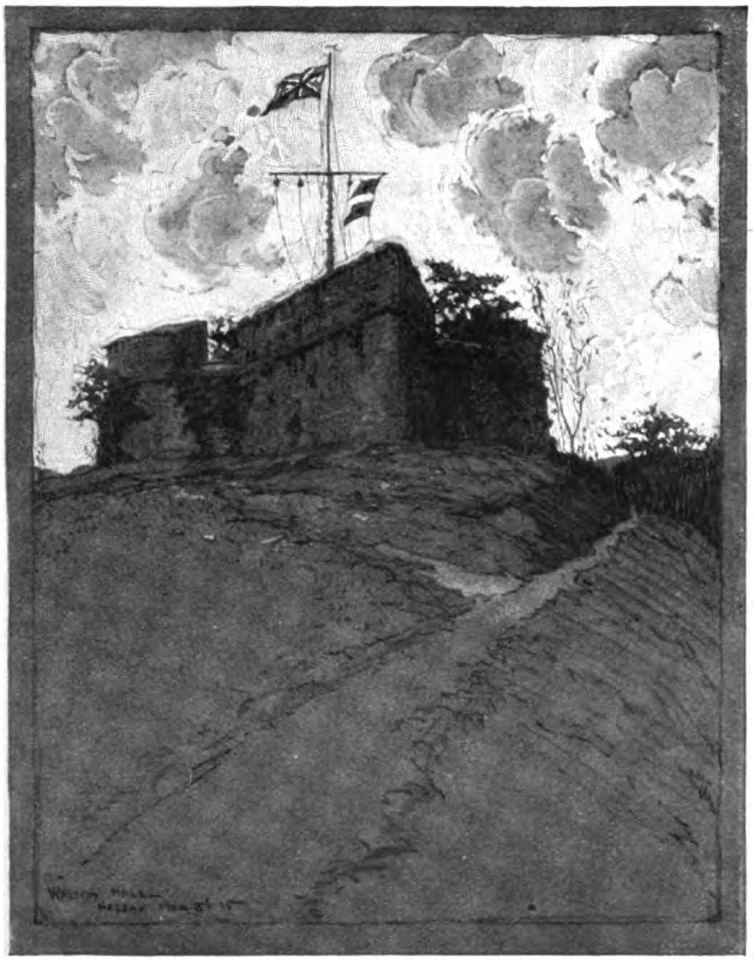
ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH



THE MARKET

Imported—In the Ship *Colonel*, Capt. Thomas Lee, from the Windward Coast of Africa—A Cargo of Two hundred and sixteen *Negroes*, Remarkably healthy, having buried only one slave during the Voyage; Consisting of Men, Women, Men-Boys, and Women-Girls, and will be sold, by the subscribers, at their House in Nassau, on Monday the 23rd of June, instant, on the most moderate Terms, for Cash, Cotton, or approved Bills of Exchange."

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FORT FINCASTLE

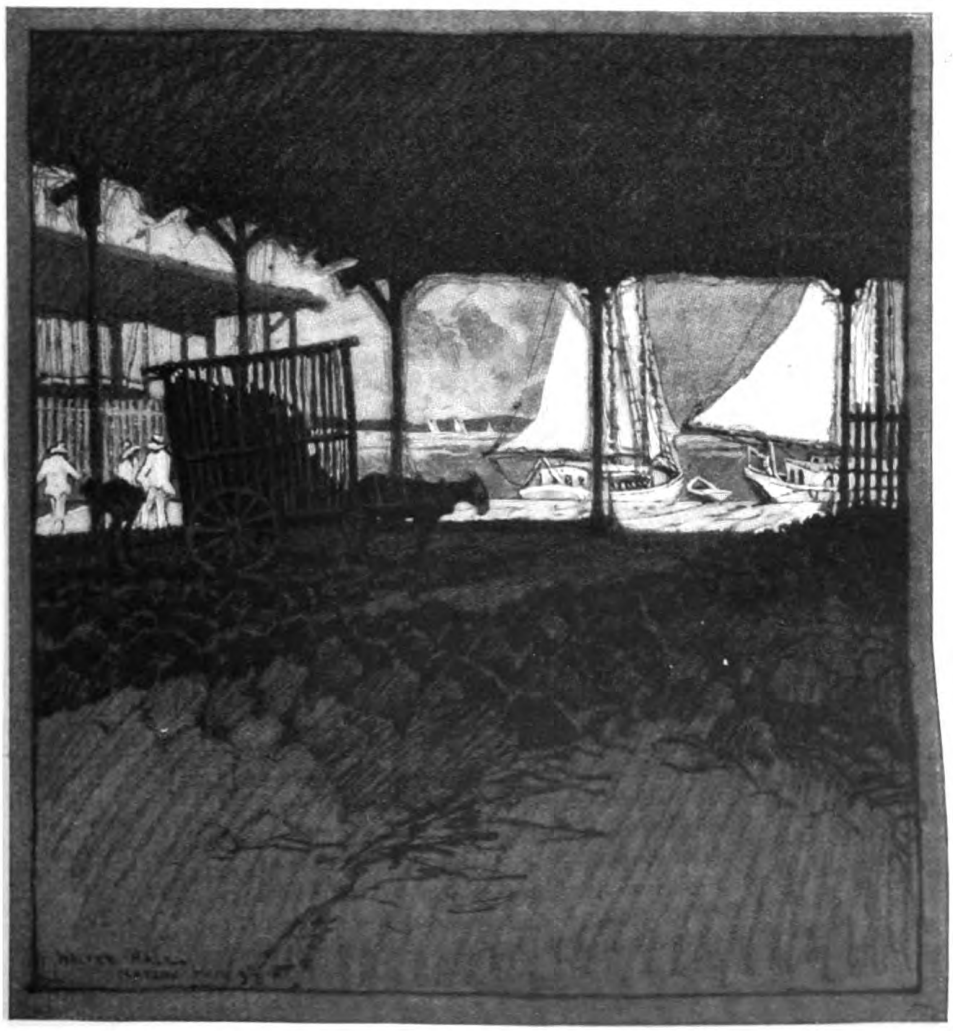
Most dreamlike were the far-off echoes of European affairs, echoes that had taken so long coming over the sea: for instance, "The French King has offered a premium of 10,000 livres to the person who finds out the best and cheapest way of making bread of potatoes." The French King was, of course, Louis XVI., little knowing as yet how momentous to him was to be some way or other of making bread for his people.

But ghastliest of all was to come suddenly on a page framed in thick black lines in the *Gazette* for January, 1794—for the page was in mourning for Marie Antoinette! The queen had been dead two months when the news reached Nassau. "Three young persons," ended the despatch, "who dipped their handkerchiefs in her blood were immediately arrested." As I looked up from the yellow page, the eternal ripple of the poinciana-beans alone breaking the sunny hush of the quaint old town, it seemed as though I were reading the news for the first time.

To voyage to Nassau, indeed, gives one the sense of traveling back in time, as one does not get it from much older places. Perhaps this comes a good deal from the social atmosphere being so reminiscent of early British colonization, and particularly from the old dreamy traditional machinery of government being still in operation, with the same monarchical forms and legal officers as were employed when the Bahamas first began their career as a "Crown colony." There is no garrison now at Nassau, the colony having been unfortified for some time, and the three picturesque forts of Charlotte, Fincastle, and Montague being now only used as signal-stations. But the negro police force has a very military air, and the Governor goes to church escorted by military music, while you cannot visit Government House or Fort Charlotte without being halted by sentries with loaded muskets. But it is the legal gentlemen with their barristers' wigs and their "Inns of Court" voices, and their high-sounding traditional offices —Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Speaker of the House, Secretary of the Treasury, and so forth—that give most of the Old World flavor to the place. This is romantically concentrated in the ceremony of the opening of the Legislative Assembly, which is much the same as the opening of Parliament in miniature. Midway down Bay Street, facing a small park of grass and trees ending at the waterside, stands a

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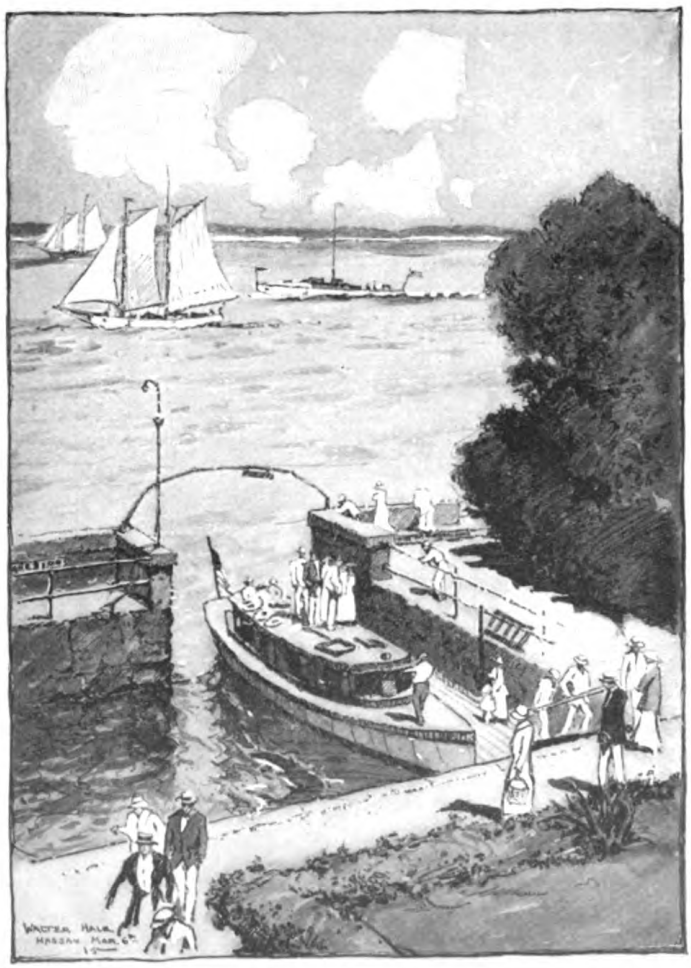
group of quaint buff-colored stone buildings forming three sides of a square, in the center of which stands a miniature statue of Queen Victoria, flanked with old cannon. The larger building is called the Court House, though it includes the post-office, judges' and barristers' chambers, and its most august feature is a largish upper room which might be called the "throne-room," for its most imposing feature is a canopied dais surmounted by a gilt crown. Here the Lord Chief Justice tries his cases, and here, on the opening of the Legislative Assembly, the Governor surrounded by his Executive Council (a sort of Privy Council) and the members of the Legislative Council (a sort of "Upper House"), after the mace has been carried in with due solemnity, receives the members of the Legislative Assembly or "Lower House," and makes his "speech from the throne." Facing him, at the end of a long table surrounded by wigged and gowned barristers, sits the Lord Chief Justice in his scarlet robes, and to his right stand various officers, including the Lord High Admiral in cocked hat and gold braid. It is one of the show functions of the season, and seats of admission are in demand. You may go there expecting to smile, and your friends among the high functionaries may give you a sly wink to intimate that, though they are governing Englishmen with their very patrician accents, they are themselves enjoying the joke of their little toy parliament—"playing house



THE SPONGE WHARF

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with England," murmured a lady at my side; and "Iolanthe!" one of the distinguished lawyers himself whispered behind his hand—yet, for all that, you cannot help being impressed, particularly if you are gifted with the historic sense. This is England's traditional way of doing things—the way she did things once in America, the way she is still doing things in all her colonies. But the smallness of the stage in Nassau, and the sense of the isolation of this handful of governing Englishmen from the rest of the world, bring into relief the dramatic elements of the occasion and make it eloquently symbolic.



MOTOR-BOATS WAIT TO TAKE YOU FISHING OR SURF-BATHING

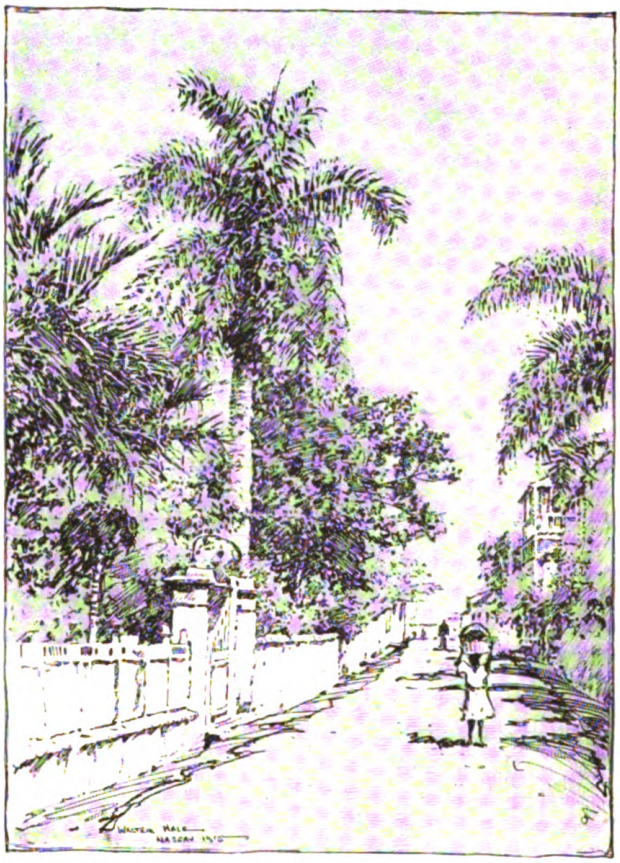
Behind this group of legislative buildings stand the police headquarters and the police court. Though there is quite a good little theater in Nassau, this police court may be called Nassau's real house of entertainment. It is a favorite haunt of character-loving visitors on sunny mornings. Then, with windows wide open to the rustling trees, a paternally patient magistrate disentangles the usually tiny and pitiful troubles of his black "children," ferreting out the absurd facts from evidence given with bewildering circumlocution and in a dialect which the stranger strives in vain to follow, coaxing preposterously thick-headed witnesses, and dropping into their own darky baby-talk to make them feel at home. The cases are mostly brought by negroes, and usually about pathetic or amusing trifles. When money is involved, it is frequently but a few pence and seldom exceeds a pound. The negro is very proud of his rights as a litigant, and has his fellow arrested on the smallest provocation. I saw a very small boy arrested and tried for passing off a five-cent piece as a sixpence on an oldish man, who then vociferously called upon the heavens, and the police, to witness the unparalleled enormity of the offense. It is illegal to swear publicly in Nassau. Hence, as will be imagined, springs a rich crop of mirthful cases, from which that lonely magistrate (can you blame him?) extracts what personal fun he can, perhaps occasionally—if he be a certain young Irish magistrate who is the most popular performer on the police bench—throwing out a serio-comic glance at his white audience, a wistful bid for humorous sympathy.

"They are just children—and have to be treated as such"—so the resident Englishman invariably sums up the

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negro question, whether he be an imported government official or a "conch"—the curious name given to Nassau-born whites, from a large shell-fish of that name. So far as a stranger can judge, the relation between the Nassau Englishman and his darkies is a kindly one, and if the darky is poor, and looks it, he none the less looks happy as well. No one, black or white, is particularly rich in Nassau. Where is the opportunity, now that the good old piratic, blockade-running days are over? And the negro, at all events, needs so little in a climate which comes near to providing free food for any one with a strip of garden, and where the season is practically summer all the year round. If a maximum of happiness on a minimum of work be a formula that appeals to you, the place to see it in apparently satisfactory operation is "Grant's Town," a sort of extensive village directly back of Nassau, where the negro keeps himself strictly to himself, with his own churches, dance-halls, and saloons; his own castes and cults, and, they say, his own royalties—for the blood-bond with their native Africa is still very strong, tribal distinctions still well marked, "obeah" practised, and fire-dances to be witnessed by the curious. The Nassau darky is very religious, and the religious exercises of certain sects, such as "the Holy Jumpers" and the "Shouters" are among the regulation "attractions" of the colony. When he is not praying or singing hymns he is dancing; and when night falls on Nassau—night often of incomparably lovely moonlight—the barbaric droning and braying of dance-music starts somewhere in the mysterious "heart of darkness" back of the town, and, should you awaken in the small hours, you will hear it still "keeping up."

Nassau is an exceedingly sociable little place. The residents, the majority of whom are inextricably related, naturally get a little tired of one another in their isolation, and make the most of the winter visitors. So, if you don't look out, these kind people will keep you



COCOANUT PALMS GROWING AS CASUALLY AS APPLES IN NEW ENGLAND

at it the whole three months, taking tea with them in their paradisal gardens, or playing bridge (which they do eternally) in their charming houses with jalousied verandas looking out on the fairy sea, or taking lunch with them to taste *their* own particular brand of fish chowder, a sort of bouillabaisse, which may be called the national dish. Most other things you can do elsewhere you can do at Nassau, too; there is always dancing at the Colonial, golf at the links, and a miniature edition of the game called "court golf" in the hotel gardens; you

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THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE

can play polo and you can horse-race, if you have a mind to; but, as I say, these things you can do elsewhere. But where else can you swim in such water—water in which all iridescence and all purity, and every color of earth and heaven, all jewels and all flowers, all magical changes of light, all sorceries of rhythmic motion, dream and dance together in an elemental exhilaration over fathoms of living crystal and moon-white coral floors? And where else can you taste the sea-thrill as you taste it cruising among those lonely cays with their gleaming beaches and waving cocoanut palms, and haunted by the spirits of the old dare-devils of the sea?

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Emancipation

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

OLD Billy Thomas sat beside the window. He had the weekly religious newspaper on his knee. He was not reading it. He never read it. If questioned, he could not have told why he so apparently cherished it. There was certainly no affectation about Billy, and least of all affectation with regard to religion. He was a very good old man, leavened to his own amusement with a queer, childish mischievousness bordering upon the malicious. This leaven might not have developed had it not been for his daughter Esther, who all unwittingly was especially fitted to produce such development. Now Esther was not at home. She had gone down street on an errand.

Billy was very carefully attired. His collar was immaculate. Esther had brushed his coat twice that very day. Billy, left to himself, would never have brushed his coat. He had arrived at an age when his house of life had become to a certain degree perfectly uninteresting to him. All he asked of it was a comfortable acquiescence with his wishes. He desired no rheumatic pains. Stiffness he recognized as incident to his endurance in his present form upon the earth; he bore that with cheerful stolidity. He wished for warmth and food for that worn old habitation of flesh, and he wished more than for anything else for a certain freedom. That he did not have. Esther very innocently prevented that. Billy was like a child who frets because he is not allowed to kick and sprawl and change monotonous order to disorder. In reality, Billy practically wished to make his mud-pies of life instead of sitting there so carefully combed and brushed, with his religious newspaper unread on his knees. He was thinking about his daughter with a sort of rueful love and admiration and dissent. He said to himself, as he often said to Sam Ellis: "Esther is the salt of the earth. She's as pretty as they make 'em, and neat, and a good cook, and she does her duty by me, and she has a hard time of it. She would have a harder if she didn't naturally expect so much of men-folks and make allowances. My daughter is as good and pretty a woman as you can find in a week of Sundays, but sometimes I sorter wish she was as easy-goin' as her ma was. Maybe if her ma had lived Esther would have been more like her. She wouldn't have tried half as hard and she would have been a darned sight better off, and so would other folks."

Billy, thinking of Esther, realized that his heart, loving as it was toward her, inclined toward rebellion. A queer expression was in his bright old eyes. Suddenly he crumpled the religious paper viciously, and threw it down on the floor. Then he stamped on it. Then he looked alarmed. He bent over stiffly, gathered it up and refolded it. Then he looked out of the window at the yard and the horse-chestnut-tree holding its young umbrella-shaped leaves over its straight trunk. Old Billy gazed, and his face—a very simple old face as to line and feature—became complex.

He looked away from the window at the room perfectly ordered. There was not a speck of dust. The vases on the mantel-shelf stood each in its appointed place. The books on the table were arranged in exact little piles. The lamp stood in the mathematical center. The table-cover hung with absolute correctness. The chairs were ranged about the room as if by line and rule. Not one picture hung off the true level.

Old Billy regarded everything gloomily. After a while he got up and walked past the table, and without apparent intent knocked against it. A little vase containing exactly six daffodils was upset. The water trickled slowly over the chenille table-cloth and dripped to

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the floor. A pile of books was pushed awry. Old Billy next encountered a steel engraving, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." After he had passed, the picture hung decidedly off the plumb-line. Then old Billy, on his way back to his chair, stumbled over a mat and left it turned up at one end.

He sat down and regarded things with a grin. He looked like a malevolent child. He was an old man, but full of wiry strength. His thick, gray hair and beard had the outward spring of strong wire. His eyes were sparklingly alert.

Old Billy gazed out of the window. It was nearly time for Esther's return. He was still uneasy. He gazed as far down the road as he could, but saw no sign of Esther. He rose quickly and fairly ran out of the room. He returned, and again jostled the table and "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," and this time he touched the mantel-shelf. When he sat down again he could see distinctly a shadow, as of dust, over the front of the shelf and on the glass of the picture. Another pile of books on the table was awry. Old Billy raised a hand with the forefinger stiffly crooked, and rubbed it across the crystal-like window. There was left a smear, as of lard. Old Billy put his hands on the under side of his coat-tails and rubbed off the butter and flour on them. Then he chuckled. "Ruther guess Betsey would laugh till she cried, ef she was was here," he said aloud. When Esther entered he was reading his religious weekly.

"All wrapped up in your paper, father?" she remarked in her clear, fine voice. Old Billy read on. Esther crossed the room to put away her hat and coat. She removed the hat carefully and put it on the closet shelf; removed her coat, adjusted it over a hanger, and replaced it upon its hook. Then she turned, her thin hands mechanically smoothing her satin-smooth hair.

Esther was a pretty creature in an unassertive fashion. She was made of charming shadows instead of colors; of charming delays rather than progressions. Her soft hair, neither black nor brown, although glossy, showed no highlights; her smooth cheeks, flawless in texture, had no bloom; her gray eyes gave out no sparks of inward fire even when Esther was firm.

Esther was firm after a curious fashion. She never ordered, but her attitude was in itself equivalent to a whole broadside of orders. She never raised her voice, she often did not express a wish; but her silence held the force of ultimate command. Her aged father, retaining, as he still did in very high measure, the fire of youth, was no match for her. His rebellious desires, his impatience for his own way, were blunted before her as before a porcelain wall of purest, impenetrable femininity. Billy's Betsey, easy-going as she had been, had possessed a temper which her man could meet in fair fight, and either win or be worsted. Esther had apparently no temper whatever. She had simply character, resistant in its primary quality. Old Billy never argued with his daughter. He was reduced to the slyness of petty diplomacy. The time was at hand when he would once more gather himself up for a last aggressive move, but it had not yet arrived. He continued to sit perfectly still, with his eyes fixed upon the printed page before him.

Esther surveyed the disorder of the room. Old Billy felt her eyes turn toward him. He made no sign. He knew from past experience that she would not exclaim nor question. Esther straightened carefully "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," the vases on the shelf, the pile of books on the table. She glided out of the room and returned with cloths. She wiped the water from the overturned vase. She replaced the daffodils. She dusted off the flour. After she had straightened and dusted everything, and readjusted the rug which Billy had kicked, she put away the duster. Billy never raised his eyes.

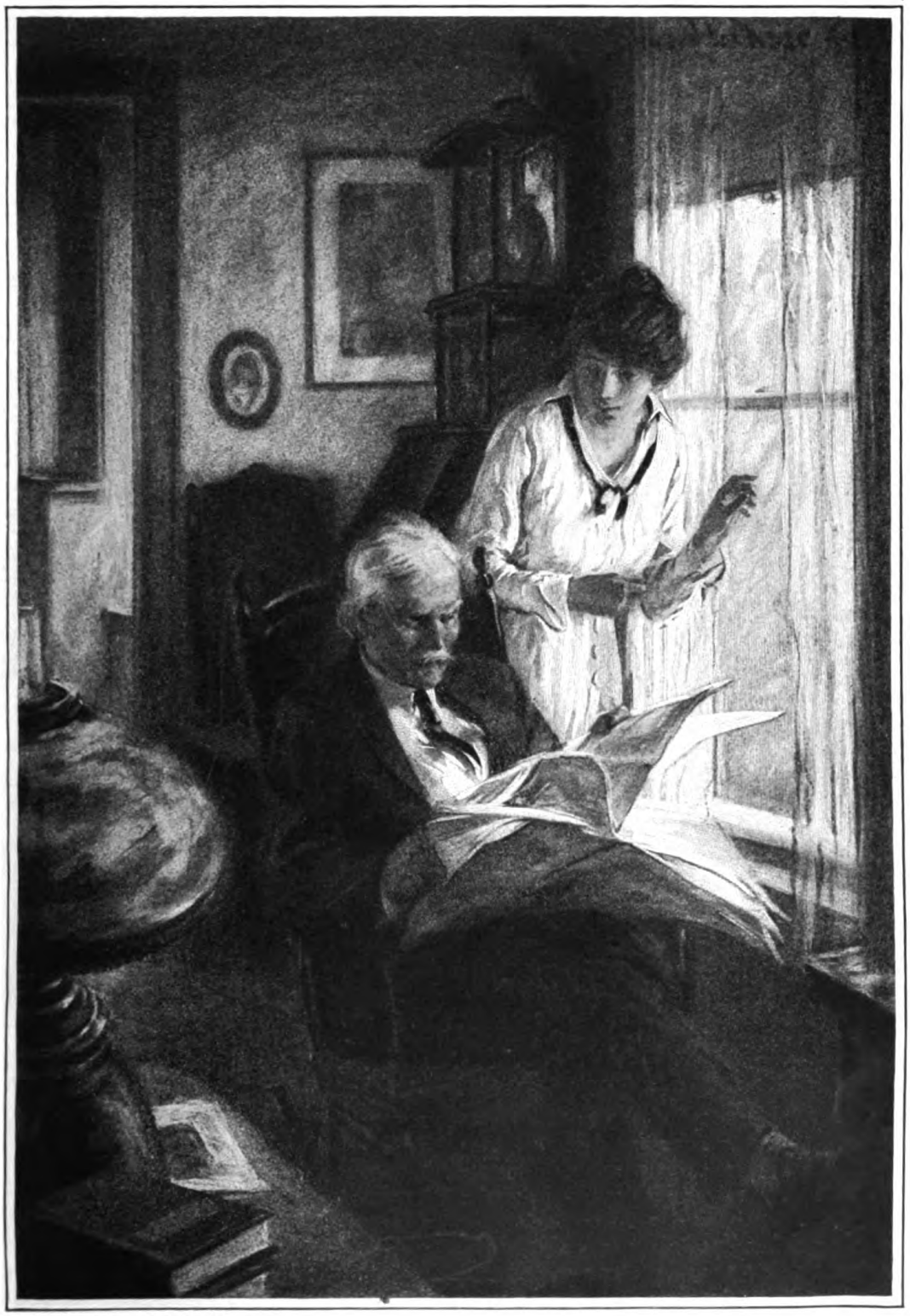
Then Esther saw the smear on the window-glass. Even then she did not exclaim. She stood staring at it. The faintest pink had come over her smooth cheeks. Her eyes, while still devoid of sparkle, were alive with wonder. At last she spoke.

"Have you been having some bread and butter, father?" she asked.

Billy apparently did not hear.

"Have you been having some bread and butter, father?" repeated Esther.

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Drawn by Edward L. Chase

"HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING SOME BREAD AND BUTTER, FATHER?"

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"Hey?"

"Have you been having some bread and butter?"

"No, Esther, I 'ain't," replied Billy, and returned again to his paper.

Esther said no more. She again went out for a cloth. This time she brought a basin of hot water and some polishing-powder. She could not well reach the window, and Billy moved, hitching his chair slightly.

Esther worked, cleaning off the smear and polishing the glass. She eyed it, not quite satisfied. When she went out, evidently to try her polish on the outside, thinking that some of the trouble must be there, Billy clapped his hand over his mouth and nearly choked with repressed mirth. When Esther appeared on the other side of his window with her polish, he was reading his paper with an intensely sober face.

Billy enjoyed himself immensely. These little tricks were his only amusement. He loved his daughter, but deep-rooted in his nature was the love of mischief, even against one whom he loved. He derived a peculiar pleasure from its exercise in the case of Esther, because she was so completely unsuspecting. What she did suspect her father did not even dream. Had he dreamed it, he would have enjoyed it to the full. Poor Esther Thomas feared her father was gradually losing his wits from old age. She had a fair amount of reason. She knew perfectly well in what a state of order and cleanliness she had left the house when she went out. She knew, of course, that flour and lard do not of their own volition get on tables and shelves and windows. Her father had been the only person in the house. Esther was aware that her father must be the culprit. He had put her order in disorder; he had sprinkled flour over spotless surfaces; he had smeared the clear window-glass. Esther knew this, but her mind could grasp no motive within reason for the deeds. She had no conception of mischief for the sake of mischief, of uneasiness finding its safety-valve. She therefore told herself sadly that "poor father was failing," and she must be even more watchful regarding her duty toward him.

Esther Thomas was a sweet woman. She was sweet like a flower, blooming only under certain restrictions, facing always one way. After she had cleaned the window she went into the kitchen and washed carefully the cloth and her hands.

While she was there, old Billy, gazing out, saw Sam Ellis. Right opposite the Thomas house was the little grocery-store. Sam was standing on the piazza gazing longingly over at Billy. Billy shook his head, raised his hand, and went through an elaborate code of signals. Sam understood. When Esther re-entered the room her father was having a hard coughing-spell. Old Billy had rather violent attacks of asthma. Esther went to the little chimney cupboard for a bottle of medicine.

"It ain't—there," strangled Billy.

"Why, where is it, father?"

"I—used up—the last on't—some days ago—while you was out, and I threw the bottle away. No use of old medicine-bottles settin' round," Billy coughed and wheezed.

Esther went to the closet and got her hat and coat. Old Billy, still coughing, watched her slyly.

"Where you—goin'?"

"Down to the drug-store to get another bottle of your medicine. Keep perfectly still while I am gone, father. I will be back as soon as I can."

Billy coughed. He found it rather difficult to desist after he had watched his daughter out of sight. He still coughed while frantically beckoning Sam Ellis on the grocery piazza.

Sam shambled over and entered, grinning. Sam was a shabby figure. He came from a good old family, but he was the last shred of it, swaying and fraying before the winds of destiny, with nobody of his kith or kin to mend him, or brush him, or attend generally to his physical welfare. He lived alone in a corner of the old Ellis house. Dreadful tales were told by good housekeepers about the state of that house and especially Sam's corner. Carpets had not been taken up for half a century. Moth and rust reigned undisputed. However, Sam was a happier man than Billy. He had all that is sometimes left to the aged of the world, his own way, and he loved it.

Billy gazed at him when he entered,

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with a queer affection and envy. The two old men loved each other. Billy envied; Sam pitied.

"How did ye manage it?" queried Sam.

"Had a coughin'-spell, and the medicine was all gone." He winked and coughed again in spite of himself.

"You hadn't ought to take liberties with that cough," said Sam, anxiously. Out of a jungle of crisscross lines of white hairs covering his face his blue eyes gleamed tenderly upon his friend. His bald head rose dome-like and shining, but his white beard covered his cheeks and fell upon his breast. He had been a handsome man. He had never married, but he had had in his youth his love-affair. The girl whom he had loved had died.

Sam could not quite understand Billy's attitude with regard to his daughter. "Why d'ye have to manœuver that way to get a minute to see me?" he queried, with regard to the cough-medicine. "Now Esther always seems to me real mild and gentle."

"She is. Esther's the salt of the earth, and she never gets mad nor speaks up," declared Billy.

"Then why—"

"If she did get mad I wouldn't feel called upon to manœuver. She and me could fight it out, and I guess I'd get my own way," said Billy.

Sam took his venerable pipe out of his pocket. He looked inquiringly at Billy, who shook his head.

Sam replaced the pipe. "S'pose it wouldn't do," he admitted.

"She would smell it," said Billy. "I don't never smoke mine except once in a while in summer-time, when I can get down in the orchard, and the wind ain't toward the house, and she's gone out anyway."

"What does she say?"

"She don't say nothin'. She don't even sniff round the way some women would. Esther is a lady, if she is my daughter. I jest know it wouldn't do for me to smoke my old pipe around the house as long as she's livin' here, so I keep it in the lowermost secretary drawer."

Sam regarded Billy thoughtfully. He got up and peered down the street.

"It ain't time for her yet," said Billy.

Sam thrust his face close to Billy's and whispered, "When is she goin' to git married to the parson?"

"She ain't never goin' to as long as I live."

"How d'ye know?"

"She told him so. She said it was her duty to stay right here and take care of me. He acted real nice about it; said I would be jest as welcome to live with 'em as if I was his own father. But she told him he couldn't leave his mother; and neither of 'em said anything, but both of 'em knew that wouldn't work—old lady Comstock livin' with her daughter-in-law's pa."

Sam chuckled. "Golly! You couldn't hev said your soul was your own, sure enough," he remarked.

Billy chuckled in response. "Reckon you're right. Betwixt Esther's holdin' her tongue and the old lady not holdin' hers, it 'd been a case of the upper and nether millstones," said he. "Esther and Willard both knew that wouldn't do, and Esther, she won't leave me nohow."

"You could git along."

Billy fairly snorted. "Git along! I ruther reckon I could! I could git Serrah Miles to come here. She's spry and a good housekeeper, and she 'ain't never tried to have her way. She 'ain't got any way. She'd keep house, and you could about live here. We could do jest as we was a mind to."

"But Esther's sot."

"When it comes to what she thinks is her duty, Esther is more than sot. She's growed to it."

"Willard Comstock always liked her, and a minister ought to have a wife."

"Esther told him not to come here again. She said it would make talk, and he'd better marry some one else. She said, 'As long as father lives, my duty is right here.' It made me feel kind of queer." Old Billy's voice was pathetic. "Seems as if old folks hadn't ought to stand in the way of young ones, but how in Sam Hill be they goin' to git out till the Lord calls 'em?"

"Near as I can see, you ain't in the way."

"No, I ain't, but she thinks I'm her duty, and there's no use tryin' to reason her out of it."

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"An' he ain't comin' any more?"

"He 'ain't been here for months, and I can see she's feelin' sort of miserable about it."

"Why don't he stick it out an' come? I guess when I was his age I'd have stepped right over her duty an' trompled it down."

"Ef he would only come!" reflected Billy. "He used to come to tea sometimes." Suddenly he sat up. His face assumed the expression of eager mischief that it had worn when he had made his expedition into the pantry for the flour and lard. His eyes snapped. He slapped his knee. "By hookey!" said he. "I'll git Willard Comstock here to tea this very night."

Sam eyed him, as excited as his friend. "How will you manage?" he demanded. For answer Billy rapped madly on the window.

"What you doin' that for?"

"I'm goin' to send the little Abbott boy to invite him. Eddy Abbott is such a good little boy, nobody can suspicion anything ain't all right. Esther, she's got plenty of cake and a floating-island. She baked this mornin'. I'll do it." Billy beckoned frantically.

A little boy on the street outside, moving waveringly on roller-skates, turned a pretty face toward the window.

"Come in here a minute. Come in here a minute," said Billy.

The boy could not have heard him, but he saw the beckoning old hand. He navigated with difficulty up the front walk to the door, where Billy met him.

When Billy returned to the sitting-room he looked rather pale but triumphant. "Eddy Abbott is going to tell Willard Comstock that Miss Esther Thomas invites him to take tea with her and her pa at six o'clock to-night," he whispered.

"Guess I'd better light out," said Sam, rising.

"Guess you'd better. It's most time for her to come home."

"Ain't you goin' to shave or put on a clean collar, or nothin'?"

"Can't, unless I want her to suspicion somethin'."

"Well," said Sam. He lounged out, and presently Billy saw him seated in an arm-chair on the grocery piazza. He was smoking his pipe. He waved his hand imperceptibly. Then Esther appeared, walking rather hurriedly down the street with her little parcel from the drug-store.

"I guess I feel some better," Billy said when his daughter entered, bottle and spoon in hand.

"You had better take it, anyway, father. You are not breathing properly now."

Billy murmured something about "not spilin' his appetite for supper," but he took his dose. Esther went out in the kitchen. Billy rose and peeped out stealthily. Esther was mixing biscuits. Billy nodded approvingly and returned to his seat.

He had begun to smell the biscuits baking when he saw a young man coming hastily up the street. He gave a sigh of relief. Billy had realized the risk he had run of getting a message of refusal by little Eddy Abbott, and his daughter's discovery of the plot. Now that the young man was accepting, he knew that all would be well. However puzzled Esther Thomas might be, she would say nothing when a guest appeared at tea-time. She had a great sense of hospitality. She might have refused to see Willard in the evening, but at tea-time his welcome was assured, however bewildered she might be.

After Willard entered, Billy, gazing across at the grocery, saw Sam Ellis double up with laughter. He chuckled softly to himself. Esther had ushered the minister into the best parlor. She came hurrying out to her father.

"The minister has come to tea," she whispered. Her cheeks were softly blushing.

"Did you ask him?"

Esther shook her head. "I don't understand it," she whispered, "but he has come. Go into the bedroom, father, and let me brush your hair and coat. You won't have time to shave. Are your hands clean? Oh, father! come out in the kitchen and wash your hands."

When Billy was fairly tidy and back in his chair, he looked across at the grocery. Sam still sat smoking on the piazza. The minister was now in the sitting-room. Billy nodded solemnly,

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with warning finger raised. Sam nodded solemnly in response.

Willard Comstock, discoursing to Billy about a recent death in the village, with absent eyes upon Esther, a graceful vision moving about in the next room, saw neither signal. Billy, talking to the minister, saw presently his dear Sam lounge down the street. He pictured him getting his solitary meal in his littered corner of the old colonial house. He wished, with the pathetic wish of age and essential loneliness, to be with him there. What had he—old, with tastes reverting to those of childhood—to do with this fine young clergyman who loved his daughter? What had he, really, to do with this dainty, graceful, fairly perfect daughter? Poor old Billy wanted to be in his own tracks of life—those tracks which he and his wife Betsey had followed so easily.

He did not like the supper which Esther finally served. The dining-table glittered with the best china and silver, and a piece or two of cut-glass. Apple-blossoms in a green bowl decorated the center. Esther had prepared a salad, very pretty, but strange to Billy's old-fashioned taste. The minister praised it. Billy felt a slight scorn. Esther had thin slices of pink ham. Billy liked thick slices, but on account of the guest had to put up with the thin. Billy, silently eating, reflected how fortunate it was that Willard Comstock had a mother. Otherwise he would be obliged to live with Willard and Esther. It would be perfectly peaceful, but the restraint of those bonds of Christian grace would be insupportable.

The next afternoon Esther went to the sewing society, and Billy, as soon as the coast was clear, started to see Sam. He stole out of the house, locking the kitchen door and putting the key under the mat on the porch, and taking a back road. The main one led by the church in whose chapel the sewing-society was meeting.

Billy was slightly lame, but he moved quickly. He was afraid that Sam might not be at home, but the other old man met him at the door, his blue eyes gleaming with fond welcome out of his furze of white hair.

Billy entered, and was blest, to his conviction, with the utmost which earth had to bestow. It was seldom he got such a chance as this. When he entered the room in which Sam Ellis spent most of his time, he looked about him blissfully. It suited him. It was his ideal of perfect comfort. It was the large, stately south room of the old mansion. There were paneled walls and a wonderful mantelpiece, and the doors were marvelous. There were pieces of fine old mahogany furniture, and everything had been made completely subservient to the use of the human creature who owned it, and was, to Billy's mind, fulfilling its ultimate destiny.

The tapestry carpet was fairly wonderful in its accumulation of colors over and above the original patterns. The paneled walls were brown with smoke and drab with dust, and spotted like leopards in bas-relief until they had taken on the aspect of deliberate, although bizarre, decoration. The chairs and the deep old sofa were worn into the exact comfortable needs of human forms. A stovepipe had been fitted into an iron fireboard covering the great fireplace, and there was a cooking-stove. Before it stood a kitchen table. That was covered by a very smooth, clean cloth of linen, and it glittered with an old solid-silver service. The cloth of linen and the bright silver at first seemed curiously at odds with the room, and yet they were not. They were made subservient, as all else there, to the human need.

Sam Ellis, sole remnant of his family, required perfect cleanliness with regard to his meals, and his bedroom was immaculate. Every week his laundry was carefully attended to. Much of Sam's slender income was spent for cleanliness, although the general aspect of his living-room went far to deny it.

Dust was everywhere. Sam was philosophical about dust. "Folks are silly, fussin' so about dust," he was wont to remark. "Dust has to be somewhere. When it's layin' on the chairs and tables it's out of mischief. You ain't breathin' it in. What folks want to go round stirrin' up dust for when it's quiet and out of mischief, beats me."

That afternoon old Billy settled down in his favorite chair, a worn, leather-

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covered rocker which fitted his old bones with luxuriousness of comfort. He drew a long sigh of content. After a while he filled his pipe, and the two men smoked, and the room was afloat with curling wreaths and eddies of rank smoke. However, Billy's face wore an expression of anxiety. Sam watched him.

"Didn't pan out the way you wanted it to last night, I reckon," he said at length.

Billy sniffed disgustedly. "No, it didn't," he grunted. "Too much talk about duty. Nothin' but duty. Land! I wonder whether folks are really so much better than they was when you and I was young. Near as I can recollect, there wasn't anywhere near so much said about duty."

"Then Esther and Willard think it ain't their duty to get married?"

Billy shook his head. "I listened. Had to. Esther thinks it's her duty not to tell me things to worrit me. Drat her duty! An' there ain't any way left, if I feel as if I had ought to know things, except to listen. So I listened last night. They was settin' in the best parlor, and the door won't shut tight. I stole down, dreadful still, in my stockin' feet, after they thought I was abed, and I listened. Lord A'mighty, Sam, I ain't the only duty. They are stuck fast ag'in."

"What else?"

"Willard's ma."

Sam leaned back and laughed. "Maria Comstock is just plumb crazy to have Willard get married and leave her in peace with her sister, Mis' Plummer," said he. "She told me so only day before yesterday. She was gettin' along, as spry as you please, down to the store. She stepped out like a young girl, and her black-silk skirts was swishin', and her bunnit strings flyin', and her head up. I stopped and spoke to her. You know Maria and me used to sort of go together when we was children. I've always thought that if somebody else hadn't come up for her, Maria and me might have made a match of it. She was a real pretty girl, and as smart as they make 'em, and she ain't got over it yet. I thought I'd sort of hint about Willard, and she spoke her mind right out. 'Why on earth,' said she, 'Willard and Esther want to act the way they do is beyond me. Near as I can find out, Esther thinks it's her duty not to leave her pa, and she thinks her pa and me wouldn't get along if Willard took him here or she took me there. And we surely would not,' says Maria. 'We surely would not, because I don't want any such arrangement, and I wouldn't stand havin' that old man around a minute.' I'm tellin' you just what she said," stated Sam, apologetically, to Billy. "You know what Maria is."

"I don't mind," said Billy.

"'I want Willard to get married, the sooner the better, and leave me and sister Addie Plummer in peace,' says Maria. 'We are livin' in the old Comstock house, anyway, and folks are thinkin' it sort of hard because the minister don't go to live in that nice new parsonage they've built. Willard and Esther can get married, and Esther's pa can have somebody come and keep house for him, if he don't want to live with them and they don't want him.'"

Sam hesitated and then laughed.

"What did she say next?" asked Billy.

"Well, Maria did say she thought you were sort of cranky, and maybe it would work out better for you not to live with them."

Billy laughed. "Maria and me have got just exactly the same opinions," said he.

Sam chuckled. "I near snorted right out in her face when she said that. Maria was always smart as a whip, and good-lookin', but, gee whiz! stand out of the way when you hear her petticoats swishin'. But I swan, now she's in the right of it. She says she and her sister can be a heap more comfortable if Willard gets married. She says their help is gittin' old, and it's nothin' but tend door, and answer the telephone, and entertain ministers exchangin'. She says it ain't any work for elderly women. Then she says they have to entertain a lot besides, and poor folks are always comin' for some charity just at mealtimes. Lord! poor Maria Comstock don't want duty done by her any more than you do, Billy. And I've been thinkin' about Serrah Miles. What do you want to bother with her for? Here's this big house, and you and me could git along enough sight better together

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than either of us could with any woman housekeeper. I have Mis' Doty come in every week, and wash and iron, and that's all we need done. I can cook to beat any woman round here; and I don't want any arrangin' of my belongin's so I can't find a durned thing when I want it. You could rent your house, Billy, and that would give you and Esther a little extra. Of course, it wouldn't cost you nothin' to live here, but money is money."

"Yes, it is," assented Billy. He sighed. "Tell you what 'tis, Sam: livin' here with you, and both of us doin' jest as we are a mind to, would be too much for this world, I guess. I'd feel as I used to with Betsey. Betsey used to let me smoke all over the house. She said tobacco ashes was clean dirt, and good to keep out moths. I dunno but Betsey would have smoked herself if I'd tried to make her. And I could set anywhere I wanted to, and tip my chair back, and lean my head agin' any wall-paper in the house. And if I put a thing down anywhere, I'd find it right there six months from then. Betsey never picked up my things so I couldn't find 'em. And that 'Landin' of the Pilgrim Fathers' always used to hang with the left side 'way down, and every time I see it hangin' straight it makes me homesick. Esther's a good daughter, though."

"Lord, yes! she's good enough, but she's too everlastin' stuck on her duty to know when it's barkin' everybody else's shins!"

"I don't know what to do," said Billy, despondently. "She and Willard talked real decided last night."

Sam Ellis started up. "There's Eddy Abbott," he said. He rushed to the door and called: "Hullo, Eddy! Eddy, come here a minute."

Sam admitted the small boy, as pink-faced and gentle as a little girl. "You wait a minute, Eddy," said Sam.

Eddy stood immovable, waiting. He was an obedient child. He did not even shift his weight from one foot to the other. He did not even stare about the room while Sam wrote two notes at the old secretary.

"Here, Eddy," said Sam. "You give this one to the minister, and the other to Miss Esther Thomas. She's at the sewing-circle in the vestry. Here, you wait a minute, Eddy." Sam took the lid from an earthen jar which stood on a magnificent old mahogany table, and brought forth two very large brown doughnut twists. "Here, Eddy," said Sam.

"Thank you," said Eddy. He stowed away the notes carefully in his little coat pocket, took the doughnuts, and walked away eating them.

"I fried them doughnuts yesterday," said Sam. "I don't want none of your fancy cakes, but I do like good solid doughnuts and pies; and what's more, I can make 'em to suit me better than any woman I've known sence my own mother."

"What did you say in them notes?"

"I said somethin' that's goin' to bring duty to a head, jest like a bile," said Sam, and roared at his own joke.

Billy looked a little alarmed, then he also laughed.

"Now we'll set back an' wait," said Sam.

Esther was the first to arrive. She came hurrying down the street. Sam met her at the door.

"Is father here? What is the matter?" she asked. She was a little out of breath. Sam, looking over her heaving shoulder, draped with soft gray cloth, could see Willard Comstock approaching. He was walking rapidly. Sam's notes had been peremptory.

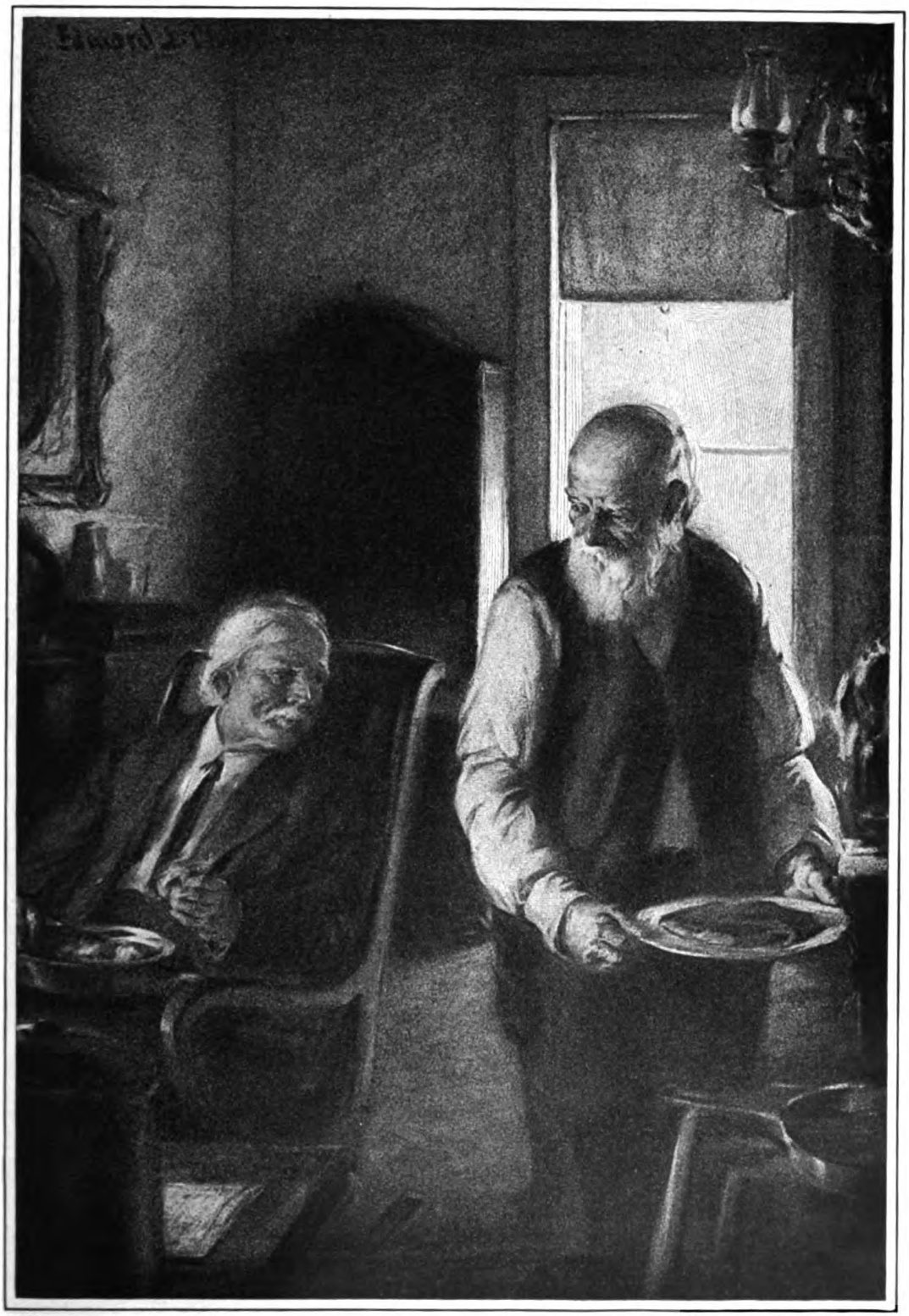
"Now don't you be one mite scared, Esther," said Sam. "There ain't anything to be scared about. Your father's in here, and we are goin' to settle things. Why, here's Willard. Hullo, Willard. Walk right in."

Willard Comstock, tall and pale, and gentle of expression, with a square chin which seemed to denote that gentleness might have to win, at times, in hard battle, did walk in. He and Esther exchanged glances of bewilderment.

"Nothing is the matter with father, is there?" Esther asked. Her serene voice was a little tremulous.

"Land, no! He's as right as a cricket. No, don't go in there. That's the room where I live, mostly. I lived there all winter, and I've got my cookin'-stove in there. The spring's so late I ain't moved it out into the kitchen. I'm goin'

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Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by H. Leinroth

"I GUESS NOW WE'LL ALL BE HAPPY," SAID SAM

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to next week. Here, you come in this room. There's dust, but we are all made of dust and we hadn't ought to mind if we do see it layin' round loose."

Sam ushered them into a fairly stately apartment. It was very large, the ceiling high, and the woodwork was a masterpiece of domestic architecture, patiently wrought by hands long since folded in the grave. The furniture was covered with red damask. Long curtains of red damask, caught back by gilt scroll-work, hung at the windows. There was a Turkey carpet, and old portraits and engravings. The room was dark and damp.

Sam opened a window, and a great sighing breath of blooming lilacs from a rank growth outside entered the room. He opened another, and a shaft of sunlight marked by floating dust-motes crossed the room. They all sat down. Sam began to speak.

"I know all about it," said he. "I know you two young folks, that ain't gittin' any younger whilst you're waitin', want to get married and set up your own home. And I know Esther thinks it's her duty to stay single and take care of her pa. And Willard thinks it's his to stay single and take care of his ma.

"Now I'm goin' to preach to the minister and the minister's wife. Who be you, either one of you, to set up for knowin' what your duty is before other folks that's older? Esther's father wants her to get married. He thinks the world of her, and he knows she's always devoted her life to him, but—he don't want her to! And Willard's ma; she knows Willard has devoted his life to her, and—she don't want him to!

"Billy, here, and Maria, both just want their son and daughter to get married and look out for their own interests, and let them alone to look out for theirs. Billy knows he'd be a lot happier livin' here with me, and havin' his harmless little way that ain't goin' to hurt his immortal soul one mite. And Maria knows she's goin' to be a lot happier livin' with her sister than she is with a man messin' 'round, no matter if he is her own son and the salt of the earth. Maria is all worn out playin' the second religious fiddle. She's too old.

"So both of you, Willard and Esther, have been thinkin' you were doin' your duty and feelin' real miserable over it when you wasn't neither one of you doin' your duty at all. What you haven't neither one of you sensed is that enough sight oftener than folks realize doin' their duty is havin' their own way and lettin' other folks have theirs."

Willard and Esther looked at each other.

"It is so," said Sam Ellis, with a magnificent gesture of authority.

After Willard and Esther had gone, Sam began to make preparations for supper. It was a cold day for May. Sam was to have a hot supper.

Billy watched him, fairly grinning with delight. "Say, Sam," said he, "s'pose it's settled?"

"Sure," said Sam. "They'll get married right off and then you and me will bunk together. Here, you peel these onions and slice 'em thin."

"Fried onions!" gasped Billy.

"As prime a beefsteak as ever you laid your eyes on and fried onions," proclaimed Sam, "and hot baked potatoes and coffee and doughnuts."

"I 'ain't had any fried onions since Betsey died," said Billy. "She and I used to have 'em twice a week, regular. Esther would have had 'em if I'd asked her, but I never asked her. It would have been a real trial to her."

"I ain't sayin' anything against your daughter," said Sam, "but sometimes I've really wondered if many folks spoke the truth when they said they didn't like onions."

"I guess Esther don't really like 'em," said Billy.

"Well, I dare say she don't. We do, and we can have 'em every day in the week if we want to. Slice 'em thin, Billy."

"Beefsteak and fried onions," said Billy, thoughtfully.

Sam, on his way to the stove with the beefsteak, looked at Billy, and Billy looked at him. In both faces was the expression of men who have regained freedom and found her dearer than they remembered.

"I guess now we'll all be happy, and do our duty, and have our own way," said Sam.

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Our "Partial" War with France

BY HARRY N. STULL

ONE hundred and nineteen years ago began the four-year period of so-called French spoliations on American commerce—a half-forgotten era in our country's history—a time when it was a hazardous undertaking to ship goods from an American port consigned to a foreign port. Over-sea commerce in sailing-vessels was a source of danger to property at best, but during the period referred to the activity of French public and private armed vessels made such traffic extremely perilous. French privateers hovered in every part of the Atlantic Ocean, and even within the territorial waters of the United States. The business of privateering then was more lucrative than that of shipping goods. France and England were at war. To all intents and purposes the United States was a neutral, but our commercial loss could hardly have been greater had we actually been allied in war with one of the belligerent nations.

From the time of the execution of King Louis XVI., to and through the year 1800, seizures of American vessels occurred almost daily; plenipotentiaries were appointed by France and the United States, but came to no understanding; arbitration failed, and the seizures and condemnations continued; protests and representations passed back and forth between the two countries, and still the unwarranted seizures and confiscations went on. But our merchantmen persevered; ships went out of port despite the heavy losses and the high insurance rates; merchants valiantly undertook to carry on their foreign trade notwithstanding the vexatious times and the indignities heaped upon them and their property.

For a better understanding of the conditions then existing it is necessary to go back to the year 1778 to see upon what grounds the French contentions were based. In that year we entered into two treaties with the "Most Christian King" of France, one being of amity and commerce, and the other of alliance. By the terms of the latter, through our representatives, Benjamin Franklin, Silas Dean, and Arthur Lee, we offered to aid France in the event of war between that country and Great Britain. This was the first treaty entered into by the United States, and the first and last entangling alliance with a foreign power.

By the terms of the treaty of amity and commerce all the documents necessary to be carried on merchant vessels of the contracting nations were enumerated; the settlement of rights arising from captures made at sea were provided for. The treaty set forth what should be and what should not be considered contraband of war; it defined the rights of the citizens of each country, and in general the terms of trade between the two nations and with neutrals in time of war were stipulated.

The aggressions on American commerce, beginning early in 1796, became so obnoxious on the part of France that Congress was compelled to annul and abrogate both treaties by the act of July 7, 1798, and in so doing took occasion to refer to the "system of predatory violence . . . hostile to the rights of a free and independent nation" then being carried on.

The reason for this was contained in the grievances France then entertained toward us; she was in the position of a deserted ally; we had agreed to give certain exclusive privileges to France, and then in the Jay Treaty gave the same rights to Great Britain; we had not protected the French West India possessions in return for the military aid furnished in the War of the Revolution; we had given to France's enemy the most valued rights secured to her by prior treaty. Upon the publication of

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the Jay Treaty great indignation was aroused in France, and the spoliations upon our commerce that followed were primarily caused by our failure to fulfil our treaty obligations, and in part by the war between Great Britain and France, which caused the latter to issue certain regulations which in effect were prohibitive of American commerce on the high seas.

In the celebrated case of Bass *vs.* Tingy, the Supreme Court of the United States had occasion to pass upon the conditions existing during the so-called French spoliation period and to define the relations between the nations, and the fact being set forth that, our Congress "having authorized certain hostilities on the high seas by certain persons in certain cases" only, it was declared that France was "a partial enemy"; that a "partial maritime" war existed, but not a "perfect" war as understood at the time. It is difficult at this day to understand what relations would exist between two nations engaged in a "partial" war, but, accepting the definition of the Supreme Court, it would seem, when we read of events that transpired, that we were dangerously close to an actual war.

The authorization referred to by the Supreme Court was the act of Congress of June 25, 1798, which permitted the arming of American merchant vessels for the purpose of defense against capture as well as to "subdue and capture any *armed* French vessel," but with the reservation that the President might thereafter instruct the armed merchantmen to submit to search when French armed vessels should observe the law of nations.

This act was followed shortly by the act of July 7, 1798, declaring the treaties heretofore entered into between France and the United States no longer obligatory on the United States, and annulling and abrogating said treaties.

The act of July 9, 1798, gave the President the power to instruct commanders of public armed vessels to capture any French armed vessel, and further to grant commissions to private armed vessels, which were to have the same authority to capture and subdue as public armed vessels.

Such was the condition of affairs in the latter part of the year 1798, when we had abrogated our treaties with France, passed laws directing the seizure of French armed vessels by our national vessels and armed merchantmen. France had broken off diplomatic relations with us, exchanges between the respective ministers breathed the spirit of war, and the only thing lacking to effect an actual state of war was a declaration of war itself.

While our histories speak only vaguely of our unpleasant relations with France, during the two years following these events our vessels were captured by the French without regard to ship's papers, ownership, or the nature of cargoes. New England especially suffered greatly by these spoliations. Valuable cargoes were despoiled; splendid vessels were taken, and in many cases condemned according to French decrees of which our merchants had no cognizance. France had absolved herself from all laws save those declared to be law by herself.

In justice it cannot be said that our own government was entirely blameless for the existence of these conditions. It is true, as France contended, that we had failed to respond to our obligations contained in the treaty of alliance of 1778; it is also true that, had our representations to the government of France been more insistent, and partisanship less rife in our own country, a better understanding of mutual obligations might have resulted.

The position that France took in regard to the relations then existing culminated on her part in a system of reprisals. A great majority of the American vessels captured by reason of the activity of French privateers were condemned in the West Indies, notably in the island of Guadeloupe. The most trivial causes were assigned for these condemnations. French regulations half a century old were brought forth to furnish apparent bases for their depredations. Not a few of these seizures were of American vessels bound homeward from a West Indian port, the ground for condemnation in these cases usually being that the vessels had violated a French regulation of some kind by having called at an English port. The fact that the vessels were bound to an American port

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and that they were American bottoms with American cargoes seemed to make not the slightest difference. The inevitable condemnation followed after the seizure, except in a few isolated cases.

The high insurance rates of the times were very significant of war risks, many times running as high as thirty-three and a third per cent. of the value of the property insured for the round voyage. The situation justified these high rates, and many men in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other ports who had successfully carried on the business of marine insurance and built up what was for those days a lucrative business were ruined and forced into bankruptcy by the spoliations upon our commerce.

While most of the masters were compelled to submit their vessels to capture without resistance (for want of sufficient crew and armament to cope with the French), it is gratifying to note that not all permitted themselves to be ruthlessly seized without a protest. In fact, many merchants promptly availed themselves of the law which permitted them to arm their vessels, and directed their masters to defend the property against unlawful seizure. A few typical instances will suffice to show what happened when one of our armed merchantmen met a French privateer on the high seas during this period.

On March 20, 1799, there sailed from Newburyport, Massachusetts, the ship *Rose*, owned by William Bartlett and commanded by William Chase. She had a crew of twenty-two men and was armed with eight carriage guns. Captain Chase's orders were to "defend your ship from any enemy that offers to molest you." The voyage was to Surinam, at which place the vessel arrived with a mixed cargo of fish, meat, gin, hardware, and dry-goods, worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars—a very valuable cargo for those days. Having disposed of his cargo according to instructions, the master of the *Rose* took in a return cargo of coffee, cotton, sugar, and cocoa, and sailed for the home port. On July 31, 1799, the *Rose* was met at sea by the French privateer *L'Égypte Conquise*, of fourteen guns and one hundred and twenty men. Recognizing the vessel as a French privateer, and knowing the fate that awaited the property under his charge if captured, Captain Chase refused to heave to upon summons, and thereupon an engagement lasting an hour and a half ensued. The American vessel valiantly defended herself, but was finally boarded and taken by the sword after having two men killed and fifteen wounded during the engagement. The privateer was hulled very severely, however, and lost twenty-five men killed and twenty-one wounded, which is testimony enough to the valor of the American crew against a greatly superior attacking force. The result, of course, was the condemnation of the *Rose* and her valuable cargo, and the property became a total loss to the owners. Captain Chase arrived home October 29, 1799, according to the *Newburyport Herald and County Gazette* (November 1, 1799), and reported that his crew was still languishing in a French prison.

The lawlessness of French vessels and prize courts was particularly unspeakable in the West Indies. Most of the decrees rendered were violative of the rights of neutrals, and it is a fact that some judges in that part of the French possessions who presided at these trials of American vessels were themselves part owners of the privateers making the capture, and in most cases the prize courts condemned the property for the use and benefit of the owners and crew of the privateers. The French would seize, and subsequently condemn, all American vessels bound to and from English ports, and in case the vessel was sailing to or from a neutral port, some other trivial excuse would be forthcoming upon which to base an illegal decree of condemnation. It was then not without reason that American vessels, in danger from pirates, in danger from French privateers often as irresponsible, availed themselves of the law to carry some armament during the pendency of this "impartial" or "imperfect" state of warfare.

It is worthy of note that France, having just passed through the most terrible and bloody period in her history, and being engaged in war against her natural enemy, Great Britain, put into effect the most stringent regulations intended to deprive the latter of any aid or benefit

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that might accrue from an unrestrained intercourse with the United States. A practical embargo was placed by France upon all commercial relations between our country and England and her possessions, and no further proof was necessary before a French prize court than the fact that the vessel had been trading with the English.

While it is an indisputable rule of international law that belligerents have the right of visitation and search of neutrals, indispensable as this may be to a belligerent, this privilege cannot be violative of the rights of neutrals, and must be exercised in a proper manner. But taking into account the condition of the times, the arrogant spirit displayed by the French, and the unjustifiable means adopted to hinder our carrying-trade, it is not strange that an American merchant should feel it necessary to arm his vessels, although engaged in peaceful foreign commerce, and that masters, knowing what had happened to other American vessels and crews, should use their armament to repel these unwarranted encroachments upon American rights.

It is of record that over fifteen hundred vessels were captured by the French during the period 1796–1801, of which more than three-fourths were condemned. More than half of these condemnations occurred in the island of Guadeloupe. This does not take into account the large number of vessels plundered at sea and released, of the hundreds captured by the French and subsequently recaptured either by the crew or by an English or American man-of-war. Neither does this estimate include such as were captured by French privateers, taken into Spanish ports and condemned by French consuls in Spanish territory, for which the government of Spain afterward admitted liability and made reparation.

Of especial interest was the case of the ship *Louis*, James Deale, master, which sailed from Calcutta December 31, 1799, homeward bound to Baltimore, but in the course of her voyage was met on the high seas by the notorious French privateer *Clarisse*, of which the equally notorious Surcouf was the commander. The privateer approached under a red flag at her mainmast, fired upon the *Louis*, and a severe combat thereupon ensued in which the American vessel had three men killed and seven wounded. The force of the privateer being greatly superior, the *Louis* was compelled to surrender, and was convoyed as a prize into the Isle of France (Mauritius), an utter loss to the owners.

But this did not end the activity of this American crew, because sailing on board the *Louis* as supercargo was one John W. Bronaugh, of Baltimore, who, after the capture, with other men of the crew, succeeded in making his way back to Calcutta, and his subsequent experience is best told in his own words:

> I purchased at Calcutta a large, new, fine ship called the *Rebecca*, burthen about 1,000 tons. I put on her 16 double-fortified nine-pounders, small arms, pikes, cutlasses, and every other kind of weapons of defense I could get. After this was done I shipped a crew of 85 men, made Richard Pitt my sailing-master, holding the command in my own hands. Thus equipt I set sail in the *Rebecca* about the commencement of October, 1800, for Baltimore, and in a few days after discharging my pilot I was again attacked, nearly about the same point in the Bay of Bengal where we had lost the *Louis*, by the *Malartic* brig, a privateer from the Isle of France commanded by Monsieur Dutert. This brig we fought two hours and forty-five minutes, and at length, on my ordering that we should cease firing, finding out that our shot was nearly exhausted, to let the privateer approach nearer if she chose to do so, and give us an opportunity, with our remaining shot, to sink her at close quarters; immediately on our ceasing to fire the privateer was manned with 16 sweeps on a side, there being little or no wind, and ran off. The next day after this the brig was taken in the Bay of Bengal by one of the India Company's ships, in distress, having been cut almost to pieces by us in the engagement with the *Rebecca*, and carried into Calcutta. On my arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, where I was compelled to touch to refit, having sustained great damage in our sails and rigging in the action, I had handed to me a Calcutta paper in which it was stated that the *Malartic* privateer had been brought into that port by one of the company's ships, in distress, occasioned by the action she had with the American ship the *Rebecca*, Capt. Bronaugh, in which there were 25 men killed on board the *Malartic*, and 16 wounded. In this engagement I was fortunate enough not to have a man killed or wounded.

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On June 17, 1800, there sailed from Baltimore the ship *Amazon*, commanded by Israel Trask, bound for Cadiz, Spain, with a very valuable cargo of sundry merchandise, and in the statement of the master made in Spain he sets forth that on July 6th he discovered a sail following the course of his vessel; that she came up in his wake, distant about half a league, and hoisted American colors and pursued under that flag; but about four hours later, being about half a gun-shot away,

she lowered the American flag and hoisted the French national colors, and a few minutes afterward fired one of her bow chasers with ball and grape, and immediately the ship of the deponent hoisted her American flag at the mizzen-peak. Soon afterwards she fired another gun with ball and grape, which passed over the vessel of deponent; then he took the determination of consulting with his officers upon what was proper to be done in this situation, and after having maturely considered the situation of his country with the French Republic in regard to the navigation of American ships, and the moral certainty of being captured by the French cruisers after the innumerable instances of other ships of the same nation in similar situations, as also the reflection on the examples of the cruel atrocities committed on American crews by several privateers under the French national flag, and fearing that this might be one of that class, as he had a license from his Government to carry guns for the express purpose of defending from the hostile attacks of vessels which should sail with the national flag on the high seas, they determined, as the means most eligible to save their persons and property, to oppose all their forces to the hostile attack, which continued on the part of the vessel which chased them; the crew were placed at their different posts, and thus they waited until the enemy should come nearer, in order to see if he continued in firing on them, and observing that the nearer he approached increased his firing, after having received numerous broadsides of ball and grape, which cut his sails and broke his rigging considerably, they began to defend themselves, with the enemy in their weather quarter. The action continued in the same position with great vigor on both sides for about two hours, at the distance of pistol-shot, in which time the vessel under his command suffered much damage in the sails and rigging; the enemy afterwards bore across his stern with an intention, as he presumed, of raking them, but, having set all his sails, they were able to prevent his intention, but the enemy did nothing else but change his position, placing himself alongside on their lee quarter, and again recommenced the action with vigor, continuing until six in the afternoon, in which time he had one man killed and the second officer dangerously wounded, the mizzen-topmast and mizzen-gaff carried away, and only the bare pole of the mizzen-mast remained, the braces and sheets torn, with the foretopsail shot in pieces, with the greatest part of the shrouds and running cut away. In this condition deponent consulted with Mr. Amory, who was interested in part of the cargo, upon the expediency of making more resistance against forces so superior, and it was determined that it would be imprudence and only to seek destruction and death to be obstinate; and then, with the greatest regret, he ordered the flag to be hauled down; notwithstanding which the firing of musketry and blunderbusses against them continued some minutes after having surrendered, which made them believe they had fallen into the hands of those who had so cruelly treated their countrymen.

The *Amazon* consequently became prize to the French privateer *La Mouche* of Bordeaux, but the event had a more happy ending than some others, for on August 30, 1801, the Council of Prizes sitting in Paris decreed the release of the property to the owners, and the vessel and cargo were thereupon restored to Captain Trask after a detention of over fourteen months.

One of the most appalling acts of the times—a deed utterly without reason—befell the Schooner *Nautilus*, Robert Dixon, master. She sailed from New York June 12, 1799, for the Dutch island of Curaçao, and while on the high seas was met by a vessel which "hoisted a flag with a skull and cross-bones painted thereon," and fired on her. The *Nautilus* returned the fire, and thereupon a general engagement ensued, which resulted in the *Nautilus* surrendering to the superior force. Some time later several members of the crew made a statement under oath reciting what subsequently happened, and setting forth that upon the surrender "people of various colors came on board—some with cutlasses and others with poniards in their hands, with which they cut and stabbed nine men of the *Nautilus's* crew in the most wanton and barbarous manner, although the officers and crew begged to have

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their lives spared and had ceased resistance and surrendered themselves prisoners; that after they so surrendered, five of the crew of the *Nautilus* were killed and their bodies thrown overboard," and also that some other men were dangerously wounded. The capturing vessel proved to be the privateer *Trois Amis*, with a crew of seventy men, and carrying a commission from the French government. While the prize was carried into Curaçao and detained there the papers were forwarded to the French tribunal at Basseterre, Guadeloupe, which several days later condemned the vessel and cargo for the benefit of this inhuman crew. This shocking crime is merely an instance of the cost in lives as well as property of this "partial" war. In this particular case it appeared that the privateer had been fitted out in Dutch territory, and that the subsequent acts of the prize crew and the privateer in the harbor of Curaçao were committed with the connivance of the Dutch governor. The *Nautilus* and cargo were the property of James Scott and Israel Seaman, of New York, who, after being apprised of the facts in the case, addressed the following letter to our Secretary of State:

NEW YORK, *3d August, 1799.*

Sir,—It is with horror and indignation we inform you of the capture of our armed schooner *Nautilus*, Robert Dixon, master, bound to Curacoa within the territorial limits of that island.

She engaged a French privateer upwards of one hour and a half and then struck; the Frenchmen when they boarded the *Nautilus* murdered Captain Dixon, his mate, second mate, and two seamen, and desperately wounded four more. The same day she was carried into Curacoa, and when the vessel and cargo was demanded by our agents, being all American property, the Governor and fiscal replied they must apply to the Tribunal of Guadeloupe for redress.

A particular statement of the circumstances was prepared by Mr. Phillips, our Consul, to be laid before the executive, and we trust such an outrage on humanity and violation of the Governor's own proclamation as well as the laws of nations will not be overlooked by our Government, but adequate redress be obtained.

As good citizens, knowing our own rights and always contributing cheerfully to the support of Government, we cannot help observing the trade of that Island and the Main, say La Guira and Porto Cavello, etc., has been very much neglected by our cruisers; within two months we have had two vessels bound there worth 60,000 dollars captured and others have suffered still more.

The loss of such valuable citizens leaving widows and children is a serious consideration and will require the wisdom and prudence of our Government to determine what restitution should be made.

We think it our duty further to lay before you a particular account of this bloody deed, given by Capt. Fuller of the schooner *Verago*, a man of veracity who brought the intelligence and was on the spot when the schooner arrived.

We have the honor to be
Your most obedient servants,
SCOTT & SEAMAN.

No account of the times would be complete without mention of the brilliant exploits of Captain (afterward Commodore) Truxton in the U. S. S. *Constellation*, which splendid frigate had been launched on September 7, 1797. The *Constellation* was sent in 1799 under Truxton to cruise off Porto Rico, and on February 9, 1799, met the French warship *L'Insurgente*, and the battle that ensued is probably better known than anything that occurred during this "imperfect" war. The vessels were of about equal armament, but *L'Insurgente* had 400 men to the *Constellation's* 300. The American commander proved superior in seamanship, and his vessel was so well served that he succeeded in passing back and forth athwart the other and raking her. The French vessel struck to the American after losing 29 men killed and 41 wounded, the American loss in the engagement being 2 killed and 3 wounded.

Again on February 1, 1800, Truxton, continuing his cruise in West India waters, sighted another French frigate, *La Vengeance*, of 52 guns and 330 men, the *Constellation* at that time having 50 guns and 310 men—the two being quite equal in strength. The French vessel attempted to escape, but the fast-sailing *Constellation* came up with her and *La Vengeance* opened fire. Truxton wished to close, and forbade his men to fire until within pistol-shot, though the French broadsides were deadly. The Frenchman continued to fire at the rig-

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ging, cutting the shrouds, stays, and spars into shreds. Meantime Truxton had fired his broadsides into the hull of the enemy and over her deck with fearful slaughter. By midnight the French guns were all silenced, but by reason of the injury to his vessel's rigging Truxton was unable to pursue the escaping Frenchman. The French loss in this combat was 50 killed and 110 wounded; the American loss, 14 killed and 25 wounded. It is stated that the hull of *La Vengeance* was struck 186 times by round shot. Congress, in appreciation of the results of Commodore Truxton's cruise, presented him with a gold medal. The *Constellation* was in active service during the whole of the War of 1812, and for many years thereafter.

But laying aside for a moment the important combats that took place and the resultant loss of life and personal suffering that occurred in this time of our "misunderstanding" with France, it is important to briefly note the many iniquitous grounds upon which the French prize courts based their illegal decrees of condemnation which resulted in such loss of American property. One of the well-known rules adopted by the French compelled the interrogation of the master, supercargo, and seamen of the prize. They were invariably questioned as to the place of their birth, and woe to the man who answered that he was an American citizen, although born in England or one of its possessions. The reading of some of these decrees will convince the average person of the sense of humor of the Frenchman of that day, if not of his sense of right and justice. It is a fact of record in one instance that the French court took exception to the nature of the cargo of codfish shipped from Massachusetts and actually based their condemnation on the finding that the fish "smelt like English fish." The absence of any paper prescribed by French regulations was sufficient in their minds for the condemnation of any American vessel, and all this notwithstanding the abundant proof of the American character of the vessel and of the ownership of cargo by Americans.

It is indeed surprising that our American merchants persisted in sending vessels to sea at this time when French privateers lay in waiting almost at the entrance of our harbors. Perhaps it may be ascribed to our insatiable desire for the almighty dollar. In any event, merchant vessels continued to ply their trade over the high seas; some of them got through, but the records of the time account for very few of them. One adventurous French privateer actually made its way up the Delaware River and seized a vessel almost at its dock in Philadelphia. It is, therefore, astonishing that, some ten or twelve years later, instead of our merchant marine being in course of reconstruction, it was actually greater in numbers and more active than perhaps at any time in our history, and this despite the controversies raging with England over maritime affairs, from which developed our second war with that nation.

No more thrilling episodes could be chronicled than the exploits of our seafaring men during this period. While our histories abound in tales of bravery and instances of fortitude of our navy, nothing is written of the intrepidity, perseverance against great odds, and the remarkable seamanship displayed by our merchant mariners in this time of French spoliation.

It is well, perhaps, that this period in our history should always be known as the time of our "trouble" with France, or as a period of "partial" war, as it has been characterized, rather than be reckoned among the wars of our history. It is better to remember with pride and thankfulness the aid given our struggling colonies during the Revolutionary period rather than to call to mind the terrible toll exacted by France upon our all but helpless commerce in these later years because of our broken promises. It was a time when the young republic struggled to avoid being swept into the vortex of a mighty war, and when many dangers and vicissitudes beset it.

No one can say what the result might have been had France withheld her aid to the colonies during their fight for freedom; no one can hazard an intelligent prophecy as to the result had we fulfilled our promise to France under the treaty of 1778; but it is certain that in the end we paid the full price for our entangling alliance.

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The Gift of the Manger

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO

CHRISTINE'S frail body bent slightly forward to meet the force of the gale. She kept her face lowered, shielded by her muff; yet now and again she raised it for an instant to glance upward at Norwood, with a bright flash of the eyes and a gleam of teeth. Invariably he met the look and warmed to it as to a flame, smiled back, or shook his head. To speak in the face of such a gale was all but impossible, yet once or twice she bent close enough to call in her sweet, high tones, "I love it! I adore it!"

It was at such times that he shook his head. He was keen enough for adventure, good sport enough to meet it halfway, to make the utmost of it when it came; but this—the snow, the early fall of night, the upward climb over roads tantalizingly but half remembered—this was more than he had counted upon, and, truly, more than he wanted. He was beginning to wonder whether, even for Christine's sake, the journey were a wise one.

They had planned, weeks earlier, to take the noon train as far as River Junction, where his father, with the pair of sturdy grays, was to meet them for the eight-mile drive to the old home farm over the hills. But young doctors cannot always keep their best-laid plans, and Christine had waited in vain at the station while Norwood officiated at an entrance into the world and an exit therefrom—the individuals most concerned in both instances taking their own time. Christine, waiting beside the suit-cases, boxes, and parcels, whose number and variety of shapes unmistakably proclaimed Christmas gifts, had watched the express pull out of the station. Then, with a dull pounding at her temples and a barely controlled choking in her throat, she had gathered up the Christmas impedimenta and gone home. Norwood found her there an hour later, still dressed as for the journey, and sobbing wildly in a heap at the foot of the bed—his Christine, to whose courage during the past ten months his very soul had done homage many a time.

"I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" she had sobbed out at last, when the tenderness of his arms had begun to soothe her outburst of grief. "To be with your father and mother, to make Christmas for the poor old darlings, to work and keep busy all day—that was bad enough; but I could have done that—"

"I know dear, I know," he said, holding her firmly, his professional sense alive to every pulse in the racked body.

"But to stay here, where Teddy was last year—I cannot, I cannot!"

"Christine!" he besought her.

"Oh, Ned, I have seen him watch me tie up every parcel—I have heard him on the stairs—I have caught myself wondering which toys he would wish for this Christmas—and he isn't here! I cannot bear it! I cannot stay here without him! I want my boy, my little boy—my baby! It is Christmas eve—and I want my boy!"

And this was his Christine who, during the ten months since the child had died, had faced the world and her husband with her head held high, with a smile on her lips and courage in the clasp of her hand! Not once before to-day had he heard her cry out in grief or rebellion—his Christine!

"Then we will not stay here," he said. "We will go to the farm whether we have missed the train or not! We will go to the end of the world, or beyond it, if that will help!"

"Ned! What do you mean?" she cried, drawing back from his clasp to look up into his face.

"It is only a matter of sixty miles or so, and it isn't yet two o'clock; we can make it with the big car!"

She sprang to her feet with a choking

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laugh, her hands on her throat, her eyes shining like stars of hope.

"Hurry!" she cried; and in scarcely half an hour they were on their way, the multitude of the Christmas bundles tumbled, helter-skelter, into the tonneau, she fur-clad and glowing beside him.

The big "sixty" stood up to its task, and the first part of the journey was as nothing. It had been one of those winters when autumn prolongs itself into December, when people begin to talk of a green Christmas, and the youngsters feel almost hopeless about sleds and skates; but to-day, Christmas eve, the children's hopes had revived; a sudden drop in temperature, a leaden sky, an unwonted briskness among the sparrows —it might not be a green Christmas, after all.

That was one of the little things that Christine talked about along the way; and when the first few flakes of snow came wavering down she held out her muff, as if trying to catch them all, and laughed.

"Oh, see, Ned! We'll snowball each other to-morrow!"

But he had replied, "Let's hope that we shall have to postpone the snow-balling until we get to the farm, anyway. By Jove! I had forgotten how steep these roads were!"

"Don't you remember them?" she asked. "Have you forgotten your way?"

He got the teasing note in her tone. "That's all right," he said, "but it has been many years since I came this way; and roadsides have a way of changing, even in Vermont; and with this storm coming along worse every minute, I am not anxious to negotiate them by dark."

"'Fraid cat," she laughed, and then cried: "Oh, see! The snow is coming! It's coming, coming, coming!"

It had come, indeed, on the wings of a quick, wild gust; its particles cut like bits of ice, and presently flew in swirling eddies beside the car and in front of it, and, for all their speed, built itself into little drifts wherever a curve or crevice or corner made a possible lodging-place. It pierced their barrier of windshield and curtains, and heaped itself on their fur wrappings, until swept away again by a new fierce breath of the storm. Then it was that Christine's cheeks flamed; but she bent forward to meet the force of the wind, and now and again turned to call up to Norwood that she loved it.

Night fell almost with the swiftness of a stage curtain, blotting out the distant hills, the pastures, the fields, and scattered houses; blotting out at last even the roadsides, its blackness emphasized by the ever-swirling, steadily descending snow. Once or twice Norwood stopped the car and got out to reconnoiter. Christine felt his uneasiness by means of that sixth sense of wifehood; yet all the while, by another of wifehood's endowments, she rested secure, serene in the feeling that all was well and must continue well with her man at the wheel; while side by side with his own feeling of uneasiness, Norwood was proud of his wife's courageous serenity, unaware in his masculine simplicity that her courage had its fount of being in himself.

Nobly the big car responded to their demand upon it, yet they had gone not more than a few miles beyond the last recognized sign-post when it began to show symptoms of reluctance, of distress. Norwood muttered under his breath, and once more Christine turned a laughing face toward him.

"It's a real adventure," she cried. "I do believe you are lost!"

Norwood's answering laugh held no merriment. "You are not so bad at guessing," he remarked, dryly. "Suppose you try to guess the way!"

Her keen eyes were peering forward through the veil of snow. "Here we come! I think I see a house ahead of us," she said. "We can ask our way of the people who live there."

"They won't know," said Norwood, with a man's pessimism. "Probably foreigners. Half the old places around here are bought up by people who can't speak English and don't know anything when they can."

"Oh, you just don't want to ask questions," said Christine. "Men always hate to! I never can see why!"

The day had held many things for him; now his nerves were beginning to jump. "All right, we'll ask," he said, shortly.

The car, in its inanimate way, seemed glad enough to stop. "I will run in and

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"OH, I SUPPOSE IT DOES BELONG TO SOME ONE," SHE SAID

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ask," said Christine, and Norwood was already busy over some of the mysterious attentions men love to bestow upon their engines.

"All right," he said, without raising his head.

But in a moment she was back. "It isn't a house, Ned! It's only a barn!"

Still bent over his engine, he replied: "House probably across the road. They often fix them that way up here."

But in another moment or two she was calling to him, above the voice of the gale: "Ned! Ned! There has been a fire! It must have been quite lately, for the snow melts as it falls on the place where the house was! How horrible to think of those poor people, burned out just before Christmas."

At that he stood up. "Burned out, is it? They may be camping in the barn. We'll see if we can't rout them out."

He went back a step or two and reached over to his horn, sending forth one honking, raucous blast after another. "That ought to fetch them," he said.

There was, indeed, an answering sound from the barn—trampling of hoofs, the suffering call of an unmilked cow. Christine went toward the denser blackness which was the door.

"Hoo-hoo!" she cried. "Is any one here?"

She held a little pocket flash-light in her hand, and threw its light here and there through the interior darkness. Norwood, still busy with his engine, was not aware when she went within; he was busy with mind and fingers. But all at once he sprang into a fuller activity—the activity of the man who hears the one cry that would recall him from another world: his wife had called to him, had cried aloud a wordless message which held wonder and fear, bewilderment, and—a note of joy?

He ran around the car into the open doorway of the barn. The air of the vast space within was redolent with the scent of stored hay, the warm, sweet breath of beasts, the ghost of past summers, the promised satisfaction of many a mealtime. He could hear the movement of the animals in the stalls; the roof of the barn arched far above in cavelike darkness; in a quick flash of memory there came to him the story of another cave where patient beasts were stabled; and this was Christmas eve. . . .

Far back in the gloom there shone a tiny light. He was curiously breathless. "Christine!" he called, a quick, foolish fear clutching at his heart, "Christine!"

She answered with another wordless call that was partly an exclamation of wonder, partly a crooning. Blundering forward, he could see the dim outline of a form—Christine's form—kneeling in the dimness that was sparsely lighted by the pocket-light which she had dropped on the floor beside her. It was scarcely more than the space of a breath before he was at her side, yet in that space there had arisen another cry—a cry which he, the doctor, had also heard many times before. He felt as though he were living in a dream—but a dream as old as time.

"Ned, it's a baby! Look! Here, alone, in the manger!"

It was, truly, a manger beside which she knelt; and she held gathered closely in her arms a child which was now crying lustily. Norwood spoke, she answered, and together they bent over the little form. It had been warmly wrapped in an old quilt; it was dressed in a queer little dress of brilliant pink, with strange, dark woolen underthings the like of which Christine had never seen before. Its cradle had been warm and safe, for all the gale without, and it had slept there peacefully in the manger until the honking horn and this strange woman had brought it back to a world of very cruel hunger.

Norwood laughed aloud as its little waving, seeking fists closed on one of his fingers. "Good healthy youngster," he said; "three or four months old, I should say." Then he added, "Hey, old man, where are your folks?"

At that Christine held the baby more closely to her breast. "Oh, I suppose it does belong to some one," she said. "But, oh, Ned, I found it! Here in the manger — like the Christ-child! It seemed to me that I found something I had lost, something of my own!"

Norwood felt the danger of this sort of talk, as he mentally termed it, and hastened to interrupt. "Sure you found

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it!" he said. "That's just what the baby is trying to tell you, among other things. He cries as if he were starved. Can't you keep him quiet? Lord! how he yells!"

But Christine had sprung to her feet with the baby still held closely to her in all its strange wrappings. She was staring into the blackness of the barn. There must have been a new sound, for Norwood also turned quickly.

"Who's there?" he called. He had taken Christine's light from the floor and now flashed it toward the sound.

"All a-right! I mak-a de light," a voice called; and with the careless noisiness of one who feels himself at home, the new-comer stumbled toward a shelf near the door and presently succeeded in lighting a dingy lantern. It revealed him to be, as Norwood had foreseen, a person distinctly un-American; and as they drew nearer his features disclosed themselves, though undoubtedly old, as of that finished adherence to type which is the result, perhaps, of the many-centuries-old Latin ideal of human perfection—the type as distinct and clear-cut as a Neapolitan cameo.

"Well," said Norwood, jocularly, "quite a fire here, I see!"

The Italian raised shoulders and palms in that gesture of his race, alike disclaiming all responsibility and at the same time imploring the blessings of a benign Providence. "Oh, de fire, de fire! He burn all up; he burn up everyt'ing!"

By gesture and broken words he made the story plain. "Dis-a morn' Maria send-a me to River—you know, River. I tak-a de horse; I go. I come back. I see-a de smoke, de smoke away up. I whip-a de horse. I come! *Dio mio!* De smoke! He flame up, up. I whip-a de horse. I come to de hill. I see Maria run out of de house wit' de babee in her arm. She tak-a de babee to de barn and she run-a back. She run-a back to Stefano. Stefano he in bed. He in bed one mont', two mont', t'ree mont'—no can move. I whip-a de horse some more. I jump down. I t'ink I go too for Stefano. *Ma! Dio mio!*" Again the gesture imploring Heaven. "De house, de floor, he go, he come down. Maria, Stefano, all—all come down, all go! *Dio!*"

He had made it graphic enough. They could see the quick tragedy of it, the wild rush of the mother taking her baby to its cradled safety in the manger, her dash back to the bedridden husband, the flames, the quickly charred timbers of the old house, the crashing fall. . . .

Christine could feel the blood rush back to her heart; her forehead, her lips, were as cold as if an icy hand had been laid upon them; she trembled, and strained the baby to herself as if it could still the sympathetic pain at her heart. Norwood, seeing her distress, moved closer, drew her into the curve of his arm; her head bent to his shoulder, and he could feel her silently crying. Before the revelation of the pitiful tragedy they were momentarily speechless; then Norwood began to question the man.

"But the neighbors? Why did no one come to help?"

The sidewise bend of his head, the opening fingers of his gesture, spoke as plainly as the Italian's words. "No neighbor! Far away over de mount'. No can-a see! Far away!"

"He means that the nearest neighbors were too far off to see the fire," Norwood explained. "It's likely enough, in these hills!" Again he asked: "But the barn? Why didn't the barn burn, too?"

"No burn-a de barn; de wind dat-a way—" He made an expressive gesture. "De wind-a blow! De barn no burn."

"That's plain enough," said Norwood. "Well, I am mighty sorry for you, my friend. What can we do to help you? What are you going to do with the baby?"

The old man seemed to become aware for the first time of the child in Christine's arms. "Where you fin'-a heem?" he asked.

"My wife found him, back there in the manger where the poor mother laid him for safety, I suppose. What are you going to do with him?"

"Me not-a do! He not-a my babee!"

"Good Lord, man! He is some relation to you, isn't he? Your grandchild, perhaps?"

"*Ma!* No-o! Maria, Stefano, come from Ascoli! Me"—tapping his breast in a magnificent gesture—"Me *Siciliano!*"

Christine looked up and gave a little eager cry. "You are not related? He

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

THE TWO OLD PEOPLE STOOD FRAMED IN THE LAMP-LIGHTED DOOR

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isn't your baby, then, and you don't want him?"

"Wait, dear! Make sure, first, before you set your hopes too high." Norwood understood what was passing in her mind, and he added to the old man: "You are not related? What are you doing here, then?"

Again the typical shrug. "Stefano no can work; he much-a seeck! Me come along. Maria, Stefano, dey tell-a me, 'You stay mak-a de mon. Stefano get-a well, you can-a go!' So me stay, two week, t'ree week, maybe!"

Norwood thought quickly in silence for a moment; then he asked the man, "Do you know where Squire Norwood lives?"

The man nodded vigorously: "Big-a house, white house; over dere—two, t'ree mile."

"Can you show us the way?"

"*Si!*"

"Then come on! We will give you a lift and a place to sleep in."

He led his wife and the child, now sleeping, as many centuries before another had led a woman and a sleeping babe; the beauty and wonder and mystery of it was not changed, not lessened because he led them through the snow on a modern dispeller of distance, instead of through burning wastes on a patient beast. She had taken the child from a manger on this Christmas eve; and it seemed a very gift of God.

The distance to Squire Norwood's house was only a matter of a few miles; yet it must have been an hour later when the two old people stood framed in the lamp-lighted door, hurriedly opened in response to the call of the motor's horn.

"What's this? what's this?" his father's hearty voice called out. "Thought ye were coming by train, and mother just broke down and cried when I come back without ye."

Bareheaded, the snow no whiter than his hair, he stepped out toward the dark, big shape of the car, which loomed enormous through the falling snow; then he turned to stare after the shape which moved so swiftly past him and up to the shelter of the old wife's arms. Doubtless there were hurried words, questions, answers; but the fact of the mere existence of the baby seemed to be enough for the two women—one so lately new to grief, the other so nearly beyond it for all time. They stopped, then passed within; the lighted doorway was empty.

"I swan! Where'd ye get that baby?" the old man asked of his son.

Norwood explained; his father was quick with self-reproach that such a tragedy had transpired so near, while he, the friendly "Squire" of the countryside, should have been all unaware of it.

"Summer-time I might have driven home that way; mother and me often stopped to see how Stefano was coming along. But winters we always use the state road. It's longer, but better going. Sho! Mother will feel dreadful bad. She got to be real fond of Mareea, what with the baby coming, and after. Mareea used to tell as how they hadn't any folks, poor young things!"

"Are you sure of that?" asked Norwood, sharply. "Could not Christine—could we have the baby?"

His father's eyes held a sharp question, then became quickly misty. "I *am* sure; but as selectman I can make it sure for ye beyond question."

The men's hands clasped; the squire coughed, and Norwood's doctor-sense was aroused.

"Why, father, you are standing here without your hat! You go right in, and I'll put the car in the barn. I guess we can give this man shelter over Christmas, can't we?"

It was, perhaps, some three hours later, after his mother had worn out all her persuasion in trying to coax them to eat to four times their capacity; and after they had exhausted every detail of talk about the fire and the tragedy; and after they had disposed the beribboned parcels to be opened in the morning; and after Norwood had lifted his mother fairly off the floor in his good-night "bear hug"—it was after all of this that Norwood followed Christine up to the big south room, with its white-hung four-poster, and found her kneeling over the old mahogany cradle which had been his own. The old clock in the hall below struck twelve.

Christine arose, and laid her cheek against her husband's arm. "It is Christmas," she said; and the baby, sleeping, smiled.

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Old Friends in New Places

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

LAST winter and early spring in central Georgia I had great pleasure in the little glimpses of wild life, mostly bird life, that I got from the windows of the cabin study which my friend built for me in one corner of an old, unused building situated in a secluded place near a bushy spring run and a grove of pine and oak trees. Many of our more Northern birds—such as song sparrows, bluebirds, juncos, and white-throats—winter in Georgia and impart a sort of spring air to the more secluded places at all times. The mocking-bird, the brown thrasher, the cardinal, the crested titmouse, the Carolina wren, the meadow lark, the blue jay, the downy woodpecker, and a few others are there the year round.

February in Georgia is like April in New York or New England, and March has many of the features of early May. In late February or early March the red maples are humming with honey-bees and the elms are beginning to unpack their floral budgets.

The sparrows—white-throats and song sparrows—were at home in the weedy and bushy ground around my little hermitage, and I soon encouraged them to come under my window by a plentiful sprinkling of finely cracked corn and bird-seed. They were always very shy, but they soon learned to associate me with the free lunch because very soon after my appearance—about nine o'clock in the morning—they would begin to gather in from the near-by coverts, a dozen to two dozen white-throats, with four or five song sparrows, and now and then a female chewink. The chewinks remain there the year round, but the song sparrows and the white-throats, like myself, were only there for a season.

By easy stages from one covert to another, traveling mostly at night, the birds were soon to begin the return journey northward. I think the same birds lingered with me day after day, though one cannot be sure in such a matter. The individual units in a stream of slowly passing birds of the same species do not differ from one another in appearance any more than do the separate ripples in a stream of flowing water. Outside of man's influence, the individuals of a species of wild creatures or wild flowers do not seem to differ from one another by as much as one hair or one feather or one petal. They are like coin stamped with the same die, and the wonder of it is that each and all, among the birds, at least, seem like new coin—not one blurred or imperfect impression. This fact always strikes one in gazing upon a flock of wild birds of any kind in the fall or in the spring. The wear and tear of life seems to leave no mark upon them. Take a hundred snow-buntings in winter, or robins or bluebirds in the spring, and each individual seems up to the standard of its kind. Indeed, Nature has standardized them all.

Among the sparrows and white-throats that gathered for their daily lunch under my window, I noted differences between male and female and between old and young, yet each individual seemed at the top of its condition. How free from spot or blemish they were, not one disheveled or unkempt, not one vagabond or unfortunate among them. How perfectly groomed they were, every feather perfect and every feather in its place. How bright and perfect the pencilings of the song sparrows' backs! The surplices of the white-throats had just come from the laundry. Among all the wild creatures it is the same. Nature deals evenly and impartially with them. They differ markedly in this respect from birds and mammals under domestication. A brood of newly hatched chickens are fresh and

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clean enough, but they very soon deteriorate in appearance; but a brood of young grouse or quail keep as clean and bright as shells upon the beach. Then consider the chipmunks and red squirrels—how rarely is one of them below the standard of its kind; how rarely one shows any indication of hard luck, or a loss of standing among his fellows! None are poor; all are equally prosperous. Success is written on every one of them. Rarely is a single hair out of place.

How wise the white-throats are about cracked corn, taking nothing above a certain size. They pick up the larger pieces and test them with their beaks and drop them, then pick them up and feel them again to be quite sure they have made no mistake. Their little gizzards cannot grind the flinty corn except when taken in very small bits. The fruit and insect eating birds that sometimes come about your door in winter or spring with the white-throats will examine the seeds and bits of corn, but will not eat them. One February a flock of white-throats and juncos came daily to the door-yard of a friend of mine near New York City. She sprinkled the ground with rolled oats and hominy grits, and her visitors made the most of her bounty. One morning there was a new-comer—a thrush evidently hard put for food. He hopped about amid the feeding sparrows with drooping wings, picking up the seeds and grains and dropping them again, apparently wondering what the others found that was so appetizing. The bird was in desperate straits; he ate the snow, but I fancy it only aggravated his hunger.

The new-comer turned out to be a hermit-thrush. I told my friend to get any dried fruit she happened to have—raisins, dried currants, dried cherries, or dried berries, and cut them up and sprinkle them among the seeds. She did so, and it was not long before the thrush began to examine them and taste them doubtingly, but very soon he was eating them. That afternoon his drooping wings were getting back to their normal place, and in a day or two he was a changed bird, brisk and bold, domineering the other birds—in a very courteous way, however—and very much set up in life.

A bird never appears emaciated; it will starve and retain its plump appearance. Robins will famish amid a world of seeds and grains. They must have fruit or worms. Three years ago, while spending the winter in Georgia, I had evidence that a vast number of robins starved to death in March. People picked them up in their yards and in the fields and along the edge of the woods. They seem to have started North from Florida and the Gulf States too soon. A sudden cold snap kept the worms and insects below the surface of the ground, and there was no fruit but the white, dry china-berries, and these appear to poison or to paralyze the robins when they eat them. In my walk one morning I picked up a cock robin that was unable to fly. As it did not appear to have been injured in any way, and was of very light weight, I concluded it was starving. I took it into the house and let it perch on the back of a chair in the study. It showed little signs of fear and made no effort to escape. I dug a handful of earthworms and dangled one of them before its beak. After eying it a moment it opened its beak and I dropped the worm into its mouth. Others soon followed, and still others. The bird began to wake up and come to itself. In a little while it was taking the food eagerly and without any signs of fear. I could stroke it with one hand while I fed it with the other. It would sit on my knee or arm and take the food that was offered it. I was kept pretty busy supplying its wants till in the afternoon it began to fly and to run around the room and utter its call-note. Before night it had become so active and so clamorous for its freedom that I opened the window. With a dash and a cry it was out of the house and on the wing to a near-by tree. I trust, with the boost I had given it, it was soon safely on its northward journey.

The incident shows how extreme hunger in a wild creature banishes fear. One March day, when I was a boy, I found a raccoon wandering about the meadow so famished that he allowed me to pick him up by the tail and carry him to the house. He ate ravenously the food I offered him.

The struggle of life among the birds

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and other wild creatures is so severe that the feeble and malformed, or the handicapped in any way, quickly drop out. Probably none of them ever die from old age. They are cut off in their prime. A weeding-out process goes on from the time they leave the nest. A full measure of life, the perfection of every quill and feather, and unerring instinct, carry them along. They are always in the enemy's country; they are always on the firing-line; eternal vigilance and ceaseless activity are the price of life with them. The natural length of life of our smaller birds is calculated to be eight or ten years, but probably not one in a thousand reaches that age. Not half a dozen times in my life have I found the body of a dead bird that did not show some marks of violence.

Next to the trim, prosperous, well-dressed appearance of a flock of wild birds, one is struck with their caution and watchfulness, not to say nervousness, at all times, especially when feeding in the open. My band of sparrows were apprehensive of danger every moment. Here are some notes made on the spot:

Now there are over two dozen sparrows, among them a solitary female chewink, feeding on the ground in front of my window. An ever-present fear possesses every one of them. They pick up the seeds hurriedly, looking up between every morsel. Suddenly they all stop, and, crouching, look toward the near-by weeds and bushes. Some vague alarm has seized them. Then two of them dart away; then the whole flock rushes away to cover. I see no cause for the panic; there is none; the strain has become too great to be longer borne. Though no danger is near, yet their instinct, developed and sharpened by the experiences of untold generations before them, tells them danger might be near—a hawk, a cat, or other enemy—and that safety demands a frequent rush to cover. After a few minutes they began to return, one by one, flying from weed-stalk to weed-stalk, and dropping upon the ground where the seed is scattered with many a suspicious flip of wing and flirt of tail. A dozen or more are soon hurriedly feeding again, now and then running spitefully at one another, as if the aggressors felt a prior claim, but not actually coming to blows.

When the dry grass and weeds cover the seed a song sparrow may be seen now and then executing a quick movement upon it with both feet, a short double jump forwards and backwards. This is the way the sparrow scratches—a crude and awkward way, certainly. She has not yet learned to stand alternately upon one foot and scratch with the other, as do the hen and all true scratchers, and she probably never will. The sparrows, and many other birds, move the two feet together. They are hoppers, and not walkers or runners. Such birds make a poor show of scratching. The chewink scratches in the same way, but, being a much larger bird, she rakes or kicks obtruding weeds about quite successfully.

In less than two minutes the birds again take the alarm and dart away to cover.

This is the habit of all birds that feed in numbers in this way in open places. Snow-buntings, juncos, sparrows, reed-birds, blackbirds—all are haunted by a vague sense of impending danger when they are feeding, and are given to sudden flights to cover, or to circling in the air.

I remember that the flocks of passenger-pigeons that I used to see in my youth would burst up from the ground when they were feeding, at short intervals, in the same sudden, alarmed way. It is easy to see how the fear of all ground feeders has become so developed and fixed. Hawks are doubtless the main cause of it. The hawk comes suddenly and strikes quickly, and is doubtless as old an enemy as the birds have. For ages he has been wont to swoop down from the air or from the cover of a tree, or has skimmed over the hill and in a twinkling snatched a feeding bird. I have seen the sharp-shinned hawk in winter sweep over a garden fence and snatch an English sparrow from a flock feeding in the street. Birds feeding singly are less easily alarmed than when feeding in flocks, just as you and I would be. Fear is contagious, and a bird feeding alone has no alarms or suspicions but its own to disturb it.

Since these birds left Canada and northern New England last October they have probably traveled over two thousand miles, beset by their natural enemies at all times and places—in fields and marshes and woods; in danger of hawks and shrikes and cats by day, and of owls and other prowlers by night; compelled to hustle for food at all times, and to expose themselves to a thousand

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dangers. Is it any wonder that they are nervous and watchful?

In returning they will be exposed to the same dangers. Their traveling is mostly done by night and it is probably by easy stages. But just how long any single flight is we have no accurate means of knowing. It would be interesting to know if the song sparrows and juncos traveled in company with the white-throats, as they are usually found together by day. If they do, the song sparrows would begin to drop out of the procession by the time they reached the Potomac, and continue dropping out more and more all through New York and New England, but some of them keeping on well into Canada. The juncos would begin to drop out in the Catskills, where they breed, and a few white-throats may do likewise, as I have found them in midsummer in some of the higher regions of these mountains.

Fear and suspicion are almost constant companions of most of the wild creatures. Even the crow, who has no natural enemies that I know of, is the very embodiment of caution and cunning. That peculiar wing gesture when he alights or walks about the fields—how expressive it is! It is a little flash or twinkle of black plumes that tells you how alert and on his guard he is. It is a difficult problem to settle why the crow is so suspicious and cunning, since he has few or no natural enemies. No creature seems to want his flesh, tough and unsavory as it evidently is, and we can hardly attribute it to his contact with man, as we can the wildness of the hawk, because, on the whole, mankind is rather friendly to the crow. His suspicion seems ingrained, and probably involves some factor or factors in his biological history that we are ignorant of.

On the whole, it is only the birds and animals that are preyed upon that show excessive caution and fear. One can well understand how the constant danger of being eaten does not contribute to the ease and composure of any creature, and why those which are so beset are in a state of what we call nervousness most of the time. Behold the small rodents—rats, mice, squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, and the like—they act as if they felt the eyes of the mink or the weasel or the cat or the hawk upon them all the time.

Among the birds some are much more nervous and "panicky" than others. The woodpeckers are less so than the thrushes and finches; the jays less than the starlings and game birds. The seed-eaters and fruit-eaters are probably preyed upon much more than the purely insect or vermin eaters, because doubtless their flesh is sweeter.

Birds of prey have few enemies apart from man. Among the land animals we ourselves prefer the flesh of the vegetable eaters, and the carnivora do the same. We all want to get as near to the vegetable as we can, even in our meat-eating.

The birds, even the prettiest of them, are little savages. In watching from my window the feeding white-throats and song sparrows, I cannot help noticing how ungenerously they behave toward one another—apparently not one of them willing to share the feast with another. Each seems to think the food his or her special discovery and that the others are trespassers. They charge spitefully upon one another, but rarely come to blows. Just what makes one give way so readily before another, without any test of strength, is a puzzle. Is the authority in the eye? in the bearing? or is it just a matter of audacity and self-assertion? There may be timid and retiring souls among the birds as well as among other folk. I am inclined to think that usually it is the males bullying the females. Occasionally two males, known by their more conspicuous markings, confront each other and rise in the air a yard or two, beak to beak, and then separate.

During the mating season there is mutual aid and co-operation between the sexes, the male bird often feeding the female. But at other times there is little friendliness, certainly no gallantry. The downy woodpecker in winter will drive the female spitefully away from the bone or the suet on the tree in front of my window till he is first served. I have never seen crows quarrel or strive with one another over their food. On the contrary, if the crow discovers food in winter, he seems glad to be joined by

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a companion or several of them. The crow is a generous bird; he has the true social instinct. He will watch while his fellow feeds; he cheerfully shares his last morsel with a comrade. How different from any of the hawk tribe! A farm boy living near me brought up four young sparrow hawks in a cage. They were as jealous of one another over their food as cats are, and when they were nearly full-grown, and the food was insufficient, they proceeded to devour one another. I kept two of the survivors a few days, but they were so utterly cruel and savage that I was glad to let them escape.

Most of our rodents are as free from guile as our birds; they have none of the subtlety and cunning of their enemies, the fox and the wolf; they are simply wild and shy. The rabbit has little wit, yet she manages to run the gantlet of her numerous enemies. Some of her arts of concealment are as old as mankind—the art of hiding where no one would think of looking—concealment where there is little to conceal her. One March day I started a rabbit from her form in a broad, open, cultivated field. She had excavated a little place in the soft ground just deep enough to admit the hind part of her body, and there she crouched in the open sunlight with only a little dry grass partly screening her. When I was within two paces of her she bounded away like the wind and directed her course toward a bushy ravine several hundred yards away. The advantage of her position was that she commanded all approaches—nothing could steal a march upon her, and she could flee in any direction. In a tangle of weeds or bushes she would have been where every one of her natural enemies prowls or beats about, and where concealment would have been more or less confinement. A few yards farther along I came upon another vacant form —hers and some others'—the perfection of art without any art. When the rabbit builds her nest and has her young she does not seek out a dense cover, but comes right out into the clear open spaces where you would never think of looking. She excavates a little cradle in the ground, gathers some dry grass, weaves a little blanket of dry grass and fur from her own body, just large enough to cover it, and her secret is well kept—most hidden when hidden the least. Quail and grouse know something of the same art, and never make their nests in a thick tangle. I have seen a quail's nest with twenty eggs in it on the edge of a public highway. The brooding bird allowed me almost to touch her with my hand before she flew away.

If every bushy and weedy spring run in Georgia, embracing not more than an acre or two of ground, has two dozen sparrows, to say nothing of a pair or two of cardinals, Carolina wrens, and mocking-birds, one can get some idea of what a vast number of birds such a large state—over three hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide—holds. With two pairs of birds to the acre, a fair estimate, it would count up to over seventy millions. The farm of about one hundred and thirty acres upon which I passed February and March probably held several dozen sparrows and as many juncos, a score or two blue jays and two or three dozen meadow-larks, a pair of cardinals, of Carolina wrens, and of brown thrashers, besides other birds. In one plowed field I saw, day after day, ten or fifteen kildeers, or ring-necked plovers. Their wild cries, their silver sides glancing in the sun, and their long, powerful wings were always a welcome sight and sound.

Probably more kinds of birds feed on insects than upon seeds and fruits, though the seed and fruit eaters are the more numerous and abide with us more months in the year. It is true also that the seed-eaters nearly all eat insects at times, and start their young in life upon insect food. One can easily see, then, what an inevitable part the birds play in keeping down the insect pests that might otherwise overwhelm us.

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The Web They Wove

BY MARGARET CAMERON AND JESSIE LEACH RECTOR

TO the weatherwise a rosy dawn is portentous, but no foreboding disturbed the serenity of Miss Granger's breakfast-table when her niece, Lois Delafield, announced the good news contained in her husband's letter. Jim was in Montana, making the final tests of his process for reducing complex ores, and his wife, with her sister, Sallie Granger, had chosen the weeks of his absence to make visits, which had brought them in due course to this aunt in Morristown.

"Oh, splendid! Just listen!" Lois exclaimed, and the others looked up from their own mail as she read:

"'Things seem to be coming our way. Another ten days and I will have finished the final tests. Ford, the manager here, is keen for the process and has volunteered to introduce me to Sage Robertson, who happens, by great luck, to be in this country now. They're old friends. To interest that particular man seems too good to be true—only nothing is—'

"Think what that means!" Lois was glowing. "It's success, if it goes through! And it must! I do wish Jim would come East now, tests or no tests!"

"I don't," said her sister. "I think he's doing the right thing to be perfectly sure before he approaches this Robertson man. Jim takes nothing for granted."

"Oh, doesn't he!" Jim's wife retorted. "How about taking it for granted that the bird will sit in the bush until he's ready to put salt on its tail? Sage Robertson's here to-day and gone to-morrow. Oh, *why* doesn't Jim seize this opportunity before it's too late?"

"Why isn't it Mr. Robertson's opportunity?" asked the elder Miss Granger, accustomed from birth to grant rather than to seek acquaintance. "Why is he so important, anyway?"

"Because he owns one of the largest bodies of intractable ores in this country," Lois told her, "but he's been fooled by so many projects that it's terribly hard to interest him in a new one—especially for a young engineer like Jim. Besides, the man's so scandalously rich that a few million tons, more or less, of refractory ores don't seem worth bothering with, I suppose; but to Jim—why, a chance like this means everything!"

It was at this point that a telegram arrived from Miss Granger's favorite nephew, imploring her to come at once, as his five children had measles and the cook had left.

"Girls, I'll have to go!" she lamented. "I hate to leave you—but, after all, it's providential that you're here! I couldn't take Fifi with me, on account of the infection, and I shouldn't have a comfortable moment if I left her here with Emmy!" Emmy was an elderly spinster who had lived with her for many years, half servant, half companion, between whom and her mistress's old Skye terrier there waged perpetual strife. "I can't trust her to do the simplest things for the poor old darling."

"Well, don't worry, Aunt Mary," Sallie laughed. "I hereby constitute myself caretaker-in-chief of Fifi. I'll marcel her hair and brush her teeth, if needs must."

"Don't be flippant, my dear! I want your promise that you'll not leave her. And she must have a walk every day. Promise!"

So they promised, little realizing the devious paths through which a regard for this pledge was to lead them, and Miss Granger departed in peace. A few hours later, Jim's friend, Billy Forsyth, called, and Lois gleefully told him of the great opportunity.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "But Jim can't let any grass grow under his feet! Robertson's sailing for South Africa a week from Saturday."

"Billy! He *can't* sail! That's only nine days—and Jim won't be here!"

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"Why won't he? Wire him to come."

"He wouldn't." Lois shook her head. "You know how quixotic he is in professional matters. He won't claim one thing until every test has been made, and by that time— Oh, Billy, that Robertson person *mustn't* sail so soon!"

Forsyth shrugged his shoulders. "He's up at the Equival now, playing golf, but he's to sail on the sixth."

Completely upset by this news, Lois spent the evening wandering restlessly about the house, reiterating that it would be useless to wire Jim.

"Then I don't see what's to be done," Sallie told her. "If Jim won't come, he won't. You're not expert in the gentle art of nagging."

"No, but if I could only see him I might persuade— Sallie!" Lois broke off with a gasp and a glint of excitement in her eyes. "*That's* what we'll do. We'll persuade the Robertson man!"

"What are you talking about?"

"He's at the Equival. We'll go up there—you and I—and between us surely we can coax him to stay over one ship. And that will give Jim his chance!"

"Lois, you're crazy! If a responsible engineer finds it difficult to interest this man, what on earth can *we* do? He simply wouldn't listen to us."

"Yes, he will—if we go at it the right way." In Lois the confidence of twenty-four was reinforced by the eager enthusiasm of the young wife, to whom her husband's interests were paramount. "He's evidently approachable from the human side, or this friend of his wouldn't be so sure of reaching him. Very well, let's make friends with him first, and then tell him about Jim. Now don't say we can't! We can, if you'll help!"

"But Lois—!"

"If he's married, perhaps we can get at him through his wife."

"I don't think Jim would like your meddling," Sallie warned, whereat the elder sister flushed, and retorted:

"Well, *I* think helping her husband is a wife's duty!"

"Maybe." Sallie shook her head. "But something tells me that this isn't the sort of machine a goddess can run. Besides, we're sworn to Fifi's service."

"What's to prevent our taking Fifi with us, silly? In fact, that's a reason for going!" Lois laughed. "Fifi feels the heat and needs a change of air."

"But we can't take her in a Pullman. It's against the rules. Neither can we tamper with our promise to Aunt Mary, and we'd certainly be damaging some of its working parts if we shipped her precious darling in the baggage-car."

"Then we'll take a state-room!" was the retort. "Dogs are allowed there, I think. I'll call up the Grand Central and ask." Accordingly, she made inquiries, and the man in New York returned:

"Is it a small dog? A Skye? Oh, well, if you take it in a basket I don't believe they'll bother you."

So the next evening found them on their way, with Fifi duly basketed, Emmy's farewell assurance being that she was "glad to be rid o' that dratted feist!"

When the sisters went to breakfast the next morning, they overheard disturbing scraps of conversation from an adjoining table.

"I used to go to the Equival every summer," a woman said, "but this new manager's the most unreasonable creature! My dear, no dogs! He actually had the audacity to tell me that toy dogs and children should not be housed under the same roof—of the two, he preferred children! And of course I refused to be separated from Matsu!"

Lois and Sallie looked at each other blankly. Within two hours of their destination, and Fifi not to be tolerated in the hotel! When they returned to their state-room, they plunged at once into discussion, Sallie favoring a return to Morristown, and Lois refusing even to consider such a course.

"Think of Jim!" she urged. "It's such an opportunity! Oh," turning an irate eye upon Fifi, "how I wish Emmy were here to 'drat' you! Who ever heard of a summer hotel where dogs weren't allowed?"

"This isn't a hotel, it's a nursery," said Sallie; and then she laughed. "There's an idea! We might swaddle Fifi in wraps and things, and smuggle her in as a baby."

"Sallie, you're a genius! Your white polo coat—my green veil—*voilà!*"

"But—Lois! We can't *do* it!"

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"Why can't we do it?"

"Because—it's the sort of thing that isn't done!"

"Oh, la, la, la!" The elder lightly waved her hand. "What great exploit was ever achieved by following the beaten track? If we fail it will be a *faux pas*—but we're not going to fail! And when we succeed, it will be a *coup!*"

"But how account for this precious baby after you get it there? You can't be supposed to leave it locked in a bureau drawer," the girl pointed out. "And we solemnly promised Aunt Mary we'd take Fifi for a walk every day."

"Oh, who'll notice in a big hotel? They won't even remember the number of our rooms. We can smuggle her out every day, and let her run when we get away from the hotel—and lock her in the bath-room the rest of the time. Even if it's noticed that we sometimes have a baby, nobody's going to realize that we haven't also a nurse."

But Lois did not take into consideration the idle interest of a summer hotel. The sisters attracted attention from the moment of their arrival, and as Sallie stepped from the motor-'bus a big, loosely built man in golfing dress remarked to his companion:

"Now, there, if you like, is a girl!"

"Right you are!" was the reply. "Best type of American girl. If you'd come home oftener, Robertson, and stay longer, you'd see more of 'em."

"I spend time enough here," Robertson returned, "but there aren't many of that type anywhere. If there were, I might develop into a ladies' man. The other's attractive, too, isn't she?"

Many eyes followed the two well-gowned figures as they moved toward the desk, and the fact that one of them carried a tiny form swathed in white woolens and protecting veils elicited amazed comment from several women.



THE SISTERS ATTRACTED ATTENTION FROM THE MOMENT OF THEIR ARRIVAL

"Somebody must have given them their clothes," said one. "People who dress that way don't travel with a small baby and no nurse."

As her sister's hands were occupied, Sallie registered, and when the clerk took the pen from her hand he glanced from the page to the little figure close-

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ly held in Lois's arms, and smilingly asked:

"Haven't you omitted the most important member of the family?"

"But—I thought—it's so little!" Sallie stammered.

"They're never so young that we don't register them in this house," he said, writing "and infant" after Mrs. James Bayne Delafield's name. With pen still poised, he added, suggestively, "We have special rooms for servants, if your nurse—"

"I—we—have no nurse—yet." At his look of surprise Lois flushed, and concluded, desperately, "She—she was detained. She—may come to-morrow."

Sallie shot a glance at her sister, but withheld speech until they were safely shut into their own rooms, when, with her back against the door, she remarked:

"Well! Is this a *coup*—or a coop? It looks to me as if we might have trouble getting out!"

"Never you mind! We're in!" Lois returned. "But it's clear we must have a nurse, and the only one we can trust not to talk is Emmy."

"Emmy not talk?" the girl derided. "She may be a sphinx in public, but think of the language she'll use to us!"

Nevertheless, they telephoned for Emmy to come at once, and took their meals in their rooms until she arrived, although Sallie slipped down to the village, returning with sundry articles of infants' outward and visible apparel. The next morning, when the 'bus from the station was due, Lois appeared on the veranda, looking even more attractive than on the preceding day, and Mrs. Ralston, a kindly but inquisitive elderly woman, asked how the dear baby was.



"HAVEN'T YOU OMITTED THE MOST IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE FAMILY?"

"Asleep, thank you," was the reply.

"I have the room next yours," the other volunteered, "and when it was so close and stuffy last night, I thought of you in there with that poor little baby! But I didn't hear him once."

"I'm glad you weren't disturbed," Lois pleasantly returned, making a mental note that normal babies cry at night.

Just then the 'bus arrived, and it was remembered later that the nurse seemed to be making anxious inquiries which Mrs. Delafield obviously tried to hush as she hurried the gaunt, uncompromising figure into the hotel. At the moment, however, all minor interests were swept aside by the arrival of the morning papers containing announcements of the disappearance of a "millionaire baby," sole

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heir to the Van Alstyne name and fortune, who had been mysteriously spirited away from his father's country-place forty-eight hours before. Even the red-haired bell-boy who carried Emmy's bag was too excited by these sensational tidings to notice, in the elevator, the woman's low-toned but insistent question: "Fer the land sakes, Lois, what made ye send fer me? Sallie ain't sick, is she?" But the time came when he discovered it stamped on the tablets of his memory.

Mrs. Delafield and her sister, strolling out on the veranda before luncheon, found discussion of the abduction on every tongue, and as Mrs. Ralston saw them approach, she exclaimed:

"How thankful you must be that your darling child is safe up-stairs!"

To which Sallie fervently replied, "You can't imagine how thankful!"

Robertson, realizing that the quickest way to meet any new arrival was to attach himself to Mrs. Ralston, had joined her circle, and now he turned to the girl beside him, asking:

"Have you been here before, Miss Granger?"

"Never," Sallie admitted, with a whimsical gleam, "but we got in this time, and we hope they won't bar us out when we come again."

"I hope you'll want to come again," he said. "It's very pleasant, meeting the same people here year after year."

"Is that a pretty speech? Or an implication that, like wine, we can't be really acceptable until several summers have aged us?" she inquired.

"Ah, but sometimes making a new acquaintance is like finding an old friend, isn't it?"

"If that's your experience, the making of every new acquaintance must be an adventure," was her suggestion, and he promptly retorted:

"But the grand adventure comes to most of us but once—and to some of us not at all."

She laughed, and they all went to the dining-room, where, before he left them, Robertson secured the girl's promise to play golf with him that afternoon. When he had turned away, Lois caught her sister's hand, whispering:

"Oh, Sallie, it's begun! We *can* do it! When can we tell him about Jim?"

"Right away," was the confident reply. "I like him. Don't you?"

"Yes, but—we mustn't be precipitate," cautioned the elder. "We must be sure he likes us first. Remember, Jim says he's wary of new projects—and we don't want him to shy. You see, he won't believe we know a thing in the world about the process. He'll only listen to us because he likes us."

"That man will listen to anybody who's intelligent," said Sallie. "I wonder whether he is married. Somehow, I think not."

After luncheon, when the younger sister had gone off with Robertson, and excitement over the disappearance of the Van Alstyne child had waned a little, Mrs. Ralston turned her attention to Mrs. Delafield, and the discovery that the new-comers claimed kinship with her friend Mrs. Adams, of Brookline, only strengthened her determination to take them under her patronage.

"Do, my dear, bring that baby out on the veranda!" she urged. "I want to see him! What is his name?"

"His name?" vaguely repeated Lois, unprepared for this emergency. Then, succumbing to the other's assumption that the child was a boy: "Oh—Jim. That is—James, of course."

"Of course, for his father. I noticed your name on the register. Do, please, send for him!"

"I think he's asleep," Lois evaded, a definite reserve in her manner despite her pleasant tone. "He—he sleeps a good deal."

"That's why he's so quiet," said Mrs. Vernon, whose room was directly over Lois's. "He cried a little before luncheon, but it's the first peep I've heard. I wouldn't have known there was a baby there!"

"Wouldn't you? I'm afraid his good behavior won't last."

Masking her uneasiness with a smile, Lois made her escape, somewhat appalled by the exigencies of this situation, which at first had seemed so simple, and in which she had so confidently involved herself. She realized, also, that she must lose no time in telling her accomplices of this latest development.

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But events moved more rapidly than she anticipated.

Emmy, after two hours of vigorous plain speaking, had yielded to pleading and cajolery, accepting the rôle assigned to her by adventurous youth, but grimly prophesying that they should all be holden with the cords of their sins. During the afternoon she slipped out of the hotel and repaired with her muffled charge to an unfrequented spot in the woods, without exciting comment; but when she was seen returning, some one on the veranda remarked:

"There comes pretty Mrs. Delafield's small daughter."

"Son, you mean," corrected Mrs. Ralston.

"Daughter, my dear. I asked Miss Granger. Her name's Jane."

"But—Miss Evans! Mrs. Delafield herself told me! It's a boy. They call him James—for his father!"

"Why — how extraordinary!" A startled glance ran around the group before some one laughed, explaining:

"James and Jane aren't unlike in sound. One of you has misunderstood. Here comes Miss Granger now—with Mr. Robertson. He seems rather *épris*, doesn't he? It's the first time he's noticed a woman—except to avoid her—since I've known him."

As the couple approached the gossiping group, Miss Evans turned to Sallie, saying, pleasantly: "What a relief it must be to you and your sister that your nurse has come! She's just taken little Jane in." Then, as the girl merely smiled: "I'm right about the name? You did say Jane?"

"Yes—I said Jane." Sallie glanced quickly about. "Why?"

"But—my dear!" Mrs. Ralston was beginning to look troubled. "I certainly understood your sister to say the child was a boy, and was named James—for his father!"

"Oh—did you? Well—" She hesitated, flushed and disconcerted for a moment, and then, realizing that the situation, though absurd, was crucial, and that she must either cover her slip quickly or betray her sister, she took the plunge, and forced herself to take it laughing. "Oh, I see! I suppose it is puzzling. The name is James Jayne—J-a-y-n-e," she spelled, "and I insist he should be called Jayne to distinguish him from his father—though I begin to see it has disadvantages!" Which seemed, at the moment, a perfectly plausible explanation.

Hastening to their rooms, Sallie found Lois, and exclaimed: "My beloved sister, this plot thickens far too rapidly! Let's go away before it gets any worse! Listen to what's just happened to me!"

"It is a bit skiddy, isn't it?" Lois conceded, when each had heard the other's tale. "If I'd dreamed for an instant it would be like this, I wouldn't have come. But now we're in it, and we—or at least you—*are* getting hold of Mr. Robertson. And think what that may mean to Jim!"

"Jim would certainly be the first to condemn what we're doing," Sallie urged, but the wife replied:

"He won't have a chance to condemn it. If we succeed, he can't help being glad, and if we fail, he needn't—" She broke off, looking a little startled, and flushed deeply as she confessed: "Sallie, I almost said he need never know!"

"Lois, dear, don't you see where it's leading already? Three days ago that thought wouldn't have been possible to you. The thing's cumulative!"

"I know." Lois moved uneasily. "But—it isn't as if we'd deliberately planned all this!"

"Deliberate or not, it's horrid to lie! I have a growing sympathy for criminals. Perhaps they don't mean to, either, when they start."

"I know," again said Lois. "But here we are, Sallie. We're in it! And what's the alternative now? If we go away, Jim loses this wonderful chance, and he may never get another like it! If we send Fifi away, we break our promise to Aunt Mary. In either case somebody's hurt. But if we merely practise a little deceit that hurts nobody—"

"It does!" hotly protested the girl. "It hurts me! I hate myself when I lie! I feel smirched!"

"So do I! But of the three courses now open to us, which carries the lightest penalty?"

"Anyway, I'm going to tell Mr. Robertson." Sallie flung her challenge defiantly, and the other retorted:

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"And spoil everything?"

"It wouldn't! He's human—and humorous—"

"Of course he's human—and he may be humorous—but remember, he's also wary in business matters. You couldn't explain any of this without telling him why we had to come to this particular hotel, and—don't you see? He doesn't know anything about us, and he'd be sure to resent that sort of approach if he thought it was deliberate. And that would close the door for ever to Jim. No, no; you *can't* tell him!"

"But—"

"Sallie, promise me you won't!" Lois was almost in tears. "After all—you're a dear to help and I couldn't do it without you, but, after all, it *is* my affair, isn't it? Mine and Jim's? Then promise! It's only for a few days, anyway."

"Well—I promise." Sallie's tone was reluctant, and presently Lois asked:

"Who wrote that thing about the 'tangled web we weave when once we practise to deceive'?"

"The trouble with us seems to be that we've never practised," the other returned, with a short laugh. "Ours is unskilled labor."

A day or two after this it began to be whispered about among the women that the Delafield baby must be afflicted in some hideous way, for he was always carried to and from the hotel completely hidden in wraps, and every attempt to see him had been frustrated. Emmy's forbidding vigilance yielded neither to finesse nor persuasion, and both Mrs. Delafield and her sister had ever an evasive manner when the subject of the child was broached. They said he was nervous and people seemed to excite him, and that they were advised to keep him as quiet as possible.

Meanwhile the sisters were taking an active part in the life of the summer colony, and Robertson, hourly more deeply impressed by Sallie's charm, began to wonder whether at last he was really embarked upon "the grand adventure," and whether he might not want more time than was at his command unless he postponed his sailing-day. Accordingly, he asked one day:

"What are your plans for the rest of the summer, Miss Granger? Shall you be here long?"

"Probably not," she replied. "Our movements are more or less dependent upon my brother-in-law's."



"THERE'S ONE OF 'EM NOW. THAT'S MISS GRANGER

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"You said he was in Montana?"

"Yes, but we expect him home in a few days. He's just completing the final tests of his new process for reducing complex ores."

"Oh!" Despite his large holding, Robertson was not interested, just then, either in refractory ores or in Jim Delafield's activities, but he perceived that if he should need an excuse for delaying his trip, here it was to his hand, so he caught at the suggestion. "If he has a good process, I'd like to meet him. I own rather a lot of intractable ores, but I've never found a satisfactory method of handling them."

"Too bad you're sailing so soon, then," she said, lightly, but with beating heart. "I believe his is turning out even better than he hoped, but we shall know more about it when he gets here. Jim's so conservative he never will back himself unless he has a sure thing."

"Good point," said Robertson. "Perhaps I can arrange to stay over, if he's coming soon."

Sallie went radiantly from this interview, to find the ever-irate and protesting Emmy telling Lois of an encounter with some of the other nurses, from whom, perforce, she held rigorously aloof, and who retaliated, when occasion offered, by insulting suggestions that she was guarding a "freak."

"An' me—at my age—havin' to lug that pestiferous critter around, an' take all that impudence from them little snippets!" she droned. "It's no better 'n lyin', Lois Granger, an' you mark my words, the Lord 'll repay!"

"For Heaven's sake, Emmy, let them say anything they like," begged Sallie, "but don't let them catch a glimpse of Fifi! And cheer up! It's almost over!" Whereat Emmy sniffed and left the room. After telling Lois of Robertson's intimation that he might remain until Jim arrived, she urged: "Now I can tell him about Fifi! After all, the dog's hurting nobody here," she hurried on, combating the alarm and opposition in her sister's face. "And Mr. Robertson's so clean and straightforward and fine—and we've grown to be really friends in these few days! I can't bear not to be frank with him, Lois!"

"But—suppose he should resent it?" the other demurred. "He might, you know. You can't really be sure what he'd do—and we've gone too far to go back now! We've jeopardized Jim's interests, and we must succeed! We *must!* We can't take *any* chances!"

"But don't you see we *are* taking chances?" was the instant retort. "Lois, among other dangers, think what a story for the papers! Oh, how ghastly it would be to be found out now!"

"Of course it would be ghastly!" There was a hint of asperity in Lois's tone. "But do remember that you have the easy end of this, after all! You and Mr. Robertson have been getting on so splendidly that I've left all that part of it to you. But suppose you let me drive and golf and dance with him to-morrow, and *you* try evading the searching questions of a dozen mothers of many! See what *you* know about modified milk and silk *versus* wool! I never dreamed a baby could be a subject for such perpetual inquisition! I've either got to seem hopelessly ignorant or perfectly unfeeling—and in any case I'm a liar!"

"Still, this *is* your affair, you know, and a wife's first duty is to help her husband," Sallie reminded her, with a twinkle, but added: "Mr. Robertson's not a man to brook trifling with the truth, Lois, and even as a mere matter of expediency we'd much better confess than be found out. Think what *that* would do to Jim's chances!"

She could speak frankly enough of Jim's chances, but she hid from a growing consciousness that her interest in her brother-in-law's affairs could not account for the importance that Robertson's opinions were beginning to assume for her. Lois, however, shrank from making a bold play, now that success seemed almost within their grasp, and the only concession Sallie could win from her was an agreement that she might explain the situation to Robertson after he had definitely postponed the date of his sailing.

A possible solution of their difficult situation seemed to offer the next evening, when Mrs. Ralston playfully suggested to Sallie that she needed a daughter to keep her young, and the girl, quick to perceive the opportunity, intimated that she was open

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for adoption—temporarily, at least—as Lois might be obliged to leave at any moment, to which the older woman made ready and gracious response. Sallie restrained her exultation with difficulty until she was alone with Lois, when she jubilantly announced:

"The coop's open! Fly! Mrs. Ralston has offered to chaperon me; so you may clasp our darling Fifi to your maternal breast, and beat it!"

"Beat Fifi?" Lois laughed. "It's an alluring prospect, but conscience forbids! I may be an impostor and a hypocrite and a liar, but it shall never be said that I broke a promise!"

"Then let Emmy do it!" gaily advised the girl.

The following morning they talked over this arrangement with Mrs. Ralston, who was unmistakably delighted, and Lois excused herself to pack, preparing to take an evening train, while Mrs. Ralston strolled into the desk for her mail. Shortly thereafter, frowning and tapping a letter against her fingertips, she sought her friend Mrs. Vernon.

"My dear, I want advice," she said. "Mrs. Delafield's going away, and I've promised to chaperon Miss Granger, and—well—frankly, how do you feel about them now?"

"Frankly, I don't like them," was the reply. "Any mother who can play through the long day and dance half the night, leaving an afflicted child to the care of a servant, is not sympathetic to me. The poor little thing cried pitifully last night—they came in very late—and they laughed! The laughter was smothered at once—but it was cruel! And it's not the first time I've heard it."

"I didn't mean to tell any one about this letter," said Mrs. Ralston, after a moment of hesitation, "but I feel that I must. You heard them say that my friend Mrs. Adams was their cousin? Well, this is what *she* says. It's just come." Opening the letter, she read:

"'I am at a loss to understand your mention of my cousins, unless your friends have confused me with some one else. There are several families of Adamses in Brookline, and probably they are related to one of the others. The puzzling thing is that I have cousins named Granger, and one of them married Jim Delafield. But she and her sister, Sallie Granger, visited me last month, and are now with our aunt in Morristown, and Lois has no children. Her name, by the way, is Mrs. James Bayne Delafield. Probably your friend is Mrs. Tom, Dick, or Harry; but isn't it an amazing coincidence?'"

Mrs. Ralston dropped her hands in her lap and stared at her friend, who presently said:

"Of course you realize what this means? They're adventuresses! You can't possibly chaperon the girl! And don't you think you should warn Mr. Robertson? It was probably a matrimonial project that brought them here."

"I'm afraid you're right." Mrs. Ralston sighed heavily. "But it shakes my faith in my own judgment. They did seem such nice girls!"

When Robertson came in to luncheon, he found a summons from her in his box, and immediately joined her in a secluded corner of the veranda.

"I don't want to seem an officious old woman," she began, "but I introduced you to Miss Granger and her sister, and I think it's only fair to you—and to myself—to show you this letter from Mrs. John Field Adams, of Brookline. Both of them have told me she was their cousin."

He read in silence the paragraph she indicated, a slight narrowing of his eyes and tightening of his facial muscles the only visible indication of emotion. When he returned the letter his comment was brief.

"That seems—incredible."

"I know it—but there it is! Mrs. James Bayne Delafield—you can't get away from that! She's leaving this afternoon, and I've promised to chaperon her sister, but now— Of course, after their heartless treatment of that afflicted baby, we might have—"

"Afflicted?" he interrupted. "How afflicted?"

"We don't know. The child's a mystery. Haven't you heard? It's always muffled up in veils and flannels when the nurse takes it out—nobody's allowed even a glimpse of it—and none of the three can be induced to talk about it! And that's not natural, especially in a young mother! The little thing cries piteously—and they laugh!

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All day long they amuse themselves, and leave it to a perfect old dragon of a nurse! So—with it all, I felt that I ought to show you this letter."

"Thank you," he said. "I—I don't know what to say. It's—amazing."

Even the voluble woman realized that his lack of words indicated a deep disturbance, and she let him go without further comment, turning her own steps toward the sisters' rooms, determined to get her unpleasant business over at once. At her knock, the door was opened about three inches, and Emmy glared at her through the aperture thus made, grudgingly imparting the information that "they" had gone down to luncheon. Emmy's temper had been sorely tried that morning by several encounters with Annie, the maid in that corridor, and she was not in a mood for suavities.

Annie herself was in no better humor, and expressed her emotions freely to Tommy, the red-haired bell-boy with sporting propensities, whom she met in one of the halls immediately after having been refused admittance to Mrs. Delafield's room for the last time.

"Them women in a hunderd an' seven an' eight make me tired!" she informed him. "An' that Emmy! Always talkin' at me through a crack! 'Come back in twenty minutes! Come back in two hours!'" she mimicked. "I 'ain't never been let in there but once, unless they was all out! An' that time they had the kid locked in the bath-room!"

"Well, what you raggin' about?" he grinned. "They ain't runnin' no sideshow! Say"—confidentially—"what's the matter with the kid, anyhow?"

"Search me! But they sure are scared somebody's goin' to see it! What if they did? You'd think somebody wanted to steal their freak!"

At this the boy's eyes gleamed, and he exclaimed: "Gee! Why didn't I never think o' that before?"

"Think o' what?"

"Oh, nothin'." He tried to cover his excitement by an affectation of carelessness. "Say, 'bout how old's that kid?"

"What do I know 'bout the kid?" she snapped. "But I know one thing sure! Them two ain't ladies!"

"What 'd y' hear? G'wan, tell a feller!" he urged.

"Well, I ain't no eavesdropper, but I heard enough! Say, that Emmy calls 'em by their first name! An' the day she come she was raisin' Cain with 'em f'r upwards of two hours!"

"What for?"

"Search me! She kep' sayin' she wouldn't stand f'r somethin', an' no good 'd come of it, an' they'd all get into trouble. An' they was coaxin' an' beggin' an' callin' her 'dear Emmy'! Them—*ladies?* Huh!"

"Hully gee!" said the boy, softly. "Me first under the wire! Lead me to it!" and sped away to the telephone, while the maid plodded, muttering, on her way, neither of them realizing that their conversation had taken place near a door under an open transom.

Within an hour Miss Evans had whispered to several friends her surprise that apparently it had occurred to no one else to connect the hotel mystery with the Van Alstyne child. She admitted that the women looked like ladies, but when one remembered all the queer details and the curious little discrepancies, it did seem suspicious, didn't it? Leaving the dining-room, she overtook Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Ralston, who had postponed her interview with the sisters until after luncheon. Again Miss Evans began her sibilant tale, and the three were still standing in the office with their heads together when Lois, approaching unobserved, slipped her hand through Mrs. Ralston's arm, saying, happily:

"I'm all packed, and, thanks to your kindness in looking after Sallie, I'm really off to-night." Aware, before she ceased speaking, of a chill in the manner of the others, she looked at them, startled and wondering.

"I'm sorry to disarrange your plans"—Mrs. Ralston disengaged her arm from the young woman's light clasp—"but it will not be possible for me to chaperon your sister."

"But—I understood—" Lois's tone was a little breathless.

"I'm sorry. I find it necessary to change my plans."

Feeling that an explanation was due, but for the moment too perturbed to

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THERE WAS A MOMENT OF AMAZED SILENCE

demand it, Lois murmured an excuse and fled toward the elevators, while Mrs. Vernon, watching her retreating figure, murmured:

"You see? She needed no illumination. I wonder where the sister is?"

"The sister" had promised to walk and later to play tennis with Robertson, and they had left the hotel together immediately after luncheon. At first Sallie made sundry efforts toward conversation, but, finding him preoccupied and unresponsive, fell in with his apparent desire not to talk. She was surprised when he asked, abruptly, after a long silence:

"Miss Granger, is your sister's baby ill?"

"Ill? Why—no," she replied, struggling with her impulse to tell him the whole story despite Lois's ban. "He's rather nervous, and we try to keep him very quiet—which is less easy than we thought in a summer hotel. On that account, I know Lois is wise to go tonight, but I'm glad I'm not going. I'm having such a wonderful time!"

"It has been pleasant." Again he seemed remote and she was conscious of a restraint in his manner. "I'm sorry to have my share in it end."

"End?" she echoed, quickly.

"I must leave to-morrow morning, if I'm to sail Saturday."

"But—I thought—didn't you say you might not go so soon?"

"Yes, but—it seems best to go."

"Oh—I'm sorry," she faltered, overwhelmed by a blinding realization of what his absence would mean to her, and then fell back upon the only plea she could make to hold him. "Jim will be disappointed, too."

"I'm sorry that it's advisable."

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"I suppose the thought of getting back to your real interests is alluring." Determined that he should not know of the shock she had received, she made herself talk. "They say the American man doesn't know how to play more than two weeks at a time."

He caught the thread she tossed him, and they walked on, chattering the facile commonplaces of chance acquaintances. All the camaraderie that had flavored their intercourse was gone, and Sallie felt young and effaced. Presently, giving her sister's impending departure as an excuse, she suggested postponing their tennis until the following day, and they returned to the hotel, still painfully talking platitudes. As they were seen entering the office, the red-haired bell-boy, in close conference with the constable he had summoned and a clerk, said:

"There's one of 'em now. That's Miss Granger."

"But—hold on!" protested the clerk, as the officer started quickly toward Sallie, followed by the boy. "Don't make trouble here! Get her up-stairs first!" When the others paid no heed, he came hastily out from behind the desk and overtook them just as the stranger accosted Sallie.

"Miss Granger? You're wanted."

"Wanted?" she repeated, wonderingly. "Wanted?"

"Cut that out," he advised, pushing aside his coat to show his badge. "We're wise to you, all right."

"Let's not have any trouble here!" anxiously urged the clerk. "The elevator's waiting. Just go up-stairs, please." But Sallie stood perfectly still.

"Wise? I don't understand." She turned her puzzled glance toward Robertson, who asked, curtly:

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Kidnappin'," was the brief answer. "The Van Alstyne child."

"Kidnapping!" the girl echoed. An instant later, the significance of the situation penetrated her dazed brain, and she cried, "Why—how absurd!"

"Let's all go up-stairs," again interposed the clerk, uneasily aware that already curious glances were directed toward them. "Come! This is too public. Mrs. Delafield's in her room."

"But—what shall I do?" Still amazed and bewildered, Sallie turned almost involuntarily to Robertson.

"Would you like to have me go with you?" he asked.

"Oh—would you?"

The little group moved toward the elevator, and when the clerk discovered that the red-haired boy was still following, he said, over his shoulder:

"We sha'n't need you, Tom. Besides, the 'bus from the two-sixteen's due any minute now." Whereupon the boy, scowling, fell back.

In silence the four entered the elevator, and in silence they walked to Room 107, where the constable rapped, after which they waited—interminably, it seemed to Sallie—while movements were heard within, followed by the sound of a closing door. Then the key was turned, and Lois stood before them, her startled, anxious glance sweeping from one to another of the portentous faces confronting her.

"Oh!" she gasped. "What is it?"

"They think—" Sallie began. But the constable stepped into the room and laid a hairy brown hand on Lois's arm, demanding:

"Where's that kid?"

"What do you mean?" She shrank away from him, but he kept his hold upon her, impatiently urging:

"Oh, cut that out! There's no use bluffing! Where's the kid?"

"They think we have the Van Alstyne child," Sallie hurriedly explained.

"But—but we haven't! How perfectly ridiculous! Of course we haven't!" Lois looked appealingly at Robertson, who responded gravely but gently:

"It's felt that there's some mystery about your child. Perhaps, if you'll let this officer see him—"

For a moment Lois regarded him with stricken eyes. Then she looked at Sallie, and both flushed heavily.

"I—can't," the elder sister confessed. "There is no child."

"There certainly was a child when you came here," the clerk crisply reminded her. "You carried it—and I registered it."

"I never had a child," said Lois. Turning quickly, she opened the bath-room door and disappeared.

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"Don't let her get away!" exclaimed the constable, starting forward, but he had taken only a step when she reappeared with Fifi. Holding the wriggling, wheezing old Skye at arm's-length, she declared:

"*That's* what I carried!"

There was a moment of amazed silence before the constable ejaculated:

"Oh, hell! What do you take me for?"

At that instant, following a quick tap, the door from the hall opened and Emmy stood on the threshold, gaunt, rigid, and accusing. Surveying the group with a comprehending gaze, she remarked, disgustedly, "Huh! It's come, has it? I told you girls ye'd git us all into trouble!"

"The nurse," the clerk explained, and the officer sharply demanded, "Where's that kid?"

"There ain't any kid," she told him, calmly. "Never was."

"By George! they've got rid of it!" the man exclaimed, and Emmy returned, in her dry, emotionless tone:

"I'd 'a' liked to 've got rid of it—dratted little feist! Lois, I told ye no good 'd come o' this! It's a judgment on us fer pretendin' a four-footed beast was a child o' God."

"But there *was* a child! We heard it cry!" Startled by this exclamation, they all turned to see Mrs. Vernon standing in the doorway, and behind her Mrs. Ralston. These ladies had seen the beginning of the scene down-stairs, and had followed to Mrs. Ralston's room, adjoining, whence, through the open doors, they had overheard the colloquy. "The poor little thing cried pitifully!" Mrs. Vernon reiterated. "And these women laughed! I heard them!"

"It was Mrs. Ralston herself who suggested that to us! She was surprised that the baby never cried!" Lois indignantly regarded the new-comers.

"And I did the rest," Sallie finished. "And we did laugh. We thought it was funny." Reading incredulity in most of the faces about her, she repeated, "I tell you I can cry just like a baby—and I did it!"



"I'M GOING TO WAIT—UNLESS YOU SEND ME AWAY"

The sisters, in their youth and distress, presented much the appealing aspect of naughty children detected in mischief, but the constable, intent upon making a record for himself, was not to be caught in the snares of sympathy.

"Say, you're pretty smooth, but you don't actually expect anybody to believe that, do you?" he demanded, and Sallie retorted:

"Why not? It's the truth."

"I guess not! You can't put that

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over on me! You may have passed the kid on to some o' the rest o' your gang, but, by the Eternal, I've got you, and I'm goin' to hold you!"

"Officer, are you sure you have sufficient evidence on which to hold these ladies?" At the first sound of Robertson's voice, cool and steady in the midst of the excitement, Sallie's glance sought his, and something in his softened expression gave her courage. "Has any one about the hotel actually seen the child?" he asked.

"They've heard it. That's enough for me," was the reply. "This yarn's too thin! 'Tain't reasonable that they'd pay board, and keep a nurse, and cry nights, and go to all that fuss just to keep that thing here!" He glanced contemptuously at Fifi. "Why should they? There's plenty other places."

"I'll tell you why!" Sallie seemed to answer the constable, but she looked at Robertson, resolved at last to tell him the whole truth, regardless that he, of all others, might most misunderstand her. "We had to come here because we heard that a man vitally important to my brother-in-law's interests expected to be here." Robertson's face hardened again, and the gaze he bent upon her grew piercing, but she struggled on, despite her qualms. "He was to leave the country sooner than we had expected, and as it was impossible for Jim to get here in time, my sister felt that she must come herself. It—it wasn't a thing one could do by correspondence."

"It was entirely my plan," Lois interjected, realizing, with a pang, that Sallie now recognized no presence save Robertson's, and that the man's face was a mask, the rigidity of which was broken only by his keen, questioning gaze. "There wasn't time to consult my husband. My sister protested against it from the first—she hated the deceit—so did I—but when we began we had no idea that it would lead to—lead so far! And then there seemed no way out—we were caught—"

"Don't, Lois." Sallie checked her sister's hurried, choking utterance with a gesture, and, without turning her own clear glance from Robertson's, continued: "The dog was left in our charge by an aunt. She loves it very dearly, and we gave her our word that we'd care for it personally until she came back. So we had to bring it. We didn't know that dogs weren't allowed in this hotel." Briefly then she sketched the story of their journey and their arrival, concluding: "We had no idea—we never dreamed—it would involve all this trouble — and — lying! We thought nobody would notice—and it seemed more important than anything else, until—until—" She broke off, convinced by Robertson's stern, set face that her confession had been futile. He had misunderstood.

"Until what?" he asked, harshly.

"Until—afterward." Her reply was almost inaudible, and she could not force herself to look at him again. Then, realizing that she must not break down, she summoned the only defensive weapon she had left, and said, with a catch in her voice, but twisting her trembling lips into a humorous curve, "Lois said a wife's first duty was to help her husband—and I believed it."

A noise of running feet was heard in the corridor, and Tommy appeared in the doorway, brandishing a newspaper with red head-lines.

"Forget it!" he shouted. "The kid's found—in Florida! It's all here in this extry a guy brought in on the two-sixteen! No reward in ours!" He grinned at the constable. "But gee! 'ain't it been excitin'!"

There was a breathless pause, before Lois, rallying all her forces, said, "Surely, *that* ends this!" "Now, if you'll permit us, my sister and I will say good-by. We're leaving to-night."

"Oh, my dear—I'm so sorry for this!" Mrs. Ralston stepped quickly toward Lois, and at her tone the tears rushed to Sallie's eyes. Turning blindly aside, she found her flight blocked by Robertson's figure.

"When may I see you again?" he asked, stiffly, and, trying to second his apparent effort to observe the conventions, she managed to reply:

"I'm afraid not at all, since you sail so soon."

"But I'm not sailing," he said, unsteadily. "I'm going to wait for a man who's coming from Montana—unless you send me away."

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The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER XIX

BY the time Thor and Lois had returned from their honeymoon in early May the line of battle in Claude's soul had been extended. The Claude who might be was fighting hard to get the better of the Claude who was. It was, nevertheless, the Claude who was that spoke in response to the elder brother's timid inquiry concerning the situation as it affected Rosie Fay. Hardly knowing how to frame his question, Thor had put it awkwardly.

"Done anything yet?"

"No."

In the little smoking-room that had been Len's and was now Thor's —Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby having retired already to their *petit trou pas cher* —they puffed at their cigars in silence. It had been the wish of both bride and bridegroom that Claude should dine with them on their second evening at home. Thor had manœuvered for these few minutes alone with his brother in order to get the information he was now seeking. For his own assurance there were things he needed to know. He wanted to feel convinced that he hadn't acted hastily, that in marrying he had made no mistake. There would be proof of that when he saw that Claude and Rosie had found their happiness in each other, and that in what he himself had done—there had been no other way! He wished that Uncle Sim's pietistic refrain wouldn't hum so persistently in his memory: "Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure!" He didn't believe in a Lord's leisure; but neither did he want to be afraid of his own haste. He had grown so self-conscious on the subject that it took courage for him to say:

"Isn't it getting to be about time?"

Claude drew the cigar from his lips and stared obliquely. "Look here, old chap; I thought I was to put this thing through in my own way?"

"Oh, quite so; quite so."

Claude's thrust went home when he said, "I don't see why *you* should be in such a hurry about it." He followed this by a question that Thor found equally pertinent: "Why the devil are you?"

"Because I thought you were."

"Well, even if I am, I don't see any reason for rushing things."

"Oh, would you call it—rushing?" He threw off carelessly, "I hear you go a good deal to the Darlings'!"

"Not any oftener than they ask me."

"Well, then, they ask you pretty often, don't they?"

"I suppose they do it when they feel inclined. I haven't counted the number of occasions."

"No; but I dare say Rosie has."

"I'm not a fool, Thor. I don't talk to Rosie about the Darlings."

"Nor to the Darlings about her. That's the point. At least, it's one of the two points; and both are important. It's no more unjust for Rosie Fay to know nothing of Elsie Darling than it is for Elsie Darling to know nothing of Rosie Fay."

"Oh, rot, Thor!" Claude sprang to his feet, knocking off the ash of his cigar into the fireplace. "What do you think I'm up to?"

"I don't know. And what I'm afraid of is that *you* don't know."

"If you think I mean to leave Rosie in the lurch—"

"I don't think you *mean* it—no!"

"Then, if you think I'd do it—"

"The surest way not to do it is to—do the other thing."

"I'll do the other thing when I'm ready—not before."

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"Hmph! That's just what I thought would happen."

"And this is just what *I* thought would happen—that because you'd put up that confounded money you'd try to make me feel I was bought. Well, I'm not bought. See? Rather than be bribed into doing what I mean to do anyhow I'll not do it at all."

"Oh, if you mean to do it *anyhow*—"

Claude rounded on his brother indignantly. "Say, Thor, do you think I'm going to be a damn scoundrel?"

"Do you think you'd be a damn scoundrel if you didn't put it through?"

"I should be worse. Even a damn scoundrel can be called a man, and I should have forfeited the name. There! Does that satisfy you?"

"Up to a point—yes."

Claude sniffed. "You're such a queer chap, Thor, that if I've satisfied you up to a point I ought to be content."

"Oh, I'm all right, Claude. I only hoped that you'd be able to go on with it for some better reason than just—just not to be a scoundrel."

"Good Lord, old chap! I'm crazy about it. If Rosie wouldn't hum and haw I'd be the happiest man alive."

"Oh? So Rosie hums and haws, does she? What about?"

"About that confounded family of hers. Must do this for the father, and that for the mother, and something else for the beastly cub that's in jail. You can see the position that puts me in."

"But if you're really in love with her—"

"I'm really in love with *her*. I'm not with them. I never pretended to be. But if I have to marry the bunch, the cub and all—"

Thor couldn't help thinking of the opening he would have had here for his own favorite kinds of activity. "Then that 'll give you a chance to help them."

"Not so stuck on helping people as you, old chap. Want help myself."

"But you've got help, whereas they've got no one. You'll be a godsend to them."

"That's just what I'm afraid of. Who wants to be a godsend to people?"

"I should think any one would."

"If I'm a godsend to them it shows what *they* must be."

"Mustn't undervalue yourself. Besides, you knew what they were when you began—"

"Oh, hang it all, Thor! I didn't begin. It—it happened."

Thor's eyes followed his brother as the latter began moving restlessly about the room. "Well, you're glad it happened, aren't you?"

Claude stopped abruptly. "Of course I am. But what stumps me is why you should be. See here; would you be as keen on it if I were going to marry some one else?"

Before so leading a question Thor had to choose his words. "I'd be just as keen on it; only if you were going to marry some one else, some one in circumstances more like your own, you wouldn't require so much of my—of my sympathy."

"Well, it beats me," Claude admitted, starting for the door. "I know you're a good chap at heart — top-hole, of course!—but I shouldn't have supposed you were as good as all that. I'll be darned if I should!"

Thor thought it best not to inquire too precisely into the suggestions implied by "all that," contenting himself with asking, "When may I tell Lois?"

Claude answered over his shoulder as he passed into the hall. "Tell her myself—perhaps now."

He joined his sister-in-law in the drawing-room, though he didn't tell her. He was on the point of doing so once or twice, but sheered off to something else.

"Awful queer fellow, Thor. Can *you* make him out?"

Lois was doing something with white silk or thread which she hooked in and out with a crocheting implement. The action, as she held the work up, showed the beauty of her hands. On her lips there was a dim, happy smile. "Making Thor out is a good deal like reading in a language you're just beginning to learn; you only see some of the beauties yet—but you know you'll find plenty more when you get on a bit. In the mean while the idioms may bother you."

Claude, who was leaning forward limply, his elbows on his knees, made a circular, protesting movement of his neck and head, as though his collar fitted him uncomfortably. "Well, he's all Greek to me."

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"But they say Greek richly repays those who study it."

"Hmph! 'Fraid I'm not built that way. Do you know why he's got such a bee in his bonnet about—?"

He was going to say, in order to lead up to his announcement, "about Fay, the gardener"; but he couldn't. The words wouldn't come out. The prospect of telling any one that he was going to marry little Rosie Fay terrified him. He hardly understood now how he could have told his father and mother. He would never have done it if Thor hadn't been behind him. As it was, both his parents were so discreet concerning his confidence that neither had mentioned it since that night—which made his situation endurable. So he changed the form of his question to—"bee in his bonnet about—helping people?"

"Oh, it isn't a bee in his bonnet. It's just—himself. He can't do anything else.".

He said, moodily, "Perhaps he doesn't help them as much as he thinks."

"He doesn't—as much as he wants to. I know that."

"Well, why not?"

She dropped her work to her lap and looked vaguely toward the dying fire. Her air was that of a person who had already considered the question, though to little purpose. "I don't know. Sometimes I think he doesn't go the right way to work. And yet it can hardly be that. Certainly no one could go to work with a better heart."

Claude was referring inwardly to Rosie's five thousand a year, and perceiving that it created as many difficulsies as it did away with, when he said, "Thinks everything a matter of dollars and cents."

She received this pensively. "Perhaps."

And yet Thor's warning sent Claude to see Rosie on the following afternoon. It was not his regular day for coming, so that his appearance was a matter of happy terror tempered only by the fact that he caught her in her working-dress. His regular days were those on which Jasper Fay took his garden-truck to town. Fay rarely returned then before six or seven, so that with the early twilights there was time for an enchanted hour in the gloaming. The gloaming and the blossoms and the languorous heat and the heavy scents continued to act on Claude's senses as a love-philter might in his veins.

It was the kind of meeting to be clandestine. Secrecy was a necessary ingredient in its deliciousness. The charm of the whole relation was in its being kept *sub rosa*. *Sub rosa* was the term. It should remain under the rose where it had had its origin. It should be a stolen bliss in a man's life and not a daily staple. That was something Thor would never understand, that a man's life needed a stolen bliss to give it piquancy. There was a kind of bliss which when it ceased to be hidden ceased to be exquisite. Mysteries were seductive because they were mysteries, not because they were proclaimed and expounded in the market-place. Rosie in her working-dress among the fern-trees and the great white Easter lilies was Rosie as a mystery, as a bliss. It was the pity of pities that she couldn't be left so, where she belonged—in the state in which she met so beautifully all the requirements of taste. To drag her out, and put her into spheres she wasn't meant for, and endow her with five thousand dollars a year, was like exposing a mermaid, the glory of her own element, by pulling her from the water.

He grew conscious of this, as he always did the minute they touched on the practical. In general he avoided the practical in order to keep within the range of topics of which his love was not afraid. But at times it was necessary to speak of the future, and when they did the poor mermaid showed her fins and tail. She could neither walk nor dance nor fly; she could only flounder. There was no denying the fact that poor little Rosie floundered. She floundered because she was obliged to deal with life on a scale of which she had no experience, but as to which Claude had keenly developed social sensibilities. Not that she was pretentious; she was only what he called pathetic, with a pathos that would have made him grieve for her if he hadn't been grieving for himself.

He had asked her idea of their married life, since she had again expressed her inability to fall in with his. "Oh,

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Rosie, let us go and live in Paris!" he had exclaimed, to which she had replied, as she had replied so many times already: "Claude, darling, how *can* I? How can I leave them, when they've no one else?"

"Then if we get married, what do you propose that we should do?"

He had never come to anything so bluntly definite before. With that common sense of hers which was always looking for openings that would lead to common-sense results, Rosie took it as an opportunity. She showed that she had given some attention to the matter, though she expressed herself with hesitation. They were sitting in the most embowered recess the hothouse could afford—in a little shrine she kept free, yet secret, for the purpose of their meetings. She let him hold both her hands, though her face and most of her person were averted from him as she spoke. She spoke with an anxiety to let him see that in marrying her he wouldn't be letting himself down too low.

"There's that little house in Schoolhouse Lane," she faltered; "the Lippitts used to live in it."

"Well?"

"If we lived there, I could manage—with a girl." She brought out the subordinate clause with some confusion, for the keeping of "a girl" was an ambition to which it was not quite easy to aspire. She thought it best, however, to be bold, and stammered on, "We could get one for about four a week."

He let her go on.

"And if we lived in the Lippitt house I could slip across our own yard, and across Mrs. Willert's yard—she wouldn't mind!—and keep an eye on things here. Mother's ever so much better. She's taking hold again—"

"Then why couldn't we go and settle in Paris?"

"Because—don't you see, Claude?—that's not the only thing. There's father and Matt and the business. I must be on hand to—to prop them up. If I were to go, everything would come down with a crash—even if your father didn't make any more trouble about the lease. I suppose if we were married he wouldn't do *that?*"

Though he kept silence, his nervous, fastidious, superfine soul was screaming. Why couldn't he have been allowed to keep the poignant joy of touching her, of breathing her acrid, earthy atmosphere, of kissing her lips and her eyelids, to himself? It was an intoxication—but no one wanted intoxication all the time. It was curious that a life in this delirious state should be forced on him by the brother who wished him well. It was still more curious that he should feel obliged to force it on himself in order not to be a cad.

He didn't despise Rosie for the poverty of her ideals. On the contrary, her ideals were exactly suited to the little rustic thing she was. If he could have been Strephon to her Chloe it would have been perfect. But he couldn't be Strephon; he could be nothing but a neurotic twentieth-century youth, sensitive to such amenities and refinements as he had, and eager to get more. He was the type to go sporting with Amaryllis in the shade—but the shade was what made the exercise enchanting.

His obscure rebellion against the power that forced him to drag his love out into the light impelled him to say, without quite knowing why, "Did Thor ever speak of you and me being married?"

Because he was pressing her to him so closely he felt the shudder that ran through her frame. It seemed to run through his own as he waited for her reply.

"No."

Rosie never told a lie unless she thought she was obliged to. She thought it now because of Claude's jealousy. She had seen flashes of it more than once, and always at some mention of his brother. She was terror-stricken as she felt his arm relax its embrace—terror-stricken lest Thor should have already given the information that would prove she was lying. She asked, trembling, "Did he ever say he had?"

"Do you think he'd say it, if he hadn't?"

"N-no; I don't suppose so."

"Then why should you ask me that?"

She surprised him by bursting into tears. "Oh, Claude, don't be cross with me. Don't say what you said the last time you were cross—that you'd go

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away and never come back again. If you did that I should die. I couldn't live. I should kill myself."

There followed one of the scenes of soothing in which Claude was specially adept, and which he specially enjoyed. The pleasure was so exquisite that he prolonged it, so that by the time he emerged from the hothouse Jasper Fay was standing in the yard.

As the old man's back was turned, Claude endeavored to slip by, unobserved and silent. He succeeded in the silence, but not in being unobserved. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the dim figure dogging him as it had dogged him on a former occasion, with the bizarre, sinister suggestion of a beast about to spring.

Claude could afford to smile at so absurd an idea in connection with poor old Fay, but his nerves were shaken by certain passionate, desperate utterances he had just heard from Rosie. She was in general so prudent, so self-controlled, that he had hardly expected to see her give way either in weeping or in words. She had broken down in both respects, while his nature was so responsive that he felt as if he had broken down himself. In the way of emotions it had been delicious, wonderful. It was a revelation of the degree to which the little creature loved him. It was a sensation in itself to be loved like that. It struck him as a strange, new discovery that in such a love there was a value not to be reckoned by money or measured by social refinements. New, strange harmonies swept through the æolian harp of his being—harmonies both tragic and exultant by which he felt himself subdued. It came to him conclusively that if in marrying Rosie there would be many things to forego, there would at least be compensation.

And yet he shivered at the stealthy creeping behind him of the shadowy old man, by whom he felt instinctively that he was hated.

CHAPTER XX

CLAUDE found it a vivid and curious contrast to dine that evening with the Darlings and their sophisticated friends. The friends were even more sophisticated than Claude himself, since they had more money, had traveled more, and in general lived in a broader world. But Claude knew that it was in him to reach their standards and go beyond them. All he needed was the opportunity; and opportunity to a handsome young American of good antecedents like himself is rarely wanting. He never took in that fact so clearly as on this night.

He was glad that he had not been placed next to Elsie at table, for the reason that he felt some treachery to Rosie in his being there at all. Conversely, in the light of Thor's judgment, he felt some treachery to Elsie that he should come to her with Rosie's kisses on his lips. Not that he owed her any explanations—from one point of view. Considering the broad latitude of approach and withdrawal allowed to American young people, and the possibility of playing fast and loose with some amount of mutual comprehension, he owed her no explanations whatever; but the fact remained that she was expressing a measure of willingness to be Juliet to his Romeo in braving the mute antagonism that existed between their respective families. As far as that went, he knew he was unwelcome to the Darlings; but he knew, too, that Elsie's favor carried over her parents' heads the point of his coming and going. It was conceivable that she might carry over their heads a point more important still if he were to urge her.

To the Claude who was it seemed lamentable that he couldn't urge her; but to the Claude who might be there were higher things than the gratification of fastidious social tastes, and for the moment that Claude had some hope of the ascendant. It was that Claude who spoke when, after dinner, the men had rejoined the ladies.

"Your mother doesn't like my coming here."

Elsie threw him one of her frank, flying glances. "Well, she's asked you, hasn't she?"

He smiled. "She only asked me at the last minute. I can see some other fellow must have dropped out."

"You can see it because it's a dinner-party of elderly people to which you naturally wouldn't be invited unless

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there had been the place to fill. That constantly happens when people entertain as much as we do. But it isn't a slight to be asked to come to the rescue. It's a compliment. You never ask people to do that unless you count them as real friends."

He insisted on his point. "I don't suppose it was her idea."

"You mean it was mine; but even if it was, it comes to the same thing. She asked you. She needn't have done it."

He still insisted. "She did it, but she didn't want to." He added, lowering his voice significantly, "And she was right."

He forced himself to return her gaze, which rested on him with unabashed inquiry. Everything about her was unabashed. She was free from the conventional manners of maidendom, not as one who has been emancipated from them, but as one who has never had them. She might have belonged to a generation that had outgrown the need for them, as perhaps she did. Shyness, coyness, and emphasized reserve formed no part of her equipment; but, on the other hand, she was clear—clear with a kind of crystalline clearness, in eyes, in complexion, and in the staccato quality of her voice.

"She's right—how?"

"Right—because I oughtn't to come. I'm—I'm not free to come."

"Do you mean—?" She paused, not because she was embarrassed, but only to find the right words. She kept her eyes on his with a candor he could do nothing but reciprocate. "Do you mean that you're bound—elsewhere?"

He nodded. "That's it."

"Oh!" She withdrew her eyes at last, letting her gaze wander vaguely over the music-room, about which the other guests were seated. They were lined on gilded settees against the white French-paneled walls, while a young man played Chopin's Ballade in A flat on a grand piano in the far corner. Not being in the music-room itself, but in the large, square hall outside, the two young people could talk in low tones without disturbing the company. If she betrayed emotion it was only in the nervousness with which she tapped her closed fan against the palm of her left hand. Her eyes came back to his face. "I'm glad you've told me."

He took a virtuous tone. "I think those things ought to be—to be open and above-board."

"Oh, of course. The wonder is that I shouldn't have heard it. One generally does."

"Oh, well, you wouldn't in this case."

"Isn't it anybody—about here?"

"It's some one about here, but not any one you would have heard of. She lives in our village. She's the daughter of a—well, of a market-gardener."

"How interesting! And you're in love with her?" But because of what she saw in his face she went on quickly: "No; I won't ask you that. Don't answer. Of course you're in love with her. *I* think it's splendid—a man with your" —chances was the word that suggested itself, but she made it future—"a man with your future to fall in love with a girl like that."

There was a bright glow in her face to which he tried to respond. He said that which, owing to its implications, he could not have said to any other girl in the world, but could say to her because of her twentieth-century freedom from the artificial. "Now you see why I shouldn't come."

She gave a little assenting nod. "Yes; perhaps you'd better not—for a while—not quite so often, at any rate. By and by, I dare say, we shall get everything on another—another basis—and then—"

She rose, so that he followed her example; but he shook his head. "No, we sha'n't. There won't be any other basis."

She took this with her usual sincerity. "Well, perhaps not. I don't suppose we can really tell yet. We must just—see. When he stops," she added, with scarcely a change of tone, as she moved away from him, "do go over and talk to Mrs. Boyce. She likes attentions from young men."

What Claude chiefly retained of this brief conversation was the approval in the words, "*I* think it's splendid." He thought it splendid himself. He felt positive now that if he had pressed his suit—if he had been free to press it—he might one day have been treading this

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I THINK IT'S SPLENDID—A MAN WITH YOUR FUTURE TO FALL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL LIKE THAT"

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polished floor not as guest, but as master. There were no difficulties in the way that couldn't easily be overcome, if he and Elsie had been of a mind to do it—and she would have a good fifty thousand a year! Yes, it was splendid; there was no other word for it. He was giving up this brilliant future for the sake of little Rosie Fay—and counting the world well lost.

The sense of self-approval was so strong in him that as he traveled homeward he felt the great moment to have come. He must keep his word; he must be a gentleman. He was flattered by the glimpse he had got of Elsie Darling's heart; and yet the fact that she might have come to love him acted on him as an incentive, rather than the contrary, to carrying out his plans. She would see him in a finer, nobler light. As long as she lived, and even when she had married some one else, she would keep her dream of him as the magnificently romantic chap who could love a village maid and be true to her.

And he did love a village maid! He knew that now by certain infallible signs. He knew it by the very meagerness of his regret in giving up Elsie Darling and all that the winning of her would have implied. He knew it by the way he thrilled when he thought of Rosie's body trembling against his, as it had trembled that afternoon. He knew it by the wild tingle of his nerves when she shuddered at the name of Thor. That is, he thought she had shuddered; but of course she hadn't! What had she to shudder at? He was brought up against that question every time the unreasoning fear of Thor possessed him. He knew the fear to be unreasoning. However possible it might be to suspect Rosie—and a man was always ready to suspect the woman he loved!—to suspect Thor was absurd. If in the matter of Rosie's dowry Thor was "acting queerly," there was an explanation of that queerness which would do him credit. Of that no one who knew Thor could have any question and at the same time keep his common sense. Claude couldn't deny that he was jealous; but when he came to analyze his passion in that respect he found it nothing but a dread lest his own supineness might allow Rosie to be snatched away from him. He had been dilly-dallying over what he should have clinched. He had been afraid of the sacrifice he would be compelled to make, without realizing, as he realized to-night, that Rosie would be worth it. No later than to-morrow he would buy a license and a wedding-ring, and, if possible, marry her in the evening. Before the fact accomplished difficulties—and God knew there were a lot of them!—would smooth themselves away.

As he left the tram-car at the village terminus he was too excited to go home at once, so he passed his own gate and went on toward Thor's. It was not yet late. He could hear Thor's voice reading aloud as the maid admitted him, and could follow the words while he took off his overcoat and silk hat and laid them carefully on one of the tapestried chairs. He still followed them as he straightened his cravat before the glass, pulled down his white waistcoat, and smoothed his hair.

"'Christ's mission, therefore,'" Thor read on, "'was not to relieve poverty, but to do away with it. It was to do away with it not by abolition, but by evolution. It is clear that to Christ poverty was not a disease, but a symptom—a symptom of a sick body politic. To suppress the symptom without undertaking the cure of the whole body would have been false to the thoroughness of His methods.'"

Claude appeared on the threshold. Lois smiled. Thor looked up.

"Hello, Claude! Come in. Just wait a minute. Reading Vibart's *Christ and Poverty*. Only a few lines more to the end of the chapter. 'To the teaching of Christ,'" Thor continued, "'belongs the discovery that the causes of poverty are economic only in the second place, and moral in the first. Economic conditions are shifting, changing vitally within the space of a generation. Nothing is permanent but the moral, as nothing is effectual. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself; on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. On these two commandments hangs also the solution of the problems of poverty,

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seeing that a race that obeys them finds no such problems confronting it. In proportion to the spread of moral obedience these problems tend to disappear. They were never so near to disappearing as now, when the moral sense has become alive to them.'"

Claude smoked a cigar while they sat and talked. It was talk in which he personally took little share, but from which he sought to learn whether or not Thor was satisfied with what he had done. If there was any *arrière pensée*, he thought he might detect it by looking on. It was a pleasant scene, Lois with her sewing, Thor with his book. The library had the characteristic of American libraries in general, of being the most cheerful room in the house.

"What I complain of in all this," Thor said, tossing the book on the table, "is the intermediary suffering. It does no good to the starving of to-day to know that in another thousand years men will have so grasped the principles of Christ that want will be abolished."

Lois smiled over her sewing. "You might as well say that it does no good to the people who have to walk to-day, or travel by trains and motors, to know that in a hundred years the common method of getting about will probably be by flying. This writer lays it down as a principle that there's a rate for human progress, and that it's no use expecting man to get on faster than he has the power to go."

"I don't expect him to get on faster than he has the power to go. I only want him to go faster than he's going."

"Haven't you seen others, who wanted the same thing, dragging people off their feet, with the result that legs or necks were broken?"

"That's absurd, of course; but between that and quickening the stride there's a difference."

"Exactly; which is what Vibart says. His whole argument is that if you want to do away with poverty you must begin at the beginning, and neither in the middle nor at the end. People used to begin at the end when they imagined the difficulty to be met by temporarily supplying wants. Now they're beginning in the middle by looking for social and economic readjustments which won't be effective for more than a few years at a time. To begin at the beginning, as I understand him to say, they must get at themselves with a new point of view, and a new line of action toward one another. They must try the Christian method which they never *have* tried, or put up with poverty and other inequalities. It's futile to expect to do away with them by the means they're using now; and that," she added, in defense of the author she was endeavoring to sum up, "seems to me perfectly true."

Without following the line of argument, in which he took no interest, Claude spoke out of his knowledge of his brother. "Trouble with Thor is that he's in too much of a hurry. Won't let anything take its own pace."

This was so like a paraphrase in Claude's language of Uncle Sim's pietistic ditty that Thor winced. "Take its own pace—and stop still," he said, scornfully.

"And then," Lois resumed, tranquilly, "you've got to remember that Vibart has a spiritual as well as a historical line of argument. The evolution of the human race isn't merely a matter of following out certain principles; it depends on the degree of its conscious association with divine energy. Isn't that what he says? The closer the association the faster the progress. Where there's no such association progress is clogged or stopped. You remember, Thor. It's in the chapter, 'Fellow-workers with God.'"

"I couldn't make it out," Thor said, with some impatience. "'Fellow-workers with God!' I don't see what that means."

"Then, until you do see—"

Apparently she thought better of what she was about to say, and suppressed it. The conversation drifted to cognate subjects, while Claude became merely an observer. He wanted to be perfectly convinced that Thor was happy. That Lois was happy he could see. Happiness was apparent in every look and line of her features and every movement of her person. She was like another woman. All that used to seem wistful in her and unfulfilled had resolved itself into radiant contentment. According to Claude, you could see it with half an eye.

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She had gained in authority and looks, while she had developed a power of holding her own against her husband that would probably do him good.

As to Thor he was less sure. He looked older than one might have expected him to look. There was an expression in his face that was hardly to be explained by marriage and a two months' visit to Europe. Claude was not analytical, but he found himself saying, "Looks like a chap who'd been through something. What?" Being "through something" meant more than the experience incidental to a wedding and a honeymoon. With that thought torture began to gnaw at Claude's soul again, so that when his brother was called to the telephone to answer a lady who was asking what her little boy should take for a certain pain, he sprang the question on Lois:

"What do you really think of Thor? You don't suppose he has anything on his mind, do you?"

Lois was startled. "Do you?"

"I asked first?"

"Well, what made you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Two or three things. I just wondered if you'd noticed it."

Her face clouded. "I haven't noticed that he had anything on his mind. I knew already—he told me before we were married—that there was something about which he wasn't—wasn't quite happy. I dare say you know what it is—"

He shook his head.

"Don't you? Well, neither do I. He may tell me some day; and till then—But I've thought he was better lately—more cheerful."

"Hasn't he been cheerful?"

"Oh yes—quite—as a rule. But of course I've seen—"

They were interrupted by Thor's return, after which Claude took his departure.

He woke in the morning with a frenzy that astonished himself to put into execution what he had resolved. With his nervous volatility he had half expected to feel less intensely on the subject after having slept on it; but everything that could be called desire in his nature had focused itself now into the passion to make Rosie his own. That first!—and all else afterward. That first!—but he could neither see beyond it nor did he want to see.

The excitement he had been tempted to ascribe on the previous evening to his talk with Elsie Darling, and perhaps in some degree to a glass or two of champagne, having become intensified, it was a proof of its being "the real thing." He was sure now that it was not only the real thing, but that it would be lasting. This was no spasmodic breeze through his æolian harp, but the breath and life of his being. He came to this conclusion as he packed a bag that he could send for toward evening, and made a few other preparations for a temporary absence from his father's house. Putting one thing with another, he had reason to feel sure that he and Rosie would be back there together before long, forgiven and received, so that he was relieved of the necessity of taking a farewell.

"*I* think it's splendid," rang in his heart like a cheer. Any one would think it splendid who knew what he was going to do—and what he was renouncing!

It was annoying that on reaching the spot where he took the electric car to go to town old Jasper Fay should be waiting there. It was still more annoying that among the other intending passengers there should be no one whom Claude knew. To drop into conversation with a friend would have kept Fay at a distance. Just now his appearance—neat, shabby, pathetic, the superior workingman in his long-preserved, threadbare Sunday clothes—introduced disturbing notes into the swelling hymeneal chant to which Claude felt himself to be marching. There were practical reasons, too, why he should have preferred to hold no intercourse with Fay till after he had crossed his Rubicon. He nodded absently, therefore, and, passing to the far end of the little straggling line, prayed that the car would quicken its speed in coming.

Through the tail of his eye he could see Fay detach himself from the patient group of watchers and shamble in his direction. "What's it to be now?" Claude said to himself, but he stood his ground. He stood his ground without

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turning, or recognizing Fay's approach. He leaned nonchalantly on his stick, looking wearily up the line for rescue, till he heard a nervous cough. The nervous cough was followed by the words, huskily spoken:

"Mr. Claude!"

He was obliged to look around. There was something about Fay that was at once mild and hostile, truculent and apologetic. He spoke respectfully, and yet with a kind of anger in the gleam of his starry eyes.

"Mr. Claude, I wish you wouldn't hang round my place any more. It don't do any one any good." Claude was weighing the advantages of avowing himself plainly on the spot, when Fay went on, "One experience of that kind has been about enough—in *one* year."

Claude's heart seemed to stop beating. "One experience of what kind?"

"You're all Mastermans together," Fay declared, bitterly. "I don't trust any of you. You're both your father's sons."

"By God! I've got at it!" Claude cried to himself. Aloud he said, with no display of emotion. "I don't understand you. I don't know what you mean."

Fay merely repeated, hoarsely, "I don't want either of you coming any more."

Claude took a tone he considered crafty. "Oh, come now, Mr. Fay. Even if you don't want me, I shouldn't think you'd object to my brother Thor."

"Your brother Thor! You've a nice brother Thor!"

"Why, what's he done?"

"Ask my little girl. No, you needn't ask her. She wouldn't tell you. She won't tell me. All I know is what I've seen."

If it hadn't been for the decencies and the people standing by, Claude could have sprung on the old man and clutched his throat. All he could do, however, was to say, peacefully, "And what *have* you seen?"

Fay looked round to assure himself that no one was within earshot. The car was bearing down on them with a crashing buzz, so that he was obliged to speak rapidly. "I've seen him creep into my hothouse where my little girl was at work, under cover of the night, and I've seen him steal away. And when I've looked in after he was gone she was crying fit to kill herself."

"What made you wait till he went away?" Claude asked, fiercely. "Why didn't you go in after him and see what they were up to?"

The old man's face expressed the helplessness of the average American parent in conflict with a child. "Oh, she wouldn't let me. She won't have none of my interference. She says she knows what she's about. But I don't know what *you're* about, Mr. Claude; and so I'm beggin' you to keep away. No good 'll come of your actions. I don't trust any Masterman that lives."

The car had stopped and emptied itself. The people were getting in. Fay climbed the high steps laboriously, dropping a five-cent piece into a slot as he rounded a little barrier. Claude sprang up after him, dropping in a similar piece of money. Its tinkle as it fell shivered through his nerves with the excruciating sharpness of a knife-thrust.

CHAPTER XXI

CLAUDE went on to the office as a matter of routine, but when his father appeared he begged to be allowed to go home again. "I'm not well, father," he complained, his pallor bearing out his statement.

Masterman's expression was compassionate. He was very gentle with his son since the latter had been going so often to the Darlings'. "All right, my boy. Do go home. Better drop in on Thor. Give you something to put you to rights."

But Claude didn't drop in on Thor. He climbed the hill north of the pond, taking the direction with which he was more familiar in the gloaming. In the morning sunlight he hardly recognized his surroundings, nor did he know where to look for Rosie at this unusual time of day. He was about to turn into the conservatory in which he was accustomed to find her, when an Italian with beady eyes and a knowing grin, who was raking a bed that had been prepared for early planting, pointed to the last hothouse in the row. Claude loathed the

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man for divining what he wanted, but obeyed him.

It was a cucumber-house. That is, where two or three months earlier there had been lettuce there were now cucumber-vines running on lines of twine, and already six feet high. It was like going into a vineyard, but a vineyard closer, denser, and more regular than any that ever grew in France. Except for one long, straight aisle no wider than the shoulders of a man it was like a solid mass of greenery, thicker than a jungle, and oppressive from the evenness of its altitude. Claude felt smothered, not only by the heat, but by this compact luxuriance that dwarfed him, and which was climbing, climbing still. It was prodigious. In its way it was grotesque. It was like something grown by magic. But a few weeks previous there had been nothing here but the smooth green pavement of cheerful little plants that at a distance looked like jade or malachite. Now, all of a sudden, as it were, there was this forest of rank verdure, sprung with a kind of hideous rapidity, stifling, overpowering, productive with a teeming, incredible fecundity. Low down near the earth the full-grown fruit, green with the faintest tip of gold, hung heavy, indolent, luscious, derisively cool to touch and taste in this semi-tropical heat. The gherkin a few inches above it defied the eye to detect the swelling and lengthening that were taking place as a man looked on. Tendrils crept and curled and twisted and interlocked from vine to vine like queer, blind, living things feeling after one another. Pale blossoms of the very color of the sunlight made the sunlight sunnier, while bees boomed from flower to flower, bearing the pollen from the males, shallow, cuplike, richly stamened, to the females growing daintily from the end of the embryo cucumber as from a pinched, wizened stem.

Advancing a few paces into this gigantic vinery, Claude found the one main aisle intersected by numerous cross-aisles in any of which Rosie might be working. He pushed his way slowly, partly because the warm air heavy with pollen made him faint, and partly because this close pressure of facile, triumphant nature had on his nerves a suggestion of the menacing. On the pathway of soft, dark loam his steps fell noiselessly.

When he came upon Rosie she was buried in the depths of an almost imperceptible cross-aisle and at the end remote from the center. As her back was toward him and she had not heard his approach, he watched her for a minute in silence. His quick eye noticed that she wore a blue-green cotton stuff, with leaf-green belt and collar, that made her the living element of her background, and that her movements and attitudes were of the kind to display the exquisite lines of her body. She was picking delicately the pale little blossoms and letting them flutter to the ground. Her way was strewn with the frail yellow things already beginning to wither and shrivel, adding their portion of earth unto earth, to be transmuted to life unto life with the next rotation in planting.

"Rosie, what are you doing?"

He expected her to be startled, but he was not prepared for the look of terror with which she turned. He couldn't know the degree to which all her thoughts were concentrated on him, nor the fears by which each of her waking minutes was accompanied. She would have been startled if he had come at one of his customary hours toward night; but it was as death in her heart to see him like this in the middle of the forenoon. The emotion was the greater on both sides because the long, narrow perspective focused the eyes of each on the face of the other, with no possibility of misreading. Claude remained where he was. Rosie clung for support to the feeble aid of the nearest vine.

She began to speak rapidly, not because she thought he wanted his question answered, but because it gave her something to say. It was like the effort to keep up by splashing about before going down. She was picking off the superfluous female flowers, she said, in order that the strength of the plant might go into the remaining ones. One had to do that, otherwise—

He broke in abruptly. "Rosie, why did you tell me Thor never said anything about you and me being married?"

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"Oh, what's he been saying?" She clasped her hands on her breast, with a sudden beseeching alarm.

"It's not a matter of what he's been saying. It's only a matter of what you say. And I want you to tell me why he's paying me for marrying you."

He spoke brutally not only because his suffering nerves made him brutally inclined, but in the hope of wringing from her some cry of indignation. But she only said:

"I didn't know he was doing that."

"But you knew he was going to do something."

It seemed useless to poor Rosie to keep anything back now; she could only injure her cause by hedging. "I knew he was going to do something, but he didn't tell me what it would be."

"And why should he do anything at all? What had it to do with him?"

She wrung her hands. "Oh, Claude, I don't know. He came to me. He took me—he took me by surprise. I never thought of anything like that. I never dreamt it."

Claude drew a bow at a venture. "You mean that you never thought of anything like that when he said"—he was obliged to wet his lips with his tongue before he could get the words out—"when he said he was in love with you."

She nodded. "And, oh, Claude, I didn't mean it. I swear to you I didn't mean it. I knew he'd tell you. I was always afraid of him. But I just thought it *then*—just for a minute. I couldn't have done it—"

He had but the dimmest suspicion of what she meant, but he felt it well to say: "You could have done it, Rosie, and you would. You're that kind."

She took one timid step toward him, clasping her hands more passionately. "Oh, Claude, have mercy on me. If you knew what it is to be me! Even if I had done it, it wouldn't have been because I loved *you* any the less. It would have been for father and mother and Matt—and—and everything."

The way in which the words rent her made him the more cruel. They made him the more cruel because they rent him, too. "That doesn't make any difference, Rosie. You would have done it just the same. As it is, you were false to me—"

"Only that once, Claude!"

"And if you want me to have mercy on you, you'll have to tell me everything that happened—the very worst."

"The worst that happened was then."

"Then? When? There were so many times."

"But the other times he didn't say anything at all. He just came. I never dreamt—"

"But if you had dreamt, you would have played another sort of hand. Now, wouldn't you?"

"Claude, if you only knew! If you could only imagine what it is to have nothing at all!—to have to live and fight and scrimp and save!—and no one to help you!—and your brother in jail!—and coming out! — coming out, Claude! —and no one to help *him!*—and everything on you—!"

"That's got nothing to do with it, Rosie—"

"It *has* got something to do with it. It's got everything to do with it. If it hadn't, do you think that I'd have said that I'd marry him?"

Claude felt like a man who knows he's been shot, but as yet is unconscious of the wound. He spoke quietly: "I think I wouldn't have said that I'd marry two men at the same time, and play one off against the other."

There was exasperation in her voice as she cried: "But how could I help it, Claude? Can't you *see?* It wasn't *him.*"

"Oh, I can see that well enough. But do you think it makes it any better?"

"It makes it better if I never would have done it unless I'd been obliged to."

"But you'd have *done* it—"

"No, Claude, I wouldn't—not when it came to the point."

"But why didn't it come to the point? Since you told him you were willing to marry him, why—?"

She implored him. "Oh, what's the use of asking me that, if he's told you already?"

"It's this use, Rosie, that I want to hear it from yourself. You've told me one lie—"

"Oh, Claude!"

"And I want to see if you'll tell me any more."

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"I didn't mean it to be a lie, Claude; but what could I say?"

"When we don't mean a thing to be a lie, Rosie, we tell the truth."

"But how *could* I?"

"Well, perhaps you couldn't; but you can now. You can tell me just what happened—and why more didn't happen, since you were willing that it should."

She began with difficulty, wringing her hands. "It was last January—I think it was January—yes, it was—one evening—I was in the other hothouse making out bills—and he came all of a sudden—and he asked me—he asked me—"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"He asked me if I loved you, and I said I did. And he asked me how much I loved you, and I said—I said I'd die for you—and so I would, Claude. I'd do it gladly. You can believe me or not—"

"That's all right. What I want to know is what happened after that."

"And then he said he'd help us. I didn't understand how he meant to help us—and I didn't quite believe him. You see, Claude, even if he is your brother, I never really liked him—or trusted him—not really. There was always something about him I couldn't make out—and now I see what it is. I knew he'd tell. And he made me promise I wouldn't."

"He made you promise you wouldn't tell—what?"

"What he said to me. He said he might go and marry some one else—and then he wouldn't want what he said to me to be known, because it would make trouble."

"But what did he say?"

"Don't you *know* what he said?"

"It doesn't matter whether I know or not, Rosie. It's for you to tell me."

She wrestled with herself. "Oh, Claude, I don't want to. I wish you wouldn't make me."

"Go on, Rosie; go on."

"He said he was in love with me himself—and that if I hadn't been in love with you—"

He was able to help her out. "That he'd have married you."

She nodded, piteously.

"And you said—?"

"Oh, Claude, what's the use?" She gathered her forces together. "I didn't say anything—not then."

"But you told him afterward that you were willing to marry *him* whether you were in love with me or not."

"No; not like that. I—I really didn't say anything at all."

"You just let him see it."

Again she nodded. "He said it himself. He could see—he could see how I felt—that it was like a temptation to me—that it was like bread and water held out to a starving man."

"That is, that the money was?"

She beat one hand against the other as she pressed them against her breast. "Don't you see? It had to be that way. I couldn't see all that money come right—come right into sight—and not wish—just for that minute—that I could have it. Could I, now?"

"No; I don't suppose you could, Rosie—being what you are. But, you see, I thought you were something else."

"Oh no, Claude, you didn't. You've known all along—"

"You mean, I thought I knew all along! But I find I didn't. I find that you're only willing to marry me because Thor wouldn't take you."

"He couldn't take me after I said I'd die for you. How could he?"

"And how can I—after you've said you were willing—!" He threw out his arms with a gesture. "Oh, Rosie, what do you think I feel?"

She crept a little nearer. "I should think you'd feel pity, Claude."

"So I do—for myself. One's always sorry for a fool. But you haven't told me everything yet. You haven't told me what he said about me."

She tried to recollect herself. "About you, Claude? Oh yes. He asked me what our relation was to each other, and I said I didn't know. And then he asked me if you were going to marry me, and I said I didn't know that, either. And then he said not to be afraid, because—because—"

"Because he'd make—"

"No, he didn't say that. I asked him if he'd make you, and he said he wouldn't have to, because you'd do it whether or no, or something like that—I don't just remember what."

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"He didn't say I'd do it because he'd give me five thousand dollars a year for the job, did he?"

She shook her head. She began to look dazed. "No, Claude, he didn't say anything like that at all."

"Well, he said it to me. And he was going to do it. He thinks he's going to do it still."

"And isn't he?"

"No, Rosie. I've got better fish to fry than that. If I'm for sale I shall go high."

"Oh, Claude, what do you mean? What are you going to do?"

"I'll tell you, Rosie. It 'll give you an idea of the chap I am—of what I was willing to renounce for you. I was talking to a girl last night who let me see that she was all ready to marry me. She didn't say it in so many words, of course; but that's what it amounted to. She lives in a big house, with ten or twelve servants, and is the only child of one of the richest men in the city. She's what you'd call an heiress—and she's a pretty girl, too."

"And what did you say to her, Claude?"

"I told her I couldn't. I told her about you."

"About me? Oh, Claude! And what did she say?"

"She said it was splendid for a chap with my future to fall in love with a girl like you and be true to her. But, you see, Rosie, I thought you were true to me."

"Oh, but I am, Claude!"

He laughed. "True? Why, Rosie, you don't know the meaning of the word! When Thor whistles for you—as he will—you'll go after him like that." He snapped his fingers. "He'll only have to name your price."

She paid no attention to these words, nor to the insult they contained. Her arms were crossed on her breast, her face was turned to him earnestly. "Yes; but what about this other girl, Claude?"

He spoke with apparent carelessness. "Oh, about her?" He nodded in the direction of the door at the end of the hothouse and of the world that lay beyond it. "I'm going to marry her."

She looked puzzled. Her air was that of a person who had never heard similar words before. "You're going to — what?"

"I'm going to marry her, Rosie."

For a few seconds there was no change in her attitude. She seemed to be taking his statement in. When the meaning came to her she withdrew her eyes from his face, and dropped her arms heavily. More seconds passed while she stood like that, meek, crushed, sentenced, her head partially averted, her eyes downcast. Presently she moved, but it was only to begin again, absently, mechanically, to pick the superfluous female blossoms from the nearest vine, letting the delicate, pale-gold things flutter to the ground. It was long before she spoke in a childish, unresentful voice:

"Are you, Claude?"

He answered, firmly, "Yes, Rosie; I am."

She sighed. "Oh, very well."

He could see that for the moment she had no spirit to say more. Her very movements betrayed lassitude, dejection. Though his heart smote him, he felt constrained to speak on his own behalf.

"You'll remember that it wasn't my fault."

She went on with her picking silently, but with a weary motion of the hands. The resumption of the task compelled her to turn her back to him, in the position in which he had found her when he arrived.

"I'm simply doing what you would have done yourself—only Thor wouldn't let you."

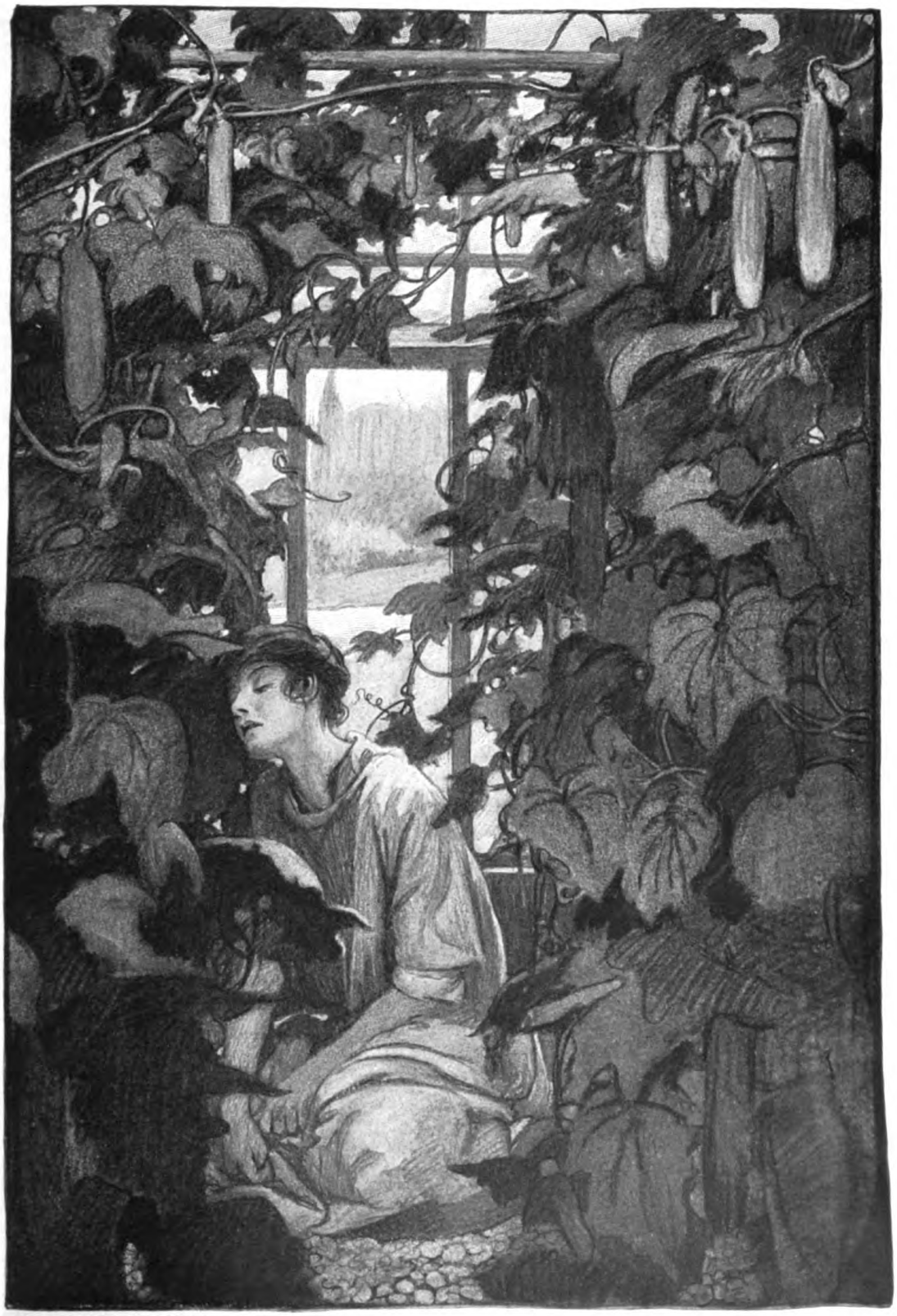
She made no response. The picking of the blossoms took her away from him, step by step. He made another effort to let her see things from his point of view.

"It wouldn't be honorable for me now, Rosie, to be paid for doing a thing like that. It *would* be payment to me, though he was going to settle the money on you."

Even this last piece of information had no effect on her; she probably didn't understand its terms. Her fingers picked and dropped the blossoms slowly till she reached the end of her row.

He thought that now she would have to turn. If she turned he could prob-

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

LIKE A STRICKEN ANIMAL BEHIND THE THICK SCREEN OF LEAVES

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ably wring from her the word of dismissal or absolution that alone would satisfy his conscience. He didn't know that she could slip around the dense mass of foliage and be out of sight. When she did so, amazement came to him slowly.

Expecting her to reappear, he stood irresolute. He could go after her and clasp her in his arms again—or he could steal down the narrow aisle of greenery and pass out of her life for ever. Out of her life, she would be out of his life—and there was much to be said in favor of achieving that condition. There was outraged love in Claude's heart, and also some calculation. It was not all calculation, neither was it all outraged love. If Rosie had flung him one piteous backward look, or held out her hands, or sobbed, he might have melted. But she did nothing. She only disappeared. She was lying like a stricken animal behind the thick screen of leaves, but he didn't know it. In any case, he gave her the option of coming back.

He gave her the option and waited. He waited in the overpowering heat, amid the low humming of bees. The minutes passed; there was neither sound among the vines nor footstep beside him; and so, with head bent and eyes streaming and head aching and nerves unstrung and conscience clamoring reproachfully, he turned and went his way.

He surprised his father by going back to the bank. "Look here, father," he confessed, "I'm not ill. I'm only terribly upset about—about something. Can't you send me to New York? Isn't there any business—?"

Masterman looked at him gravely and kindly. He divined what was happening. "There's nothing in New York," he said, after a minute's thinking, "but there's the Routh matter in Chicago. Why shouldn't you go there? Mr. Wright was taking it up himself. Was leaving by the four-o'clock train this afternoon. Go and tell him I want you to take his place. He'll explain the thing to you and supply you with funds. And," he added, after another minute's thought, "since you're going that far, why shouldn't you run on to the Pacific coast? Do you good. I've thought for some time past that you needed a little change. Take your own time—and all the money you want."

Claude was trying to articulate his thanks when his father cut him short. "All right, my boy. I know how you feel. If you're going to take the four-o'clock you've no time to lose. Good-by," he continued, holding out his hand heartily. "Good luck. God bless you!"

The young man got himself out of his father's room in order to keep from bursting into tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Baptism

BY MARIE VAN VORST

FARRELL was insignificant in the office, where he was a nondescript unit engaged in the pursuance of nondescript duties. He formed part of the mass out of which every now and then a figure extricates itself and becomes Someone—emerges like a Titan, stands upright, while the mass palpitates in its conglomeracy until another crisis generates another individual—poet, artist, criminal, perhaps hero.

Farrell was in love. He had been sent some four years before by his chief to take the private correspondence for the chief's wife, and the lady imposed upon him horribly!

Mrs. Ranway was a beautiful woman, a clever woman supposedly in love with her husband.

Farrell fell in love with Mrs. Ranway. The poignancy of loving in a hopeless fashion possesses cruel sweetness, and for nothing in the world would he have wished the divine madness taken out of his heart.

He received the news that war was declared as the average Londoner received it—with the apathy and indifference of a people to whom militarism is unsympathetic, to whom with the words "battles" and "fighting" come the time-honored "England has never been beaten," and "Britons never shall be slaves"; all this, and a magnetic faith in an invulnerable sea-power and the splendid isolation of an island kingdom.

France meant nothing to Mr. Farrell. He had passed through Paris once at night, *en route* from the Northern station to the Lyons railway, when he had gone on a walking tour in Switzerland with a man he knew. Germany's ultimatum had been flung to Belgium before Farrell really began to buy an extra news-sheet on his way to the "Tube."

He learned that friends of his had enlisted; he saw the crowds pass through the streets on the way to Buckingham Palace, where, before the balcony, the apathetic Londoner with quiet assurance asked for the king and demanded war.

Farrell did not walk with the crowds. He went to his modest chambers, transacted business he had to transact, and sat down to smoke his pipe and think of Mrs. Ranway and why he ought *not* to think of her.

But when, in her pretty little sitting-room, she said to him, her cheeks flaming, "Oh, *isn't* this war too glorious, Mr. Farrell!" and followed it up with, "Isn't it too *terrible*, Mr. Farrell!" and, "Aren't you glad to be alive—aren't you glad?" he caught his breath, and for the first time realized that England was at war, because Mrs. Ranway had remarked upon it, and that it was "glorious" and "terrible," too, because her voice shook as she said the words.

"I wish," Mrs. Ranway continued, rising from the chair by the side of her desk, where she had been busy signing some papers—"I wish that I were a man and that I had half a dozen lives and could give them all for England!" and she stretched out her handsome hands—"All for England! Oh, it's too wonderful to be born British, but it's too humiliating to be born a woman!"

Farrell, with his papers under his arm, was glad that Mrs. Ranway had been born a woman.

"But, Mr. Farrell"—she looked at him smiling, and, so he believed, totally unconscious that he had any sex at all—"I have not even sons to give to England." She leaned toward him a little, her hand on the table, and said, dropping her voice, "Mr. Ranway's going."

Farrell caught his breath again, and repeated, "Going?"

Farrell had seen his chief go several times on trips that involved financial interests.

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Drawn by William Meade Prince Engraved by F. A. Pettit

TOGETHER THEY MOVED THEIR LITTLE FLAGS, AND THEIR HANDS TOUCHED

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"He went through the South African campaign," said Mrs. Ranway, with a note of pride in her voice. "You know, he was in the C. I. V. He's seen his commanding officer to-day. There's a special detachment being formed, and my husband's going to the front."

She stood up.

The terrors and glories of war were not uppermost in the clerk's mind, which had never worked so rapidly before. The fact that his employer was going to the war made it indeed a very real thing.

Mrs. Ranway's voice now assumed a practical tone. "My husband has been telling me, Mr. Farrell, that very important duties will devolve upon you now, in his absence." She turned her head toward the papers with which she had been occupied. "There will be this little matter of mine, you know, that we're following together; although, Mr. Farrell, I warn you that I can't concentrate on business—not if it means the loss of half my fortune. I can think of nothing but Belgium and France and the war."

Walking down the Thames Embankment—for Farrell himself lived off the Strand—he thought that it was fine of Ranway to have volunteered. There wasn't any doubt about it. . . . And it would leave Mrs. Ranway alone. . . .

From that hour everything about the war became personal to Farrell. It began not slowly, but with the suddenness of a Zeppelin-dropped bomb into his calm, insignificant little mental yard. The world war, the never-equaled situation, seemed to have been combined and flung across the pages of history to disrupt, disintegrate, toss and beat Farrell into a soul, a lover.

Every pink, green, and white poster on the streets of London, the Strand, and Piccadilly spoke to him; the bleareyed news-venders offered their newssheets to him alone; war cables and telegrams, moving-pictures, parliamentary addresses — all spoke directly to this commonplace young Londoner, this bit of ore not yet refined into metal.

All the district in which Mrs. Ranway existed spoke to him of one thing, and the rest of God's universe said another. The Mrs. Ranway part said to him: "You never knew until the other afternoon, when she had finished writing and you took the paper from her, read it, and then looked up and found her looking at you, that she didn't despise you for an ordinary, commonplace clerk. She looked at you as though you were not only a human being, but some one she liked. And she's alone, and she does like you. She wants to see you—she likes to see you. God! Jim Farrell! Why, in these months you've got the biggest chance a man can have in the world—the biggest chance to make a woman that you've gone perfectly mad about love *you!*"

He was standing before the glass over the chimney in his little sitting-room, when, out loud and frankly, the Mrs. Ranway part of London said this to him; and Jim Farrell, who had effaced himself all his life for others, in his generous, insignificant way, looked into the glass and saw himself as a man sees himself when the eyes of the woman he loves have told him that he is good to look upon. He saw a slender, blond young man—the line of crisp, fair hair over a brow clear as a boy's. He seemed, as he looked, to see himself in the khaki uniform that they were all wearing and which, as he looked now, he found he had been observing more closely and seen more often than he had realized these last few weeks, even to the brass letters on the shoulder. But as Jim Farrell looked just then, there was something around his head and brow—not the service cap, not even the white bandage placed there by the First Aid—but something which the clerk tried to brush away. He smiled an ineffectual smile at his image in the glass.

"Rot!" he said; "I'm not going to enlist. There's enough without me. They can't need half the troops they've got, anyway. The war will be over in a month. Can't think why Ranway went —plenty of men to go."

On a leaf in the note-book in his pocket was the jotting for his now daily appointment with Mrs. Ranway.

The clerk on his way to see another man's wife stepped back to watch the Seaforths turn a corner of the street, and the sound of the bagpipes rang finely in his brain. And the kit-bags and the war paraphernalia in the windows had a new significance, became vocal for the

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first time since the South African War. And all the attractive Piccadilly shops that used to claim his attention from time to time were blotted out. The big motor omnibus, with its Red Cross, pushed the *voiture de luxe* out of sight. Farrell dropped a gold-piece in the little Red Cross box on the back of a big dog who stood in front of Devonshire House, and went on up to Mrs. Ranway's.

By the first of September he found that he had transacted all her business, and that alongside of it had been running his own personal interest, and hers.

"They're so frightfully secretive, Mr. Farrell. You see, I've not yet heard a word from my husband. We don't know where he is, or where he's fighting, or whether my cards and letters have reached him. The office hasn't reached him yet?"

"No," said Mr. Farrell, "not yet."

They had said this together every day, and talked the war threadbare together every day; and imperialism, militarism, neutrality, outcome and present horror, all added to their feverish interest.

"Three more of the men in the office enlisted yesterday," he told her. "It doubles the work for each individual there."

"I suppose we might consider it fortunate," said Mrs. Ranway, "that we belong to the few that are doing 'business as usual'!"

"The chief will be awfully pleased when he comes back," said the clerk.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ranway, "when he comes back."

He had found her dressed for going out this afternoon, when he came to keep his appointment. She still wore her hat; her gloves were on the table, and she took them up and went over to the window, looking out into the streets filled by the beautiful light of a late-summer afternoon.

"I thought I'd go out and see the recruits drilling in Hyde Park. Would you care to have a look at them, Mr. Farrell?"

And they went together, the clerk walking alongside of the charming woman. He could not remember ever to have walked through Hyde Park with a woman before. He had been too busy for sentimental affairs—too poor. And all the park was full of war; and they talked of the ruined harvests in the fields across the Channel, and of the atrocities in Belgium, and they watched the crude, green recruits that Kitchener was going to lick into shape, wandering back very late. And he left her with the riotous joy of knowing that he should see her again on the morrow.

There is nothing new in the story of Mr. Farrell and Mrs. Ranway. Dante took it, touched it, immortalized it, and left it perfect. They placed together upon the round table their map of England and the Continent, and together moved their little flags following the operations of the troops, and their hands touched. . . . Ranway was twenty-five years older than his wife. Mrs. Ranway was young; Farrell was young, and he had awakened.

The quick, frightful German advance had brought the Allies to Le Cateau. It was on the eve of Le Cateau, and Mr. Farrell and Mrs. Ranway put their flags there and their hands touched. And before he knew it, she had both his; and before he knew it, both her hands had encircled his face; and before he knew it, both her hands had touched his brow lightly and with marvelous magnetism, so keen that it was like the touch of light and fire. Then she drew back and they both rose, and the table was between them. And before he knew it he was walking down Piccadilly, through the evening, with the war-posters blazing on either side of him, past the accoutrement-shops, vocal and insistent, down Pall Mall to Charing Cross, down toward the Embankment and home.

Once again in his little sitting-room, Farrell faced the fact that Ranway's wife cared for him. The fact that she was the very core of his being did not need facing: little else was there.

During the next few days they found out where Ranway was, and what Mons and Le Cateau had been. And Farrell had a letter from his chief:

> It was hell, Farrell. Seven hundred lying dead in one street. And when we had to drag our men back, make them retreat, they *cried*. War doesn't make you cry, but going back from the one thing in the world you feel you ought to do, does. . .

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Of course, regarding the South-American shipments—

and then followed the ordinary business details—war and "business as usual"—on the short, concise sheet from the man at the front.

During the days immediately following, Farrell had another letter from Ranway. It came quickly, brought into London by one of those proudly regarded heroes in the first batch of wounded to be sent home.

You have been so closely connected with the firm's interests that I look to you to attend to—

Then followed minute business instructions.

If you do not conscientiously carry out these details, they will never be done. They are for the best interests of all concerned. They are of vast importance. I feel perfectly safe in putting them in your hands. . . .

Ranway would never have given him these charges, the young clerk knew, if he had not a superstitious dread of never coming back. Farrell, who now thought everything out before his coal-fire in his modest sitting-room, thought out this, the letter between his young hands.

Farrell had not returned to his employer's house. Since that day, he had not seen Mrs. Ranway. Not that he didn't dare go back. It wasn't a question of daring. He knew that if he did, something final would happen. He folded Ranway's little dignified communication and put it on his mantelpiece, and, rising, stood up to his slender six feet, his hands in his pockets.

The tumult of feeling within him removed him very far from the everyday commonplaceness. Love makes the world go round; but not every man is born a lover. Farrell was. If Ranway didn't come back, Mrs. Ranway would care for him. She *did* care for him. And it meant just one of those histories of real happiness that are not too frequently written in the pages of life.

He foresaw what the return to her house would be. He would find her in the library, and it would not be the conventional entering of her husband's business representative. He would go straight in and put his arms around her, and he should feel her then in reality as he had felt her in his dreams; and he should kiss her; and she wouldn't resist, and he should find words to tell her that he loved her above everything else in God's world. That he would do. There would not be for Farrell any of that moral hesitation between right and wrong, or the question of another man's wife, should he see her again. This he knew.

A moisture sprang to his eyes—tears forced to them by the very excess of his feelings. For a moment he bent his head down on the mantelpiece, close to the letter from the man at the front who might never come back. . . . The unshed tears dried on his lashes.

He went down and out into the streets. It was past eleven, and the Strand and Piccadilly were as bright as day. On the front of the taxis were the notices: "Your King and Country Need You. Enlist for the Duration of the War." The latest bulletins were flaring on the posters. Ahead of him was the house where the one woman in the world for him was alone. He walked to it mechanically and looked up at its blinded windows. Just one of London's eight millions. And Ranway was at the front; he might never come back.

The clerk found himself talking with men whose interests were patriotic and military. Twice or thrice he stood in line with his fellow-Londoners before the recruiting-stations, and fell out of this line to wander dazed, uncertain. Instead of reading the early accounts of military doings, he folded them away. The casualty list was published finally. He could not read it. There were names there that he knew; he heard of them from other sources.

He was not a coward before the physical idea of death, but he didn't want to die. The fact that he was not a military man and could not go straight to the front in the ordinary course of things was what made him drop out of the files before the recruiting-stations. To become a recruit and pass six months on Salisbury Plain was not what he was so fatally drawn to do. It wasn't that. When he went he was going to the battle-field, and Farrell knew that he would have to

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get there and must find out the way. His days were now well filled in by the accumulation of business duties in his chief's absence.

He should have gone to see Mrs. Ranway. Finally she telephoned. He was sitting there in the office when he was called. He waited the thousandth part of a second before taking the receiver, a strange smile of relief crossing the young man's face when the voice of her man-servant spoke to him from the other end. He took the chances of the servant's not recognizing his voice, and said that Mr. Farrell was in Manchester and would be absent for a few days.

After this decisive step the relief grew. It was a relief that pained. It was his first vital step toward his stepping out of the commonplaceness of things, toward the stepping out of James Farrell from the grayish line of the general multitude—the little deviation that begins to mark the individual.

The same night he began a concentrated and extraordinary course of Red Cross lectures at the Polytechnic. Under one of London's chief surgeons, in an incredibly short time a few volunteers were to be instructed, coached, and prepared for a probable summons to that line, now bloody indeed, known as "the front."

He had never done anything in his life but work in a dull, commercial way amid dull, commercial things. Now the outlines and contours of this young man's existence were beginning to break, to alter. Part of him was a sea of love and passion—for Farrell was a lover—and the rest was undecided, incoherent, mysterious even to himself. There was a fascination and absorption in these vivid lectures at the Polytechnic. He was one of only a hundred strong, thoughtful young men, picked and chosen. A medical friend of his had put Farrell on and in. He began to use his mind as he had never used it before, in a new groove. Already, in his small way, he was beginning to take part in this passionate, tense crisis—not of his country alone, but of Europe. And as in a moment he had been lifted up and placed alongside of those who ardently love, now Farrell was picked up and placed alongside of those who were ardently to serve.

After a day or two a letter came in Mrs. Ranway's handwriting. He was just having his afternoon tea on a battered tray, out of a nondescript cup, with big slices of bread-and-butter and a bit of cake, served by the office-boy on Farrell's desk in Ranway's private room. It was the only personal letter in his mail. He had seen the bold, frank signature hundreds of times. He looked at it, turned it in his fingers, and then went over and laid it unopened on the coals of the little red fire, deep-sunk in the black, old chimneypiece.

Farrell went back to the tea-tray, poured himself out a cup of tea and cut the plum-cake. Then he pushed the tray slightly away and, resting his elbow on the table, leaned his head on his hand. On the other side of him were the Red Cross books on first aid to the injured and a roll of bandages. He practised on the office-boy when he had time. Tonight he was to take an examination.

He would not have known himself, and this is a step in human development—the loss of identity. Those who had known him for the inconspicuous London clerk would not have known him either.

After three months with the army in northern France, close to the Belgian frontier, Farrell stood in a country inn in his shirt-sleeves, shaving before a pocket hand-glass pinned on the side of the wall. It was a great day for Farrell, one he should remember all his life. Deep in his heart was the passionate flame of a personal interest, the under-current of a great love in his breast.

From the moment he had joined the British-Belgian field hospital as a stretcher-bearer, Farrell stepped out still further from the grayish, nondescript legions of the common herd. There were stretcher-bearers and stretcher-bearers, but only one Farrell. The little unit, composed of a chief surgeon from one of the big London hospitals, five women nurses, and as many orderlies and assistants, contrived during this bloody and dreadful time to make a record for themselves that France and Belgium will not forget.

He had carried on his back for five miles a man whose blood soaked through

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his own clothes to Farrell's skin. He had put him down finally a little out of the shot and shell, to find, when he wiped the blood away from the face and eyes of the man, that he had played football with him at school. His indifference to danger and to death, his patience, cheer, and good courage, made Farrell adored. He had watched his chief through typhus and the passing away of the head of their little band. He had found himself by some reason or other in command when facing the problem of getting one hundred and sixty wounded men from the abbey which they occupied as a hospital through to Antwerp to the sea and home. He gave his orders like a general. He had sewn up wounds with black shoe-thread and a common needle under the fire of German shells. He had discovered the things he didn't know he knew. He had slept on the rimey ground under the Belgian stars, cold, wet, and yet sun-warmed and lit by divine fire, as he thought—if She knew, if She saw, if She ever heard that he was not doing so badly, would She care? The blotting out of all the war-ridden scene—the silence—the silencing of the deadly and incessant booming of guns—the reeling through his head of the London 'busses and the London traffic—and again the little room in her home, and just those two bending over the war map, their hands touching, his own uplifted eyes and hers, and after that enough of light and fire in him to last for the rest of his life, short or long.

He made a decent toilet, for he was to be brought up before the colonel of the brigade, out there on the field, and given the Legion of Honor of France.

In his khaki-colored ambulance uniform, washed and clean, he was ready to meet what reward France could give to an Englishman. He was only a stretcher-bearer, and by force of circumstances leader of a little unit that had gone through fire and hell, but he had been given, through a trick of fate, one of those opportunities that go to make a man—a man's career. Through information that Farrell had been able to give the French of the enemy's whereabouts and intentions, he had saved a whole battalion from being wiped out by the German guns. In order to secure this information he had lain three days in a trench half filled with icy water—he had walked forty miles—but he had come in time.

Now as he walked out of the country inn into the November mist toward a little eminence a few yards away, where the *état major* waited to receive the stretcher-bearer, he found that he had no shoes or stockings on, and Farrell walked barefoot over the ruts and through the mud to be presented to the French colonel and to receive the decoration. The little service was cursory, hurried. The French colonel kissed him on both cheeks. Farrell didn't know whether they noticed that he was barefooted or not, but when he put his hand over his red-ribbon medal he thought—what would She say if She knew? And walking back, away from the ceremony, with his hands still pressed over the gift of France, he seemed almost to feel Her hand there.

He had never written her, even on a post-card, a word since he had left London. Farrell's office knew of his whereabouts more or less, but of himself he had given no personal sign, and he had received no word of Ranway in return.

That day he received a letter from Mrs. Ranway. It was brought to him by a nurse who had arrived with chloroform, bandages, surgical instruments, and things that had nothing to do with passion or with love.

The letter had no beginning:

> I have heard nothing of my husband since he left for France. If you have any news will you give it to me of him—and of you.
>
> EDITH RANWAY.

The clerk read this over again and again. It only covered one sheet of note-paper. He folded it and unfolded it. It took but a second to know it by heart, but it had to be read and re-read, and looked at and kissed, and finally it went into the pocket under the honor bestowed by France, and Her hand seemed to lie more closely there until the imagined contact with her touched the very flesh of him, and before his eyes more clearly than mists and fogs of northern France, and battle-lines and trenches and bloody wounds, were just three words—"and of you."

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Mrs. Ranway asked news of him. He had nothing to write her. Of Ranway he knew nothing; of himself he could say nothing. And he didn't reply to his love letter—it was that to the clerk, whether his own passion made it so or her passion dictated it—and it went back with him into the field.

The fact that she had written to him those few words—"Send me, if you can, news of Mr. Ranway—and of you"—became to him thrilling orders. The military commands of Joffre, Kitchener, and French were not more ringingly vital to the armies than those words to him. If nothing were heard of Ranway, he might be dead or held somewhere prisoner. He never turned over the face of a dead man on the field but he thought "this might be Ranway if it were his regiment fighting."

Until this letter came from Mrs. Ranway to him he had not contemplated really writing to her, although a dozen times, a thousand times, he had sent unwritten messages; he began countless letters to her. As he bent over a wounded man, unrolling the fetid bandages of a field dressing, he was mentally beginning a letter to her with some tender, charming name, which he had never said aloud to any woman, and which in his full heart he was keeping some day to say to her. If he did find Ranway, if he had news to give, he would, of course, begin his letter, "My dear Mrs. Ranway." For some reason or other he did not want to write such a missive.

It was November the 10th. He remembered the date because it was Mrs. Ranway's birthday. He knew it for the reason that his chief was in the habit of sending to his wife on that day a box of flowers from a smart place in Piccadilly, and the annual bill was passed by Farrell in the course of business. "Flowers for Mrs. Ranway." He would have liked on his part to have sent her some himself. Since it was her husband's means of celebration, Farrell would have chosen another form.

All along the Yser an enormous line of earthworks had been cast up for a distance of fifteen miles. He had come upon the Scottish Fusiliers early in the day, with his unit of mobile ambulances and Red Cross nurses. The proximity of the regiment had filled him with a sharp surprise. It was as though the generals had sent them there, or sent him there in order that at last, if he were alive, he should find Ranway. If he had been taken prisoner, Farrell would now know.

He knew the dangers of the high-road, and ran along through the November fog some three hundred yards from the earthworks, straight along, and in constant menace from the enemy's shells, that every now and then ripped up the road with their plowing ferocity, and that as Farrell walked out on to the road skidded along and exploded with a hiss and bubble and roar to which he had never quite got used.

On a heap of stones an officer was sitting, crouching, and Farrell went up to him, thinking that the man was hurt. Ranway looked up and recognized his clerk from Fleet Street.

"How d' do, Farrell?" The officer put out his hand to his subordinate. Farrell knew what had happened to his chief; he had seen it happen before. "Shunstroke," said Ranway. He was drunk. If the clerk had written home to Mrs. Ranway he would have been obliged to disguise this unromantic, unmilitary fact. "Didn't know you were here, Farrell."

Farrell put his arms around his chief's shoulders. "You must get out of here," he said; "you must get right out of this.

Ranway shook his head and struck the side of his coat pocket. "'Spatches, Farrell; gotter carry 'em down this bloomin' road to headquarters. Important 'spatches, Farrell." He swayed. "What time is it?"

Over their heads flew a whizzing shell. The Red Cross stretcher-bearer thrust his arm under the arms of his employer and pulled him to his feet. "You must come across the road here with me," he said, "if you can."

The drunken man stiffened himself like a ramrod. "Not goin' to move," he said, steadily, "'cept walk to headquarters—'spatches." The ramrod unstiffened, and Ranway fell slowly forward across the breast of the younger man. It was not an easy proposition. Farrell put him down in the dirt, and dragged

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Drawn by William Meade Prince Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"AS YOU LIKE," SAID THE OFFICER, HAVING NO TIME TO PARLEY

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him by his coat-collar across the road on to the fields. He then thrust his hand in the pocket of Ranway's coat and took out a bunch of sealed letters and military orders. These he thrust in his own inside pocket.

"What time is it?" asked Ranway again, and he sat up unsteadily, smiling at his clerk. "Can't walk, Farrell," he said, more reasonably. "Damn it! I believe I'm flunkin' my chance. C'n you get 'em there?"

"I don't like to leave you here," said Farrell.

"Damn!"—waving his hand peremptorily—"never min' me," he ejaculated, "never min' me; getter along. I'll wait here, old man. I'll crawl back to the village when I can, and send some of the regiment out to you if you are not back in ten hours." He fell down on his elbow, but managed to ejaculate again: "Damn me! Farrell, I flunked my chance. Get 'em there and come back."

Farrell swung into the road, jumped back at the exploding of a shell, and bent himself into a quick, swinging stride.

"You will come back with me in the motor," said the officer to whom Farrell stood speaking. The orderly was putting out the lights of the car in the sunrise. "It is perfectly safe this way, relatively safe, and I don't think you would care to take a chance on that upper road again, would you, after last night?"

He had delivered his despatches at headquarters with the simple explanation that Ranway had been taken violently ill upon the roadside; that he as a Red Cross aid had cared for him, had been informed of the exigency, and volunteered to come through for lack of another messenger.

It had taken him five hours to make the fifteen miles. Once he had lain flat on his belly while a regiment of German Uhlans had clattered by in dust and shrieking noise. Many times the very roads under his feet had been swept away by shells.

Farrell lit a cigarette and stood smoking by the side of the junior officer. "No, thanks," he said; "I'll go back as I came. You see Ranway and the other men will be coming out to me. They'll come and they'll come all the way. There is no reason why I should not join them. I wouldn't want them to run the gantlet for me and not be there, you know."

"I think you are very foolish," said the officer. "It's a fighting chance."

Farrell smiled. "We are all taking that, aren't we? As it is, I will just about make it and they won't start."

The other man got in the car; the orderly mounted. "As you like," he said, having no time to parley with a man who risked his life, who ran the risk of death just one straw more madly than was necessary in this tragic game, and he was gone.

The journey to headquarters nad been one long, terrible excitement. His fear was constant that he should be killed before he could deliver up his despatches. They had proved to be of the greatest importance. It meant the certain taking of a position hotly fought for. He had heard the discussion in the moment of time which he had passed with the superior officers of two battalions. As much as a general and his staff officers could make of a man who had simply done his duty they had made of Farrell, and the officer who had gone off in the motor told him quite simply that it was good for a Victoria Cross.

As he retraced his steps and struck once more into the frightful highroad, he couldn't help but feel that he had usurped another man's job, and that if he had any glory he would be eating up Ranway's. He couldn't feel that it would look well written to her; it would not look well at all—he couldn't tell it.

"Mr. Ranway was dead drunk on duty. He flunked his chance. I took the despatches in." He would never write her that, and whatever story she might hear would be horribly disadvantageous to her husband if the truth were known, as it might easily be.

But the highroad, over which the flying shells lost their comet-like, fiery, midnight grandeur and their hellish light, was fraught to the young Englishman with peace. The tension and the excitement had dropped. He was in constant danger of death. The despatches were in the hands of the men to whom they should go. The business was done, and

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he had a singular feeling that he was going to her. He was physically exhausted, but did not dare to lie down for fear he might not waken in this world, and he kept on, supported by limbs that hardly had any sensation. To his left rose the earthworks; there was something stupendous about them in the gray morning light. He had passed nothing on this threatened road in going, and now as far as his eyes could see there was nothing coming forward to meet him. The fire became every moment more deadly. He picked his way along between ditches. Why they chose to shell this untraveled road he wondered, and supposed that it must be because their information led them to believe that ammunition-cars were passing there, while in reality they had taken the lower and safer road, where the officer in his motor had offered to pilot him. No company of the regiment promised by Ranway would have done him any good; there would only have been that many more men to run the risk of death. Still, he expected to see them—looked for them. Nothing came, and with head bent as though against the rain he plodded on. If they gave him the Victoria Cross, he could never enjoy it because of Ranway. After all, that wasn't the only thing he couldn't enjoy because of Ranway, a drunken man who had flunked his chance, the man whose presence in life kept him from love.

Mrs. Ranway loved him, that he believed. Well, it was worth while having loved just to know that—just to remember that soul-filling look, that passionate, stirring look.

"Edith:" He would begin the letter just like that—"Edith," just her name. It seemed to write itself across the page of his life as he thought it out in this moment of mental uplift and physical strain—"Edith." . . . Something struck him. He staggered, reeled, and fell. He was not so wounded that he could not drag himself out of the road on to the field, and there he lay down by a pile of stubble.

The officer who had offered to drive Farrell in on the lower road found Captain Ranway that evening at supper in a country farm-house. He stood in the door in his dust-covered uniform and asked:

"Where's Farrell? Did you bring him in?"

"Why, no," said Ranway. "Didn't he come in with one of you?"

"Hell!" said the other man. "Come in with one of us? No. He took the upper road, because he said you were going to send out to him, and he didn't want you boys to go on that hell stretch for nothing." The men around the table rose. "Didn't any one go?"

Ranway's hand was covering his glass of whisky-and-soda. "Why, no," he said. "How to God could we suppose that he would come back over that road?"

The men of his own unit brought him in, and they found in his inner pocket a military map, with here and there the pin-points of the little flags which he and Mrs. Ranway had pricked in as they followed the first days of campaign of the great war.

Ranway took it back to London and spread it out before her on the table. And this is all the news she had of Jim Farrell.

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OPEN-AIR FORGES, WHERE THE SMITHS STOOD WORKING THE BELLOWS

Hobnobbing with Hillbillies

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

IN Kentucky, Winchester is called the "Gateway to the Mountains." So it is for those who travel by rail. But for the sentimental traveler there are other routes more romantic and interesting. Such is the old mail route from London, in Laurel County, to Hazard, in Perry County, through the very heart of the "highlands." Hazard was our immediate destination. But it was corn-planting season, and when we arrived at London we were unable to get horses for the three days' trip.

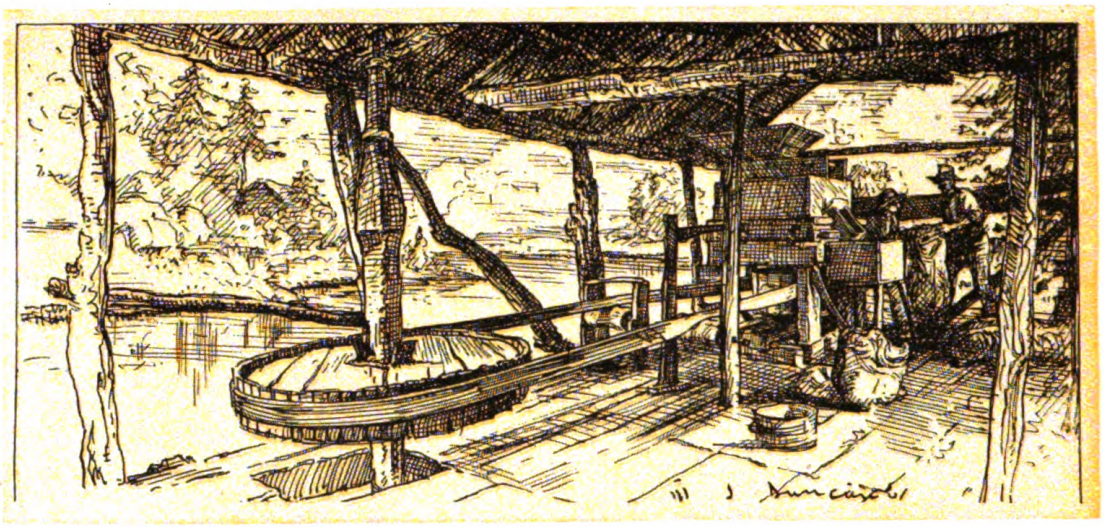
It was the same at Harlan, on the headwaters of the Cumberland—a town once famous for its feuds and now a center of the new coal industry. There was but one thing left for us to do. That was to walk. It was already late. So, without further parley, we shouldered our packs and set forth.

Our road ran up through Hurricane Gap in Pine Mountain. It was a rough wagon "trace" rather than a road, and rose by a succession of steep grades, strewn with enormous slabs and boulders of pinkish sandstone. From the "saddle" we looked out over the steep, wooded slopes and close serried summits of the "Kaintuck Hills."

Following the "meanders" of the ridge runs the boundary between the two counties—Harlan, which we were leaving, and Letcher, into which we were about to descend.

Oh, my love she lives in Letcher.
She won't come, and I won't fetch her.

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INTERIOR OF A GRIST-MILL

So, forgetting the fatigue of the ascent in the blazing sun, we sang gaily to the familiar air of "Sourwood Mountain" as we started down the far side. We descended rapidly, no longer feeling the burden of our bodies or of our rucksacks, and the exhilarating sense of entering, not another county only, but another world.

It was a world less of the present than of the past. The mills and rustic cabins along the road which, when we reached the Line Fork, lay for the most part right in the bed of the rocky creek; the corn-cribs; the log barns with their low roofs and long rafters; the great water-wheels; the barn-yards with their confusion of cows and chickens and a white horse, his head hanging above the draw-bars near a weeping-willow; the open-air forges, where the smiths stood working the bellows or raining blows upon the anvils—such were the scenes that met the eyes of travelers in colonial times.



AN ANCIENT WATER-WHEEL

And the people—surely the pioneers—who first dared with their axes and guns to break the silence which brooded over these solitudes, must have looked, talked, and lived very much like these creek-dwellers of to-day.

As in the case of all mountain races, isolation has served to keep intact the identity of original manners and customs. Having stopped here for breath on their westward wanderings, these settlers seemed to come under some spell—the spell of peace and plenty, where the deer came crashing through the cane-brake and could be shot without stirring from cabin or camp.

Even now that big game is gone and living is no longer easy for those who guide a plow along the steep hillsides, there are still those who weave, spin, sing old ballads, shoot rabbits and squirrels with long muzzle-loading rifles, and talk of the Revolution as if it were an event of yesterday.

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The stalwart old man at whose cabin we stopped for supper looked for all the world like a Revolutionary soldier, while his wife, with her delicate, refined features, who filled her stone pipe from our pouch as we sat with them before the fire, would have passed for a "Colonial Dame" anywhere.

But the young man whom we routed from his bed at eleven o'clock when we had at last hopelessly lost our way stumbling across a second high divide in the darkness was an American soldier of the present, and had fought in the Philippines. He said he could not ask us inside, because he was not "master of the house." But he gave us his army blankets, and we lay all night on the floor of the porch.

There, in the morning, we were found by a stately young woman whose hair, piled high on the top of her head, was held with a quaint shell comb. She invited us in to breakfast, and, while we ate, stood slowly waving the flies away with a fresh, leafy "limb."

The old man, her husband, was distressed because we had not slept in one of his beds, of which, it appeared, he had a great number, and was inordinately proud. He seemed to feel that some reproach had been cast upon his hospitality, and nothing would do but for us to promise to return some day. Meanwhile, to make present amends, he offered to take us to the railroad, and the old fellow rode along behind one of us to bring the horses back.

It was mill day, so there was a steady procession down the creek, even at that early hour while all the world was still gray with mist. Single file rode the mountain men and women down the broad, grassy slope, each seated on a sack of grain to be ground into coarse flour. Sometimes, while the woman rode, the man walked beside her with a stout stick. Every house contributed to the cavalcade, and there were friendly greetings and salutations.

Presently the valley widened. The hills on either hand fell away. We had reached the mouth of King's Creek. Before us sparkled the rippling shallows of the Kentucky River, and beyond it rose the embankment of the new railroad.

To-day Hazard, scene of the famous French-Eversole feud, is, like Harlan, surrounded by coal-mines, and begins to look more like a Western boom town than a Southern mountain county-seat. Hyden, however, preserves intact its primitive pioneer aspect, and we thought



CREEK-DWELLERS

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we had never before seen so dismal and desolate a haunt of human life.

Yet the wide reaches of the Middle Fork, winding between steep walls of somber green, made a kind of wild witchery, and the sight of the single horseman who let his horse stand and drink, loose-reined, from the sunlit waters of the shallow ford, was full of romantic suggestion. So also was the apparition of the youth who, rifle in one hand and shoes in the other, leaped stealthily from stone to stone, stalking some big fish, once fleetingly seen, always fabulously remembered.

We crossed no less than four lofty mountain barriers to reach Hyden, which is still twenty miles from the railroad. Again we lost our way and were forced to spend a night on the road—this time at the house of a "Campbellite" preacher—a bearded, patriarchal figure, who was also the local storekeeper. He was accused of selling goods on Sunday, and some of his flock had refused any longer to attend his services. A spiritual boycott!

Next day we stopped for dinner at the house of a sinister-looking individual with a cast in one eye. "I've done some travelin' myself and seen furrin parts," he confided to us while his wife prepared the dinner. "One time I spent jest two hundred and twenty-six days at Covington."

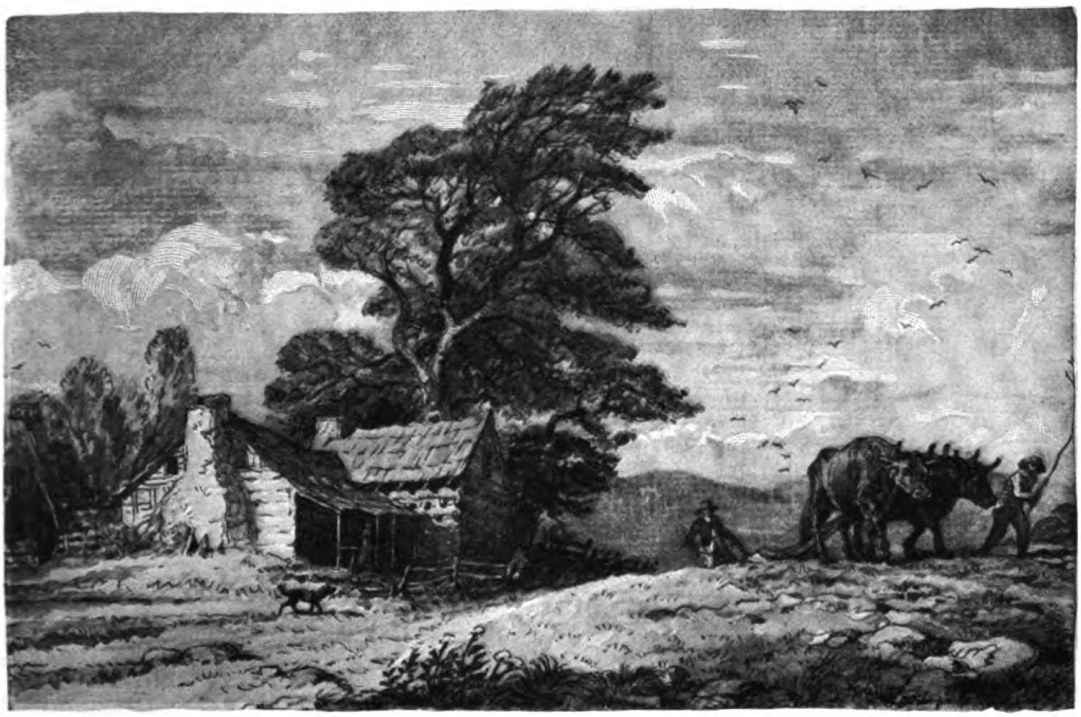
We were surprised at the exact tally of his stay in that town. Having produced his effect, he went on to explain that he had been taken there for "moonshining," and that, although at his trial he had "come clear," he had been detained through one delay or another just as long as if he had been "penitentiaried." He said his real home was in Magoffin County, where he had been charged with killing a man. "They couldn't produce the witnesses, though," he added, complacently, "so I jest lit out and came here to live for a spell."

Traveling in a country where such encounters are common, one's own moral sensibility becomes dulled after a while. It is a novel sensation at first to shake hands with a minister of the Gospel who



THOSE WHO WEAVE AND SPIN

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CULTIVATING HIS STEEP HILLSIDE ACRES

has killed his man and served a term in prison, or to sit at table with an affable host who is known to have committed at least three murders. But after a while this wears away and one comes to take quite as a matter of course any lurid sort of personal past or family pedigree.

This was the great "moonshine" country. Cutshin, it was said, was lined with illicit stills, and we met a couple of "revenues" who had just "come in to clean it up." They were "good fellows," though, and had consented to suspend operations until after election.

A little later, in another locality, we passed the mouth of a creek where a copper "still," punched full of holes, lay on its side in the shallow water. We heard that one of the men who had seized it had been shot and killed.

In places where the "revenues" are "raidin' around right smart," even men known personally to the "stillers" are not allowed to visit the "stills." Instead, the women, whom the chivalrous minions of the law never take as witnesses to the county-seats, are sent up the mountain from time to time to get the family supply of "corn licker."

They start on their horses in the gray dawn, their "saddle-pockets" filled with flat bottles, and their heads wound round with red worsted "fascinators." And sometimes when they descend with a little of the whisky stowed safely away inside, beyond the reach of any confiscatory "revenue," they shout, sing, and discharge their pistols.

At Hyden we hired a pair of mules, those docile and dulcet animals with the tiniest of hoofs and the trimmest of tasseled tails, which yet have a will of their own and a pair of heels—as one of us discovered to his cost when he tried to tie his pack to the saddle. On Jenny and Sude we rode all day down the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, through a valley so fair that one thought of the Rhone or the Loire, or some other old river of feudal France. But the life of the region was feudal also, and the beauty of the country made all the more miserable by contrast the condition of the people in this poverty-stricken district.

There was scarcely a cabin in the entire section that had more than a single room. We stopped at one and counted

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twelve occupants, including representatives of three generations. They all gathered in the doorway to welcome us. A man brought us chairs and a woman gave us water from the well in a gourd dipper as if it had been wine.

We had luncheon at a creekside store near the mouth of "Hell-for-Sartin." Seeing one of us busy with his sketch-book, the inquisitive storekeeper asked the stock question: "Makin' a map o' the country?" Apparently he was satisfied with the results, for he added a grimy fistful of stale crackers to our repast, which consisted chiefly of a tin of cotton-seed sardines, and would not take a cent for them.

We might have had oysters, as well. For, strange as it may seem, oysters are one of the staples of life in the mountains, where the back of nearly every store is fitted up as an oyster-bar.

"It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir," says Sam Weller, to his friend and patron, Mr. Pickwick, "that poverty and oysters always seem to go together."

The mountain people are poor enough, in all conscience. Yet it is easy to exaggerate their poverty. So long as he holds on to his land, the average mountaineer is by no means poor in the absolute city sense, though he may lack many things there regarded as essential. This he knows quite well, and, in spite of much more or less insincere self-pity on the subject before strangers, he is at bottom proud of the economic independence secured him by the laborious cultivation of his steep hillside acres.

It is the same with the mountaineer's ignorance. In reality he is not so much ignorant as illiterate or unlettered. Knowledge of his own he has, even though he does not get it from books, and it is the knowledge best suited to his uses.

"Now, to look at them fellers," said a mountain man who was telling us of a great feud battle fought a few years ago in the streets of Hazard, "you'd have thought they was jest ignorant, common kind o' fellers. But thar warn't one of 'em that didn't know how to keep from gittin' hit!"

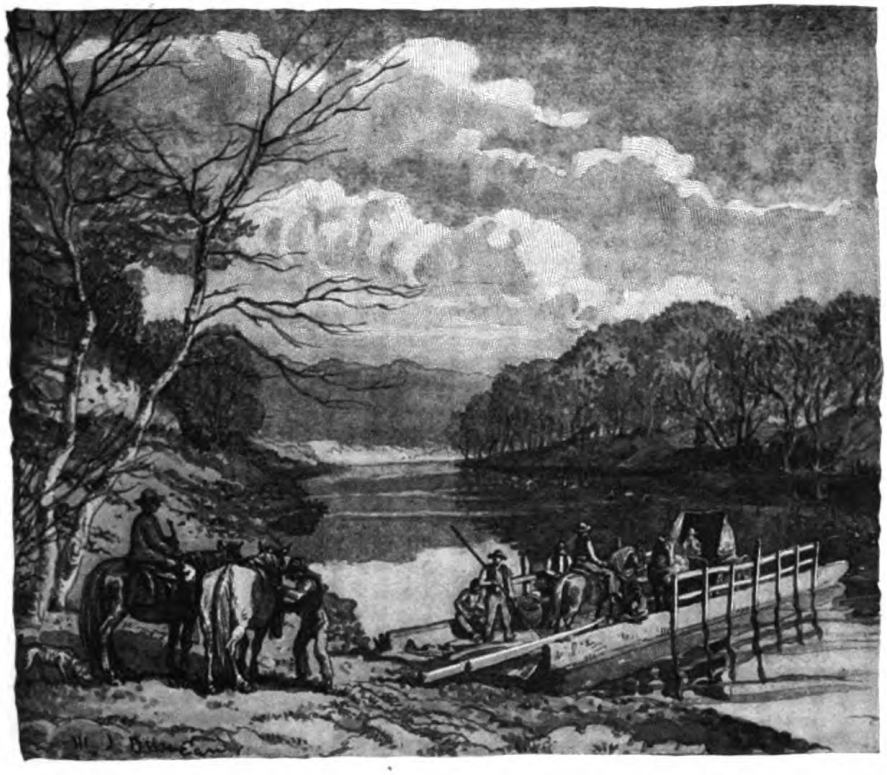
"The reason why we-uns knows so much more than you-uns," said an old mountain woman, "is because we cain't *read* so much. So we *think* more."

"Some folks say that niggers hain't got no souls," argued one of these thoughtful ones. "Then how about them that's half white and half black?"



THE CUMBERLANDS GROW DREAMLIKE, THEN FADE AWAY ON THE HORIZON

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WE WERE FERRIED ACROSS THE RIVER IN AN OLD FLAT-BOAT

he asked, triumphantly. "Can a man have half a soul?"

Buckhorn, where we arrived that night, and were ferried across the river in an old flat-boat, is not a county-seat. It is merely a "settlement" that has grown up around a big Presbyterian school at the mouth of Squabble Creek. We found it in a state of considerable excitement. The women of the house where we stayed were preparing to set out on horseback in the morning and circulate a petition for the pardon of two boys who had recently been "penitentiared." The eyes of our hostess—those cold, blue-gray eyes of the mountain people, snakelike in the men, starlike in the women—blazed when she told us the story.

One day a band from Breathitt had invaded Buckhorn and shot up the "settlement." The Buckhorn boys had returned the fire, and the invaders were forced to fall back, leaving one of their number lying dead behind them. It was for this that the two boys had been sent to prison, although one, it was said, had not fired at all, and the other only in self-defense.

Still more recent had been the killing of Ed Callahan, widely reported in the papers at the time. Shot from ambush, in the doorway of his store at Crocketsville, near Buckhorn, this friend of the Hargises was brought to the little school hospital, fatally wounded.

While he lay there in one of the fresh-whitewashed rooms, watched over by armed guards, his clansmen gathered in the hills and awaited word from their chief to begin the "war." They waited; the days passed. Their impatience grew, likewise their wonderment. Then came a messenger telling them that Ed had died in the night and that his last word to his men was to "quit it"!

The next day, on our way to Booneville, we passed Callahan's place. The store was closed, but the house was inhabited, and when we tried to get a snapshot a man came out and ordered us to stop. It was the one hostile note encountered on our entire trip through the Cumberlands, and doubtless was due

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AMONG THE WILD AND WOODED HILLS OF WILKES COUNTY

to the intense excitement that prevailed over the approaching trial. This took place two months later in Winchester, and was perhaps the last great feud trial that will ever be held in Kentucky. For the feud spirit is fast dying out in the mountains. Men may still kill there, as elsewhere, in a passion, or inflamed by drink, but assassination is no longer a recognized factor in the business or political life of the community.

To understand this decadence of the feud spirit, it is first necessary to comprehend how it arose. Some writers assert that it is merely the clan spirit of the Scottish highlands transplanted to a similar environment in the New World. Its origins, however, seem generally to have been strictly local, and it may be that it is simply a decadence of the old, primitive, pioneer life.

"First our folks killed off the Injuns," said an old man with whom we discussed the subject. "Then they killed off the ba'rs and the painters. When they'd got shet o' all them varmint they begun killin' each other, and they've bin at hit right smart ever sence."

Now, just as the breaking up of the old order favored the feud, so the rise of a new order—commercial, industrial, educational—has discouraged it, and will eventually cause it to disappear. The vendetta was possible only in a very primitive and simply organized society, where personal leadership counted for everything. Such leaders no longer exist to-day, and the more abstract relations of civilization and citizenship are replacing those of the family and clan.

Yet the old sentiments subsist. We met a man who received word that his father had been shot and killed in a distant county. Hastily he summoned all his kinsmen, and set out at their head to seek vengeance. When they had gone half-way, they heard that the first message had been a mistake and that the old man had died peacefully in bed. At once the whole band turned about and rode home again.

To-day the big feuds are finished, but many little feuds remain. In Owsley County, of which Booneville is the county-seat, the conditions have been particularly bad in this respect. On the so-

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called "fighting branch" of Buffalo Creek a fierce feud has been raging among the members of a single family for three years, with the result that there have been made eleven widows and eighty-two orphans. Yet Owsley, like Clay County, scene of the notorious Baker-Howard feud, is really not in the mountains at all, but in the foot-hills.

In Kentucky, however, the mountains have no monopoly over the rest of the state in the matter of manslaughter. Indeed, a teacher in a mountain settlement school is wont, not wholly ironically, to admonish her boys that the fact there is a "shooting" every week in the "Blue Grass" is no reason why they should cultivate the same pernicious habit. Even at Berea, amid the "black-jack" groves of Academe, there have been seventeen "killings" in the last twenty years—or is it twenty in seventeen?—and not a single conviction.

As we approached Booneville we met two boys riding to the hunt, bareback, on a single horse. One boy held a rifle across the steed's neck, the other blew a lusty blast on a curving ram's horn, while the hounds came loping along, singly or in pairs, their noses close to the ground. Something in the look of this more open, rolling, and smiling country blended with the sentiment of the scene itself to make us forget momentarily where we were. We might have supposed that we were somewhere in rural England in the eighteenth century, rather than in the wilds of Kentucky. The mountains were not far away, however, and we were back among them again next morning, when, taking the "mail-hack" half-way, we crossed over from Meadow Creek to Jett's Creek and the waters of the Middle Fork.

At the river there was neither ford nor ferry for foot passengers. But there was a house near at hand, and we saw two men seated in the "gallery." Both eyed us curiously as we approached to inquire our way, and the elder, whom we had surprised in the act of shaving, could not refrain from asking:

"Who air ye, strangers, and what might yore business be?"

When we told him he shook his head slowly, and a thin grin, like a clown's grimace, cracked his lathered lips.

"Ye cain't tell me no such thing as that," he announced, shrewdly. "Ye might make some ignorant feller believe hit, but not an eddicated man like me."

"Then what do you think we've come for?"

"Ye've come among these mountains like the balance of 'em, looking for miner'l and for timber."

We tried to convince him, but it was no use.

"Why, I've only to look into yore eyes, as sharp and as cold as steel traps, to see you're lyin'." Seeing us start at the word, he went on: "Mebbe hit hain't for yourselves that you're spyin' out the country, but when you've found hit, the others will come arter you and drive these chillern of abominations from their homes in the hills. And richly do they desarve to be thus despoiled! For, as the prophet hath said of them, 'A sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed o' evil-doers' chillern that air corrupters: they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they air gone away backward!'"

We returned from Jackson to Hazard by the newly opened line. Two days later we took horses from Whitesburg across Big Black Mountain, and descended into Virginia by the smoke-shrouded valley of Callahan's Creek, filled with its flaming coke-furnaces. And as we struck down across the corner of eastern Tennessee, and watched with many a rearward glance the great mass of the Cumberlands grow dreamlike, then fade away in a faint cloud on the horizon, we felt that at last we had left the hills of Kentucky behind us.

We were on foot once more. So when, that night, we reached a comfortable-looking house in the gap of Wallen's Ridge and applied for food and lodging, we were first taken for tramps. For the social distinctions are better observed in this Tennessee hill country than they are in eastern Kentucky.

The lady of the house was alone, and said we would have to wait until her lord and master returned. He gave us a very hostile and suspicious look, and asked us sharply what our business was. But such excellent friends did we become

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forthwith that the following morning when he bade us farewell he said, "Write to me, boys, when you get back home where your women are—and not just once only, but for life!"

As a further proof of his friendly feelings he also provided us with horses, and sent one of his sons along with us to bring them back.

The highroad stretched away broad and hot toward the east, down the long valley that lies between Wallen's Ridge and Powell's Mountain. The narrow trails had suddenly given way to the wide welcome of the open and inviting country. But, creatures of habit, we still continued in the mountaineer's unsociable habit of riding single file. Unconscious of appearances, conscious only of the charm of the landscape as the lazy summer sights and scents rose and mingled in our senses with the agreeable sound of hoofs, clink of spurs, and squeak of leather, we ambled on at an easy pace.

It was early morning, but already it was pleasant to pull up at a gushing spring that overran the road, and wait in the grateful shade for our companion to come up. The necessity of passing a friendly word with chance acquaintances along the road had a little delayed him.

"Folks is all sayin' how you fellers must be Harlanites, the way you're ridin'," he announced, a little sheepish, but with engaging good nature. Harlan is the border county. Hence, to the minds of the simple lowlanders the accident of our not riding abreast was enough to brand us at once as Harlanites, or mountaineers.

Later in the day the same flattering distinction—which showed that we had not left the "Kaintuck Hills" so far behind, after all—was again accorded us.

"Some allowed you was Harlanites when you come ridin' into the settlement," said an old lady at Mulberry Gap, who gave us our dinner, "but I allowed ye didn't favor Men o' Harlan!"

"Men of Harlan!" The words had a high sound. They recalled the old song, "Men of Harlech," and helped to evoke the magic spell which the highland hosts with their wild ways and splendid lawlessness have ever imposed upon the lowland imagination.

You ask a Kentucky mountaineer a question which he doesn't quite grasp, and he says, "How?" A Tennesseean, in like case, exclaims, "Which?" There are other differences between the two. The former, for example, may be lazy, but he has at least the grace to try to conceal his shame, while the latter openly "brags on" it.

"You-uns have come to lazy man's land," drawled a soft voice that afternoon in Black Water. The speaker was unshaven and unshorn, and his black eyes laughed out at us with impudence and easy good-humor from a wilderness of curly black beard and tangled elf-locks beneath a tattered hat. "Yes, you-uns have sure come to lazy man's land," fluted the mellow voice once more, and it was easy to believe him that somnolent afternoon, when all the little sun-flooded valley lay drenched in golden dream, and the air, drowsy with the dull drone of bees, hung heavy with the heat.

Next morning, however, when we awoke in our room in the hotel at Sneedville, at four-thirty, roused by the clangor of the great bell that hung in the hotel yard, we felt there must be a mistake somewhere. "Surely this can't be 'lazy man's land' where folks get up at such an hour!"

We were still more impressed and confounded when we got down and found that breakfast was already over. But when we had finished our own breakfast, and gone out into the street, there was practically the entire male population sprawled about the court-house steps across the way or seated on chairs along the sidewalk, while over every fence bobbed a feminine sunbonnet. Not in the whole town did we see a single person who seemed to have anything to do, and yet there was not one who had not risen at four in the morning to do it.

At Johnson City we left "lazy man's land" to scale the great escarpments between eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina. Descending from the train at Toecane station, we met a giant who had been a mighty hunter before the Lord in the old days—he proudly showed us a crayon portrait of himself armed with two rifles and a brace of revolvers—and who now kept a sort of

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railroad restaurant and summer hotel. We asked him if he knew of a good place, at the foot of Roan Mountain, to spend the night.

"Well, you might try Rattler Alec's," he allowed. "The travelin'-men all stop thar, and he allus shows 'em a right good time — music, singin', and dancin', mighty nigh every night."

We found the "Rattler" a sad-faced little man whose looks certainly belied his reputation as rustic Master of the Revels, though we soon discovered the secret of his singular sobriquet in a queer, cackling laugh which seized him at intervals and nearly convulsed him.

After supper the strumming of a banjo was heard, and music was suggested. But one of our number, tired and wet from the long tramp, insisted on getting his clothes off and going to bed as soon as possible.

For a moment the "Rattler" appeared perplexed. "I could have given you fellers a room up-stairs. I didn't know we was aimin' to have ary music to-night."

"Oh, that's all right!" deprecated our sleepy companion; "the music won't bother me a bit. All I want is to get to bed. I'll go to sleep fast enough when I get there. You couldn't keep me awake."

In about ten minutes the "Rattler" returned. "Now, boys, if you want to hear some music." To our surprise, he showed us into our own room. We had seen it before only in the dark. Now it was lighted and filled with people.

The music had already begun. It was being produced principally by a young woman, dressed in white, who sat at a small cabinet-organ, and who pumped away vigorously with her feet, pounding with her hands upon the keyboard. Beside her, a young man picked a banjo.

We looked around for our friend. His clothes were to be seen scattered everywhere. By degrees he himself emerged from under the sheet in one of the beds, where he sat bolt-upright against a pillow. He said he had been awakened by the first strains of the organ and banjo. The effect of this combination was wonderful. The sharp, metallic twanging of the wire strings blended with the windy, wheezing, sputtering gasp of the organ, played as we had never heard—or seen—an organ played before, at lightning speed, by a young lady who did not in the least resemble St. Cecilia, and who pumped, pummeled, and punched so hard, so fast, and so furiously that her plump body fairly rocked and rolled on a piano-stool several sizes too small for her.

After each tune, which was played over and over again, faster and faster, the two performers stopped and rested, the girl fanning herself vigorously and the boy mopping his beaded brow. Then they started off once more on "Weevilly Wheat," "Johnny Baker," "I Wish I Was Single Again," or "The Ship That Never Returned"—the last serving in the mountains equally as a dirge or a dance tune, according to the tempo.

Occasionally there were calls for "Frankie" to dance. Then a boy about twelve or thirteen, chewing tobacco like the rest of the family, got up, half boldly, half bashfully, from the bed where he lay sprawled beside his "maw," pulled a lock of hair down from under the rim of his battered hat, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and executed a few steps in new boots whose thick soles made a great clatter on the floor.

The dancing became general. Couples faced each other for a "hoedown." The floor swayed, the house rocked, under the rhythmic assault of twenty pairs of stamping, shuffling feet. A boy knelt down before the banjo-player and, with two slender sticks, beat a barbaric tattoo on the strings. A square dance was started. The woman at the organ, half turned toward the dancers, "called the sets," her voice taking a high rhythmic monotone. Hands clapped, feet tapped time to the music, bodies swayed to and fro, advancing or retreating until, at the end of each set, the couples sank back into their chairs or across the beds, exhausted. And so the party proceeded far into the night.

We took horses to the top of Carver's Gap in Roan Mountain, and, descending the far side on foot by means of the lumbermen's "slide," we landed at the bottom in a clearing without the slightest sign of an exit. Spying a solitary cabin, we made for it.

A group of men, women, and children

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were standing in the door. A dog barked at our approach, and the people themselves appeared hardly more cordial. One of the men, however, gave us a direction which we tried to follow, only to find ourselves very soon floundering in a corn-field. Just then we heard a familiar voice, and, looking back, saw our friend of a few minutes before approaching rapidly. He called out to us to wait.

"I tole you fellers the wrong way a-purpose," he explained, cheerfully, as he came up, "because I wanted to git you-all to eat dinner at my house. That warn't my place whar you seed me up yander jest now. Them folks wouldn't hardly ever ask a man to eat a meal o' vittles with 'em nohow. But I like fine to talk to strangers, and I hain't never charged a man a cent for his dinner yet. That's my house now over thar in that holler," he announced, with a sweep of his long arm, as he took us in charge.

"Here, you women! come git these men some dinner!" he ordered, as we approached the cabin and saw one slatternly female appear in the door, while another—young, strong, and handsome—came in from the corn-field. She was bareheaded, barefooted, and wore a rough, short skirt to the knee. Her waist was opened far down her sun-brown neck, and she swung along with a free step, carrying her hoe lightly across her shoulder. She was our host's wife. The other was his sister.

We had acquired an excellent appetite crossing the second highest mountain in North Carolina, so we watched the preparations with a good heart, and did full justice to the feast when it was put before us. Later we discreetly disregarded what our host had said about not charging his guests. He seemed quite hurt when we offered to settle our bill.

"I tole you fellers I hain't never charged a man nothin' fer his dinner," he protested, "and I don't aim to begin with you-all nohow, seein' how I p'intedly sent you plumb outten your way jest to git ahold o' ye!"

We insisted, emphasizing the trouble we had caused, for the family had already dined fully an hour before.

"Well," he finally yielded, with an air of lordly condescension, "if you-all want to give them women in thar somethin' for gittin' yore grub, why of course that hain't none o' *my* business."

One morning found us at the little post-office of Transon, on the Blue Ridge, without horses and without the possibility of getting any. The sun was rising at our front like a splendid warrior intent on slaughter, and our way lay long before us. At this uncomfortable juncture of our affairs we had the good fortune to fall in with a couple of hearty, hail-fellow carriers, pursuing their early morning way under cover of a great canvas-covered Conestoga wagon—direct descendant of the primitive conveyances of pioneer days. Its body, painted a bright green, had the high prow and poop of a galleon, or caravel, while the snowy canvas, stretched upon bowed hoops, had the curved, swelling contours of sails straining at the yards in a boisterous breeze. It was a gallant craft. And as it was bound in our direction we lost no time striking a bargain and tumbling in.

Stretched at full length in the fresh straw which covered the hard boards of our cock-pit, away we went with cracking whip, plunging and lumbering over the billowing roads in great bodily discomfort. But there was ample compensation in the talk and high spirits of our driver, a good, gossiping fellow, the very sort one would choose to go a journey with. He sat agape at what we told him of the outside world, regaling us in turn with accounts of his life, his larks, and his travels through the country. He was known to every one along the road, and especially beloved by all the pretty girls.

"Hit's a sight in this world how they like us travelin'-men better 'n any others," he observed. "I guess hit's because I make a fuss over 'em and talk purty to 'em," he added, ruminatively.

"I hain't no scriptorian," he philosophized on another occasion, "and I hain't much of a hand to admire the sceneries of nature, unless thar's a good-lookin' gal in 'em somewheres. But I do like travelin', and I know jest how you fellers feel when you go boomin' about the world and makin' a map o' the country."

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So the talk ran on, suggesting the character of the country itself—piquant, pungent, delightful, full of sudden turns and surprises, as the road rose and fell and wound its labyrinthine way among the wild and wooded hills of Wilkes County.

As we crossed the Virginia line and approached Hillsville, we determined to refer as little as possible to the famous Allen affair, which, we felt, must still be a sore point with the citizens. We soon found, however, that our circumspection was entirely uncalled for. Some, indeed, professed to deplore the "stain" that had been brought upon the good name of "ole Cyarroll County." But, from the second cousin of Sidna Allen's wife, who drove us up through Fancy Gap, home of the Allen family, in his empty tan-bark wagon, and pointed out all the places of interest—including the little burying-ground in the Gap where Floyd and his son Claude had recently been laid to rest—to the sheriff and other county officials, who reconstructed for us on the spot the scene of the affray and showed us the battle-scarred chamber of justice, all wanted to talk of nothing else.

Every one had stories to tell of the Allens, who were a "fightin' generation," and who, when they were not in feud with some other faction, were usually engaged in quarrels among themselves.

What made it difficult to credit such anecdotes was the peaceful and even "cultured" appearance of Hillsville, which has none of the look of the typical mountain county-seat. It is this that the Northern reporters who received the assignment could not forgive the little town. The townspeople, on their side, cannot forgive the reporters for the flights of fancy in which they indulged in order to create the requisite local color so sadly lacking in reality. The ladies of the "Texas Hotel" told with indignation of an old log barn that these reporters photographed and sent in to their papers as a "typical residence of Hillsville."

They must have hunted hard to find it, for, on the surface at least, Hillsville has long since passed the log-cabin stage of civilization. When we reached it at last on our northward wanderings, and saw the pink-shaded candles on the hotel supper-table, we felt that we had crossed some invisible frontier in time and re-entered that world of to-day which we had left to linger for a while in the world of "our contemporary ancestors."

An Autumn Evening

BY MARY LOUISA ANDERSON

THE walk we took this afternoon
  Into the west, is with me still:
The little, pale, unlighted moon,
  The purple shadows on the hill,

The dusty road that wound away
  Across the wide and patient field—
Dear land, that gave the summer day
  Its minted heart of gold in yield!—

The forest fires that made the air
  As sweet as Heaven and strong as Earth.
(Dear, stoop and stir the ashes where
  The fire dies upon the hearth!)

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A Certain Recipient

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

ABOARD at last at Alexandria, with Cairo and the Nile in the wake of these desperate travels, and the ship departed into the red twilight, Claywell rested. After all, the Egyptian spectacle had not abstracted him. It remained, to be sure, in memory, but without continuity—a receding confusion: the high colors of the scene; the dry, blistering light; the empty cries; the brown, bare throng; the beasts and footfalls and robes; the musty past; the sores and whining greed; the fragmentary movement. Looking back, now, from the rail of the steamer—beyond the white swirl and black line of shore to the streets and sunlight and sand—Claywell watched the reel of his progress unroll in broken flashes. It occurred to Claywell, in a whimsical twist of recollection, that he had had very little to do with the Egyptian journey—that in New York, three months before, he had ordered it, in brisk phrases, as a man commands the action of his business subordinates, and that the members and faculties concerned had performed the services required, leaving Claywell free to dissociate himself from the proceeding and be occupied with affairs not related in place or time. It was as though Claywell, seated at his desk one fine morning, having come to a conclusive determination, had pushed this button and that, and had said to his eyes, lips, legs, ears, hands, whose diligence he rewarded every Saturday night, and upon whose devotion he might therefore reasonably depend, "You will take me to Egypt, if you please, conducting yourself with perspicacity and propriety; and as matters of great personal importance will preoccupy me meanwhile, you will be good enough not to trouble me with the detail of the undertaking."

"Very good, sir."

"That is all."

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning."

Claywell's legs—his eyes, lips, ears, hands—had been obedient to their instructions. They had taken him to Egypt. Claywell had no fault to find with the performance of his commands. But the incidents of the way, in Claywell's recollection, did not flow, as life flows, like a river: they were detached, fixed in grotesque attitudes—snapshots of a tour. Claywell's recollection of the journey was no more coherent than a conception gathered from a sheaf of tourist photographs exhibited to an untraveled neighbor: "A Street Scene in Cairo," "A Bedouin Encampment," "Our Dragoman," "A Beauty of the Sand," "Climbing the Great Pyramid"—the like of that. There were gaps; and these blank intervals constituted the amazing aspect of the whole affair—Claywell's absence from the body.

In these past months his vision had fallen into a singularly perverse habit: it frequently ignored that which confronted it—penetrated the solid, immediate present, and focused sharply upon other places and past time. Claywell could even say to his plump, pink flesh, "Sit here, please. You're quite safe. I'll be back presently"—and be gone, three thousand miles in a flash, to rejoin Alice in the fields of those years that are sped. Once, indeed, in Cairo, overlooking the street from a chair at Shepard's, Claywell had roamed so far, remained so long away, that he had been recalled by a perturbed Italian gentleman, who fancied him dead of heart failure; and Claywell—returning, startled, from the orchard of his courtship—had found his feet and hands gone numb. It amused him, sometimes, to think of his body as a habitation with a door—to maintain that space and time were not by any means immutable limitations of our mortality.

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This occasional sense of detachment from the body, however, did not at all times amuse the wretched Claywell.

"It is a symptom of some damned nervous disorder," he thought. "I suppose I shall go mad."

Claywell was a manufacturer of novelties: he exploited, that is to say, useful little inventions. He had been a twinkling, wholesome fellow; he had carried himself, for example, with tolerant good humor and the brisk assurance of rectitude—had shown young, clean flesh to the world. As for Claywell's personality, it was plump; and Claywell, too, was plump, notwithstanding his bereavement—a bit portly, now, and rosy and fair and spectacled, and bald beneath the cunning arrangement of his thin hair, so that when Claywell employed his military brushes and paused, as sometimes he did, to reflect upon his appearance, the fact that Alice had loved him was more and more a poignant miracle. Claywell had married late in life—at forty-one; and Alice had been young—a lovely, tender little creature in Claywell's regard. Claywell's astonishment in this new revelation had been of such a degree—the small delights of love and the peace of an established companionship — that in the seven months of his life with Alice he had been too rapturously bewildered to perceive that the relationship was a normal arrangement in the lives of most men and women. Had he been twenty-seven, he might have been in the way of looking forward with propriety, after a while, to a second relationship of the same sort; and had he been sixty-two, the quest might presently have become the jaunty, critical employment of his half-holiday afternoons and long evenings. Being forty-one, Claywell could not be reconciled. Alice had loved Claywell, young as she was—plump, pink old Claywell! And Alice was dead: the miraculous partnership dissolved—Claywell alone again, now for good and all. At forty-one he was neither young enough for new visions nor old enough for the healing of delusion.

What he wanted now was the hope of immortality. This was not by any means a sentimentality of Claywell's grief. He would have confessed to the wish in the subway between Canal Street and Astor Place, in the sweaty, exhausted confusion of any week-day; he would have admitted the thing at luncheon in crisp, matter-of-fact terms, precisely as he might have discussed the construction of a newfangled cigar-lighter which he was proposing to put on the market. It was a proper, masculine aspiration, Claywell thought—nothing to hide, nothing to stutter over, nothing to make a man flush. Claywell had kissed Alice's dead hand. It was hard, cold, shrunken—mere clay. Claywell had understood at once, of course, that Alice was no longer in the lovely flesh, and he had been no longer interested in the undertaker's arrangements, to which previously he had solicitously attended, as though in the customary furtherance of Alice's distinction and comfort—nor had he given heed to the preacher's sympathetic modulations, "I am the resurrection and the life." Whatever remained of Claywell's early faith—not much remained—had departed when his passionate lips touched the earthy mortality of Alice's hand. This had occurred to him then in an unusual flight of fancy: that the soul is like the flame of a candle—blown out by the breath of Nature. To follow the chemical reaction of the candle-flame into some other living manifestation of energy was beyond the scope of Claywell's imagination; and so the perfection of his poor metaphor had remained to him—the soul of man, whatever it was, was blown out like a flame. Alice was dead; she had vanished away—the light and warmth of an extinguished fire.

Still, there was the hope of immortality. It was a vital reality in the lives of millions of sane men and women. It had always been a potent aspiration—generations beyond any numbering. Claywell knew that. Claywell was not a fool. And in the hope of immortality—as Claywell knew—lay the only cure under heaven. Nothing else could ease and reconcile him. It was a specific; he must have it, he fancied, then, or perish. Yet Claywell was a healthy, normal individual. In common with all others in his plight he felt the need of this sustenance of the spirit. As a matter of fact, Claywell did not care particularly

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for the society of God, as God is popularly presented to the imagination. He did, however, want the hope of immortality, and, being a reasonable, methodical man, he had sought to possess it reasonably, methodically, decently, in no frenzy, you may be sure, of fear or remorse, since he had not the slightest occasion for either, but, like an honest man, engaged in an honest endeavor. The difficulty was, perhaps, that Claywell had no considerable learning—that he was incapable of comprehending either the science or metaphysics involved in the elucidation of any reasonable theory of the immortality of the soul. He brooded: "I am not looking for future reward, and I am not afraid of future punishment; such considerations do not interest me in the least; what I want is merely to be able to hope in a decently reasonable way that I am not like the beasts that perish. I do not want to continue to feel that Alice died like a dog. I do not want to continue to feel that I am to die like a dog. That's all—and that's enough."

When he was alone, late at night, his mind would run itself to a stupor of weariness.

"Most men believe in what is called a life beyond the grave. Why can't I? I've lived a decent life, haven't I? These men are not fools; they are not liars: many of them are sane, strong, learned men; they do not deceive themselves. The corruptible shall put on incorruption; the mortal, immortality; and then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Why can't I believe that? They do. Why can't I?" Claywell would read again to ease his mood. There were celestial bodies, it seemed, and bodies terrestrial. The glory of the terrestrial was one glory—the glory of the celestial another. There was a natural body, too, and a spiritual. The corruptible would put on incorruption, the mortal immortality; and then would come to pass the saying that was written: Death is swallowed up in victory. Those were noble words. Claywell was aware of that. They were not divinely inspired: this was not a divinely authoritative and all-wise revelation, of course—to be absorbed literally and unquestioned into the daily philosophy of a man. The words expressed a noble aspiration—this reaching out to lay hold upon an incomparable satisfaction. That was all. Claywell's response ended there. "What's the matter with me?" he would complain. "My God, I'm a clod! Why can't I feel, as other men feel—why not rise, in a vision, as other men rise? I'm a clod—a clod! What will quicken me? I shall never be quickened. I'm a clod. I am constitutionally incapable of faith. That's it. I've struck it at last. I am just one of a multitude of poor devils who are constitutionally incapable of faith. This is where I get off. I'm through. I don't know what's going to happen. And I never can feel that I know."

It would be long past midnight, sometimes, when he broke off these reflections.

"It's a gift," he had determined at last. "I give it up."

It was then that Claywell had weakened and begun to break in a nervous way so fast and terribly that the precariousness of his state was obvious even to himself; and it was presently thereafter—he had caught himself, as he was faintly amused to fancy, away from his own body, roaming the fields of his courtship with Alice—that he had undertaken the Egyptian journey. There are times when it is a perilous matter to be without the hope of immortality.

Out of Alexandria, now, returning from the futile Egyptian journey, Claywell paced the deck, near midnight. It was February weather. A warm little wind was blowing out from the African sands. The night was starlit. A soft sea ran. Except for one other, he was alone. He was faintly aware of his fellow-passenger—a bulky, upstanding, gray man, of his own age, perhaps, but with a step that was solid and brisk, a head that was up, a chest that was out: a big fellow, in sound physical condition; in good spiritual health, too, expanding now to the beauty of the night as he swung blithely up and down the length of dim-lit deck. Claywell caught ear, now and again, of snatches of song drifting past with the wind. It was a vastly raucous performance, amazingly false to

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the simple melody, and sentimentally out of proportion to the rude bulk of the singer; but it was done with a will—the lilt of a man who could not sing, but sang, at any rate and at random, psalms or ditties, to please his buoyant mood. Claywell was troubled neither by the company nor the music. Having been merely aware, momentarily, of the proximity of an individual in good heart with life, he sighed and forgot both, being aware also that a good many people were in good heart with life. It was Claywell's habit in these days, moreover, to dismiss from his cognizance, impatiently, whatsoever in the spectacle of the world he traveled savored of gaiety and abundant health. Presently Claywell paused to look up at the stars from the rail of the ship; and he fancied there—in disgust with the clownish flight of his own imagination—that beyond the boundaries of the night there were surely no habitable spaces for the aspiration of the soul.

Turning, then, to walk again, Claywell confronted, in the light of a deck-lamp, his brother-in-law. It was an incredible encounter. Both men stared—attitudes fixed, as in a motion-picture come to rest. Claywell stirred first—spoke first.

"This," said he, dryly, his mouth awry, "is an unfortunate meeting."

The reply was robust: "Not at all, John!"

"Good God! Goodson, I *know* you!"

"Well," said Goodson, heartily, "what of that?"

"What of that?" Claywell repeated, in a flush of impatience with the imperturbability of the other. "It creates a devilish awkward situation. That's the mildest way of putting it. I can't forget that I know you, can I?"

"Why should you forget it?"

"Obviously," Claywell began, "I—"

"There is nothing obvious in the situation," Goodson interrupted. "If you think there is, John, you blunder."

Claywell cleared his throat of astonishment. "It is obvious—" he began again.

"It is *not* obvious," Goodson insisted. He smiled faintly. Claywell could not account for the smile. It was benignant. That was singular. "You think, of course," Goodson went on, "that my presence in this part of the world is an indiscretion. As a matter of fact, it is a reasonable thing. You don't understand—that's all. As for meeting you, John—*I'm* not disturbed."

Claywell pondered this. "You propose to arrange complications, I suppose," said he, "by leaving the ship at Naples?"

"No."

"Gibraltar, then?"

"No."

"The climate of Madeira—"

"No, no, no, John!" Goodson broke in. "I am not interested in the climate of Madeira. I have more important business in hand than the climate of Madeira. I am booked through to New York."

"You are lying, Goodson," said Claywell, quietly. "You were always a liar. You learned to lie when you learned to talk. You have been lying ever since. Sometimes you are a stupid liar. You are stupidly lying now. New York! You don't expect me to believe that, do you? Why, man, you haven't taken a single precaution! You haven't even grown a beard. I knew you instantly. You look the same as—you look as young as when—you look younger—you seem to be in better health—"

Goodson's chin went up a little. He said, "I am going to New York."

"Why lie, Goodson—to me?"

"I'm not lying, John. You'll believe me in a minute. That's always the way now. It won't take long. I'll wait, John."

"Why wait?"

"Wait for you to believe me. You'll do it. I'm in no hurry."

A silence then.

"You believe me, now, don't you, John?"

"I do," said Claywell, promptly. "I don't know why. It's amazing."

"Oh no, John! It isn't amazing. It's natural enough. You don't understand. That's why you're surprised."

Claywell ignored this. "Astounding!" he muttered.

Goodson said, in mild reproof, as of some injustice, "I am accustomed, John, to being taken at my word."

"You are accustomed to—" Claywell

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gasped. "You are accus— *You*, Goodson!"

"It doesn't surprise *me*, John."

"But I never believed you before," Claywell protested. "You are a confirmed liar, Goodson. You know that. You have always lied. And yet—now—why, I—"

Goodson grinned and twinkled in enjoyment of this stuttering amazement. No least wrinkle of wrath or shame disturbed his beaming amusement. He was delighted. And all at once he laughed outright. It was a free, gleeful laugh—springing from clean mirth alone. It was such a laugh as must come from a limpid source. Goodson had never laughed like that before within Claywell's hearing. Why now? It was a splendid laugh. Claywell was astonished anew. Claywell could not have managed a laugh like that. It was too spontaneous — too robustly joyous. Claywell could occasionally cackle a little. That was all, poor devil!—and what laughter he was capable of was disheartening to hear. It was like mirth no more than the grin of a skull resembles the smile of warm flesh. Claywell knew it, too; and Goodson's living guffaw, therefore, running off with the wind, as clean as the wind, irritated Claywell. He stepped impatiently to the rail, whence he returned, then at once squarely faced his brother-in-law and flashed in upon his mirth.

"I have my limitations," said he. "You are my brother-in-law. I won't betray you."

"Thanks, John," Goodson drawled.

"Oh, no thanks at all!" said Claywell, in easy contempt. "I'm selfish. Why revive the scandal? You owe me nothing."

"Thanks all the same, John."

"I'm damned if I'll be thanked!" Claywell exploded.

"Well, John, I owe you—"

"The devil you do, you scoundrel! You owe me nothing, I say. And what *I* owe *you* is a thrashing. Some day, Goodson, I will—beat you up."

"I should not resist, John."

"Resist? No; of course not. I should not expect you to. You have the body of a man, Goodson, and the spirit of a worm."

"I have more spirit, John, than I used to have."

"You have been trafficking with a miracle-worker," Claywell sneered.

"Yes," said Goodson; "that's a fair assumption."

Claywell demanded, abruptly, "Are you alone, Goodson?"

"That's a queer question," Goodson replied. "Why do you ask me that?"

"I thought, perhaps, that the—you understand?"

"No, John."

"The young woman, Goodson, who supplanted Mary?"

It was too much for Goodson. He was dumfounded. "I see," said he, by and by, when he could command his astonishment. "You thought— Well, well, you are a very simple fellow, John! Don't you know that the lady always departs with the last dollar of the money? The lady in question, John, departed with the last dollar of the money. She took it with her. That was in Shanghai. It was more than eleven years ago. And you thought— You are a very simple fellow, John. I did not know that there was such simplicity in the world." He added, bewildered: "I have a great deal to learn. What a world it is!"

"The young woman," Claywell complained, testily, by way of defending himself, "might have had a successor."

"She had a good many successors, John."

"You are such a hound, in that respect, Goodson," said Claywell, "and you have always been such a hound, that it astounds me to find you—unaccompanied."

"I'm alone, John."

"Oh, I believe you," Claywell admitted. "I don't know why. As I said before, it's amazing. Still, I believe you, Goodson."

"Thanks, John."

"The devil with your thanks!"

Claywell hated Goodson. He must hate Goodson. It was an honorable hatred. It was righteous. No man with Claywell's wrongs could do less than hate Goodson implacably. It had been contemptible in Goodson to court a girl of Mary Claywell's years on the sly. Mary had been wearing her first long

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skirt. She had not been old enough to comprehend. Goodson's obliquity had been known to Mitchellville. Goodson himself must have been aware of his own confirmed obliquity. If Goodson's stealthy courtship of Mary had been contemptible, luring Mary into a runaway match, in the course of Claywell's absence in New York, had been dastardly, in Claywell's regard. Goodson had been too clever for Claywell. Claywell had smelled no wind of disaster. The cunning seizure of Mary's patrimony, almost immediately accomplished when Mary came of age, had been an aggravating incident of Goodson's treachery. Goodson's waste of these few friendly dollars had been a contemptible example of the small-town pursuit of what is called easy money—shady investments, at first, involving no labor on Goodson's part, and, after that, with the poor fragments of Mary's fortune, some dealings in queer stocks, some sordid race-track losses, and, in the end, the spendings of a contemptible small-town debauchery. Goodson had straightened up for a time after the last crash, and had gone to work in his father's one-horse, old-fashioned little private bank. Claywell, having come from New York, where, by now, his business was established, had seen to at least an appearance of reformation; but Claywell had not been able to correct Goodson's increasing neglect of Mary—nor had he been able to persuade Mary out of her loyalty to Goodson.

There had been a good deal of drunkenness, a good deal of borrowing, managed by means of whimpers and lies; and there had been a good deal of scandal, too: Goodson's affair, for example, with —but never mind about that; there was talk enough and open shame enough at the time. Goodson had absconded at last, like the dupe of a cheap story, with a stranded young woman of The Rolly Polly Girls Company, who had employed her fascinations at the hotel with the thrifty notion of a return to New York, but had discovered no objection to flight with the loot of a little bank. It had been a contemptible defalcation, involving, in the ruin of the one-horse bank, the ruin of washerwomen, laborers, small depositors generally, and the death of Goodson's father, as Goodson must have foreseen. It had killed Mary, too—this grief and shame, following upon years of neglect. Facing Claywell now, in the light of the deck-lamp, Goodson stood for the moment—though he did not know it—where he had always taken refuge from Claywell's wrath, in the shelter of Mary's forgiving and protecting love. For a long time after Mary's death Claywell had wanted to kill Goodson—to follow Goodson, to throttle him, knife him, shoot him, anything to make a violent end of Goodson (such were his grief and rage and shame); and Claywell had wondered more and more at odd moments as the years increased what would happen in the encounter, should it ever come to pass. And, well, here was the incredible encounter—here crossing from Alexandria to Naples in soft February weather. And what was Claywell to do? Surveying Goodson, deliberately, in renewed and more abounding amazement, Claywell found Goodson's health stalwart, his eyes clear, his carriage no longer a hang-dog shuffle.

Claywell had even envied Goodson—this selfsame Goodson—as he swung up and down the length of dim-lit deck, in good heart with life, his step buoyant, his head up, his chest out, snatches of song drifting off with the wind from the African sands.

"You seem, Goodson," Claywell remarked, "to be in good health."

"I'm strong as a hawser, John."

"I don't understand it."

"Why, John, I *expected* to be in good health!"

"When I last heard of you, you were in Tokio; and in Tokio, Goodson, you were broken and—low."

"I was rotten in Tokio."

"It's amazing!"

"It isn't amazing. You just don't—"

"Why do you say that, Goodson? It *is* amazing. McKenzie said you were down and out with drink and drugs."

"I was, John."

"I find you here, not only in good health," Claywell went on, "but in easy circumstances."

"I'm pretty well fixed, John."

"That's strange, Goodson."

"It followed naturally. You see,

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John, the trouble is that you just don't—"

"Where did the money come from, Goodson?"

"Western Australia, John—beyond Kanowna."

"A mine of some sort?"

"Yes, John," Goodson explained—"a little gold-mine. It wasn't much—just enough for me to get by with. It's all mining out in that country. I drifted out that way with a mate from Shanghai about two years ago. No; that's wrong, John. I didn't *drift* out there. I *went*. *I* knew what I was doing. And I liked it out there, too. I liked the sky and the stars for the first time in my life. I liked the freedom. I liked the sand and the heat and the sunshine. It was out there that I learned to love my life. Why, John, sometimes now I thirst for life—years and years of life. Perhaps I did wrong to go out there. Most people would look at it that way. I don't know—myself. It troubled me a good deal for a long while. I used to debate it at night, and I never could quite tell. But I looked at it this way, John: I didn't want to tie myself up for years—for five years, maybe, of all the best years of my life. It didn't seem right or necessary to do that. It didn't seem fair to me or to what I wanted to do. And five years, John—five years of prison! I couldn't do it. What would I have been worth afterward? It would have broken my spirit. I would have been old. I couldn't have earned a dollar. Anyhow, John, whether I was right or wrong, I went out beyond Kanowna with a mate, like me, from Shanghai, and my mate and I stuck to the sand prospecting until we located and had a nice little mine to sell. And I sold, John, just as soon as I could command a little bit more than eleven thousand dollars—just as much more as I had to have."

"Of course," Claywell observed, "the amount has its significance."

"It's the total, John, with compound interest."

"I am not blind to the implication, Goodson," said Claywell. "You are going back to Mitchellville to make good and serve your term."

"That's it," said Goodson, smiling. "You believe me, don't you?"

"Oh yes, I believe you," Claywell replied. "I don't understand it, though. You have reformed. That's plain. But why? And how? Your health, Goodson—where did your health come from? And your smile? And your laugh? Good God! Goodson, how did you recover the power to laugh as you can laugh? It's a miracle. We have heard something of you—of your wretched condition and abominable celebrity. Fraser met you in Shanghai. That was nine years ago. You were down and out then. Fraser said that you were subsisting God knew how—that you were wrecked, indecent, and an outcast. You must remember meeting Fraser. It was Fraser who told you of Mary's death. You were drunk—very drunk. Fraser could not even be sure that you had comprehended him. McKenzie ran across you in Tokio. You recall McKenzie, don't you? And where you met him?—the low circumstances of the thing. That was a degraded employment, Goodson—your employment in the Yoshawara of Tokio. Drink, yes, and drugs—and a depth beneath those depths! You were an abomination, Goodson. How did you get on your feet again? McKenzie heard of you in Hong-Kong and Singapore. McKenzie said that you were abominable beyond the conception of any man who did not know the East—that you were the lowest white man in the East—that you subsisted only upon your reputation for bestiality—"

Goodson put in quietly, "I fell very low, John."

"Low? You were bestial!"

"Yes, John, I was a beast."

"A beast? Even that is short of the truth. Your bestiality was open and unashamed and celebrated!"

"That's right, John."

"Is there any iniquity known to the sons of men, Claywell cried, passionately, "with which you are not familiar?"

"No, John."

"Is there any one of which you are not guilty?"

"I think not, John," Goodson replied. He reflected. "No—not one."

Claywell laughed bitterly. "Great Scott!" said he; "it must be a world's record!"

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"I am not proud of it," Goodson protested, hastily. "That is," he qualified, "I—I—I have no wish to forget those iniquities. You can easily understand that they are useful to me for purposes of comparison. I prize, in a way—I cherish—the past. I like to realize the contrast—to appreciate the magnitude of the—to apprehend the unspeakable riches of the gift—and to—"

"What gift, Goodson?"

"God has been very good to me, John," Goodson replied, in decent humility. "I am a converted Christian man. It happened in Shanghai," he added, "just three years and four days ago."

"Oh, my God!" Claywell gulped. He threw up his arms in disgust.

"Just a minute, John! Now, don't—"

Claywell broke into laughter. It was a loud, scornful hoot. "Oh, my God! it's a scream!" he chuckled. "It's a big scream!"

Goodson stiffened. And then something began to happen to Claywell. Goodson's voice rose. It was stern. It dominated Claywell's disgust and scorn. "Hold on, John!" The ring in the voice —Goodson's flash into manhood—startled Claywell. He stared. "You can't laugh at me," Goodson went on. "You can't talk to me that way. No man can. I don't—I don't *stand* for that sort of thing. I hold up my head. I'm not ashamed. What have I to be ashamed of? I'm clean. I'm clean, I say. I respect myself. I can't let any man insult the miracle of this change in me." Goodson's voice fell a little. He went on, in pathetic explanation: "I have no sense of guilt. I have no guilt. It has been taken away. There's no stain of it left upon me. That's the way God Almighty works—that great, big way. Can't you understand what I'm telling you, John?—that I'm all new and clean. *I'm* a man."

Claywell snorted his doubt.

"Back of Kanowna, on the gold-fields there," Goodson went on, "they know that I'm a man. They know it in Shanghai, too—where I'm going back some day to lend a hand to the poor devils who live in the hell of that place. I act like a man, don't I? I look like a man, don't I? God Almighty knows that I'm a man. I know it. You know it, too, don't you, John?" Claywell's stare relaxed. His attitude of disgust wavered. And Goodson continued, in a gentle, radiant sort of way: "I'm happy, John. Life's good. Ah, man—this sweet night! It's mine as much as any man's. The breeze, the stars, the soft dark, the foam, the swish of the water—the wide sea, the breath of the world, the glory of the heavens! All mine—as much as yours. I'm in harmony, John—I conform to the law of the stars. I'm a man at last like other men." Claywell listened to this rhapsody in increasing bewilderment. Was this Goodson? And Goodson ran on: "I respect myself, John—as you respect yourself. I aspire—like you. I'm as clean as you. I have as much courage as you, as much hope, as much to live for. I'm as happy. I look forward to the same eternity of—"

Claywell was white with rage. He broke in upon Goodson—his voice a low, slow, drawling sneer, "Your sins were as scarlet, Goodson?"

"Yes, John."

"They are whiter than snow, Goodson?"

"You choose cant phrases, John. Is this to ridicule me? They are good phrases. I know no better ones. I am not annoyed. Yes, yes—if you like to put it that way: my sins are whiter than snow."

"You live in the hope of a glorious resurrection, Goodson?"

"I do."

"And the life everlasting, Goodson?"

"Yes, the life everlasting. I do."

A silence fell between the two men. Goodson gazed steadily into Claywell's scornful eyes. He was drawn up and gravely expectant. He was not abashed. A storm of contempt gathered in Claywell's mind. It would be a scathing blast when it broke. Claywell intended that it should wither Goodson's detestable piety and put the fellow in his place, beyond the consideration of all decent men. For the moment his scorn was too large and tumultuous for expression. It flushed his face. He stammered.

"You damned hound—" he began.

It was then that something happened to Claywell. It was a flash of comprehension, perhaps—nothing more. He

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could never otherwise account for it. It had come from without—like a flash of light; of that he was sure. "You damned hound—" he had begun. And that was all. He stopped. The impulse to damn Goodson had vanished. It would be unjust to damn Goodson. And Claywell was just. Goodson was a new man. It was not to be denied by any reasonable intelligence. "I was born again." It was a cant phrase of the rankest quality, it sprang into Claywell's mind; and Claywell knew that no other phrase could be so apt and complete in description of the departure of Goodson from his old personality into this new separate and spiritual self. This Goodson was a new creature. This new Goodson was not fairly to be held accountable for the deeds of the old Goodson. Claywell was for the first time deeply cognizant of the mystery of the forgiveness of sin. Goodson's sins had been—well, forgiven: that was it. Forgiven? What did that mean? It meant something, and that something was obviously of vast and momentous significance. What did it mean? Claywell did not know. His illumination went no further. It ended with this, that concerned with life and the soul there was the mystery of the forgiveness of sin. Claywell was ready to admit that Goodson had come out of a state of condemnation. Goodson had wronged Mary! had degraded her name and abandoned her; yet it was not for Claywell to damn him for these deeds—not to damn the man he had become.

Yet he was disgusted with the weakness to which he had been compelled.

"John!"

"Well?"—a snarl.

"It is hard for me to put it in a way that will not offend your reason and sense of good taste. To ask you, I mean, in a sensible way—man to man, you understand—"

"What is it, Goodson?"

"I will put it bluntly to you. God has forgiven me. Won't you?"

Claywell hesitated. "It's monstrous," he replied, with decision, at last. "I feel like a dog, Goodson. Like a dog. I can't have anything to do with you, you know. Really—that's a length beyond me. I won't deal with you—see you. But— Oh, hell! Goodson. Yes—I forgive you! Go to the devil!"

It was not the end of this singular experience. There was something else. Claywell could not explain it. Nor can I. Claywell had forgiven Goodson. It had been a reasonable act: so healthy and true as to have been involuntary—not a sentimental attitude. It indicated disturbance and change. That may have sensitized Claywell's spiritual perceptions to the impressions of a new and profound experience. At any rate, Claywell went then to his cabin. He was chagrined and despondent. In such a mood new conceptions might fashion themselves with the speed of a chemical reaction. And Claywell reflected: Goodson was established in faith and an upright way. Goodson possessed this infinitely desirable conviction of immortality. It had transformed him. It had changed the very soul of the man. Soul? —yes, the soul of the man. The fellow *had* a soul—must have a soul and know that he had a soul. Damn him, he was immortal! How dispute it? He *knew.*

Claywell turned in to sleep. The moon was up. A breeze from the African sands came in at the port-hole. There was a soothing lap and gurgle and swish of water. It was a pleasant place to lie down to sleep. . . . Claywell drifted off to the orchard of his courtship—the years with Alice that were sped. The orchard was sweet with blossoms. It was springtime, then — twilight and Alice. . . . This was not a dream: Claywell was awake. . . . And night fell; and Claywell left this field of past time—and drifted up to the nearer days—and drifted on—and drifted far beyond—without perceiving the destination of his course—and came at last into the certain expectation of another meeting with Alice. It was a country he had never traveled before. Alice was there. She had been waiting. He caught her hand —caught both hands—kissed her warm lips

Aroused to the meaning of this flight of faith, Claywell sat bolt-upright in his berth. "Well, I'll be damned!" he chortled.

This was not in earnest.

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Exploring the Harvard Glacier

BY DORA KEEN

NO one had ever set foot on the Harvard Glacier. Even to approach it was hard enough, and to reach its sources would take weeks and afford plenty of adventure. Of that I felt sure from five weeks spent on Alaskan glaciers two years before in the ascent of Mt. Blackburn, although it was only 16,140 feet high.

To travel up a great river of ice, among mountains that are always sheathed in snow because within three hundred miles of the Arctic Circle, is almost as hard as to climb a high peak in Alaska; for the last fuel—willows—is left at 2,200 feet, and above 4,000 feet, even in summer, snow-shoes have to be worn. On the coast the snow-line begins at 3,000 feet, and at that latitude any exploration above the snow-line resembles Arctic exploration. The time is shorter and temperatures are higher; but even Arctic explorers do not have to carry their outfit on their own backs.

Indeed, to reach the sources of most Alaskan glaciers is so difficult that few of those who have studied them have tried to go beyond their ends, although forty-eight of them flow into the sea. There are literally thousands of glaciers in Alaska, of which "scores and probably hundreds," say the scientists, "have a length of ten to fifty miles or more."

The glaciers are directly concerned with the development of the country, for the nearest ice-free ports from which to build railways through to the rich interior by an all-American route are on the southern coast, and for eleven hundred miles this coast is an almost unbroken succession of high snow peaks and ice-filled valleys. The scenery is the finest in the world, but the problems for the engineer are serious. For study is showing that the Alaskan glaciers are not all melting away, as had been supposed, but that some of them actually have periods of advance. Meanwhile, thinking only of gold and copper, and knowing little about glaciers, the hardy pioneers have located mines, towns, and even railways close to a number of glaciers, some of which may yet cause great damage.

Observations by scientists have shown that some Alaskan glaciers are advancing, some receding—not a few feet, as in the Alps, but miles. In 1912 a glacier north of Mt. Logan, which is northeast of Mt. St. Elias, began to advance after two hundred years of inactivity. The Grand Pacific Glacier, of which the Muir was once a tributary, has lost nearly sixty miles in one hundred and eighteen years. Its front receded nearly a mile and a half between June and August, 1912, and then in the next thirteen months as unaccountably advanced almost three-quarters of a mile.

The United States Government has just bought a railway, the Alaska Northern, that has two small glaciers within a quarter of a mile of its tracks. When it was built, in 1907, both Spencer and Bartlett Glaciers appeared to be stagnant. In 1911, however, the late Prof. Ralph S. Tarr and Prof. Lawrence Martin, who were studying a large number of glaciers in Alaska for the National Geographic Society, found that Spencer Glacier had once advanced and actually occupied the ground where the railroad now runs. Indeed, the advance seems to have occurred within the past twelve years. The engineer who built the line did not reckon on the glaciers, because the problem of glaciers in relation to railways is new.

The fundamental cause of the advance or retreat of a glacier is the proportion of snow supply to melting, and as the source of a glacier is the best place to make observations, Professor Martin had suggested that I explore the Harvard Glacier. His observations of the

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tidal ends of this and other glaciers of Prince William Sound indicated variations in climate as the cause of fluctuations in the glaciers of this region, but more observations were needed. I had undertaken to determine and map the sources of this last unexplored part of the Chugach Mountains, to observe any signs of advance or recession, and to make observations of snow, rainfall, and temperatures.

The perpetual daylight and warmth of the early Alaskan summer were waning, but life was still glorious in the great northland, as on the 16th of August, 1914, we transferred our outfit from a little gasolene launch into two small boats. The launch had brought us eighty miles from Valdez westward across beautiful Prince William Sound to Golden, the last mining-camp. There I had procured the two dories which the launch had towed on up into College Fjord.

The Harvard Glacier was still six miles away, but the ebb tide was bringing so many icebergs from it, and the currents were so strong, that the captain feared for his propeller and boat, since to strike even a small-looking iceberg that was seven-eighths under water was like striking a rock. We would have to row the rest of the way, for the sides of our small boats were of three-eighths-inch lumber, and only when there was fairly open water could we risk our adjustable motor, or even the speed of two pairs of oars.

The fjord was twenty-four miles long, with Golden just outside its entrance and the Harvard Glacier at its head. Once the Harvard had been a small part of a great system of glaciers that had completely filled Prince William Sound. Even now it was imposing, for it ended abruptly in a sheer ice-cliff three hundred and fifty feet high and a mile and a quarter wide, with here and there deep blue colors that showed where the ice was falling most often. Five other "tide-water" glaciers, once its tributaries, helped to keep the upper part of the fjord filled with ice. It fell constantly and without warning, especially from the Harvard and Bryn Mawr glaciers, the salt water and tides undermining the ice. No gold had been found near by, and the prospectors had learned "to give them glaziers a wide berth." So we were to have the fjord and its glaciers to ourselves, and must depend upon ourselves for a safe return.

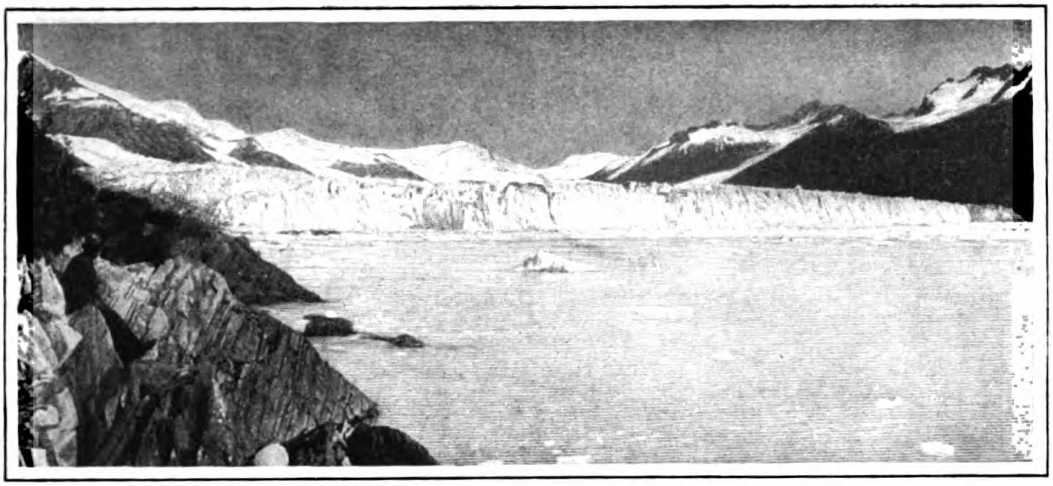
In case we could find a pass at the head of Harvard Glacier, I half planned to explore the northern side of the divide as well, either now or in winter with a dog-sled. If we could thus cross over the mountains to the Matanuska Glacier, which was supposed to flow from the other side, we could perhaps go down it and come out to Cook Inlet by a hundred-mile wilderness trail down the Matanuska Valley. But because of a great bend, from the fjord no one could tell certainly how long the Harvard Glacier was nor whence it came.

Vancouver had been the first to see it, in 1794. In 1899 the Harriman Expedition had named it, and begun the series of four observations of its tidal end already made. Professor Martin's observations of 1910, for the National Geographic Society, were the most recent, and he had warned me that I might have to turn back at the first east tributary, Lowell Glacier. But Alaska had already taught me that if we can but have the courage to *start* upon any undertaking, the way usually opens and the obstacles melt away. In a pioneer land as nowhere else one learns the truth of the proverb, "Nothing venture, nothing have."

There were four of us—just enough for the work and for safety on a glacier that might prove dangerous. None of us were novices. Mr. George W. Handy, the son of a German army officer, had been the only one out of seven men to go all the hard and perilous way to the top of Mt. Blackburn with me. G. A. Rabehl, an American of German parentage, was likewise "an old sour-dough," as the old-timers are called—from their ability to make bread out of sour dough. Mr. H. L. Tucker, of Boston, the topographer, had been with the Parker-Browne Expedition in 1910, when they had reached 10,000 feet in the ascent of Mt. McKinley.

I had organized the party and I made the decisions, but I deferred to the judgment of the men in matters of which

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HARVARD GLACIER FROM COLLEGE FJORD

they had more experience than I; and as they bore the brunt of the work, so they deserve chief credit for its success. For a woman to explore, requires not so much strength as careful choice of companions, and none are better than the hardy pioneers of Alaska, where a hard life has made the "survival of the fittest" the rule. Their resourcefulness, efficiency, courage, and uncomplaining cheerfulness are hard to equal. They think for themselves, yet not of themselves first, and none are more chivalrous to women.

Slowly we rowed to within a mile of that ominous-looking wall of ice at the head of the fjord, then back again two miles, for three miles from our goal was as near as we could find a cove where there were wood and water and also a beach on which our boats would be safe from the tide-borne icebergs. They were so thick that now and again the boats would lose each other as we kept zigzagging in search of open water. At low tide our beach would be covered with stranded icebergs, which blocked exit for the boats and battered them as the tide came in.

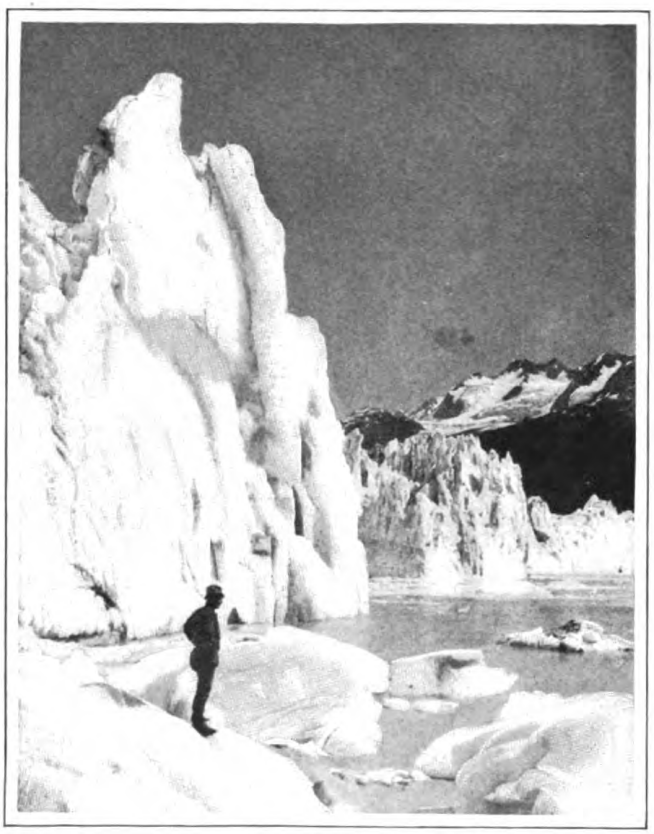
Once when it was high, and we were snug in our sleeping-bags in "mosquito tents," a terrific thunder of falling ice and the great wave following made the men hurry out in the dark lest the boats and my tent be carried away. From the Bryn Mawr Glacier, three miles across, the interval between the sound and the wave was always exactly two minutes and a half. Even from the Harvard the boom as of a great gun would waken us at night, or rather it was as if we were camped in a bowling-alley.

Five times we rowed to the head of the fjord, against ice and tide; for experience soon showed that at low tide less ice broke from the towering cliff. The second time, I stayed below on the nearest safe point to watch the ice break and to see just how near it would be safe to land with our outfit. Meantime, Mr. Tucker and Mr. Handy climbed high and far, to see whether Lowell Glacier—the troublesome-looking tributary—could be crossed and the Harvard itself used for travel farther up. The lower end was all pinnacles. Both men reported favorably, but were of opinion that the torrential stream which entered the fjord only a quarter of a mile from the glacier could not be crossed—with our outfit—except by a climb of a thousand feet, to its source in a hanging glacier. In short, either we must find a safe landing-place somewhere between the stream and the glacier or make the climb. At least, this stream and one from under the ice kept the water near shore clear of icebergs.

On the other, west side of the fjord, it was not hard to land; but even from afar it was easy to see that the three formidable tributaries on that side, the Radcliffe, Eliot, and Martin (named by me for Professor Martin), could no more be crossed than seething rapids,

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which they resembled. So our purpose in pushing our way next day toilsomely through the solid jam of ice that always impeded the crossing of the fjord was merely for observations of the glacier's edge. They showed unmistakably that it was still advancing. Indeed, a tree of good size overthrown by the ice showed that not for a hundred years had the ice been so far forward.



ICE PINNACLES AT THE LOWER END OF HARVARD GLACIER

I had chosen a point three hundred yards from the ice-wall as offering a landing without very great risk, if we were quick; and the fourth trip was accordingly to cut a trail in advance up over the bluffs, against which the boat might be dashed if we had to linger in landing.

Small bits of ice were continually falling at one point or another of the sinuous front, the distance from which they fell causing a report always alarming and quite out of proportion to their size. But the only real danger was when a small piece started a considerable cascade and this in turn brought a whole mass, unnumbered tons, crumbling after it; or when some towering pinnacle, already half cracked away, suddenly lost its support and quietly sank, to rise again as silently in huge fragments which rode out upon a mighty wave. The largest masses seemed to fall chiefly at night and in the afternoon after the day's warmth; but there were no warnings, and the intervals between might be hours or only minutes.

The most frequent falls of importance occurred close to the side on which we were to land. Hardly were we ashore and Rabehl in the tiny boat safely away to open water, when there came a roar and a crash and the whole front of the vast wall of ice seemed to be falling into the sea.

"Back to the cove!" I shouted, and waved; but Rabehl's eyes—and mine—were riveted on the oncoming wave, and on two great bergs close by. They began to rock and seemed to be closing in on the puny twenty-foot dory, if, indeed, it were not to be swamped or dashed to pieces on the relentless rocks. There was no time to escape. He must face the ice-laden wave, bow on, and standing to the oars. Another minute and it caught him! The boat bobbed convulsively, and—the danger was over! Instead of an added peril, the ice had proved a buffer.

With a mind easier in the thought that, after all, there was little real risk to man or boat, I plunged into the dense brush, in which two axes were hard at work. It was so thick, and the scrub alder and spruce boughs so stubborn, that to cut a half-mile "trail" for bulky packs up and down hill took two hours. Even then the only way to find it was by the mark where some one had slipped in the steep mud underfoot. The mosquitoes de-

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voured us, but the men worked on hard and fast, especially when an extra loud roar made us wonder whether Rabehl was safely away in a cove, as we hoped.

Next day the extra supplies, heavy luxuries like flour, were cached at our base camp under one boat safe from any bear, while in a tin can on top, weighted by a rock, I left a record of our plans in detail—lest we fail to return.

Only small cascades of ice poured off the front as we landed near it this time with the outfit. Hurriedly Mr. Tucker threw the packs ashore while Rabehl, oars in hand, kept his eyes on the glacier, ready to pull off at the least warning. Within five minutes they were rowing away, to beach the boat high above any wave and a mile and a half down the fjord. Thence they would climb up through the thousand feet of troublesome brush and make their way along the mountainside to rejoin us.

As fast as we could Mr. Handy and I hurried the outfit to safety, for the line of the brush above warned of waves thirty feet high. The food, bedding, and clothing made ten packs, and there were also the tents, fly, axes, gun, shovel, oil, fuel alcohol, a hand-sled, snow-shoes, ice-creepers, ice-axes, and life-lines. All had to go the rest of the way on our own backs, all but the sled, which there was no chance to use.

Five hours later we had "packed" the first necessaries up and down over the wet, slippery trail and along another third of a mile over the sliding rocks that covered the ice at the glacier's edge. Here on the moraine rocks was the first spot level enough for Camp 2, our first camp beside the glacier. Already we had come farther than any one else, although throughout the trip Mr. Handy teasingly prophesied that somewhere we should come upon a prospector's old tin cans.

A shout from above soon told that the others had seen our smoke, and in Alaska smoke means people. They had found a monument above, but it was the last sign of man or beast that we were to see.

The men were scratched and torn. Mr. Tucker had lost his head-net, and Rabehl his comb and tooth-brush, which he carried in his shirt pocket. I was lame from a severe wrench to one shoulder, and had stubbed one toe so violently as to splinter a piece off the bone. All I knew of it was a sore and swollen joint that made me slow and clumsy throughout the trip.

For the next month rain was the rule. But when the skies were clear, even tents and a fly that would leak and a fire that would smoke were forgotten in the awe and beauty of the lofty snow peaks on every side. On both sides of the glacier they rose higher and higher all the way to its distant sources. Their grandeur and majesty banished all thought of trifling miseries and shamed complaint, as if reminding us how small and unessential are most of the things that absorb our time and thought. Mere things do not bring happiness, and it is a wholesome experience to learn how few material things beyond food and water, warmth and shelter, are of real moment to us.



RABEHL, IN THE DORY, AWAITING THE ONCOMING WAVE

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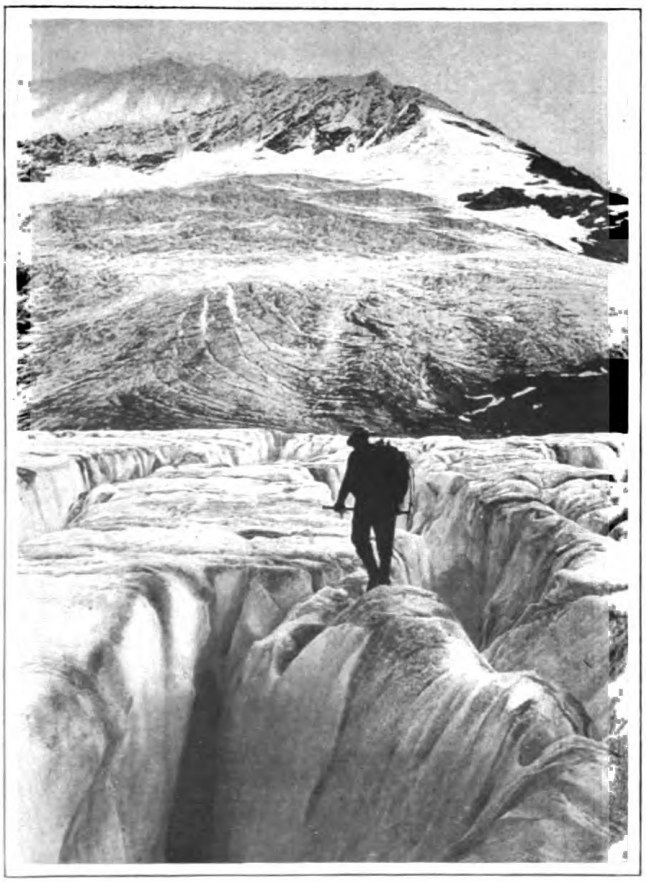
The songs of sparrows and the whistle of an occasional marmot were all that broke the silence. Near as we were to the face of the glacier, no sound of falling ice reached us. A few ptarmigan gave a welcome but rare variety to a diet of which the substance was hardtack, summer sausage, dried mutton legs, dried fruits, cheese, sweet chocolate, and powdered milk. Dried soups and tea were the only rations we had brought that could not be eaten uncooked, lest time or oil and stove be lacking farther on. A few canned articles were too heavy to go higher than this camp.

The relaying began and continued daily, except when a downpour made me remind the men that, after all, this was a pleasure expedition. First we would all explore ahead for about four miles with light packs. The next day the men would go again with heavy packs, and the third trip we would move camp. The way was so hard that a mile an hour was good going.

Lowell Glacier proved not hard to cross, even without creepers. The most interesting thing about it was some dead wood far from "shore," near its junction with the Harvard. An avalanche might have brought it down, but its size and position indicated rather that it was a melancholy remainder of a forest that had once stood in the way of the advancing ice, for small willows were all that now grew on the mountainside above, whence it had probably been borne. The side streams were not troublesome, except that each time we crossed, at least one of us was sure to get wet. The only danger was of slipping and being carried down under the glacier.

Its grade was no more than 350 feet to the mile. But for us the going was perpetually up and down. The "easiest" way we could find was to toil ceaselessly over the boulders in the trough between the soaking grass of the mountainside on the one hand, and the equally steep, if drier, moraine on the other. When any obstacle forced us onto the moraine our top-heavy packs made us stagger along over rocks which slid in heaps with us down the slippery ice underneath, so that it was hard to keep ankles from twisting. Still, the days of relaying beside the glacier were rather trying than difficult; yet it was the 30th of August, nine days after landing, when at last we reached 2,200 feet, only seven miles from the fjord.

So far, at least, there was fuel. The last little living spruce stood out lonely and picturesque a half-mile from the fjord and 500 feet above it. A half-mile further on, at about 700 feet, two dead giants nearly two feet in diameter and sixty feet high stretched their branches

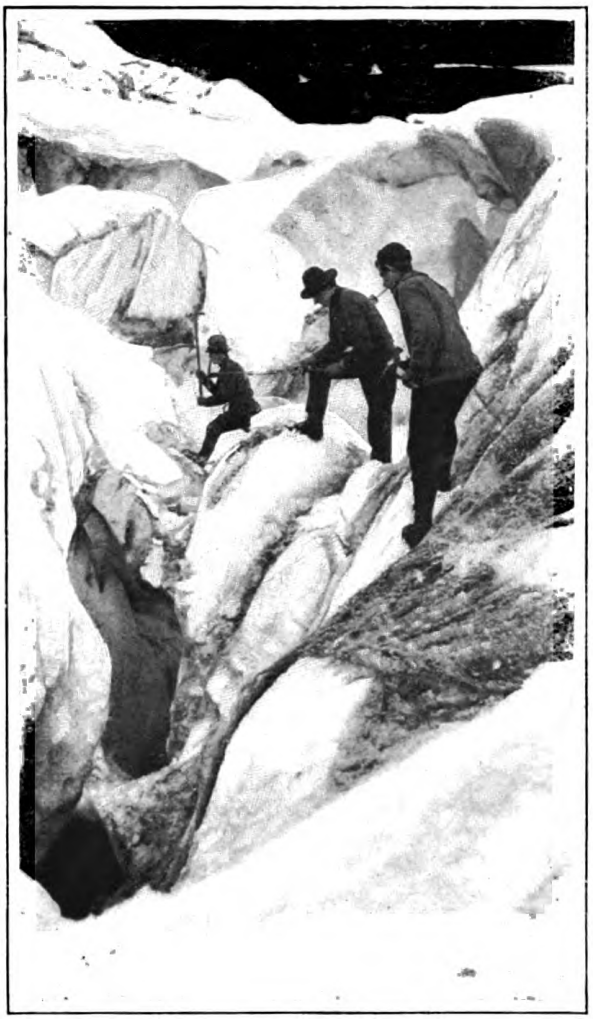


WHEN SOFT SNOW HIDES CREVASSES SUCH AS THESE THEY ARE INDEED DANGEROUS

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like hands above the enveloping moraine, as if in appeal for rescue from the deluge of rocks that now reached quite a hundred yards shoreward from them. On up to about 1,000 feet an occasional dead tree or bush, killed by the ice, lay prostrate in the trough at its edge. But at 1,400 feet a few dead alders, likewise first killed and then uncovered, gave the last dry wood. Two hundred feet up the mountainside, the straight line of the green willows showed how far up the ice had once come, and so recently that grass was all that had since had time to grow. It was streaming with water, so the only place for Camp 3 was the wet gravel of the steep moraine, which it was a labor to level and ditch.

At 2,200 feet, Camp 4, we had reached the very last fuel, the last willows and alders, and also the second east tributary, Davis Glacier (named by me for Professor William Morris Davis, of Harvard University), beyond which all was ice and snow. Beside it, as if to emphasize the contrast, purple lupins waved in the deep grass, a stream of water gurgled enticingly, and the heat of 76° made us wish for shade. While one man set up camp and two brought up relays, I climbed high for a look ahead. We were beyond the great bend, but even from 700 feet above camp I could not yet tell whether there was a pass. At least the Harvard Glacier appeared smooth enough for travel from here on, and for a short distance it was still bare of snow.



WHY IT TOOK THREE HOURS TO GO A QUARTER OF A MILE

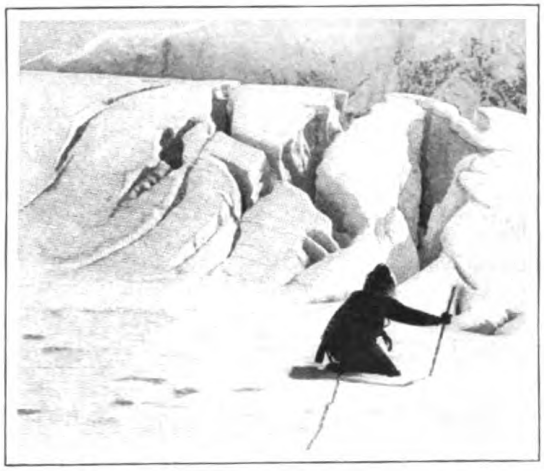
Jump, jump, jump, jump was the story of the following days, the *only* way to travel on the Harvard Glacier; but so long as we could see the crevasses and still jump them or go around, we did not rope. Soon they grew wider, the slivers of ice on which we must often cross narrow and slippery, and the gulfs which they separated profound.

We roped, but almost at the start Mr. Tucker had left us, wishing to try the center of the stream. It looked smoother, but was hard to reach, and for a half-hour at a time now we could see no sign of him. Then for a short interval we would catch a glimpse of a tiny speck a mile away, to be distinguished only when it moved. When he disappeared again between the crests of the long waves in the ice, we would wonder whether he had fallen into a crevasse. He had jestingly said that if he fell in he would throw his hat up, so as to give us at least some idea where to look for him, but he had promised to take no risks.

At 3,000 feet half the crevasses became concealed, not only by solid old snow, but by treacherous new snow which a hot sun was fast softening. Mr. Tucker also was approaching new snow

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and still moving forward. To go to him seemed the only course, although to do so was perilous, for we had then to travel no longer at right angles to the hidden pitfalls, but in line with them. Even at the full length of our 120-foot rope, all three of us might be right over some invisible chasm at the same moment. Cautiously, Mr. Handy felt each step with his ax, but where he passed safely Rabehl or I would often step through to our knees or more.



MR. HANDY IN THE SNOW TO HIS KNEES

We were trying to hurry, lest Mr. Tucker should not see us and go on, but at the new snow he stopped. Then we worried lest he start back and some bridge of old snow that had been safe in the morning might now give way. We were an hour in reaching him. Yet to succeed at all with such conditions was exhilarating, and from here on the snow would doubtless prove hard enough to be an aid instead of a danger.

A night temperature of 36° had warmed to 64°, and in spite of our anxiety we had not paid too dearly for the privilege of witnessing the marvelous changes from the storm of the morning to a scene of glory.

Through rifts in the filmy clouds, spire after spire of glistening snow dimly revealed itself, soaring upward with a whiteness symbolic of purity against a lustrous blue sky. One by one each peak took form as the vapory mists vanished before a dazzling sun. Pinnacles and ridges gleamed resplendent in its descending orb, while in brilliant contrasts long, deep shadows marked where avalanches had grooved all the ridges, and on the cascading glaciers between them the dark lines of abysmal crevasses punctuated each step in the steep descent. One isolated peak, all sheathed in ice, rose a full six thousand feet above its base, so beautiful that our eyes were ever turning to it, but no safe way by which to climb it later on could we see. Mt. Dickey, as I named it, for Mr. W. A. Dickey, who had told me of such a peak, which he had seen from afar, was all steep cornices and glaciers, from which the snow-laden ice broke in great avalanches at all hours.

Certain that our route was feasible, before starting across for Mr. Tucker we had cached our packs on the snow between two crevasses. He did the same now, and conducted us rapidly back to camp by his route. Certainly it was better than ours, but for an hour and forty minutes there were seldom as much as two minutes between jumps.

All night at camp the thundering of falling ice on Martin Glacier reached us, though it was two miles across from us. At dawn the raucous cackle of some willow ptarmigan wakened me as they settled to feed. Soon peak after peak was taking on the delicate pink glow of the fast-rising sun, each with a glory of its own. It was the 1st of September, and already, two nights before, the snow on the mountains opposite had crept down to 3,000 feet, while all the shrubs below had turned red. As if to complete the picture, in the shadows below, gun in hand, Mr. Handy was creeping warily up onto the glacier, where the birds had perched motionless among the rocks. But their color protected them from a far shot, and they were too wild to approach.

I was alone all day. Mr. Handy and Rabehl had gone to Camp 2 for the snow-shoes, oil, and stove; while Mr. Tucker, with another pack, had gone back up the glacier for some observations. Even with my glasses I could never make out any moving object among that sea of crevasses all day, but at nightfall Mr. Tucker suddenly ap-

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peared again at camp, saying he "had jumped half a mile."

I was alone on the brink of that mighty river of ice. Hour after hour I gazed undisturbed on those mile-wide, dazzlingly beautiful and intricate cataracts of ice opposite, on the vast snowfields above, whence they came, and the unnamed peaks still higher, stretching heavenward in sublime grandeur. The only sound was of falling ice, and even the tributary cataracts were of such proportions that the bluest of ice was all that told where it was falling. Hour after hour I looked up from my petty tasks to watch the changing moods of snow peaks and glaciers, as the sun illumined first one side, then the other, of the picture. The mountains became my friends, and each new beauty, each new secret revealed by the changing light, brought the delight of closer acquaintance.

Two days later found us moving camp up the glacier. "Camp" was always the heaviest and bulkiest load; and although a drizzle was fast wetting us, at intervals we sat, indifferent to it, on wet packs or wet snow for a moment's rest to aching backs. As far as Mr. Tucker's cache and beyond, we made good progress; but when we reached the soft snow the rope obliged me to jump at the same rate as Rebehl ahead, although he was six feet tall and I only five. The holes doubled in number, most of them doubly treacherous because concealed, and for an hour we zigzagged about, making exceedingly slow progress. Then we grew perplexed as to which way to venture, and in another half-hour our situation was rapidly becoming precarious. We were not half a mile from the west "shore," where a last patch of bare ground offered a dry camp site and the hope of water in some crevasse, but we could see no way to get off the ice, nor safety in any direction.

On every side the glacier was like a comb of honey. Whichever way Mr. Handy led, the snow was sure to give way under one or another of us, and, while the rope prevented accident, to step through was disconcerting, for we could never tell how far we should drop. The men's packs weighed sixty pounds and more; mine, twenty-five, too much to make jumping easy; and all were handicapped by ice-axes in one hand, snowshoes in the other, and the rope underfoot. Yet thus hampered we must jump bottomless abysses, land on precarious footing, and balance across narrow bridges that were uncertain to hold us



HARVARD GLACIER—TWELVE MILES DISTANT FROM COLLEGE FJORD

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if of snow, and, if of ice, slippery. Now and again the leader would have to chop steps as he went, or two must find safe lodgment for axes and snow-shoes to hold the rope taut for a third. Except at the worst points we could not stop even for this aid, for it was growing late, so that seldom was more than one of us safe at a time. At one point our bulky packs nearly crowded us out of steps just hewn in the wall of a yawning chasm, and once we were safely by we could see no way onward. In an hour and a half we had hardly come nearer shore.

Calmly, first Mr. Handy, then Mr. Tucker, put down pack and snow-shoes, and to my consternation freed themselves from the rope. They must move quickly, they avowed, if we were ever to find or make a way ashore. Both were sure-footed and careful, but Mr. Tucker was the only one of us that had creepers. To keep warm, Rabehl exercised, while I jumped up and down with never a moment's stop. The rain was merciless, and was softening the snow bridges by which many of the awful gulfs must be crossed. Rabehl lost his ice-ax.

Twenty minutes passed. We began to shout, once, twice, four times, but there was no answer.

"If they're in trouble I'll have to take the rope and go after them," remarked Rabehl.

We began to be alarmed, but still only the echo gave answer. At last, after half an hour, there was a faint "All right!" then silence for what seemed too long a time. Were they chopping steps, or had they slipped?

Forty minutes passed before they appeared, yet they had not been quite to shore—not gone three hundred yards in all. Rabehl had spied the point of his ax, and, as the lightest, I was lowered to get it.

By ways that seemed impossible, even with the rope and with steps cut, we descended into the depths, leaped to narrow ledges, and edged inch by inch over high arching bridges of ice or mere snow, the men constantly assuring me at each bad place that it was "the last." When bridges were of snow, we must go lightly but swiftly, lest we break through; when of ice, steal slowly but firmly, lest we slip.

Over one such bridge Mr. Handy was balancing carefully because of his big pack, his Yukon snow-shoes—five and a half feet long—in hand. The bridge was only a foot wide and exceedingly slippery. Rabehl was holding the rope for him, I coming along above a water-choked crevasse, while Mr. Tucker was behind, trying to get to solid footing. Only Mr. Handy was in danger, but all were absorbed. Suddenly I cried, "Please hold me!" but in vain. No one could. My foot had slipped, and down I went through the ice-covered water and under, head and all. Rubber soles had made recovery impossible, and, determined not to let go of my ice-ax, snow-shoes, or pack, I was helpless. In an instant I was pulled out, none the worse for wear, nor frightened—merely a little wetter and colder, and much ashamed of my carelessness.

The men were distressed, but hurry as we would it took half an hour to get to shore, and my dry clothes were in my pack, as also our only food—the remains of my lunch. Luckily, the pack proved waterproof, for darkness was closing in and the rest of the packs could not be fetched until morning at last showed a way to avoid the awful crevasses. To come a quarter of a mile across them had taken three hours.

Two days later, with returning sunshine, we emerged from our tents to dry our wet clothes, upon which the oil-stove had had no effect. I had spied water in a crevasse below my tent. Gay flowers grew beside the glacier. Down at the fjord we had picked luscious salmon berries. We were only ten miles from the sea, not a hundred and sixty miles from Seward, where a railway ran through potato ranches, and oats grew five feet high in ninety days. With glasses we could even see when there was ice in the fjord—but never a boat. At no more than 3,500 feet, Camp 5, we were as isolated as if in the Arctic. On every side were only ice and snow.

We climbed far above, up into the snow, for a look ahead. For two miles up and a mile across, half its width, the glacier was still riddled with holes. Opposite towered Mt. Dickey, below which, stretching half-way across the glacier

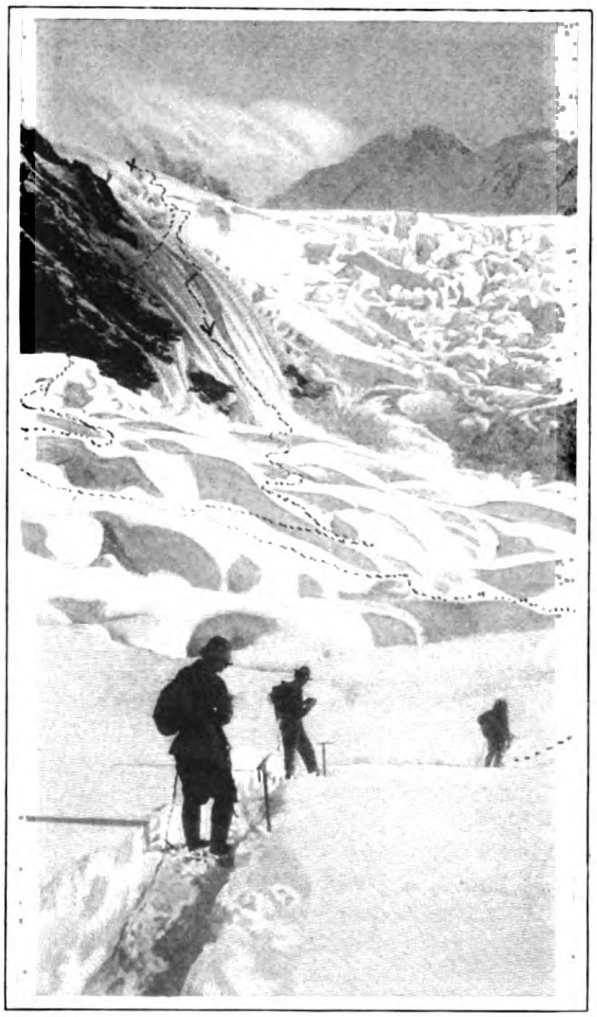
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and almost in the line of its axis, were parallel gashes many yards wide and a half-mile long, caused, no doubt, by the 60-degree bend farther down. Beyond them was the only smooth, unbroken surface in the whole length and breadth of the glacier, but the way to it looked as bad as the nightmare crevasses below camp. Luckily, the best chance for a pass at the head of the glacier appeared to be on our side. To find a way beside the frozen rapids of the last tributary, up one side or the other of the Brown University Glacier, as I called this main source of the Harvard, in honor of my father's alma mater, was, indeed, the only hope. A head wall of high, avalanche-swept mountains hemmed in every other side.

A brilliant moon gave the last touch of romance to the scene, the spell of which I was loath to break as I blew the unwelcome horn at 4 A.M. next day, and the glory of the dawn made us turn often in our steps while we trudged steadily forward. The snow was still hard and crevasses few and drifted nearly full of snow as we pushed on beside first the Harvard and then the Brown University Glacier. Within a mile we were climbing, and at a pace that made even light packs a burden. By seven-thirty we had reached 5,000 feet, but the sun was fast softening the snow. Soon we sank to the ankles, then to the knees and above, and by eight-fifteen it was impossible to go on. The men had been so sure they would not need their snow-shoes that I alone had any, and the glare and heat were exhausting us all.

Thinking to return at midnight, we cached our packs. The heat was so intense that at camp that night we were wakened by the falling of great chunks of snow into the crevasses, our bridges of two days before, while from Mt. Dickey came the crash of frequent avalanches. The thermometer had reached 64°, probably 95° in the sun.

At midnight it was raining, and for three days it continued to rain or snow. Above camp came rock ptarmigan, plentiful and tame. Mr. Handy and Rabehl went down to Camp 4 for the gun and more food, for the birds eluded all stones, especially when the gun got wet and became useless two days later. The



WHERE BROWN UNIVERSITY GLACIER PROVED TOO DANGEROUS FOR US TO GO FURTHER

hard going and bad weather had so delayed us that the end of our food was in sight—not so the end of our task.

It was the 10th of September as we started forward again, yet before sunrise, at 4,000 feet the snow-shoes had to go on. A slight lump in the snow was all that told where to dig for our cached packs. In three days three feet of snow had fallen, as nearly as we could judge

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by feeling beside them with our axes for the old snow beneath. Yet the heat of that one day before the storm had been so intense even here at 5,100 feet, and the brown canvas packs had absorbed it to such a degree, that on them there was only seven inches of snow, while inside them candles had melted. At 4,000 feet, eighteen inches of snow had fallen, but at camp, 500 feet lower, only two inches, with much rain.

Beyond the cache a small glacier tributary to the Brown University Glacier barred the way. It was a mystic maze of isolated tables of crystallized snow surrounded by gulfs that were wide and profound, with few bridges. The marks of a tiny weasel gave a clue to a way across, but flimsy snow arches that would hold a weasel would not always hold us, and to cross the narrow ones on snow-shoes proved difficult.

Twenty feet down in the crevasses Rabehl pointed to a dark reddish layer of volcanic ash of the year before, affording a measure of the year's snowfall. On Mt. St. Elias, however, Russell noted layers of ten and fifteen feet as the probable measure, not for the year, but rather of individual storms, while by his estimate snow packs to one-third or one-fifth of what has fallen. It is the frequent deep snow, always soft in the long days of summer, that makes Alaskan peaks and glaciers so difficult, for summer brings snow-slides on the mountains and compels snow-shoes on the glaciers, while the winter days are too short and cold for mountaineering, and the transitions too brief for tasks that require weeks or months.

In half an hour Mr. Handy had led us across Weasel Glacier, but to get off it took almost as long, for it had melted away from the rocks, leaving a *bergschrund* or gulf only half bridged by loose snow. Once ashore, to climb three hundred feet took two hours, for the rocks were precipitous and slippery with snow, while our snow-shoes must be carried in one hand. Nor had we climbed far up the snow slope when it became so steep, soft, and broken by crevasses that Mr. Handy and Rabehl pronounced it unsafe, for there was danger that all of us together might slide into one from which there would be no way out. Clearly there *was* no pass up this north side of the Brown University Glacier, while its surface was a shattered mass on which no one could even venture. To return to camp, cross the Harvard below it, and try its other side was the only course left.

Hurriedly we descended, on snow which slides had already grooved. It was so steep that again we must take off our snow-shoes, and also keep watch above for a possible slide as the sun grew hotter and afternoon came on. Once over Weasel Glacier again, however, we coiled the rope, and when crevasses were wide there was always some helping hand waiting for me.

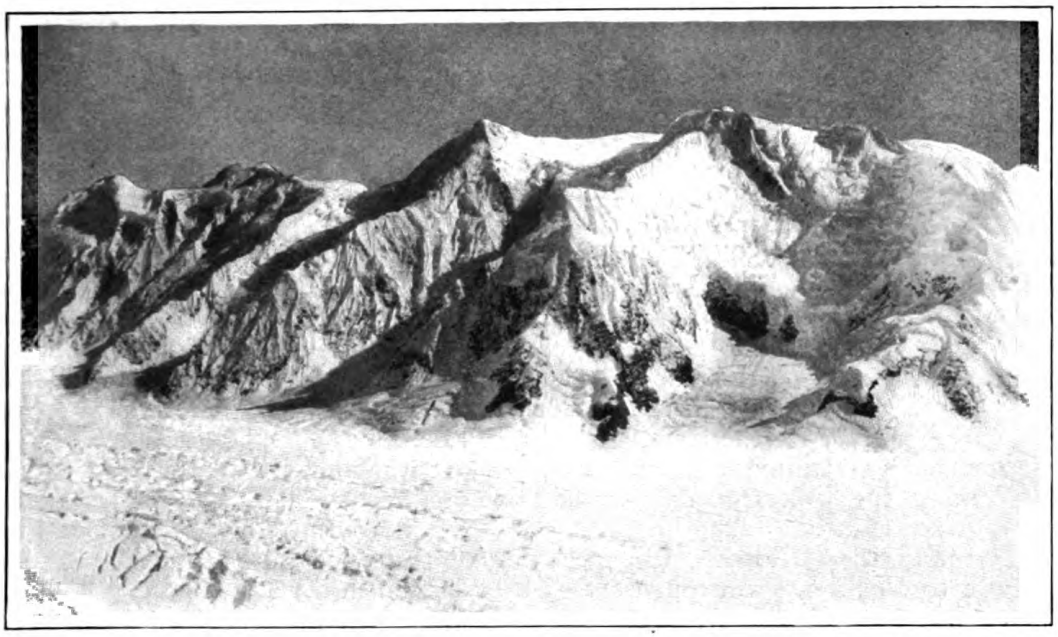
As if to mock us, at evening ducks and geese flew toward the divide; yet again came rain and snow—three inches of snow in twelve hours. It was the 12th before we could try again, this time for the farther, east side of the Brown University Glacier.

An early start and a gray day found the snow fairly solid, and even the "rough ice" of the Harvard Glacier, as the Alaskans call the crevasses, not as bad to cross as it looked. Mr. Tucker was leading. By 8 A.M. we had already reached the smooth snow of the main stream and were progressing well. For a moment the sun burst over the high peaks; then the clouds closed in, and soon the light became so diffused, the absence of all contrasts so deceptive, that the foot could not tell whether to step up or down, and what really was a two-hour tug up-hill appeared all the time as a downward slope.

It began to snow, but to within two miles of the head of the Harvard Glacier all went well. There we must turn sharply to the left and upward, around the frozen rapids of the Brown University Glacier. A head wall hemmed in every other side. The Harvard Glacier was eighteen miles long. Sixteen had been Professor Martin's estimate.

The way up looked hopeless, and in the cloud all outlines became faint and fantastic. Now and again we would find ourselves on the very brink of some sunken cavern from whose softly rounded sides of snow hung monster icicles luring the unwary to approach. Soon the caverns became enormous

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EVERY PINNACLE AND RIDGE GLEAMING AGAINST A LUSTROUS BLUE SKY

chasms many yards wide and a hundred yards long. The slope grew steep, the snow blinding, and any continuous route hard to discover. The depth of the abysses among which we were wandering could not even be guessed. Yet round and about their edges we pressed forward, upward, bit by bit, for another long three hours, but in vain.

There *was* no pass at the head of the Harvard Glacier. Not even in winter would any dog-sled be able to cross this divide. Merely to reach it, to come barely sixteen miles from the fjord and no higher than 6,100 feet, had taken us three weeks and a half.

The snow-burdened precipices about us loomed like phantom castles as we peered through the storm searching for the way down, or for a glimpse of some sudden snow-slide. They resounded with ominous echo, as if to warn intruders from the ice-coated crags whence they broke. Could the ice and snow thus hurled down be measured, no doubt it would equal the supply from the tributary streams. In the dazzling glare of a softly lighted cloud we fairly groped our way down around the huge crevasses to the Harvard Glacier and homeward to the bright glow of sunset and to camp.

All night the slides thundered down the walls of Mt. Dickey. Lack of time, food, and safety had put it, too, out of our reach. What belongings could not be taken in one load were abandoned, and three days of superb weather with little relaying, but awful packs, brought us back to the fjord.

In our boat more than a foot of water had fallen in four weeks' time. On the way to it bushes had grown high, but in that pathless tangle the lost comb and head-net were picked up—so unerringly can an Alaskan again find the exact way where he has once been.

The base camp was intact, but the record was gone.

Four days later, at Golden, a modest prospector, Steve Roe, wanting neither thanks nor pay, confessed that for two weeks he had worried about us, and on the very day before our return had rowed all the way up College Fjord and back to see whether perchance we were marooned without a boat. Knowing that "them glaziers were dangerous," he had gone on until he found our extra boat and the record.

Alaska makes such men as Steve Roe. The mighty forces of nature inspire to hard tasks, and the doing of hard tasks makes men and women of us.

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A Choice of Romeos

BY MARIE MANNING

MR. JUSTICE SETON looked at his watch for the third time, then at the door of his outer office, in which clients usually waited patiently for the few detached minutes he was willing to give them. But to-day the process was reversed; Mr. Justice Seton was doing the waiting. Furthermore, the visitor he was expecting was to all intents and purposes—a mendicant.

The unprofitable client who had dared to trifle with the time of the senior member of the firm of Seton, Hartly & Seton was, of course, feminine. Her entire worldly wealth consisted of the sum of six thousand dollars, and she had sat on his honor's knee when she was in pinafores. In those days her father's income had been what is picturesquely called "princely," and as his Honor looked at his watch for the fourth time and at the outer door, which remained persistently shut, he reflected that she had still kept the heiress manner, with the pauper income.

Then she came—a creature all violet eyes, long, up-curving lashes, color that ebbed and flowed with every change of emotion, and clad in shabbiest of shabby mourning.

Did she offer a word of explanation or apology—she who had been guilty of keeping an ex-supreme being waiting half an hour? Not she. "Your Honor dear, it was so horribly hot I made up my mind not to come, but Aunt Clara positively shooed me out of the house. I put on my hat coming down the front steps— Is it straight?"

He wanted to fume, or at least throw in an admonitory note, but as usual it was impossible. "It's very becoming, my dear," he said, meekly, "but whether it's intended to be worn at just that reckless angle, I can't say. There's a mirror in the outer office."

She gave a tug to the hat that only a very pretty girl could have risked so far away from a mirror. "Oh, bother! I'm too rushed to look and see. I've got to get busy right away. Considering my worldly wealth, there's not a second to lose."

"It was about that I wanted to talk to you. I have been very fortunate, my dear, in securing you an excellent little investment for your principal, that will bring you in seven per cent."

"And how much will that give me?"

"I'm afraid Miss Spencer's school was not very strong on mathematics. How many are seven times six?"

"Oh yes, I see; four hundred and twenty dollars a year. That would be my entire income. Why, your Honor dear, don't you see that I couldn't possibly afford to take that?"

"Not afford to take seven per cent.?"

"What could I do with four hundred and twenty dollars? It wouldn't clothe me, it wouldn't feed me. I'd perish for want of amusement. Life in the terms of a penny bank would be too hideous to consider."

"My poor child, you don't realize your position. I never supposed you'd be able to live on four hundred and twenty dollars a year, but it will help; and some suitable occupation must be found, a social secretaryship, perhaps."

"Any one who employed me as a secretary would have to engage, at the same time, a Chinese interpreter to make out my handwriting."

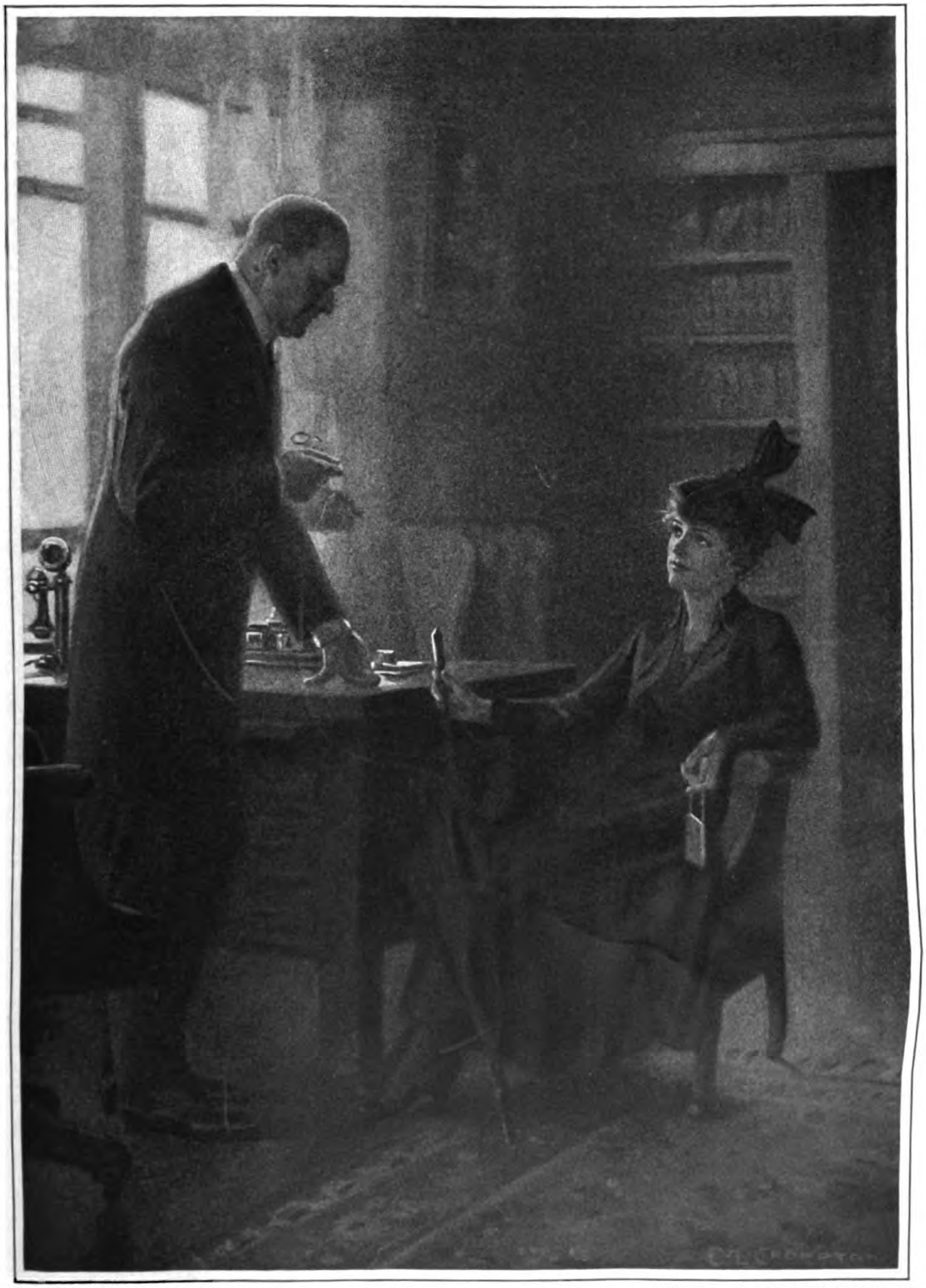
"Well, perhaps we could risk a little of your capital in having you taught something congenial—trained nursing or stenography."

"It sounds desolate to me."

His Honor tried to assume his most judicial aspect. "May I inquire if you have any plans?"

She stifled a yawn that wound up in a delightful little smile. Two dimples came out of hiding, her color surged.

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Drawn by E. L. Cramplon Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"MARGERY, I SHALL NOT DISCUSS THIS WITH YOU ANOTHER MOMENT"

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"Oh, I suppose so; with an income of four hundred and twenty a year, there's only one thing I can afford."

"And that?"

"To marry money! You see, it's the only profession that welcomes the inept, the ill-educated, the disqualified. At least, marriage can scarcely be said to welcome them, but persons with these grave disadvantages have no difficulty in marrying extremely well."

His Honor arose and stood with his hands extended upon the shining surface of his desk. Every trace of his judicial manner had vanished, so had his air of elderly appreciation and indulgence. December, adjusting its spectacles for a closer scrutiny of May, looked shocked, disillusioned, and bristling with the unspoken maxims of "my day."

"You have been reading that fellow Shaw, I suppose."

"Oh, Bernard Shaw is regarded as awfully quaint now. There are loads of people ever and ever so much more modern. Why, you ought to hear the talk at Miss Spencer's during the study-hour. It was really very advanced."

"Have you any person in view that you expect to honor with your hand in this fashion?"

"No; no one at all—and of course it goes without saying that I wouldn't think of marrying any one who wasn't enormously congenial—and I'd have to be rippingly in love."

"Come now, that's better. I don't believe the Spencer paint is absolutely indelible. I'll make that seven per cent. investment for you—"

"No, indeed. I must have my little all right in a lump to spend for clothes, and things like that. I'll make it do for a year. And then, of course, if I'm not married I'll talk about trained nursing, stenography, or—what was that other dreadful thing?—a social secretaryship."

"But I can't turn over your little bit of capital for such an enterprise. It's undignified, it's unmaidenly. You're too young to understand how shocking such a proposition really is."

"Oh yes, I know how dreadful it must sound to a conventional person like you; but, after all, I am only facing facts. I wasn't brought up to be useful. What's the good of taking rather a good bit of bric-à-brac and trying to turn it into a soap-dish or an ink-well? It's absurd in both capacities. Besides, I'm legally of age, so by the terms of my father's will there's nothing really to do but to turn over my modest inheritance and hope for the best."

"Margery, I shall not discuss this with you another moment. Your aunt Clara is in town; I'll see her this evening. In the mean time, if you'll take that chair by the window and keep still till I dictate some letters, I'll take you to lunch."

"Your Honor dear, whatever did become of Dick Trent?"

He wheeled about sharply. "In view of your amazing *credo*, Margery, I can't imagine why you should be interested in the whereabouts of my nephew. His income is even less than yours; it's absolutely nothing."

"Oh, I have no designs on him. I was only wondering why the earth had apparently swallowed him."

His Honor adjusted his spectacles, tried to look severe, failed, then said: "He lacked the advantages of going to Miss Spencer's. At Yale he at least escaped your philosophy; he's grubbing hard for a living."

Margery blushed. "Oh, very well, cross-patch!" was all she said.

A month later Margery Farwell found herself a guest at "Beach-Acres," the Long Island home of a not very near cousin, Mrs. Duane Leslie. Beach-Acres was one of those experiments in spectacular simplicity that the American millionaire indulges in when he becomes a prey to rustic appeal. It would have housed a regiment; it had a swimming-pool, a picture-gallery, an Italian garden, acres of greenhouses, stables and kennels that had apparently been built for the sole purpose of being illustrated.

The papers spoke of Mrs. Leslie as "a famous hostess." Her house was like a popular hotel in the rush season; without a qualm she turned her guests over to an army of social drudges, servants, amusement purveyors. She never met half of them; she was too thoroughly engrossed in being bored.

But one thing had happened in the past year to really arouse her interest,

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and she clung to it desperately. It was the information, confided in strictest confidence by Mrs. Armitage, who was her aunt by marriage even as she was Margery Farwell's by blood, that the girl intended to risk every sou of her capital of six thousand dollars in making a wealthy marriage within the year.

"And if she does not succeed, she had the effrontery to tell Judge Seton that she was willing to go to work."

"How beautiful to have an incentive like that!" sighed Mrs. Leslie. "She must be really clever to have reasoned it all out at nineteen. I shall have her here."

"She's not clever at all. It's the rubbish she's been reading at Miss Spencer's school; they all talk it like parrots."

"Is it part of the curriculum?"

"Certainly not. The silly things bring it in, in their muffs and reticules. They read it during the study-hour, because Miss Spencer won't have a monitor over them after they're sixteen. Says their studying's a question of honor, and they say it's a question of education for them to keep abreast of modern thought. So there you are."

"Lovely! I shall ask her for the second week in July. There won't be a soul here then; I'm going to take a rest cure before the August fray. If she's just a shouting propagandist—like so many girls to-day—I'll pack her off. If she's amusing, she may stay on till August. Billy Blenheim will be here then."

"She's far more likely to acquire habits that 'll utterly unfit her for earning her own living than to marry Billy Blenheim. She has already spent a thousand dollars of her meager inheritance on clothes. Calls them sinews of war—or something awful like that."

When Margery arrived at Beach-Acres, the second week in July, she found trained nurses, masseuses, a "new-thought" healer, and a young woman whose specialty was reading nursery rhymes in a soothing croon. On inquiring who was ill, she was told every one was as well as possible, but that Mrs. Leslie was taking a rest cure. At eight o'clock she dined in state with Duane Leslie, a bristling bull-dog type of man with whom life was one long digestive battle.

On the third day Margery had not yet been vouchsafed a glimpse of her hostess, and Leslie having telephoned from town he would not be out till the ten-forty train, she dined splendidly and miserably alone. After dinner she was sauntering down the broad staircase that opened into the library, as negligently imperious as the portraits of Louise of Prussia, when her ennui was challenged by the sight of a man rummaging in one of the bookcases. "Certainly the last thing a member of this family would be likely to do," she reasoned; "must be a burglar."

The intruder glanced up at the approaching footfalls; their eyes met. "Why, Dickey Trent, where did you come from?"

The young man thus addressed was speechless for a few seconds, then he managed to blurt out: "From the school-room; or, no, to be exact, from a nursery tea; it's served on the south porch."

"And how long have you been in this open-later-in-the-season paradise?"

"Nearly two years. I tutor the Leslie boys; after they go to bed I read."

Suddenly he seemed to remember he was holding her hand, and he dropped it awkwardly. Simultaneously she stepped back for a better view of him. Yes, there was the same delightfully abrupt jut to nose and chin that used to inspire such confidence on the football-field, such cheering, such reckless futurities in gloves and candy on "our side." The football mop of hair, though curly as of yore, was close cropped. The only noticeable change in Dick Trent was the mouth, and that Miss Farwell was perhaps too young to realize. But this feature of the late hero had a tamed and sobered expression which, considering his youth, was not without its hint of pathos.

"And to think of you being here all the time! At Miss Spencer's we thought you had gone to the East."

"East? Do you mean Cape Cod or Maine?"

"Heavens, no! We thought of Persia, India, or maybe Japan."

At this, the real Dick Trent seemed to come up through layers of reserve and professional dignity. His laughter rang

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out merrily. "If only your handsome surmises had been true. But why think these magnificent tourist-agent-folder thoughts of me?"

She flushed scarlet. Then he "saw," and to the seeing gave the wistful, tender smile that only memories of a departed youth can evoke. His father's failure and death had occurred almost immediately after Dick's graduation, and the boy had dropped out—gone to seek a job. And the imaginations of Miss Spencer's girls, fed on lush green literature, had seen their favorite halfback depart to be swallowed up in the mysterious glamour of the purple East. That was not infrequently the way with a certain type of story-book young man. Did such delicious youth and naïveté exist on top of earth, he asked himself—college, football, Miss Spencer's girls? It all seemed a thousand years ago to Richard Trent.

"Of course you'll have your meals with me. Mr. Leslie is away so much, and Florence is taking a rest cure."

"You're awfully good, but I keep pretty well to my own diggings. Occasionally I come here to borrow a book." And there was that in his quiet finality that prevented her from asking him a second time.

It developed a few minutes later, however, that Miss Farwell was "simply dying" to walk on the beach, and Trent followed her down the porch steps like one in a dream. It had been so long since he had talked to a girl or been brought in contact with reminders of his past life.

They seemed to have their particular corner of the beach pretty well to themselves, and took possession of an old flat-bottomed boat, drawn up on the sand, and for a long time watched the sea, black and angry, with flashes of phosphorus lighting up the yeasty breakers.

Margery, whose vital personality was all for self-expression, seethed with the new philosophy she had so lately acquired. She tingled to show this old friend how she had kept "abreast of modern thought." She was anxious to exchange ideas with him. Their destinies were almost identical; each had been reared in expectation of inheriting a large fortune, and each had been confronted on the threshold of life with poverty.

"Have you happened to think, Dick, that you and I are in the same boat—not this old tub we're sitting in, of course, but in regard to fate, destiny, or whatever you choose to call it? Here we were both traveling, very comfortably, in a reserved drawing-room compartment, when we are abruptly told to get out and walk the ties."

"Oh, I don't mind tie-walking particularly. When I resume traveling by rail I intend it to be in my own private car. But it must be awfully tough on a girl, Margy."

"The thing I can't stand about it is the platitude mongery from every one connected with me. Aunt Clara hopes to arrange my destiny from the pages of Miss Mulock, or Mrs. Alexander, or whoever happened to be the literary Huyler of her youth. She wants me to be a companion or a social secretary, on the ground of either being more 'genteel' than the more aggressive jobs now open to women. I don't want any job at all. Society produced me; it has failed to equip me to be economically independent. Therefore society must endure me in the capacity of a parasite—I've got to marry money."

She thrilled to the mouth-filling phrases regarding economic independence and parasitism; never once in her glib usage of them had she really stopped to consider their meaning. They exercised over her imagination a spell that can be compared only to a little boy's rapture over his first clandestine bad word.

Trent's conspicuous silence had almost the effect of a pistol-shot. He turned his head toward the breakers; evidently he had no platitudes or anything else to offer.

Margery had a feeling of being defrauded; there was so much she wanted to say along these lines, and she was conscious of being able to say it so well, but it was impossible to carry on a spirited argument with one who would not argue. "Well—and don't you think I'm right?" she asked, after Trent's silence had become unendurable.

"You certainly are not going to ask me to defend such a thing as a woman's

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selling herself for money. If you have the necessary hardihood to endure it, let it go at that."

Her face flamed; in the embarrassment of the moment she knew only that she was grateful for the darkness that allowed the waves of color to break over her face unseen. She had never thought of his taking it like that, never thought of any one's taking it that way. The glittering argument carried her off her feet; it had been such a splendid, dashing sort of bogy-man that she had kept for the purpose of terrifying Aunt Clara and Judge Seton that the uglier, cruder part of it, as applicable to herself, had been overlooked.

She rose to go. On the way home she fancied she detected a kinder note in their fellowship; it was no longer the jolly give-and-take of old friends; he was as indulgent as if he were sorry for her, as if he were trying to make up to her for some loss or affliction. "How dare he treat me like that?" she asked herself indignantly, as she sobbed unrestrainedly in her own room half an hour later.

Mrs. Leslie seemed to take a showman's pride in securing for the second week in August a few meteor-like names that promised to hold the wearied gaze of those who read to satiety the lists of which smart gatherings are composed. Julia Beaumont, the Shakespearian actress; Selwyn, the portrait-painter; Dandridge, the novelist — these with some lesser lights made up what Duane Leslie called, "My wife's little zoo."

Among the earlier arrivals was William Stuyvesant Blenheim—"Billy" to the inner circle. Some one, in describing him, once paraphrased Cæsar's famous despatch—"I came, I saw, and my inherited millions did the rest." Mr. Blenheim was thirty-five and unmarried, but was understood to be open to conviction on this subject. His reported engagements had more than once obtained headline notoriety, but he always found ways and means of evading the entanglement as soon as he discovered the lady held pronounced views on feminism, smoked cigarettes, cherished a mannish devotion to athletics, or was inclined to be extravagant. The Blenheim thrift was proverbial.

Scanning the house-party through his coldly appraising eye, he found nothing to his taste, romantically speaking. There were the same old social specialties—the girl who could break colts and who had been up in an aeroplane, girls who were tango and bridge devotees, the "advanced" girl who talked propaganda, and the girl who giggled. Mr. Blenheim knew them all.

But he did not know the girl he caught running foot-races with the two Leslie boys one day on a remote stretch of beach, far from the incursions of the house-party. For Margery, after the first constraint with Dick over the avowal of her sophisticated code had passed, dropped again into the pleasant ways of comradery, and often cut the house-party to go sailing with the boys and their tutor, and afterward to share an early supper with them.

When Mr. Blenheim discovered she was Miss Farwell, a cousin of his hostess, he proceeded, with the painstaking zeal of the born zoologist, to construct the entire vertebrate from this detached fragment. She enjoyed playing games with the children, therefore she must be domestic. She ran splendidly; she must be a creature of abundant health. She did not care for the frivolities of society, or she would not spend so much time here with the children. When he constructed his framework he had never happened to see Richard Trent. Lastly, she was in mourning; this argued an abatement of in-laws.

He found himself next her that night at dinner—Mrs. Leslie saw to that. He loved her artless prattle about Miss Spencer's; somehow "keeping abreast of modern thought" did not come up. He was bewitched by the way the red ran in and out of her cheek when she talked. Here was one woman who wore her own colors. He liked the way she asked questions about his ancestors buried in old Trinity. Later in the evening he appeared to grow reckless about his sacred health; he took her out in a motor-boat and forgot to bring along a sweater as a protection against sudden chill. In thinking this over afterward, he found it to be the sole instance in which conservation of his health had not been his first consideration.

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"Would you like to live in the country?" he asked as they walked up from the boat landing.

"Country or city, it would be all the same; the real thing is being with some one congenial."

How could the amiable little man, with hair parted so conscientiously, know she was thinking some rather somber thoughts of her own? "It would be a pretty scurvy trick if the gods don't give you everything you want!" he said, with fervor.

"Of course you'll take part in the *tableaux vivants?*" she asked, to turn the conversation.

"I fancy I could do Macbeth rather well, but Miss Beaumont doesn't seem to want to give me the part." And Margery was forced to wave her hand and dash up the piazza steps to keep from exploding with laughter.

A few days later found those two indefatigable organizers, Miss Beaumont and Selwyn, in private conference over the material they had to work with in the tableaux.

"Miss Farwell could do Juliet beautifully; in fact, she is typically Juliet. But Blenheim would never do for Romeo, unless we were going in for roaring farce. If the night were a bit foggy, he'd eat a throat lozenge during the balcony scene," the painter confided to Julia Beaumont.

"But why consider Blenheim? The other day I saw her going sailing with the most beautiful young man—might have been a shirt or collar advertisement in a street-car—the Leslie boys' tutor."

"But if she's going to marry Blenheim—and every one seems to think she is—it 'll be rather rough on him to have to see her play Juliet to the penniless Adonis's Romeo."

"Art recognizes no such obstacles," the actress said, with decision. "Margery! Margery!" she called to the girl, who happened to be passing. "Please go and rout out the beautiful cloistered one and tell him he's got to be Romeo."

"I'll do my best." And Miss Farwell took the short cut to the school-room.

When Trent had first assumed the duties of tutor to the Leslie boys, he made up his mind to let the "afternoon tea" end of the house alone. He had no inclination to act as dinner understudy to any one who might be "unavoidably detained." His position as tutor he regarded as the merest stepping-stone till something better should present itself. In the mean time he hoped that Duane Leslie might recognize his ability to the extent of offering him a clerical or secretarial position—an extremely desirable berth for an ambitious young man.

Very contentedly Trent had been grubbing in his own particular little dust-heap when Margery Farwell had cut across his reserve with her laughter, dispelled his loneliness with her comradery, dazzled him with her interest.

He had seasons of remembering the cool competency of her remark about marrying money, but they recurred with progressive infrequency, and then he reached the stage where nothing she could have said or done would have mattered.

It was with some degree of confidence, therefore, that Miss Farwell rapped on the school-room door and asked him to do her a favor. "Promise me you won't refuse?" A glance through the crack of the door told her the boys were absent, and she accordingly prepared to linger a few moments. "Will you play Romeo to my Juliet?"

Would he? He seemed eager to begin immediately.

"I mean professionally speaking—Miss Beaumont is getting up *tableaux vivants*, and all the men are too fat, or they have ticker-tape faces—"

"No Romeo-ing before that mob for me."

"Please—please—please—"

"Never! I absolutely decline to put grease paint on my face, a feather in my cap, love-light in my eye for the amusement of that bunch."

"Very well; then you throw me—again professionally speaking—into the arms of Billy Blenheim. He's the only alternate to your Romeo."

At the mental picture of Mr. Blenheim as the Veronese lover, Trent burst into peals of laughter. She joined him without a shred of conscience.

"Exactly," she mocked. "Oh, very well; it makes no difference. I was

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foolish enough to think maybe you might care—"

"I do care—like anything."

"Then, Master Romeo, what's the matter with you?"

At rehearsals he heard for the first time rumors of Margery Farwell's probable engagement to Blenheim. He was dumfounded. It was inconceivable that a girl like that could sell herself to a ridiculous little man like Blenheim, even considering his wealth. And yet "the mob" seemed to regard the bargain—if such it were—as cause for congratulations. He despised himself for consenting to pose for the tableaux, and he would have withdrawn if it had been possible without submitting himself and his feeling to what he called "their blamed lorgnette scrutiny." He was tragic, bitter, misanthropic, yet something kept him from believing it was true.

The tableaux were to be an out-of-door affair; the guests were to assemble at the far end of the Italian garden that flanked the south wing of the house. The scenes were taken from history, or from famous masterpieces of art that lent themselves to night effects. The audience received them with a conscientious, if somewhat restrained, enthusiasm; plainly the event in which interest centered feverishly was the concluding tableau from Shakespeare — the play within the play. Here was a worldly girl, engaged or about to become engaged, to one of the most eligible men in society; and to show her power, or for some rashness that no one could explain, she at the last moment had called in a penniless tutor, with whom she had been philandering, to play Romeo to her Juliet.

In the flood of moonlight that poured down on the balcony above the Italian garden, the scene, with no great stretch of the imagination, might have been in Verona instead of an hour from New York, and the dark-haired lovers the children of Shakespeare's imagination. But was ever balcony scene played in such a spirit of anger and vituperation?

In one of the brief intervals between scenes, Romeo, wandering about the high boxwood borders that served as wings and greenroom, had actually seen Margery—her hand in that of the middle-aged Blenheim, her eyes turned to his, and had heard her say, "You ask nothing more—nothing but to love me—"

Romeo had not waited; he had crashed through the boxwood, his cup of illusion drained. When he was called for his act a few minutes later he was white under his make-up, and his features had the sharp modeling that only pain can give to the plastic flesh. There was no time for a word with her; the curtains had fallen on the last tableau; he had just time to take his place beneath the balcony and wait. She appeared almost immediately, and again the moon looked down on the ageless miracle of love—for a second they were alone.

"Isn't your conquest sufficiently spectacular without dragging me into this mummery?"

Hurt, bewildered by the charge, she looked at him and for a moment contemplated the soft answer that turneth away wrath. But her saucy tongue triumphed: "You feel yourself butchered to make a Long Island holiday? It's the custom of the country with ducklings; they're quite famous."

A bell tinkled and the curtains parted; a murmur of appreciation swept through the audience. "What an ideally lovely couple," Judge Seton heard a woman behind him remark; "it's a shame; between them they haven't enough for postage-stamps."

Tall, slender, poised as if for flight to the "Bright angel! for thou art as glorious to this night, being o'er my head, as is a winged messenger of heaven—" Trent's brain thrilled to the magic of the words, but out of the bitterness of his heart what he said was, "Why boggle at this tableau with him if you intend to stick it out for better or worse?"

Juliet, looking softly down, muttered, *sotto voce*, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof!" Then quoted audaciously: "Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good night, good night."

Furious beyond endurance, angry words pelted from Romeo, which were cooingly interrupted from above:

"Oh, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon, that monthly changes in her circled orb—do not swear at all.

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Drawn by E. L. Crompton

"WILL YOU PLAY ROMEO TO MY JULIET?"

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It's not done in the best circles, Dick." And then the curtains fell.

Fifteen minutes later, after an unsuccessful search among the dancers, Judge Seton found his young relative sitting on the steamer-trunk in his own room. Trent meant to leave Beach-Acres, but the decision was as far as he had got; he was still in costume.

The judge frowned; with difficulty he restrained himself from saying, "In all my life I've never heard of anything like it." This formula he considered elderly. What he did say was, "She represents the most relentless force in creation—a woman who knows what she wants, and realizes her power to get it."

"Well—and what does she want?"

"She wants you—and she'll have you, if you don't—as they say in the melodramas—'fly.' Fly in your motley, lad. Don't wait to wash off your make-up." His Honor's manner was that of one desperately cheering on a forlorn hope.

Dick faced him squarely. "Has she decided to hire me as her jester when she marries Blenheim? Is that what you're urging me to fly from?"

"Marry Blenheim! And you don't know she's been refusing him daily for a week? Where 've you been? The whole house is agog with it."

"But why refuse him? That's what she's here for."

"Chucked him for you, my boy. She's quite mad over you! And may the Lord have mercy on your soul, unless, by chance, you happen to fancy her. You're no match for her—none of us are. She's the modern woman."

"Fancy her! I'm crazily, utterly mad over her. But I can't marry her; I haven't a cent, and my new plans won't yield anything for a year at least."

"The modern woman recognizes no such impediment. She's dragooned Duane Leslie into making you his private secretary at twenty-five hundred a year. Wish I thought Leslie was crazy about you in that capacity, but neither he nor any one else seems able to withstand the sweet girl avalanche. In talking it over with Duane, she remarked that she still had five thousand of her patrimony left—and that many young people had started with less. You're sure you don't want to bolt, Dick? There's something terribly final about my late ward."

"Bolt—bolt!" he flung back over his shoulder as he ran from the room; "I'm for bolting to her!"

The sound of the music grew in volume as he made his way round to the other side of the house. A platform had been laid on the lawn, and an orchestra was playing a Spanish waltz—the air vibrant with its witchery. The castanets snapped; the brass, with blood-tingling insistence, crashed out the theme, and the violins picked it up in the minor and sobbed and wailed with the beauty of it. The dancers seemed inspired with its rhythmic sorcery.

This was life—this was youth. Trent's pulses quickened, the waltz stopped; the dancers stood for a second, still under the spell of the music, then Romeo recognized his Juliet. Evidently she had not been dancing; she was too composedly cool-looking to have taken part in that rhythmic revel. She still wore the medieval gown and little pearl cap that she had worn in the tableau. She did not see Trent, and for full two minutes he studied her face. It was absolutely calm, the face of a woman sure of herself, and who, without question, awaits the thing she demands of life. What an old idiot Seton was to call her relentless! To Trent she was the most beautiful, the most desirable thing in the world.

Then the orchestra, by request, again played the Spanish waltz, the castanets snapped, the brass crashed, the violins sobbingly sang the rhythmic witchery of night and the moonlit garden of old Madrid. With a word Trent gathered her close and drew her within the circle of the dancers—their eyes met in one long look of understanding.

And Mr. William Blenheim, observing them from the outer circle, took counsel with himself upon the subject of his sacred health. This evening might he dare risk something a little stronger than his customary French vichy? He thoroughly disapproved of anything stronger as a possible harbinger of rheumatism, but this evening he felt so strangely depressed, notwithstanding his millions and his ancestors buried in old Trinity that he thought a mouthful of Sauterne cup might not be ill advised.

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A Great Accomplisher

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

TO do the impossible, again and again to do the impossible; always to do it with unexpectedness and simplicity; always to go from a small beginning to a noble end; always, in fact, to accomplish results—great results, important results, impressive results—it is because of his doing all this I call Russell Conwell the Great Accomplisher. And in accomplishing, he also inspires. That, indeed, is the finest feature of his work. For he not only is successful himself, but is the cause of success in countless others. And in his varied life, in the surprises of his career, in the marvelousness of his achievements, there has been the constant touch of the dramatic, the fine, free relish of romance.

Russell Conwell is the founder and head of a university that has already numbered tens of thousands of students. He is the active head of a great church that he raised from nothingness. He is the head of two great hospitals, one of them founded by himself. He preaches twice every Sunday. He lectures scores of times every year, traveling for these lectures thousands of miles annually. As minister and lecturer he has personally addressed more than thirteen millions of people. One single lecture he has delivered more than five thousand times. He makes great sums of money, but not for himself. It goes into his work or into private helpfulness.

That he is a minister indicates but one side of a many-sided nature, for he did not enter the ministry until he was almost forty years old. Before that he had successfully been school-teacher, book-agent, author, newspaper correspondent, lawyer, and in the Civil War he had risen to a colonelcy.

Born in a region of rocky hills and beauty, his nature shows the rare combination of rockbound determination with lovable beauty of spirit. He was born in February of 1843, in a low-roofed cottage in the eastern Berkshires of Massachusetts. "I was born in this room—it was bedroom and kitchen—it was poverty," he said to me as we sat there recently in front of the old fireplace, and his voice sank, with a sort of grimness, into silence, as memories of the long-past years came back.

His father was a friend of John Brown, and as a boy Conwell came to love that stern enthusiast, who could turn from thoughts of slavery to the training of the old horse of the Conwells to trot demurely home, unattended, after carrying Russell and his brother to the little school a mile or more away, and to return demurely, unattended, when taken out into the road and faced in the right direction, to meet the two boys when school was over.

Russell Conwell works sixteen hours every day. He has worked sixteen hours a day since that long-past time of the Civil War. And that this is so is owing to a deed of romantic devotion which so influenced him that he himself considers it the real beginning of his life.

In his home, in Philadelphia, at the head of his bed, hangs a sword—sign and symbol, this sword, of the day and the event that mean so much to him; and he told me the story as we stood together before the sword, told it with quiet repression but with depth of feeling, seeing it all and living it all just as vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday.

"A boy up there in the Berkshires, a neighbor's son, John Ring—I call him a boy, for we all called him a boy, and we looked upon him as a boy, for he was undersized and underdeveloped, so much so that he could not enlist—for some reason was devoted to me, and he not only wanted to enlist, but he also wanted to be in the artillery company of which I was captain; but I could only take him along as my servant. I didn't

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want a servant, but it was the only way to take poor little Johnnie Ring.

"Johnnie was deeply religious and would read the Bible every evening before turning in. In those days I thought I was an atheist, and I used to laugh at Ring, and after a while he took to reading the Bible outside the tent on account of my laughing at him.

"This sword was an object of absolute devotion to him. It had been given to me by the hill boys, to go to war with as their captain. To Ring it represented not only myself, but all the glory and pomp of war.

"One day the Confederate soldiers suddenly stormed our position near New Berne and swept through the camp, driving our entire force before them; and all, including my company, hurried across the river, setting fire to a long wooden bridge in the retreat. It blazed up furiously, making a barrier that the Confederates could not pass.

"But unknown to everybody, and unnoticed, John Ring had dashed back to my tent, seized the sword that had long been so precious to him, dodged here and there, and actually managed to gain the blazing bridge. Next we saw him crawling out of the end of the covered way—he had actually passed through that frightful place. His clothes were ablaze, and he toppled over and fell into shallow water, and in a few moments he was dragged out, unconscious.

"He lingered for a day or so, still unconscious, and then came to himself and smiled a little as he found that the sword for which he had given his life had been left beside him. He took it in his arms. He hugged it to his breast. He gave a few words of final message for me. And that was all.

"When I stood beside the body of John Ring and realized that he had died for love of me, I made a vow that has formed my life. I vowed that from that moment I would live not only my own life, but that I would also live the life of John Ring. And from that moment I have worked sixteen hours every day—eight hours for John Ring's work and eight hours for my own."

The story of how, after years of other work, and at an age when the ordinary man thinks his life fully adjusted, he turned to the ministry, is peculiarly illustrative of his originality, his courage, his swift decision, his devotedness, his power to inspire others.

He was a lawyer in Boston, and almost thirty-seven years old, when he was consulted by a woman who asked his advice in regard to disposing of a little church in Lexington whose congregation had become unable to support it. He went out and looked at the place, and told the woman how the property could be sold. But it seemed a pity to him that the little church should be given up; so much of a pity that he advised a meeting of the church members, and himself attended the meeting.

"When I explained the situation to the mere handful of men and women, there was silence for a little. Then an old man arose and, in a quavering voice, said that the matter was quite clear; that there evidently was nothing to do but to sell, and that he would agree with the others in the necessity; but as the church had been his church home from boyhood—so he quavered and quivered on—he begged that they would excuse him from actually taking part in disposing of it; and in a deep silence he went haltingly from the room.

"The men and women looked at one another, still silent, sadly impressed, but not knowing what to do. And I said to them, 'Why not start over again, and go on with the church, after all!'"

Typical Conwellism, that! First the impulse to help those who need helping, then the inspiration and leadership.

"'But the building is entirely too tumble-down to use,' said one of the men, sadly, and I knew he was right, for I had examined it; but I said:

"'Let us all meet there to-morrow morning and get to work on that building ourselves and put it in shape for a service next Sunday.'

"It made them all seem so encouraged, and so confident that a new possibility was opening, that I never doubted that each one of those present, and many of their friends besides, would be at the building in the morning. I was there early with a hammer and ax and crowbar that I had secured, ready to go to work—but no one else showed up.

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"I looked over that building," he went on, whimsically, "and I saw that repair really seemed to be out of the question. Nothing but a new church would do. So I took the ax that I had brought with me and began chopping the place down. In a little while a man, not one of the church members, came along, and he watched me for a little and said, 'What are you going to do there?'

"And I instantly replied, 'Tear down this old building and build a new church.'

"He looked at me. 'But the people won't do that,' he said.

"'Yes, they will,' I said, cheerfully, keeping at my work. Whereupon he watched me a few minutes longer and said:

"'Well, you can put me down for one hundred dollars for the new building. Come up to my livery-stable and get it this evening.'

"In a little while another man came along and stopped and looked, and he rather gibed at the idea of a new church, and when I told him of the livery-stable man contributing one hundred dollars, he said, 'But you haven't got the money yet!'

"'No,' I said, 'but I'm going to get it to-night!'

"'You'll never get it,' he said. 'He's not that kind of a man. He's not even a church man.'

"But I just went quietly on with the work, without answering, and after a while he left, but called back as he went off, 'Well, if he does give you that one hundred dollars, come to me and I'll give you another hundred.'

"Those two men both paid the money, and of course the church people themselves, who at first had not quite understood that I could be in earnest, then joined in and helped, with work and money; and while the new church was building it was peculiarly important to get and keep the congregation together, and as they had ceased to have a minister of their own I used to run out from Boston and preach for them, in a room we hired.

"And it was there, in Lexington, in 1879, that I determined to become a minister. I had a good law practice, but I determined to give it up. All of my life I had felt more or less of a call to the ministry, and here at length was a definite time to begin. Week by week I preached there, and after a while the church was completed, and in that very church, there in Lexington, I was ordained a minister."

He set the Lexington church on its feet, gave it new life, made it well-doing and self-supporting; and then, a struggling little church in Philadelphia heard of what he was doing, and an old deacon went up to see and hear him, and an invitation was given; and as the Lexington church was prosperous and the needs of the Philadelphia body keenly appealed to Conwell's imagination, a change was made, and at a salary of eight hundred dollars a year he went, in 1882, to the little struggling Philadelphia congregation; and of that he is still the pastor, only it ceased to be a struggling congregation a great many years ago. For that congregation built, and now owns free of debt, a great new building, the Temple Church, that seats more than any other Protestant church in America—and Dr. Conwell fills it.

When he took charge of the little Philadelphia church the services quickly became so popular that his preaching services and Sunday-school services were alike so crowded that many had to be turned from the doors. One afternoon a little girl who had eagerly wished to go, went away from the Sunday-school crying bitterly because they had told her that there was no more room. But a tall, dark-haired man met her and noticed her tears, and, stopping, asked why it was that she was crying. And she sobbingly replied that it was because they could not let her into the Sunday-school.

"I lifted her to my shoulder," says Dr. Conwell, in telling of this—"I lifted her to my shoulder"—and one realizes what a picture it must have made for the little girl to go through the crowd of people, drying her tears and riding proudly on the shoulders of the kindly, tall, dark man. "I said to her that I would take her in, and I did so; and I said to her that we should some day have a room big enough for all who should come. And when Sunday-school was over she went home and told her

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parents—I only learned this afterward—that she was going to save money to help build the larger church and Sunday-school that Dr. Conwell wanted. Her parents pleasantly humored her in the idea and let her run errands and do little jobs to earn pennies, and she began dropping the pennies into her bank.

"She was a lovable little girl—but it was only a few weeks before she was taken suddenly ill and died; and at the funeral her father told me, quietly, of how his little girl had been saving money for a building-fund. And he handed me what she had saved—just fifty-seven cents in pennies.

"At a meeting of the trustees I told of this gift of fifty-seven cents, the first gift toward the proposed building-fund. For until then the matter had barely been spoken of, as a new church building had been simply a matter for the future.

"The trustees seemed much impressed, and in a few days one of them came to me and said that he thought it would be an excellent idea to buy a lot on Broad Street—the very lot on which the new buildings now stand. I talked the matter over with the owner of the property, and told him of the beginning of the fund. He was not one of our church, nor, in fact, was he a church-goer at all, but he said he was quite ready to go ahead and sell us that piece of land for ten thousand dollars, taking a first payment of just fifty-seven cents and letting the entire balance stand on a five-per-cent. mortgage. So I went over it all on that basis with the trustees and some of the other members, and all the people were soon talking of having a new church.

"In a short time the entire ten thousand dollars was raised and the land for the church that I wanted was bought and free of debt. And all this had come so quickly and directly from that little girl's fifty-seven cents." It sounds like a fairy tale; but then, this man has all his life been making fairy tales into realities.

Each important phase of his life seems, when considered by itself, the most important of all, and so it seems with the foundation and management of the university. For the university came out of nothing—nothing but the need of a young man of his congregation, and the fact that he told his need to Russell Conwell.

One evening the young man went to him and said that he could earn but little money, and that he supported his mother as well as himself, but that the desire of his life was to have a college education. Conwell replied that with proper determination he could study sufficiently at night. But the young man could not see how to do it. "Come to me one evening a week and I will begin teaching you myself," said Conwell. The young man went, and, having asked permission, took with him a few friends. And that first evening was an evening of Latin.

"That was the beginning of it, and there is very little more to tell. The third evening the pupils were forty. Others joined in helping me. A room was hired, then a house, then a second house. From a few students and teachers we became a college. Our buildings went up on Broad Street, beside the Temple Church, and we became Temple University. From the first our aim was to give education to those who were unable to get it through the usual channels. And so that is really all there was to it."

But this is far from "all there was to it"; for from that young man who went to his library, downhearted, one evening in 1884, the Temple University has had, up to commencement time of 1915, the huge attendance of 88,821 students.

For the convenience of those who work for their living either by night or day, lectures and recitations may be attended either in the forenoon, the afternoon, or the evening. And the classics, the languages, literature, may be studied there; or law or medicine, theology or engineering, or such practical branches as dressmaking, bookkeeping, or manual training.

Another of his accomplishments was the founding of a hospital. It was in 1891. It began with two rented rooms, one nurse, one patient. Now it is the great Samaritan Hospital. A little over eight years ago he acquired another hospital, the Garretson, and at once expanded its usefulness. Both were made

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part of Temple University, and, including dispensary work, they have already treated, under Conwell's control, over 400,000 cases.

How he can find time for his many activities is a marvel. The head of a great church, of a university, of two hospitals — helped, indeed, by efficient executive assistants, but none the less the man to whom all turn—he gets through his work only by superb strength and the memory of John Ring and the sword.

His ministerial work alone would overtask the ordinary man. He preaches twice every Sunday. He shakes hands with hundreds after each service. He addresses a large class of men. He attends the Sunday-school. He leads the weekly prayer-meeting. He is on call for any need. He may be seen at almost any time by any of his people who need help or advice.

As a preacher he has wonderful power. He instantly gains the attention of every one and holds it to the close. Yet he is always simple and direct. His desire, as he expresses it, is to preach so simply that his listeners will not think it preaching, but just that they are listening to a friend. He is so earnest, so happy, that every one in the church feels earnest and happy, and there is a general sense of ease, of unrestrainedness.

His fund of personal anecdote, of personal reminiscence, is unfailing; he speaks of something he heard yesterday or ten years ago; he tells of what some one said to him in New York or London or Bombay. He has been everywhere and met everybody; he remembers all he heard or saw, and at any moment the needed illustration comes to him.

One Sunday evening he referred to the first time he met Garfield, and of how McKinley took him to Garfield's home; and he told how the conversation turned to music, and that these two men, each of whom was to become President, agreed in a deep love for the old tune of "The Old-Time Religion"; Garfield because, when a boy, he used to be awakened every morning by the quavering singing of the old hymn, down at the pasture bars, by the old man who had cared for him and to whom he owed so much.

What followed was an astonishing example of Russell Conwell's power to move and sway. For a new expression came into his face, and he said, as if the idea had only that moment occurred to him—as it most probably had—"I think it is in our hymnal." And in a moment he announced the number, and the music struck up and every person in that great church, every man, woman, and child, joined in the swinging rhythm of verse after verse as if they would never tire:

It was good enough for mother, and it's good enough for me!
It was good in the fiery furnace and it's good enough for me—

I think it almost certain that he has never spoken to any one of what, to me, is the finest thing about his lecture work, and that is that he still gladly goes to the small towns that are never visited by other men of great reputation. He knows that it is the little places, the out-of-the-way places, the submerged places, that most need a pleasure and a stimulant, and he goes out, man of well over seventy that he is, to tiny towns in distant states, heedless of the discomforts of traveling, of the poor little hotels that seldom have visitors, of the oftentimes hopeless cooking and uncleanliness, of the hardships and the discomforts. He does not think of claiming the relaxation earned by a lifetime of labor.

How he does it all, how he can possibly keep it up, shows him a marvel of efficiency. I have before me a list of his engagements during his summer vacation of the year 1915, and for eight weeks it shows a lecture for every week-day night and preaching on every Sunday. Never did any man so spend a "vacation." And the money that he receives is not for himself—that, always, must be considered in regard to Russell Conwell. His charities, his helpfulness, his interest in progress and education—it is into such lines that the money goes.

Russell Conwell is an orator born, and the inborn power has been developed by the hardest of thought and of practice. When he speaks, men listen. It is quality, temperament, control. It is oratory. But it is never "elocution."

"Acres of Diamonds" is the lecture

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that he has delivered more than five thousand times. It is vibrant with his energy. It flashes with his hopefulness. It is full of his enthusiasm. It is packed full of his intensity. It stands for the possibility of success for every one. The demand for the lecture never diminishes. The success grows never less. And every dollar that the lecture earns is used for one special purpose that is very near to his heart. And the cause for this dates back to his days at Yale.

He went to Yale with only a little money, but with the determination to work his way to an education. He did not mind hardship; he had been used to hardships and hard work at home, but he found that his poverty brought him personal humiliations so keen that it pains him, even now, to think of them. And so, "I determined," he says, "that whatever I could do to make the way easier at college for young men working their way I would do."

Many years ago he began to devote every dollar that he made from "Acres of Diamonds" to this definite purpose. He has what may be termed a waiting-list, and many of the names come to him from other college presidents throughout the country.

"Every night, when the lecture is over and the check is in my hand, I sit down in my room in the hotel"—what a lonely picture!—"I sit down in my room and subtract from the total sum received my actual expenses for that place, and make out a check for the difference and send it to the next young man on my list. And I always send with the check a letter expressing my hope that it will be of some service to him, and telling him that he is to feel under no obligations except to his Lord. I feel strongly, and I try to make every young man feel, that there must be no sense of obligation to me personally."

And after a pause he added, "I do not attempt to send any young man enough for all his expenses. But I want to save him from bitterness, and each check will help. And, too," he concluded naïvely in the vernacular, "I do not want them to lay down on me."

I heard this lecture on its 5,124th delivery. I noticed that he was to deliver it at a little out-of-the-way place difficult to get to, and I wondered just how much of an audience would gather and how they would be impressed. So I went over from where I was, a few miles away. The road was dark, and I pictured a small audience, but when I got there I found that the church building in which he was to deliver the lecture had a seating capacity of eight hundred and thirty and that precisely eight hundred and thirty people were already there and that a fringe of others were standing behind around the edges. Many had come from miles away. Yet the lecture had scarcely been advertised.

Always, wherever he speaks and whatever the character of his audience, he talks with ease and sympathy. There are geniality, composure, humor, simple and homely jests, yet never does the audience forget that he is every moment in tremendous earnest. They bubble with responsive laughter or are silent in riveted attention. Every little while a stir of earnestness or surprise, amusement or resolve can be seen to sweep over the audience. When he is grave or sober or fervid, the people feel that he is himself a fervidly earnest man, and when he is telling something humorous there is in his voice an almost repressed chuckle, a genial appreciation of the fun of it, not in the least as if he were laughing at his own humor, but, such being the skill of the man, just as if he and his hearers were laughing together at something of which they were all humorously cognizant.

It is impossible to write of such a man without superlatives. He is so efficient. He sets out to do the impossible and always does it. And, over threescore years and ten, he still works sixteen hours a day. In work he forgets his sadness, his loneliness, his age. And he said to me, quietly, one day, "I will die in harness."

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The Intemperate Zone

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

HAVING presented himself at dinner-time with extraordinary promptness, Randolph Harrington Dukes indulged in an elaborate pretense that nothing unusual was afoot. He whistled carelessly as he wandered about the house, stopping from time to time to gaze out of the dining-room window as though fond of nature. He responded in an absent way to mother's second request for aid in setting the table. But all the time, whether he was watching the sidewalk for father or laying out knives and forks, he kept his left hand in his jacket pocket. At this noontime in late spring Ranny was for all practical purposes a one-armed boy.

"What's the matter with your hand, dear?" mother asked.

"Nothin'." With an air of injured innocence he suffered the hand to be drawn out of the pocket empty.

Only, of course, there is a formula for such occasions.

"My, how dirty!" was mother's trite remark.

When the hands had undergone soil treatment, and father had come home, and the baby had been overpowered and lashed into the high-chair, and the process of feeding the inner Dukeses had begun, Ranny gave up the struggle against impending speech.

"I got a free ticket f'r a lecksure this afternoon. C-can I go?" He passed the pasteboard over to father, letting it speak for itself.

"Admit one," father read, impressively. "An Illustrated Lecture by Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson upon the Evils of Intemperance. Fireman's Hall, Wednesday Afternoon at four o'clock."

"Well, I *wondered*," said mother cryptically.

"I don't know." Father's words were designed to soar above the juvenile head. "Isn't it pretty early to begin that sort of thing?"

"Please let me go. Mebbe they will be pictures er something."

"I don't suppose it can do any harm," said mother. "They wouldn't go into disgusting details—before children."

"Ever'body got tickets," Ranny argued.

"All right," father conceded. "Probably they do it better now than they did in the days of 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.'"

So Ranny made his way back to school clutching his ticket nervously. Once, when he saw a rough-looking man on the walk ahead, he sidled across the street.

Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson had shown knowledge of juvenile psychology when she got out those tickets which gave to their possessors an exaggerated idea of the value of the entertainment. A mere invitation to the lecture would not have competed with the attractions of outdoor life. Even with the "admit one" pasteboards in their pockets, the boys of Ranny's class began to weaken as they approached the place of moral uplift. Ted Blake was the first to fall by the wayside.

"Aw, come on," he said; "le's don't go to the old thing. Le's have some fun. Round ball—inns!"

Several lukewarm enemies of the liquor traffic joined Ted in the pursuit of worldly pleasure. As the diminished band neared Fireman's Hall (more familiarly known as "the hose-house") Bud Hicks discovered that the storage-yard of the foundry contained a rusty sheet-iron tank of unknown origin. It was dilapidated and evidently designed for the melting-pot, and it suggested to Bud his favorite diversion. He picked up a stone and, with characteristic accuracy, caused the thing to give out an enjoyable clang. Competition sprang up, and there was some more or less justified boasting, with the result that Ranny's

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party lost several more lively spirits. "Fatty" Hartman, being a notably poor stone-thrower, held a low opinion of this sport, and stayed with the young crusaders; Clarence Raleigh added to the number, if not to the prestige, of the little band; the fourth was Tom Rucker, whom it was difficult to separate from Ranny on any pretext.

At the entrance to Fireman's Hall there was a most disconcerting scene. A number of ladies were entering the hall, also girls in distressing quantity. Clarence was pounced upon and taken inside by his own mother, who did not regard the human race as suitable society for her son unless she was present. On the outskirts of the crowd stood a number of boys staring and scratching their knees, but not committing themselves to any line of action.

The sight of so many ladies filled Tom Rucker with foreboding.

"Mebbe they will get up a entertainment," he said, pessimistically. Fond as Tom was of providing personal enjoyment to his fellow-boy, he had a great dread of the formal affair managed by adults.

"I don't wanta speak a piece," said "Fatty" Hartman, who had ruined many Friday afternoon exercises by his inability to remember farther than the third line.

Ranny shared these fears, but the ticket in his pocket cried out to be used. He had won his permission to go and felt in honor bound to do so. "Fatty" lost his nerve and joined the periphery of starers and scratchers, which presently, as by a popular movement, faded away. But Tom still hung fire.

"Come on in," said Ranny. "Who's afraid?"

"They's a nawful lot of wimmen."

"They's men, too." Ranny had reference to two ministers, and old Mr. Jennings, who never lost an opportunity to show his disrespect for King Alcohol. There was also Sim Coley, but it was hardly fair to count him, because as janitor of the hose-house and the hall above his attendance was compulsory. If common report was correct, Mr. Coley had no place in a temperance meeting except, perhaps, as Exhibit A. Lem White, who worked—though not excessively—in the livery-stable, and who usually jousted with Coley at checkers in the late afternoon, was eloquently absent. Tom, upon a sudden inspiration, approached the janitor for enlightenment.

"What's this here thing gonta be, Mr. Coley?" he asked.

Sim spoke confidentially through the side of his mouth: "Don't ast me; I s'pose they're goin' to throw the harpoon into the demon rum. These doin's make me tired—a hunderd an' fifty chairs!"

This speech had opposite effects upon the two hesitators. Tom forthwith abandoned his crony, and decided that if he did not go home and pile that wood he would get "a nawful whalin'." Ranny, on the other hand, got a vague impression of fancy harpoon-throwing,



"ADMIT ONE — AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE UPON THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE"

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with Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson in the leading rôle. So they parted reluctantly. Ranny climbed the stairs, surrendered his ticket, and sought an inconspicuous place at the rear of the hall.

But he had reckoned without his hostess. An energetic and able-bodied middle-aged lady saw him, and called out: "Come right down here, young man. We want all the children in front."

As he had never seen this lady before, he knew that she was Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson, the prominent harpoonist. The children, he noted with dismay, consisted entirely of girls; even Clarence Raleigh, as little help as he was in times of peril, was seated back a little farther with his mother, a number of vacant chairs intervening between him and his fellow-man. Ranny squirmed in his feminine environment; there was no hope of escape, for he was pinned down by Mrs. Smitherson's eye.

The entertainment was almost a total loss. Outside in the sunshine normal persons were playing round-ball and throwing stones at tanks while he was listening to a prayer by the brick-church minister, to some remarks by Mr. Jennings, who lived across the street from Ranny and could be heard at any time, and finally to a long address by Mrs. Smitherson. Her harpoons, alas! were purely verbal. What she said about the demon rum was no news to Ranny; he had always held a low opinion of drink. And the lecture's sole claim to the adjective illustrated consisted of some charts showing the effect of alcohol upon the human frame. Mrs. Smitherson's remarks were largely long-distance shells screaming over the front ranks and bursting among the adults behind, but now and then she took pot shots at the children. When, for example, the chart showed a cross-section of a drunkard's liver, she asked:

"What little boy or girl would like to grow up and have a liver like that?"

This was not a call for volunteers, but, as a matter of fact, the picture in question was the most lively and interesting thing in the entertainment — much brighter and more attractive than the colorless teetotaler's liver which immediately followed it.

The exercises concluded with the organization of "The Cold-Water League of Lakeville." Mrs. Smitherson said, with what passed among the adults as humor, that a city with such a name ought to support a flourishing cold-water league. At once two ministers, Mr. Jennings, and a number of good ladies joined the league and pledged themselves to abstain from alcohol in any form. Especial attention was now directed to the rising generation. The girls, shyly and not without giggling, were all mustered in; Clarence Raleigh submitted without a struggle, and was led to total abstinence by his natural guardian. Ranny, conscious of the danger of being enlisted in entertainments, hung back until the girls began to look at him as if he were a public reproach.

"I believe our little friend down there has not yet signed," said Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson. "I am sure he does not wish to grow up and be a drunkard."

Thus cornered, Ranny joined the league and pledged himself to a life of sobriety.

"When we adjourn," said the lecturer, "I shall give out the ribbons. I hope each and every one will take a copy of the pledge and get signatures from their friends. We want the children especially enlisted in this fight. Therefore I am glad to announce that the boy or girl who gets the largest number of signers between now and our meeting next week will receive"—Mrs. Smitherson paused for rhetorical effect—"a cash prize of one dollar!"

Clarence Raleigh made a rising motion, but immediately subsided as from a pull on the coat-tail. It was one thing, apparently, to abstain from inebriety, and quite another to circulate freely among the masses. A number of girls, however, accepted positions as enlisting officers. Ranny might have escaped from the room at this time, but he was stunned by the magnificence of the prize offer, and before he recovered the power of motion one of the papers had been forced upon him. Presently he found himself in the open air, pledged to abstinence and, what was worse, under bonds to secure signatures from a generation of scoffers.

Almost the first person he saw was Tom Rucker, who was engaged in a

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RANNY SQUIRMED IN HIS FEMININE ENVIRONMENT

meritorious attempt to hang upon a lamp-post without the use of his hands.

"I thought ya had to pile wood," said Ranny, scornfully.

Tom unwound his legs and drew near. "How was it?" he asked. "I bet it was no good."

"It was, too! It was fine. They had a drunkard's liver, an'—an' ever'thing."

"I bet they're gonta have a entertainment," said Tom, hopefully.

Ranny treated himself to a hearty laugh over his friend's ignorance.

"Don't ya know anything?" he asked. "What *do* ya have to do?"

"Nothin'; only git names on this here"—Ranny fumbled in his jacket pocket—"this here thing."

Tom examined the document with studious care. "What's it for?" he asked.

"Can't ya understand plain printin'?" Ranny began to read aloud: "The undersig—undersiggen— I 'ain't got no time now. I gotta git somebody to put his name down first"—guile crept into his heart—"'Fatty' er somebody."

"Why should his name be first? He's a rotten writer," said Tom, swallowing the bait eagerly.

"Well," said Ranny, judicially, "nobody don't hafta speak a piece er anything. Only promise not to drink and join the Cold-Water Company. What 'll ya give me to let ya put your name down first?"

"What 'll ya take?"

Thus all transactions began in the society in which these persons moved. The privilege of leading the Cold-Water League was finally knocked down to Tom for an artificial red rose which had a pin concealed inside as a substitute for fragrance. This had been a desirable property to start with, but had lately declined in value because all the foolable had now been fooled.

"Ya could use it on some greenhorn from the country," said Tom, "and have fun." He signed close to the printing so that nobody could crowd in above.

On his way home to supper Ranny went around by the Hartman home and found the person he wanted to see out sprinkling the dusty street with a hose. He put the proposition to "Fatty," emphasizing the immunity from piece-speaking. Somehow he managed to convey the idea that this was a kind of insurance policy against recitations.

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"What 'll ya give me to let ya put your name next—under Tom's?"

The corpulent one saw through this flimsy device and met it with an equally dishonest proposal.

"I'll let ya sprinkle here f'r"—he struggled, as against a too-generous nature—"f'r fifteen minutes."

"All right—give 'er here."

The hose was exchanged for the paper and pencil-stub, and "Fatty," under his baptismal name, became a member of the Cold-Water League. He then stayed about, giving helpful advice to amateur sprinklers. "Here—not like that," he said in an unguarded moment; "let me show ya."

"'Fraid I gotta go home," said Ranny, once freed from the burden of holding the nozzle.

On his way he considered the advisability of getting father to sign, but put it over as unfinished business. He could get father at any time. Why waste a desirable position high on the roll? He decided not to say anything about the dollar—better let that be a surprise if he got it—but he showed the paper to his parents at supper.

"I am glad," said father, "that Tom and 'Fatty' have decided upon the strait and narrow way."

"I'll get a lot more signers to-morrow." The thing did not seem so distasteful to Ranny now. If he could continue selling off the positions on the paper perhaps he could make something of an industry of it, aside from the prize.

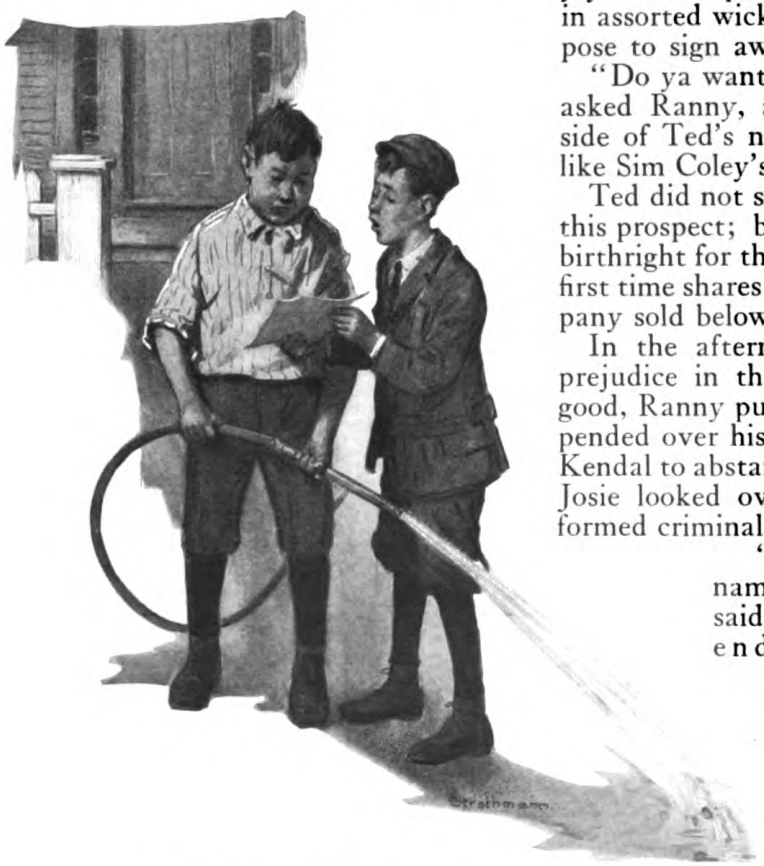
But the collection of pledges on the following day proved more difficult than he had expected; before noon stock in the "water company" had taken a decided slump. Bud Hicks declined to give any valuable consideration for the third place on the roll; in fact, was with difficulty persuaded to come in free. Ranny was compelled to take in several more prohibitionists on this unprofitable basis. In the face of a falling market he tackled Ted Blake at the noon hour. Ted enjoyed the reputation of being a master in assorted wickedness and did not propose to sign away this prestige lightly.

"Do ya wanta grow up a drunkard," asked Ranny, appealing to the better side of Ted's nature, "an' have a liver like Sim Coley's?"

Ted did not seem to shudder much at this prospect; but in the end he sold his birthright for that prickly rose. For the first time shares in the Cold-Water Company sold below par.

In the afternoon, conquering a sex prejudice in the interest of the larger good, Ranny pulled the pig-tail that depended over his desk, and invited Josie Kendal to abstain from the flowing bowl. Josie looked over his collection of reformed criminals without enthusiasm.

"I don't want to put my name down with *them*," she said. Before this interview ended it became clear that he could not make any headway among the girls of the class; they would sign up with their own kind. Fortunately this rule worked both ways.



HE CONVEYED THE IDEA THAT THIS WAS A KIND OF INSURANCE POLICY AGAINST RECITATIONS

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"FROGTOWN" RENOUNCED THE WINE-CUP AT THE RATE OF TWO BEANS PER HEAD

"I bet," he said to one recalcitrant, "you wrote y'r name down f'r some girl."

The accused signed the pledge in defense of his character, and Ranny used this blackmailing device three times before it was worn out.

But if girls were not in his province, what about adults? It was Friday afternoon before he could nerve himself to crossing the great gulf. He would make one test case and govern himself by the result; it had better be a woman and it must be some one who had not been present at the last meeting. Finally he decided upon Miss Barrows, the "maiden lady" who lived in the little cottage where there were so many flowers and whitewashed stones. Miss Barrows was of a genial disposition and sometimes gave a person cookies; if she refused to give up liquor, she would at least not commit assault. Yet somehow, as he entered Miss Barrows's gate, the hand that held the paper trembled a little. At such a time of nervous tension it is fatal to encounter any deviation from the set programme, so when he was only half-way up the stone-bordered path and the door opened and Miss Barrows called out a cheery welcome, he was completely demoralized.

"Well, Ranny, this *is* a pleasure," she said. "What can I do for you?"

In terror of the deed he had to do, he thrust the paper behind him. "Miss Barrows," he said, and gulped twice, "h-h-have ya seen anything of—of my guinea-pig?"

"Why, no, dear. Did it run away?"

"I thought mebbe— Well, goo' by."

Ranny retreated in poor order down the path. Thus ended the crusade among the adults. Better lose the prize twenty times over than go through this sort of thing again. Except, of course, father. But it developed that father had two deep, if somewhat conflicting, prejudices; one was against drink and the other was against pledges.

"I don't need to sign any paper to keep myself straight," he said. "Of course it's different with these rough characters"—indicating the names on

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Ranny's list. "Perhaps mother might be persuaded to lead a better life."

Mother laughed, and agreed to sign anything within reason; her only protest was against the unsanitary, chewed-up pencil provided by the management.

In the morning Ranny, with his weekly ten cents secure in his hand and his hand secure in his pocket and a fine new plan in his mind, started for Mrs. Leonard's little store. There, after research, he invested his entire capital in jelly-beans, hard outside and gummy within.

"Well, you are rich this morning," said the storekeeper. Ranny usually wasted his substance on the instalment plan.

"I need a lotta beans," he replied.

This was not self-indulgence, but investment; the jelly-bean was the smallest standard of value provided by Mrs. Leonard's mint. He now took his way toward "Frogtown." As he approached that place of youthful congestion he saw a clump of boys expressing their opinions at the edge of the marsh. Taking one of the beans out of the bag, he munched it publicly, and was immediately surrounded. Ranny gave out nothing but smacks.

"Um-m, pretty good," he said, and added, as if suddenly stricken with an idea. "I tell ya. Every fella that signs this here thing gits a bean."

"What is it?" asked a cautious "Frogtowner."

"It's nothin'. Ya don't hafta speak pieces or anything. Ya git a ribbon free —but ya don't hafta wear it; ya could keep it in your pocket."

"Yeah, but what is it?"

A valuable thought came to Ranny. "Here; read it your *own* self." He consumed another bean with histrionic enjoyment.



HE STEPPED TO THE SPEAKER'S TABLE WITH A PITCHER OF THAT LIQUID WHICH IS SO USEFUL FOR PUTTING OUT FIRES

Unwilling to admit that this wilderness of words meant nothing to him, the skeptic fell back upon barter. "I'll sign it f'r three beans."

"Yeah, I guess ya will. Ya mus' think I'm rich."

In the end, visible "Frogtown" renounced the wine-cup at the rate of two beans per head. Equal suffrage prevailed, and Mary Murray sold her vote at regular rates. Furthermore, Mary proposed to enter her infant brother, John, who was acting disorderly on behalf of beans. Ranny had no precedent for accepting the proxies of uneducated people, but agreed to pay one bean in advance for whatever John might do personally. The infant was given the pencil and, amid universal snickering, achieved a signature that consisted of a hole in the paper, a tear-drop, and a line that began life as a corkscrew and later ran fast and loose among the names above. John fell in love with the new sport; it took another bean to get him to stop signing the pledge.

When night terminated Ranny's activities, he had in all twenty-four signa-

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tures, not counting the inappropriate corkscrew. On the following day he added three names from his Sunday-school class, the teacher being among those who mounted the water-wagon. From this time on things went more slowly. The secret of the dollar prize was now generally known, and those still unregenerate were holding out for ruinous prices.

On Wednesday, when the Cold Water League assembled in convention, Ranny had thirty names upon his paper. But he had done more than secure pledges; he had also press-agented the meeting with subtle skill. They would be surprised at what was going to happen, he said, darkly. He did not originate—though he took no pains to put at rest—the rumor that some pleasing atrocity would be committed upon Sim Coley. Nobody claimed to believe that Mr. Coley would be vivisected to make a Lakeville holiday, but when, just before the meeting opened, he stepped to the speaker's table with a pitcher of that liquid which is so useful for putting out fires, he met with the surprise of his life. It was nothing short of an ovation. From Ranny's solid block of alcohol-fighters came one triumphant blast of approval. Ted Blake was so carried away by his feelings that he whistled upon two fingers. When the retreating janitor looked violently upon his admirers, their enthusiasm broke all bounds—girls and adults joined ignorantly in the applause.

Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson, who was now approaching the platform, mistook the purport of this demonstration, and flushed with pleasure. "I am very glad," she said, "to see such a large and enthusiastic gathering and so many boys enlisted in the fight against rum."

How different this was, Ranny thought, from last week, with the place full of girls and all the best people outdoors throwing stones at tanks! Presently it was time to see who had secured the greatest number of pledges; Mr. Jennings and the two ministers were asked to be an auditing committee, because of the superiority of the male mind in statistics. The result was apparent to the auditors as soon as they had opened the papers. It is true that Gertie Riley had made a brave showing by running wild among the large Riley relationship, but the efforts of the girls were scattering, while Ranny had all the boys there were. Mr. Jennings announced that the greatest number of signatures (not counting one which they had been unable to decipher) had been secured by his young friend and neighbor, Randolph Dukes. Ranny's crowd responded with boisterous, if self-interested, cheers.

Mrs. Smitherson now with dramatic effect produced a bright silver dollar and presented it to Ranny with remarks, complimentary to him, but predicting a dismal future for John Barleycorn.

"Now," she said, when Ranny had regained his place at the end of the row and was permitting privileged neighbors brief glimpses of his wealth—"now I am going to tell you a great secret. For our campaign to drive the dram-shop out of Lakeville we must first raise money. To do this we are going to have—guess"—Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson's face broke into an arch smile—"an entertainment."

There was a clapping of hands—weak, girlish hands, restrained adult hands. Ranny's blood froze solid, his heart stopped beating, his interior collapsed into a heap of ruins. Presently he realized that Tom Rucker was laying violent hands upon him.

"I thought you said they wasn't goin' to be no entertainment."

Ranny could not think of the answer to this, so he grabbed his cap and fled, Tom at his heels, "Fatty" Hartman at Tom's, apparently all the rest of society at "Fatty's." They came roaring and clattering down the narrow stairway, demanding their toll of human life. Out upon the sidewalk they poured, whirling about Ranny in an angry eddy, catching up Janitor Coley and tossing him about like a cork.

"They didn't tell me!" cried Ranny. "She said it was a secrut, didn't she? What 're ya pickin' on me for? Come on"—this in desperation—"le's git somepin good."

Anger died and hunger was born; Ranny was in almost as much bodily danger from one as from the other. Two speed records were shattered that afternoon—a meeting was broken up while

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Mrs. B. Hubbard Smitherson was taking two gasps, and Alleston's staple and fancy grocery changed from a sleepy calm to a typhoon while James B. Alleston, Prop., was taking his feet off of the ledger.

Not until the prize money had melted away and nature was bathed in the mellow light of sunset was Ranny's debt of honor canceled. Then the party broke up, and the zone of sticky cheeks and tired jaws widened out over Lakeville as waves from a stone dropped in the water. Ranny, who had treated himself throughout with justice tempered with generosity, now ate his way homeward, finding pleasant little surprises in out-of-the-way pockets. At the supper-table he showed a distaste for commonplace viands.

"What's the matter with your appetite, dear?" mother asked.

"I'm not feeling so very hungry," Ranny replied. "I must have eat something."

At the Dukes home there was a panacea for all ailments—coughs, colds, loss of appetite, and misconduct. Ranny, against his better judgment, went to bed. At nine father came in to see whether he was all right, and found him still awake.

"Mr. Jennings was over awhile ago," said father. "He told us that you got a dollar prize and then broke up the meeting. What did you do that for?"

"I promised the boys if they would write their name they wouldn't be no entertainment. Mis' Smitherson said now they's goin' to be a entertainment, and they was mad an' picked on me, an' ever'thing. So we bought some candy—an' cookies—an' some raisins."

"Is that all?"

"An' a couple of bananas an' prunes."

"Is *that* all?"

"Yes, that's all, 'cept peanuts an' buttered popcorn—an' a few pickles."

"How much did you spend of your dollar?"

"Pert near all—but what's in my pocket."

An inventory of Ranny's clothing showed a piece of taffy that seemed to be there for good, two cents, and a part of a peanut shell.

"Well, you *have* been on a tear." For a moment father seemed amused at something, then became very sober. "Do you know what the word temperance means?"

There was a light step at the bedroom door, and father turned his head.

"Come on in, mother," he said. "Have you got a ticket? There's going to be a lecture by Thomas Dukes, the wagon-maker, upon the evils of intemperance."

Design

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE curving shore was made to hold the sea,
The columbine to hold a drop of dew,
The hollyhock to hold the drowsy bee,
And my two arms were fashioned just for you.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT was certainly something like what is called, in elegant literary parlance, a motley crew that gathered about the Easy Chair early in the week before the Christmas Holidays. They were of all ages and sexes, to employ another euphemism not unknown to elegant literature, and at first glance they gave the Easy Chair the impression that its den over the Elevated Road in Franklin Square was about to be used as the scene for rehearsing a drama of Moving Pictures. But a second glance showed in the different faces and figures a dejection out of keeping with the cheerful artists whom the Chair had seen elsewhere posing for the films. Among the rest there was one extremely wicked-looking Old Man, hand in hand, oddly enough, with a very gentle Silver-haired Sage, whose presence breathed beneficence from every pore, and who carried a purse flaccid from the constant application of the finger in alms-giving. There was a sort of family resemblance in the two which could also be noted in two women, closely associated, apparently, in the character of Mother and Daughter at times, and other moments in that of Elder and Younger Sister. In either case the face of the elder wore a perfunctory fierceness, and that of the other a sort of conscience-smitten meekness, as one worthy of all scorn and contempt by her conduct, but of all compassion and forbearance by her nature. There was a Little Child (dressed rather young for her size, with hair of the sunniest peroxide tint) whom the Easy Chair expected at any moment to pipe up in a high, thin voice, and a very tattered Homeless Boy with a hunted look, as of being driven from holes and corners and denied the hospitality of ash-barrels and kitchen-middens even in the filthiest purlieus of the tenement-house districts. These seemed to be related, on some mysterious terms, as brother and sister, and to have the promise of bringing to repentance a rich and haughty lady who had every mark of a Guilty Mother, as concerned the boy, but who openly claimed kindred with the Little Child. The avarice of a Heartless Miser betrayed itself to the world at large by the clutch which he kept upon the bag pressed to his heart, and by his aversion from the son whom he had cut off with a shilling because he had married the girl he loved; the young husband and wife were of a tenderness for each other so obvious that it must have moved any other old man in the world. One of the company appeared in a lively imitation of a person overcome by sleep from the cold of a blizzard, which he threw about him at moments in a cloud of shredded paper.

A crew of Bucaneers were unmistakable in the costumes of the period; the guests of an Old-fashioned Squire in an English country house, especially the pretty girl who held a spray of mistletoe above her head, could not be confused with the joyous Americans going home for the holidays with their grip-sacks in their hands. Almost every grade of society was represented in the curious rout, and every variety of experience in romance was suggested.

The Easy Chair suffered a polite space in silence before it ventured upon the question, "May we ask to what we are indebted for the honor of this visit?"

The company answered as with one voice, or as much with one voice as a stage crowd ever does, "We want work."

"Oh, you want work," the Easy Chair temporized, and then it said again, conscious of some tautology in its terms, "May we ask why you come to the Easy Chair for work?"

"Because of your enormous influence with the profession of fiction."

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"This was flattering, but the Easy Chair saw trouble ahead in a too ready assent to the premises. "We think you exaggerate in that matter. May we ask"—and here once more the Easy Chair was sensible of a tautological tendency—"what sort of fiction you mean? There are a good many kinds of fiction, you know. If you mean anything in the line of the Moving Picture drama, we wish to say at once that with all respect to them we have no influence whatever with its managers."

Here a person who had a psychological appearance, with some effect of sociological research, demanded, "Do these gentlemen look as if they were in any wise connected with the Movies, so called?" and he indicated with an indignant wave of the hand a person whom the Chair recognized at once as a Detective of established reputation, and again a group of Castaways, whose make-up for despair on a deserted island was pathetically convincing.

"No, certainly not," the Easy Chair admitted.

"Or these," the Psychosociologist continued, "or these, or these, or these?" bringing forward types of repentant Forgery, of Reprieve at the Last Moment, of Death-bed Restitution of Purloined Jewelry. "Or do *I* look as if I were posing for the films?"

"We certainly owe you an apology," the Easy Chair returned. "May we ask," the Chair continued, once more falling a helpless prey to what seemed the predestined phrase, "what sort of occupations— employments—jobs—our friends here are seeking?"

"Can't you see," the Psychosociologist returned, "that they are all, by profession, Characters in the Short Christmas Story, and that in the present decay of the industry which once supplied an ever-increasing demand that they are as hopelessly out of work as if they had been employees in a bicycle factory—almost a hoop-skirt factory?"

"Is it so bad as that?" the Easy Chair strickenly murmured; for it was sensible of having, in former days, helped to bring discredit upon the branch of literature in question. "There must be a lot of Christmas stories still used in our hundred-odd monthlies and weeklies and Sunday editions, and consequently there can't be such an absolute falling off of work for characters in that branch of imaginative literature as the destitution of our friends here would suggest."

The Easy Chair referred itself with a slight inclination to the Motley Crew, which gave no sign of relenting, while the Psychosociologist retorted, "Oh, you *think* so, do you!" and tacitly compelled the Chair's attention to a rapid succession of advertisements and indexes from the magazines of the current month, thrown up on a spacious screen, like the texts or stage-directions of the Movies. To the Chair's consternation not a single short Christmas story of the old sort appeared in the tables of contents or the announcements of the forthcoming issues. "Would you like to see what the weeklies and Sunday editions are doing for these people, your equals in everything but unmerited prosperity?"

"No, no!" the Chair entreated. "These are quite enough. But do you mean to tell me that the short Christmas story has really gone out?"

"The ostensible short Christmas story has. I don't say that a fiction of subtler holiday implications has not succeeded to it. I should be the last to object to that sort of Christmas story. But you must realize that it cannot offer employment to characters trained in the old school, any more than the satires and allegories of these later years could use actors bred up in the melodrama of our fathers. Our friends here must have the strong, objective incidents and unquestionable motives and unmistakable dénouements which have always brought down the house. They must have thrilling adventures again, shipwrecks, combats with wild beasts, and abandoned human enemies of all sorts, stresses of weather in variety, atrocious cruelty and undying remorse ending in complete forgiveness. They must have precipices and icebergs, and losses at sea, or they can do nothing. They must have elopements and returns with parental pardon, and boards crowned with holly and swimming with bowls of wassail. But I needn't go over the ground in detail; you know it, and it is up to you to make the first move for the relief of our unfortunate co-workers."

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The Easy Chair felt the force of this reasoning, and began again, helplessly: "May we ask—that is, we must know in the first place—whether our friends represent United Labor or the Open Shop as persons in holiday fiction."

In reply the Little Child piped up: "We represent United Labor, with an eight-hour day and the minimum wage."

"Very well, then," the Easy Chair said, "the way seems to be clear. All that we have to do is to arbitrate."

"But there is nothing to arbitrate," the Little Child protested. "Unless we have work we do not exist. It is not a question of wages or hours; it is a question of being or non-being."

"Oh, something Hegelian," the Easy Chair said. "We see. Then we must appeal to the authors and editors."

The Psychosociologist took the word. "The authors are all right. There is scarcely a short-story writer who hasn't stored away a piece of old-fashioned Christmas fiction bearing the marks of manifold editorial rejection which he has attempted vainly to rub out. You must appeal to the editors, and your appeal will be fruitless unless you can persuade them that the Christmas story of the fathers is what readers want."

"Oh, well," the Easy Chair cheered up. "Then we will go to the readers. It will be very simple. The first thing will be to see whether the readers will stand it. We will resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole on the order of the day, and ascertain by a standing vote whether readers want that sort of thing. We are all readers, we suppose; now is there any author among us?"

The ancient grudge which is between authors and actors, the mutual contempt which always has been, was the only response.

"Very well, then," the Easy Chair said, "we will make the sacrifice ourself," and it began a rather prolonged search among its archives. When at last it found what it seemed to have been looking for, it proved to be a manuscript, in the quaint old script in which authors used to offer their contributions. "Here is something that came back to me from an editor about thirty years ago, and I think it will prove exactly to our purpose."

Without further preamble the Chair began to read, and proceeded among the murmurs of satisfaction with which the characters recognized themselves and one another. But a silence gradually grew upon the company, and deepened to such an effect that the Chair scarcely dared to look up from its page. A deadly suspicion stole upon it at last which it had not the courage to verify; but amidst the general, the universal hush it was aware that the old-fashioned short Christmas story was not only not what the readers wanted; it was not what the characters themselves wanted.

"Oh, come, come!" the Chair said, folding up its manuscript, "you mustn't lose heart so easily. This is perhaps an exaggerated instance of the old-fashioned short Christmas story. With the more modern appliances there must be stories in which you would not be ashamed to find yourselves at home. We will allow that we should not ourself quite like to figure in such a jejune action as this; we were very young at the time we invented it. We will tell you!" and the Chair became luminous with the bright idea which had struck it. "We will appeal to our contributors to go over the short Christmas stories of the past, and familiarize themselves with your several idiosyncrasies, and adapt them to the motives governing actual fiction. In a year, you will find yourselves, under various guises, in every magazine of this fair land of ours."

"But meantime," the Motley Crew responded, "we have nothing to eat."

The Chair, with some difficulty, scratched its carved Gothic head with one of its cushioned arms. Then it fairly blazed with another luminous idea. "Here! You needn't starve!" and the Chair managed to make search in the secret drawer where it had found its manuscript, and discovered a vast heap of Charity meal-tickets. "These will entitle you"—

"Never!" shouted the Motley Crew, with one voice, and they vanished through the open door, prolonging, as they stumbled down the spiral back staircase of Franklin Square, their universal refusal in the hoarse, dull roar of the mob that makes itself heard at threatening moments behind the scenes.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

ANY writer undertaking a history of American magazine literature is likely to be gravely errant in his interpretations and judgments—especially as to the period in which this Magazine made its first appeal to the American public—unless he acquaints himself with the facts which determined the successive situations that pass under his review. Indeed, a mere knowledge of the isolated facts, gathered from various sources, would not be sufficiently helpful to him unless he can see them as making up the situation at any given period.

The method adopted by Mr. Algernon Tassin, who has undertaken this large commission—that of presenting to readers of to-day the story of "The Magazine in America"—in a series of articles for our friendly contemporary, the *Bookman*, seems to confine the historical scope to such facts as give a piquant interest to the story rather than a comprehensive view of the real situation in American literature in the middle of the nineteenth century—the period upon which, thus far, the writer's attention has been chiefly concentrated.

The eighth chapter of the story, under the rather amusing caption, "The Corsair Converted," is devoted to *Harper's Magazine*, though that periodical, presumably before its "conversion," has figured largely in the previous chapters as the *enfant terrible* of the magazine world, at least as affecting the sensibilities of rival contemporaries—*Graham's* in Philadelphia, *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's* in New York, and, soon after, *The Atlantic* in Boston. By shutting in this little world to itself, Mr. Tassin enhances the humor of the comedy, in which most of these rivals exalted themselves as the conservators of American literature and looked askant at *Harper's*, as if it were a kind of Monthly Ragbag. Mr. Tassin evidently sees the humor of a situation which any attempt on his part to clear up would reveal as really pathetic, since the case of these rivals, with the single exception of *The Atlantic*, was that of the Roman gladiators: *nos morituri salutamus*. Our readers, too—to whom we cheerfully commend this and the other chapters of the series, not only for the entertainment that they provide, but because we could wish no more generous appreciation of this Magazine, in its maturity, than that expressed by the author—would enjoy the humor of the spectacle presented; and those who have long memories would sense its pathos, knowing how earnest and sincere and yet how hopeless the struggle was on the part of these magazines, now lost to view, to stimulate American authorship.

For the benefit of those whose memories are not so long we should perhaps correct some errors into which Mr. Tassin has accidentally fallen. He states that George William Curtis left the Easy Chair to become political editor of *Harper's Weekly* in 1863. The date is correct for Curtis's assumption of the political editorship of the *Weekly;* but he did not at that time give up the Easy Chair, nor at any other time until his last illness in 1892. There are at least fifty thousand readers who could have set him right as to a matter so vital in their remembrance, since by this curtailment of Curtis's occupancy to less than one-fourth of its entire period they would have sadly missed about three hundred and fifty of his Easy Chairs!

Mr. Tassin is also misleading when, after correctly stating that Curtis undertook the Easy Chair in 1853, he asserts that other men contributed to it for several years. Between 1853 and 1892 there was no interruption of Curtis's contribution of the Easy Chair, except for a few months' absence of the

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regular occupant in Europe, when Thomas Bailey Aldrich supplied his place. After the death of George William Curtis the Chair was discontinued for eight years because of the publishers' feeling of his identity with it. In 1900 it was revived only because so worthy a successor to Curtis was found in William Dean Howells, who had become closely companionable to the readers of this Magazine in his fiction and in the pages of the original Editor's Study.

Generally Mr. Tassin's statements are from the written record, accurately quoted, but his inferences are sometimes misleading, owing to his fixed conviction implied in the caption of this eighth chapter, that somewhere in its course *Harper's* has experienced conversion.

Perhaps the term "corsair" helps to explain this position. It was the title of a weekly publication established in 1839 by N. P. Willis, thus quaintly announcing a piratical commission. The prospectus of its design was very similar to that set forth in the first number of *Harper's Magazine*, eleven years later, in effect, to publish the best current literature, wherever found; only *Harper's* did not propose to confine itself to foreign sources. Willis announced that "we shall convey to our columns the cream and spirit of everything which ventures to light in France, England, and Germany. As to American productions, we shall, as the publishers do, take what we can get for nothing, holding, as the publishers do, that while we can get Boz and Bulwer for a 'thank ye' or less, it is not pocket-wise to pay much for Halleck or Irving."

"As the publishers do." Plainly, at that time, American publications were doing very little to stimulate American authorship. It was three years later that Lowell was delighted at the prospect of earning by his pen four hundred dollars in the following year! It was then, in 1842, that, in the hope, perhaps, of increased literary profits, he started a magazine of his own, *The Pioneer*, to which Hawthorne, Poe, Whittier, and Elizabeth Barrett, afterward Mrs. Browning, were contributors—but it ran for only three months. Willis had fared better, because, being himself a figure in the literature of the time as picturesque as Poe was romantic, he paid tribute to Fashion and Novelty. But the way for American literary periodicals in the forties of the last century was as hard as it was for authors—that is, for the few authors that were available.

The Harpers in 1850 were as frank, if not so quaint, in what they proposed for their magazine as N. P. Willis had been. They did not hoist the pirate's flag. Nothing so adventurous as that gave relish to their undertaking. They thought of doing in a magazine what they had been doing in books, especially in their "Family Library" series—only the selections, apart from serial novels, would be brief: essays such as De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, and Macaulay were contributing to English periodicals; short poems; and travel sketches, like those of Richard Monckton Milnes. This scheme, apparently that of a select literary miscellany, included such original contributions as were of a similar character—that is, literary without being an expression of individual opinions on disputed political or religious questions of the day—like Hawthorne's "Uttoxeter" and Donald G. Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor."

In fact, the very earliest volumes of the Magazine contained more of what might strictly be called "pure literature" than any others that followed in the long series. The Average Reader of that period must have had a well-developed literary sensibility to have appreciated such a miscellany. The fact that in less than three years the Magazine had a circulation of over a hundred thousand copies showed how many there were of this class of readers, how eager their demand for good literature was, and how partially hitherto the demand had been met.

The dependence of America upon English literature had existed from the beginning. It was not a new thing in 1850. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the American habit in writing, outside of private correspondence, had been intensely practical, largely in political lines, if we leave out theology, rather than creatively imaginative or discursive. The nearest approach to Samuel Johnson had been Benjamin Franklin. This habit per-

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sisted far into the century. Political rather than literary preferment was sought. The Puritanic ban upon fiction was only partially lifted in the middle of the century. Such literary sensibility as there was in American readers—and, as we have intimated, it was deep and pervasive—was almost entirely due to the inflow of English literature. When, in a few instances, this sensibility prompted authorship, the product was not distinctly American, even in the material treated. Cooper, in his American Indian romances; Irving, in his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, his story of Rip Van Winkle, and his *Astoria;* and Hawthorne, in *The Scarlet Letter* and his short stories, were rare exceptions; and we may add to these a Southern writer, William Gilmore Simms, with his Revolutionary tales. Poe's short stories were not at all American in scene, atmosphere, or character, and his chief influence was upon writers abroad rather than at home.

It is easy to see why magazines of that period which depended exclusively upon American contributions had a precarious existence. American authorship gave them no distinctively national character. The case of *The Atlantic*, established in 1857, was different. That periodical was open to English as well as to American contributors. It had a well-defined scheme of independent political discussion which appealed to a considerable constituency outside of New England.

A good deal, too, had happened during those seven years between the establishment of *Harper's* and *The Atlantic*, and it all tended to accentuate the distinction between these two types of magazines. The tide of Western emigration which had strongly set in a generation earlier had now reached the Pacific coast. The Argonautic adventure was at its height, and so, in the political field, was the Free Soil party. A new national consciousness had been created, soon to be perfected and unified in the alchemy of war. In the literary field, Boston was becoming to New York what Edinburgh had been to London in the second quarter of the century, with a growing circle of authors peculiarly fitted to establish and develop *The Atlantic* type of magazine.

During this period (1850–57), selections from foreign literature for *Harper's* had given place to contributions, sometimes more munificently remunerated than under an international copyright law. Curiously, in 1857 the proportion of English to American contributions was less than it was in 1887.

Harper's had been national at the start in an important sense as meeting a national need, by bringing to a people dispersed over a continent the best current English literature at the period when that literature was most stimulating to the imagination of a young American generation which was soon to respond in the production of fiction—especially in the form of short stories—for the first time characteristically American. But it was only after the war that such production became abundant, and *Harper's* heartily welcomed to its pages a lion's share of what it had so much helped to availability.

It was in other lines than that of fiction that the nationalism of *Harper's* was most evident, even in the brief period when it was so much an eclectic. This Magazine was, in its early selections and its later contributions, English and American, a secondary education of the American people. Hence the devotion of so much of its space to scientific articles, to travel sketches, to the records of fresh exploration, to the latest disclosures of archæology, to sociological articles, and those on new applications of science to industry. To make these contributions more effective, pictorial illustrations were used, as they were also in articles upon art, in historical series, and to enhance the esthetic appeal of poetry and fiction—becoming later, through the highly developed excellence of engraving, a separate feature of distinction in themselves.

It was in these ways that *Harper's* so intimately blended with the life of the whole American people, meeting their wants in the line of their aspirations. That has been from the first its nationalism. Its plan has experienced more changes, to meet the changed conditions of its audience, than that of any other magazine, but no one can point to any period of its career as a season of "conversion."

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

"X"

BY DANA BURNET

YOUNG Mrs. Henry Wigglesworth emerged from the weekly lecture of the Feminist Club with a sense of knowledge gained and illusions lost. Now and again she glanced at a mysterious slip of paper held in her right hand, a paper covered with cabalistic writings bearing strong resemblance to an algebraic formula. It was the business of the Feminist Club to reduce life, and especially married life, to mathematical formulæ. The lecture this week, delivered by Mrs. Heronica Stout, had dealt with the Husband's Hidden Ego.

According to that arch-feminist, Mrs. Stout, every man possessed a Hidden Ego, an Unknown Quantity, which it was woman's sacred duty to hale out into the open. In order to do this it was necessary to create what Mrs. Stout designated as a Domestic Crisis, which no woman worth her salt would presume to shirk. Marital happiness, said Mrs. Stout, was based upon the discovery of the sub-masculine self. (Mrs. Stout used the most fascinating phrases!) For how could a wife be sure, until the Domestic Crisis brought things to rights, that her husband was not concealing beneath a civilized exterior the characteristics of a Cave Man?

To Mrs. Wigglesworth the lecture had been a revelation and an omen. For to-morrow she was to celebrate her first wedding anniversary, an event fraught with the gravest significance. She had been married a whole year, and so far as she could remember there had been an appalling lack of Domestic Crises between herself and Henry. Of course there had occurred such small quarrels as were precipitated by Henry's refusal to learn the new dances, and his predilection for green neckties, but on the whole Henry had been an admirable husband, devoted, provident, and amenable to those marital reforms which it is the right of every wife to impose upon the man of her choice. But as for Domestic Crises, Mrs. Wigglesworth was forced to face the bitter fact that there had been none. As she



THE LECTURE HAD BEEN A REVELATION AND AN OMEN

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threaded the maze of Brooklyn streets to her newly furnished nest in the River View Apartments, Mrs. Wigglesworth made up her mind to instigate a Crisis which would settle, once for all, this question of Henry's Hidden Ego. The difficult thing was to have a Crisis that would be dignified, advanced, worthy of the object to be attained. An ordinary spat would never do. It was no simple matter being the wife of a mere mortal, after all.

As she approached Castleheim's Department Store, that Mecca of Brooklyn womankind, she glanced once more at Mrs. Stout's formula, copies of which had been distributed after the lecture. It read as follows:

Let X = Husband's Hidden Ego
Let Y = Husband's Known Self
Let Z = The Domestic Crisis

Then Y + Z = X

Possibly the equation would not have held water as a text-book example, but it contained the germ of Mrs. Stout's message to her sex. Obviously, Z was the crucial symbol. Once Z was aroused, the formula would work like magic. There was nothing in the algebra books, as Mrs. Wigglesworth remembered them, to suggest the arousing of Z. Education was a broken reed. She decided that her two years at boarding-school had been quite wasted. She would wait for Coincidence to prod Z into volcanic activity. Coincidence was a wonderful thing.

Arrived at Castleheim's show-window, Mrs. Wigglesworth temporarily put aside her problem and abandoned herself to the charms of a certain aristocratic evening cloak which, for some weeks past, had illuminated the window and clogged the traffic in the adjacent street.

It was a heavenly garment, a cloak out of the clouds! Its exterior was a lustrous rose velvet, its lining a shimmering white satin. But the crowning glory of the cloak was a white-fox fur trimming that bordered it from collar to hem and gave it an air of royal magnificence. This Elysian cloak was always sure of an audience. But so far a small, white card tipped blatantly against its hem had served to keep the hungry populace at bay. This card had borne upon its sleek surface the fatal rebuff:

$100.00

Mrs. Wigglesworth's pulse quickened as she neared the object of her heart's desire. Edging into the strong tide of shoppers, she was carried slowly but inexorably to the shrine. Thrust close against the window, she set her back to the throng, and then, having delayed the feast until the last possible moment, looked straight in upon the treasure. . . .

An exclamation broke from her lips. Her heart leaped with a sudden delirious joy. The inscription on the white card, robbed of its former superciliousness, had undergone an amendment. It now read:

$100.00
Reduced to
$75.00

There had been no temptation to equal this since the days of Eve. The aristocrat of evening cloaks—reduced to $75! The thing was preposterous, astounding. Perhaps it was more than that. Perhaps it was the Coincidence divinely ordered to arouse Z, and settle the problem of Henry's Hidden Ego. Mrs. Wigglesworth reflected that extravagance was a known producer of Domestic Crises. Where would she ever find a better opportunity to be tellingly and profitably extravagant? Then, too, of all Castleheim's clientele, who had as strong a claim upon the cloak as she? Had she not already planned the alterations of it? Had she not decided definitely to lengthen it in front and take up the fullness in the back? Let Castleheim's have cognizance of these facts before rashly selling the cloak to—

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wigglesworth. "Oh! Oh!"

A long stick, terminating in a wire hook, came evilly into the window from the little sliding panel at the rear of it, vacillated for a moment, like a serpent about to strike, then settled surely upon Mrs. Wigglesworth's divine Coincidence. The cloak soared gracefully off its form, flicked its shining skirts, and vanished like a rosy cloud into the black depths of Castleheim's.

A gasp went up from the crowd of window-worshipers. Castleheim's had shattered a fine socialistic ideal for an autocratic actuality. Castleheim's had sold the evening cloak—probably to some fat dowager with more figures than figure. Yet who among the disappointed felt so hurt as Molly Wigglesworth? Who except she had planned to take up the fullness in the back?

Sick at heart, she slipped away from the window and cast herself upon the stream of ingoing Castleheimers. She desired, if possible, to discover the identity of this snatcher of golden opportunities, this destroyer of Coincidences. Within the store, she turned to the counter labeled "Ladies' and Misses' Lingerie, Tea-Gowns, Evening Cloaks." As she approached, born literally upon the

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bosoms of the tide, a gaunt saleswoman was just removing the precious cloak from the hooked stick. Then Molly saw her deliver that heavenly garment into the hands of a young man who, in turn, placed it about the shoulders of a girl in a large black hat. As the young man faced about Molly stopped with a little cry.

The young man was Henry Wigglesworth!

An influx of shoppers swept her irresistibly toward the Ladies' and Misses' Wear. She saw the girl's face under the black hat. It was rather an attractive face, a face which no admirable husband should have been seen gazing into under any circumstances, much less at Castleheim's lingerie counter.

By a determined effort Molly squeezed out of the human stream and concealed herself behind a patent clothes-rack which stood, hung with various intimate garments, between her and the admirable Henry. The girl in the black hat had drawn the rose-velvet cloak about her graceful figure, and was glancing back over her shoulder at Henry. In her eyes was an arch friendliness that made Molly sick to see. Henry, for his part, gazed at the animate picture with obvious pleasure. At last he nodded to the gaunt saleswoman, who took the cloak, wrapped it in white tissue-paper, and laid it in a cardboard box. Then came the climax of the little drama. With a smile the admirable Henry laid the box in the arms of the strange young woman, said something to her in a low tone, lifted his hat, and made off down the crowded aisle. Molly closed her eyes.

When she opened them again the girl had disappeared. Torn by a thousand new emotions, Molly made her way out of the store. Mrs. Stout's algebraic formula danced before her eyes like the floating fragments of a shattered world. In the midst of the chaos jigged a frenzied Z, aroused now to hideous antics. Coincidence had attended to the Domestic Crisis, after all. Even as she choked back the tears Mrs. Wigglesworth realized that there had never been such a Domestic Crisis in the history of the world. How Mrs. Stout would have gloated over it!

Molly did not gloat, but she resolved to face it. If Henry was a Cave Man, she wanted to know it. She had married him for a rising young stock-broker. That was Y. Circumstance had provided an unmistakable Z. X would be the inevitable result. And if X equaled Henry gazing fondly into the eyes of a strange young woman, then she would die forthwith, a martyr to Truth and to Feminism!

Dinner that evening was a perfunctory affair. Henry seemed preoccupied. Molly was miserably silent. Ellen, the maid.



HENRY GAZED AT THE ANIMATE PICTURE WITH OBVIOUS PLEASURE

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"IS ALGEBRA COMING IN AGAIN?" ASKED HENRY, WITH A FOND SMILE

opined that her young folks had had a bit of a tiff, and said as much to her bosom friend, the janitor's wife. But Ellen was wrong. It was far more serious than a tiff. It was the first stage of an acute Domestic Crisis.

The Wigglesworths sat all evening, as stiff as two characters in an amateur play, separated by a great, strange gulf of silence. Henry's preoccupation seemed to grow deeper as time passed, but he dropped no hint of the girl in the large hat, though Molly approached the black secret by divers hidden paths. At last, being totally unable to cope with the lump in her throat, she rose, murmured something about a headache, and went blindly to her room. There she dropped down by the side of her bed and cried. To-morrow would be her first wedding anniversary, and—X equaled the end of the world!

The next morning Henry departed for the office as usual, with only the most casual reference to that day of days. Their wedding anniversary, and he had hardly mentioned it! Evidently X had played havoc with Henry's former admirable self. Molly curled herself up in an arm-chair by the window, and gazed with stony despair at the thin gold band upon her finger. She was so deep in sorrow, in resentment, in self-commiseration, that she did not hear the door-bell ring, nor was she aware of untoward happenings until Ellen appeared before her with ominous announcement:

"A lady to see you, ma'am."

Molly rose from the chair. For some reason her heart had begun to beat wildly. Her hands clenched. Her knees shook.

"Ask her to come in."

The little clock on the mantel struck the half-hour with a small, sweet voice. It was just eleven-thirty. And she had been married at noon, a year ago to-day!

There was a brief interlude of footsteps in the hall, then into Mrs. Wigglesworth's living-room walked the girl of the black hat, and stood smiling, a large cardboard box under her arm. Molly was face to face with her Domestic Crisis.

"Mrs. Wigglesworth?"

"Yes," said Molly. "Yes!"

"I have a note for you."

Mechanically Molly took the envelope, broke the seal, and read:

DEAR OLD MOLLY,—In commemoration of the Great Event, I have invested in Castleheim Preferred. At least I hope you'll prefer it. Being nothing but a man and a stock-broker, I did not dare to select same upon my own responsibility. But Miss Pearson, who will deliver it to you, gave me her word that it was the best bargain in Brooklyn, and she ought to know, because she is a professional shopper—

The letter fluttered to the floor. Molly Wigglesworth looked blankly at Miss Pearson, professional shopper.

"Mr. Wigglesworth asked me to keep it overnight," explained Miss Pearson, "and to deliver it this morning before twelve. Castleheim's wouldn't deliver till afternoon. I hope you'll like the cloak, Mrs. Wigglesworth."

"Like it!" cried Molly, hugging the brown box to her bosom. "*Like it— !*"

Five minutes later Mrs. Henry Wigglesworth sat at her writing-desk, searching determinedly for a slip of paper covered with a certain algebraic formula. The search made small progress because she must needs

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pause every other heart-beat to gaze at a heavenly evening cloak flung richly over the back of a chair. At last, however, she found the paper:

Let X=Husband's Hidden Ego
Let Y=Husband's Known Self
Let Z=The Domestic Crisis

Then Y+Z=X

She was about to tear the slip into a thousand pieces when a familiar footstep sounded in the hall; then came a deep voice, divided between pride and doubt:

"You can change it if it doesn't suit."

"Oh, Henry, Henry—!"

Some time later, when the divine garment had been laid away for very extraordinary best, the admirable Henry stooped and picked a bit of paper from the floor.

"Is algebra coming in again?" asked Henry, with a fond smile.

Molly blushed vividly and caught the hateful paper from his hand. And this time she tore it to infinitesimal atoms.

"It wasn't anything," said Molly, laughing a trifle unsteadily, "just—just an old problem I wanted to see if I could do."

"Did it work out?"

"Not very well," said Molly. "I found that X equaled Y."

The Walk

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

A HOLIDAY'S w'en Fathers play
Wif Little Boys.
He sees w'y don't my motor go,
An' shows me how to catch an' fro'
An' mends my toys.

But w'en we take th' long, long walk
His stick goes, too,
'Cause it mus' wave an' point right out
What Fathers—they mus' talk about
An' 'splain to you.

W'en *it's* "all tired out" it hangs
Right on his arm,
But Little Boys sit down to rest
Right on a stone—'cause that is best—
Close by a farm.

Now, 'twon't be long before we'll meet
Ole trolley-car.
My little hand can make it stop,
'N' 'en we'll climb up, me an' my Pop.
Now, 'twon't seem far,

'Cause he takes hold my little hand
An' we bof *run*.
It's big an' warm—a Father's hand.
Ain't tired now; I feel just grand.
We have *such* fun!

"You like to hold my little hand
Better 'n Old Stick?"
W'en he says, "Um-m" that way to me
'N' 'en I mus' hear it more, you see,
An' ask him over quick.

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VISITOR: "*Well, Effie, I suppose you're just crazy about your new baby sister?*"

EFFIE: "*Mother seems to like her, but, if you ask me, I think we got stung.*"

Had Their Tickets

MARY ELLEN, the colored maid, had been carefully instructed by her new mistress in a number of things concerning which she appeared to be profoundly unenlightened. Particular stress had been laid upon the proper manner of receiving visitors and of informing the mistress of their presence in the house.

Perhaps altogether too much had been said about it, or perhaps Mary Ellen had stage fright at the crucial moment, for when the first callers came, after Mary Ellen's advent into the family, she "ushered" them only as far as just inside the hall door. Taking the cards they gave her, and leaving the visitors standing there she went to the foot of the staircase and shouted:

"Mis' Gallatin! Oh, Mis' Gallatin! der's two ladies down here dat's come to see you and dey's fotch dere tickets."

Patrick Henry

AN instructor at the Hampton Institute in Virginia tells of a composition on Patrick Henry written by an Indian lad there:

"Patrick Henry was not a bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

Getting Even

JAMES, four years old, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom.

At length bedtime came, and, kneeling beside her, he implored a blessing on each member of the family individually, his mother alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then, rising from his devout posture, the little suppliant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying, as he turned to climb into bed:

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."



"*Where's your dog?*"
"*I shot him.*"
"*Was he mad?*"
"*Well, he didn't seem any too pleased.*"

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The Coal-train to Newcastle

WELL-MEANING FRIEND: *"So glad we caught you! Just a few trinkets for the dear children. This train of cars for Jacques, and the doll and carriage for Mildred."*

Fowl of Leisure

A CHICAGO man, having unexpectedly come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near the Windy City, where his family lived in style.

One day, while his wife was showing some of her old-time friends about the place, they came to the poultry-yard.

"What beautiful chickens!" one of the visitors exclaimed.

"All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess.

"And do they lay every day?"

"Oh, they could, of course," continued the lady, "but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."

Not Exactly the Case

FOR reasons of sentiment the same baby-carriage was used for the Smith baby which had once been used for his father. This fact was much commented on in the neighborhood where the Smiths lived, and one day it came to the ears of little Frances. She was much impressed, and shortly afterward she repeated the tale to a friend.

"Only think," said Frances—"only think! Mrs. Smith wheels her baby in the same carriage in which she used to wheel her husband."

His One Regret

FROM Maine comes a story of an old fisherman who was lying on his death-bed. After a few preliminary words, the worthy minister, who had been sent for, said that if the old gentleman had anything on his mind, it was hoped he would confide it to the pastoral ear, so that he might die in peace.

"Well, sir," said the old sportsman, "if I had my life to live over again, I'd fish more with bait and less with flies."

Would Like to Have Seen It

"IN a benighted section of the Southwest," says a St. Louis man, "where the natives take life easy, a man and his wife were sitting on their porch when a funeral procession passed the house. The man was comfortably placed in a chair tilted back against the house. His wife sat opposite him. As the procession passed, he observed:

"Looks to me like ol' man Gates has got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held in these parts, Mandy."

"Pretty good-sized one, is it, Tad?" queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"It shore is."

"I would like to see it," said the woman. "What a pity I ain't facin' that way."

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BOY: "*Now, worm, I'm jes goin' to give yer one more chanst, an ef yer don't catch a fish I'll take yer back an' bury yer alive agin'.*"

A Useful Person

A CLERGYMAN of our town had occasion to catechize some young women in a Bible class upon the parable of the unjust steward.

"What is a steward?" he asked.

After some hesitation one of the young women, who had been abroad a number of times, replied, with a reminiscent expression, "He is the man who brings you a basin."

How It Struck Him

AN Atlanta man tells of a trip on a Limited train that was tearing madly along through the darkness. Suddenly the engineer sprang to the lever and set the brakes; the sparks flew from the rails as the locked wheels slid along; the lights were extinguished as two or three cars toppled from the rails. Then there came a silence more ominous than all.

Certain of the passengers made torches from bits of wreckage and began a search for the dead and injured. From one pile of debris there emanated a sound suspiciously like a snore, and soon there was dragged from among a mass of twisted iron a slumbering porter.

"Merciful heavens, man!" exclaimed one of the passengers, "didn't you know there had been a wreck?"

"I shore felt somethin', gents," said the darky, "but I kinder thought we was couplin' on de dinin'-car at Macon."



SHE: "*It's raining at last, John—let's go in and give it a chance to get on the lawn.*"

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Painting by Howard Giles Illustration for "Why Is a Bostonian?"

LIFE IS A SUCCESSION OF SUBDUED AND DIGNIFIED MOMENTS

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXII JANUARY, 1916 NO. DCCLXXXVIII

Why Is a Bostonian?

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE author of the "Rollo Books," famous in that dim nineteenth century, wrote also the familiar "Lucy" and "Jonas Books," and another series less well known but invaluable to the American who is curious-minded as to the social history of his country. *Marco Paul's Adventures in Pursuit of Knowledge* (is the title not indicative of the pretty, harmless wit of those innocent days?) is the record of an early attempt to "see America first." Marco Paul, after showing his native city of New York to the excellent Forrester, at once his cousin and his tutor, visited in that relative's company, and in a hot and praiseworthy pursuit of knowledge, Vermont, the Springfield Armory, the forests of Maine, Boston, and the Erie Canal! Agreeable though all the volumes are, it is with the one upon the capital of Massachusetts that we are here concerned, and in especial with the chapter describing the visit of our travelers to the Bunker Hill Monument.

"Who fought the battle on Bunker Hill?" Marco Paul asked his cousin Forrester. And the author of the *Adventures*, who was, it is to be noted, a Bostonian, comments in this astonishing way upon the young hero's ignorance. "Marco Paul," he says, "was a New York boy and did not know much about the battle of Bunker Hill."

In 1843 the Revolution was not—one would now say—so very remote. The discovery is therefore the more significant that so long ago Boston was casting at New York the same reproach of being "un-American" over which recent writers upon our civilization have so often become philosophical. Even after more than three-quarters of a century this acidity of tone about poor Marco Paul seems, at the very outset, to warn off any New-Yorker preparing to comment upon Boston. Perhaps the only apology for recklessness is recklessness itself. But it can at least be hinted that nowadays few New-Yorkers are New-Yorkers; they are more commonly Ohioans.

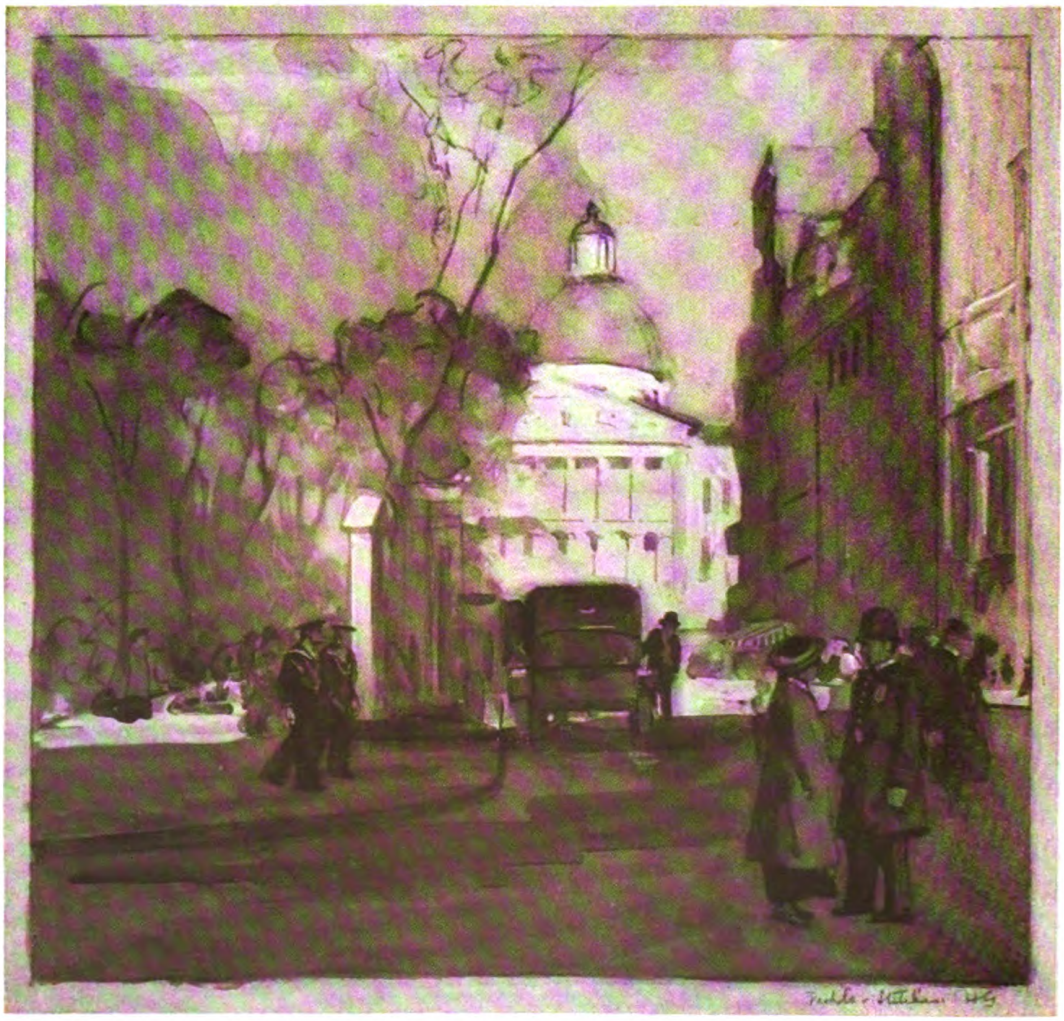
Since the Bostonian attitude toward New York has, by the accident of Marco Paul's *faux pas* upon Bunker Hill, already been introduced, it may be as well to go on, and to say that their feeling concerning the metropolis, varying in quality and in emotional force, is one of the most curious and distinguishing marks of our other cities. Philadelphia, for example, ignores New York. Boston, on the other hand, is over-acutely conscious of it, hates it, despises it, loves its fleshpots and its Great White Way, and is ashamed of itself for doing so. All this, be it clearly understood, is said in praise rather than dispraise of Boston. But the facts are as they are. New York is perpetually upon Boston's nerves. To a foreign

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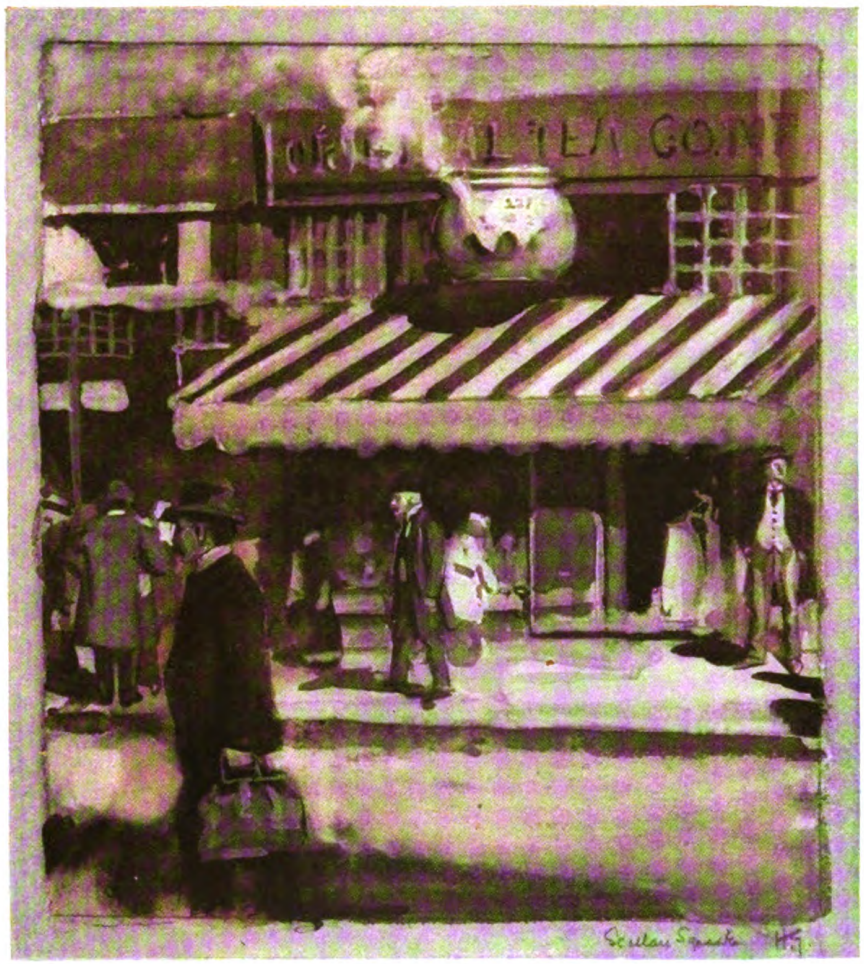
school-boy studying his atlas, Philadelphia would seem to be considerably nearer the mouth of the Hudson than Boston; spiritually, if one may put it that way, the New England capital is far closer at hand.

Until very recently it was possible to take a train from Boston to New York at a later hour than you could enter the subway and take a street-car for Cambridge—a fact which in the days before Harvard became a serious scholarly athletic college was often taken by belated and cheerful students of that institution as a sign direct from God. The development of what is known as the "brass-bed train" between the two cities is evidence of an almost exacerbated anxiety to make the night transit endurable to overwrought, quivering creatures returning to the shores of Massachusetts Bay. New York's tango roofs and pleasure palaces are the constant familiar haunt of Bostonians, yet it is never certain that the visitors are quite at their ease there. Even for the larkish trip to New York they bring certain grave prejudices and scientific ideas as to hygiene, which look very odd when unpacked in Manhattan. A Bostonian lady who was enthusiastic over New York's dancing-in-public restaurants, asserting that at home it was difficult regularly to secure this excellent health-exercise, caused considerable confusion one New-Year's Eve in a place of entertainment where, for that evening, only champagne was being served to



THE STATE HOUSE IS TYPICAL OF THE DISTINGUISHED BEAUTY OF THIS NORTHERN ATHENS

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IN SCOLLAY SQUARE THE OLD TRADITION IS LESS IN EVIDENCE

patrons, by insisting upon having "certified milk," which was, she stoutly maintained, the exact thing which could, without harming her, keep her going at three in the morning!

It is no bad thing to pass from the image of the blousy beauty of Manhattan to one of the more frugal, nipped loveliness of Boston. Of course, the New-Yorker might well feel terror on his arrival in Boston, especially if it is after nightfall, in that strange Back Bay station where the electric lamps seem to produce light without shedding it. He might reasonably fear that now justice is at last to be meted out to him. But when the first moment's panic is over he cannot but feel, as does doubtless the repatriate Bostonian, that the contrast is, for the time being at least, agreeable between what he has left and the cooler, grayer, more distinguished civilization to which he has come. More distinguished, in the accurate sense of that word, Boston is. While the national metropolis is at once vehement and vague, the New England capital is more measured, more clean-cut, more distinguished in the sense of having somehow so concentrated and clarified its special flavor that no one can for a moment doubt that—for better or worse—Boston is Boston. When the sharp east wind has cleared away the vapors of Broadway, New York becomes less an actuality than a nightmare, and the northern town and its inhabitants are perceived to be standing very firmly on their own feet.

These northern folk are passionately Bostonian—if they are passionately any-

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thing. It is pleasant for a moment to think of the lady living in Milton (a town of concentrated Bostonianism) who said of her son, whose career in the diplomatic service of his country had kept him in Paris for several years, that her only fear was that he should "get out of touch with Milton"! There was no confusion in her mind as to what is valuable in life. In this matter of values and belief in Boston the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities presented itself lately to great advantage, gallantly going to the courts to prevent the alien — generally French-Canadian—from changing his name by the ordinary legal processes to that of any of Boston's old, historic families. There is a something here that insists on being like the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. And yet there is also something magnificent—in a democracy—in the fact that you can become Smith, but never—shall we say Homans?



ALL TYPES MEET IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

The intentions of this article—though honorable—are not topographical, yet something must be said of the look of Boston, for it is indicative of the town's inner quality — as indeed to any one who has a feeling for the personality of places is always the look of streets and squares and parks. New York sprawls; Boston really composes itself around Beacon Hill, and falls away from the lovely, peaceful, red-brick quarter which surrounds the State House to the business district and the foreign North End on one side, and on the other to the Back Bay, the great South End, the huge, trailing suburbs that lie farther out, and finally the New England country of which it is the metropolis and the commercial and spiritual head. Somehow all through the town one gets hints of the great tributary province. There is a little old shop near the busy center where are displayed in the window slippery-elm and licorice sticks —does the sight not bring all New England's rocky fields and white villages immediately before your eyes?

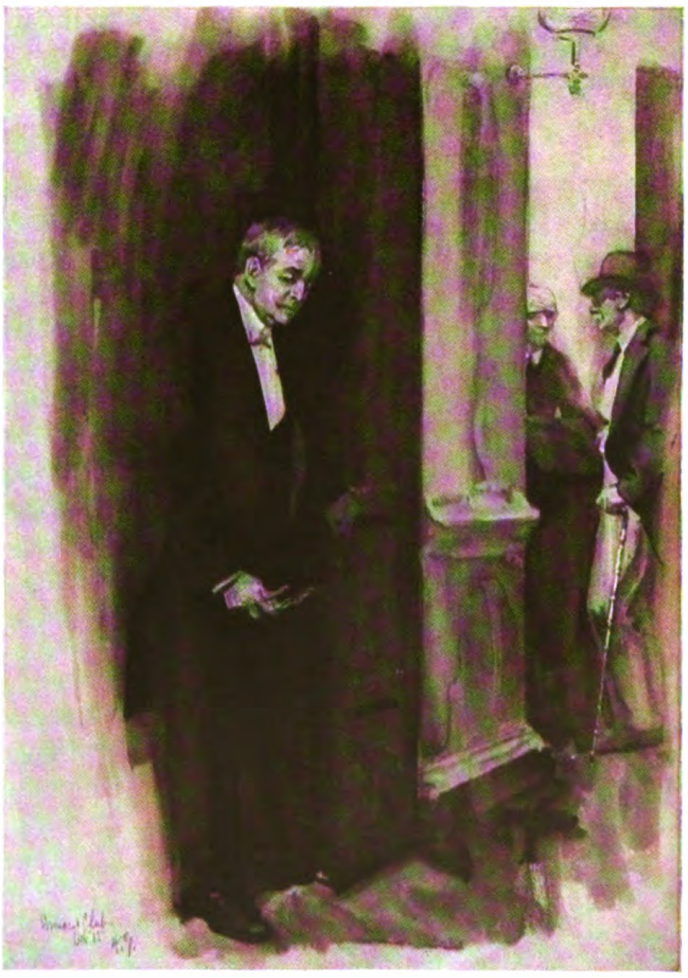
The State House is to the eye as to the imagination the center of New England, and its gilded dome rising over the dark-green of the elms on the Common is typical of the unexuberant, distinguished beauty of this Northern Athens. There is probably quite as much gold upon the dome as would be necessary to decorate a New York bar-room. But in the former case there is no vulgar ostentation

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in its use. There is not even the kind of warm, barbaric lavishness which incrusts the Venetian St. Mark's with the precious metal. The Bostonian State House seems instead to proclaim that here in a shrewd, inclement climate and upon an arid, stony soil New England industry and thrift have won a living and even wealth, and that when the occasion reasonably and sanely demands it New England can be lavish, almost spendthrift. You get a sense everywhere in Boston that they spend money upon public enterprises like state houses, opera-houses, art museums, and so forth because there is a need to have such things and the money can be found, not because the money is there and there is a need to find some way to spend it—the latter being a much more characteristic American frame of mind. Reason rather than emotion guides New England expenditure, and the result is a cool and restrained distinction which the wanton cities of the South and West never quite attain.

The old Boston dwellings upon Beacon Hill have this look of tempered luxury to perfection. But what is more remarkable is the sobriety of domestic architecture in the newer districts, even in that decorous Commonwealth Avenue, in which the true Bostonian so fantastically asks the stranger to detect a note of the vulgarity of the *nouveau riche*. The Louises have never wrought much of their French mischief in the Back Bay. A certain indigenous ugliness of architecture is preferred, solid and roomy, suggesting comfort rather than slender, gilded elegance. There is not much foreign-lace nonsense at the windows; instead sometimes only simple, colored silk curtains drawn back to admit the sun and allow its due hygienic effect. Where the outlook is toward the south, plants flourish in the Bostonian windows, and the passer-by instinctively feels that they actually grow there, and may even be watered by the ladies of the house instead of being merely a temporary installation by some expensive florist, to be lavishly and immediately replaced when neglect has withered them.

The Bostonian interior, too, has something of this frugal quality, and may be recognized even in houses in the Middle West where the influence of the summer upon the North Shore has chastened the exuberance of taste natural in those remoter regions. There is something extremely pleasant in these sunny, cleanly scoured, airy, rather scantily furnished rooms, with big ex-



WAITERS OF A DIGNIFIED AND ANCIENT KINDLINESS WHICH HAS ELSEWHERE DISAPPEARED FROM AMERICAN LIFE

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panses of polished floor and well-worn furniture. They seem a little old-fashioned now, but this is merely a proof that taste struck Boston in something like the '70's of the last century, a little before it hit our other towns.

There is, of course, a comic side to this frugality. One can imagine that in the early esthetic days the inexpensiveness of the jar of dried cattails was not without its appeal to the Bostonian decorator. No Bostonian thinks of spending his income; no New-Yorker thinks of spending merely his income: this is an exaggeration of something fundamentally true. The solid, piled-up, quiet wealth of Massachusetts is enormous—what the department-store experts call the "shopping power" of the regions within a forty-mile circle around the State House dome is some amazing proportion of the purchasing ability of the whole country. Yet Boston shops have never the air of inviting gay, wayward extravagance, the highest-priced ones are the least obtrusive, and the best always seem as if they could be instantly adapted to the sale of that traditional black silk of our grandmothers which could "stand alone."

Bostonian spending is the result of mature and deliberate thought. It is rarely vulgar, but it knows nothing of the spendthrift's *joie de vivre*. People in New York may dine at the Ritz from obscure motives of economy, a vague feeling that a holiday for the servants at home may make them more efficient at other times. In Boston they eat in restaurants, one somehow feels, only after fasting and prayer. The name given at once to the latest smart hotel, "The Costly-Pleasure," is significant. There is even something a little grim about the phrase; it is almost as if the costliness of pleasure repelled instead of allured, as it does in less serious towns. Young men in evening dress do not idly stroll forth into the Bostonian streets with their overcoats carelessly unbut-



THE BOSTONIAN INTERIOR HAS SOMETHING OF A FRUGAL QUALITY

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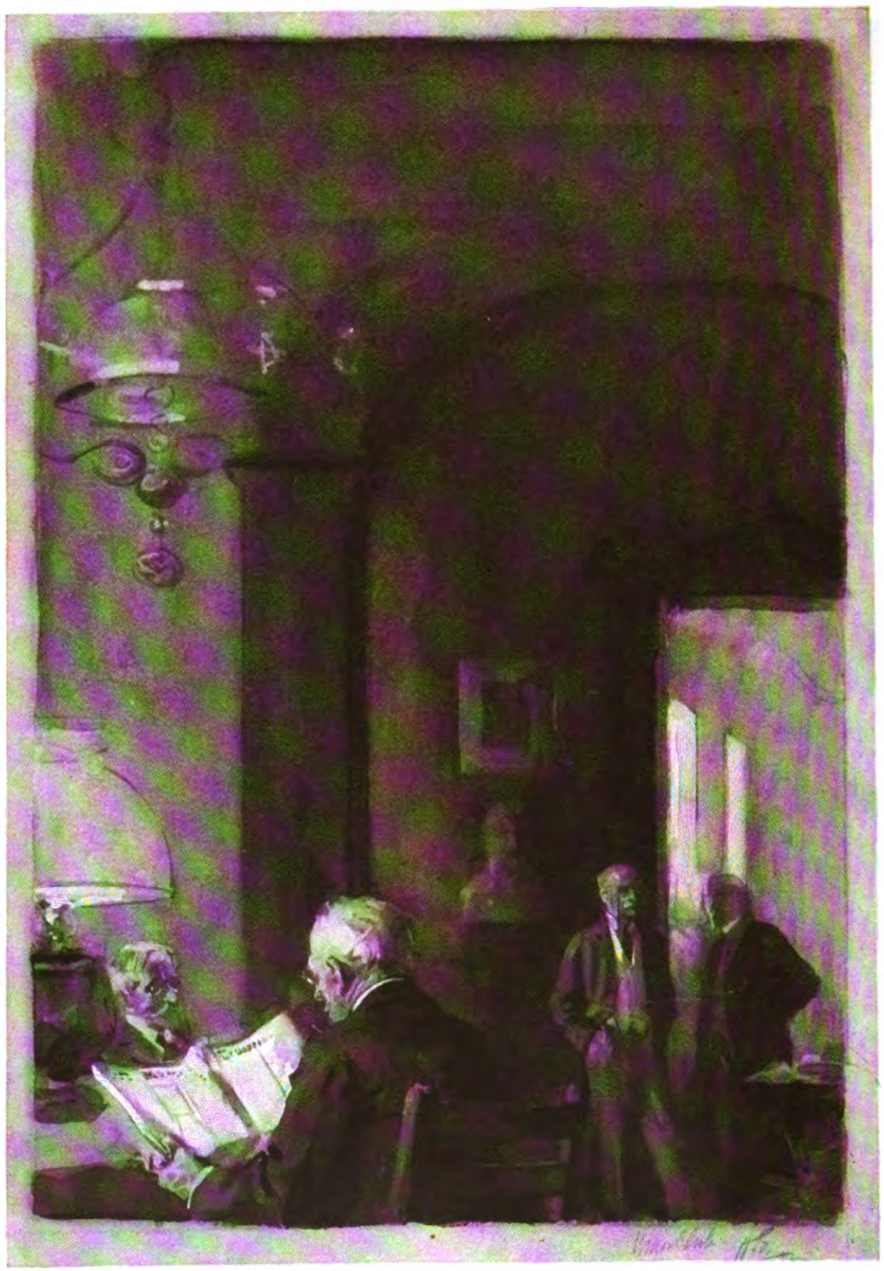
A STREET-CORNER SEEKER AFTER TRUTH

toned; it would give a false idea that a white-waistcoated Costly-Pleasure night-life is real Bostonianism. They hurry into motors and taxis and are about their business of dining and dancing seriously, almost half apologetically. There is, in short, very little bead on native Boston pleasure; it does not run to froth.

The job of being very young and very gay and very foolish is left to Harvard undergraduates. The proximity of a great supply of young men with hearty appetites and strong dancing legs has made Boston fashion dependent and complaisant. The boys, in consequence, do all the things which gay young men do in light magazine fiction. They go to parties with a self-confident indifference as to whether they have been invited or not. And there is a pretty story of some lads bringing suit-cases from Cambridge, in which they packed bottles of champagne, thus transferring supplies to the groves of Academe after the ball. It is no idle boast of the enthusiastic advocates of Harvard education that youth there is more prepared to deal with the great world than are the students of a country college. The crimson thread of Harvard is woven into the very fabric of Bostonian existence; yet though it is perpetually there, it always seems exotic.

The Bostonian opera—now temporarily suspended—was beautifully Bostonian; it presented in agreeable clearness the indigenous social quality. The decoration of the house was quiet gray and gold, and the garb of the audience had on the whole something of the same sobriety. To this effect the native frugality doubtless contributed; on opera nights the streets leading to the edifice were thronged with intrepid women equipped to give battle to extravagance for music's sake, with galoshes and woolen scarfs—in this rude Northern climate even "fascinators" must be woolen. If an Italian lady in evening dress could not afford a cab to the opera, she would quite simply stay at home—and yet we

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IN THE CLUBS THE READING-ROOM IS WHAT ITS NAME IMPLIES

prate of the love of music nourished in those sunny climes! This tribute to ladies in fascinators is not to be taken as meaning that there were not more luxurious women—and plenty—in the stalls and boxes—lovely, carriage-borne creatures, expensively dressed and well jeweled, probably with the best old Brazilian stones; the point is that the total effect of the Bostonian audience was what it rarely is in opera-houses—subordinate to the stage.

The opening night was an incredible event. Banquet parties of the gayest Bostonians had gathered to dine at an hour when food would poison the fashionable people of other cities, and the crush of carriages was beyond everything ever known, not because more people were going to the opera than go in other cities, but because, for the first time in the history of opera, every one wanted to arrive on time. The intervals of the performance were devoted to a

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general promenade, in which many box-holders joined. Indeed, the attention paid to the occupants of boxes by the general audience was barely sufficient to induce female loveliness to display its charms in the traditional entr'acte manner—the ladies, if the truth be told, excited about the same amount of admiration as did the silver-gilt soda-water fountain which had been installed in the foyer. Here, it seemed to the irreverent outsider, the last word had been said. To have linked opera with the nut-sundae is to have, once for all, domesticated the gay, wayward institution and made it Boston's harmless, admirable own.

Light-minded comment, however, never discloses more than one side of a medal. The Bostonian opera showed, as a matter of fact, an admirable and sane sense of proportion. It was not the London, the Paris, or the New York opera. Why, pray, should it have been? It was opera of exactly the size and sumptuousness which it was likely that a town of Boston's extent and wealth could afford. It seemed something which could reasonably hope to exist, not the product of a spasmodic, hysterical effort such as occasionally brings fabulously paid singers to some of our smaller cities for a feverish May Festival or special operatic week. It was not a provincial enterprise, because it was not aping any metropolis. It was the opera of the capital of New England, and it stood firmly, like many other neighboring institutions, upon its own sturdy, galoshed, Bostonian feet. It may, of course, always be open to question whether operatic art is not a too essentially artificial and emotional blend ever to please the Bostonian public as does the classically severe fare offered in Symphony Hall. But the Huntington Avenue opera was meant to stand or fall by the genuine music-loving support of its public. Even if the operatic dose was bitter, it was to be disguised by no "diamond horseshoe," by no soft Ionian ways. And who shall say that, though now suspended, the Boston opera has not had its nation-wide effect? Has not its gifted scene-painter already been chosen by New York to do the decorations for its leading summer "girl-show," and does he not thus continue to enliven Boston?

Culture has always seemed to the outsider a little rigorous in Boston. But as one looks over the whole field of American life one is inclined to say that desperate situations demand desperate remedies, and that to have caught culture in any trap, even just to have got it fighting in a corner, is an achievement.

This is not altogether a question of art, though art is no doubt one of the town's chief preoccupations. Still less is it a question of producing art. It is no great reproach to Boston that it is nowadays more a center of appreciation than creation. There is here no question of where the divine afflatus blows most fiercely. New York is the mart, and that is about all there is to be said upon an already threadbare subject.

Culture has, perhaps, more to do with education than with art. We study enough in America—that is, we go to schools and colleges—but somehow, it may as well be admitted frankly, we do not succeed in weaving our education into the very fabric of our daily social intercourse; we are not cultivated in the unobtrusive, easy way of the best Englishmen and Frenchmen. Now the newspaper humorists' best jokes hinge upon the alleged universality of Boston culture. And though the alien visitor may never find the infant who spouts Greek while brandishing his rattle, he will in simple justice admit that education has gone both far and deep in Boston, that slang is not the only dialect spoken, and that even among shop-girls and elevator-boys some traces of our original national speech are still to be detected.

Here, parenthetically, it may be said that what is meant by Bostonians speaking English is the words themselves rather than the intonation and pronunciation with which they are uttered. The "Boston accent" is of course famous and cannot but fail to give the keenest pleasure to even a child traveling thither. The point to be made here is that it does not, as the Bostonians appear to think, approximate to the English accent of England any more than any other of our national accents. The total elision of the R and the amazing broad, flat A—as in "Park Street"

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and "Harvard College"—give to Bostonian speech a magnificently indigenous tang, hint at juniper and spruce forests and rocky fields and pumpkins and Thanksgiving and pie; make you feel again how triumphantly New England is new, and not old, English. But its vocabulary is, on the whole, the best chosen of all the American dialects.

It is somewhat difficult to find in ordinary Bostonian speech the ten and twelve syllabled words of which it is popularly supposed to be exclusively composed. But the joke is so old that there must be something in it. As far back as Brook Farm it was alleged that they said, "Cut the pie from the center to the periphery," and asked, "Is the butter within your sphere of influence?" But this was humor, as New England as a wintergreen lozenge. It was a by-product of an unashamed passion for education which distinguished American antebellum days. Even in the Middle West, when James Garfield, later to be President, with his friends in the little fresh-water college of Hiram, indulged in "stilting," as they termed this humorous riding of the high-horses of the language, they were in the Bostonian tradition. "Stilting" has perhaps disappeared. But there are here and there indications of the survival of the English of a robuster period. The old lady who said that she didn't, after all, know that Bostonians were so "thundering pious," produced with the phrase all the effect of an Elizabethan oath. She made you feel that Bostonian culture was no mere thin affair of yesterday.

It should be acknowledged handsomely that there is a certain amenity of tone in the town which comes not so much from exuberant good nature as from a reasoned belief in life's higher interests. The policeman who in Commonwealth Avenue used to stop promenading strangers and urge them to turn and admire the sunset was extending the city's hospitality no less to nature's beauty than to the visitors. He was notably Bostonian in that he was ashamed neither of the sunset nor of his belief that pleasure was to be derived from its contemplation. His culture was genuinely a part of his existence, of his everyday life. And culture is unquestionably a more integral part of Boston's normal existence than of our other cities' lives. Only in Boston, to imagine a concrete and pleasing example, could a lady, if she were so inclined, be distinguished by a love for extreme *décolletage* and for early Buddhistic philosophy. There is, in Boston, nothing essentially inharmonious in such a combination.

In any case, variations from a standard type are not so severely penalized in Boston as in other parts of our country. Eccentricity is almost encouraged; to take but one example, old age is openly, almost brazenly, permitted. Just how they kill the old off in New York is not known, but they get rid of them somehow. Boston, on the contrary, has famous old people, especially old ladies, and the community's pride in them is not merely that they have been able so long to withstand the Boston climate. These veterans do not eat their evening meal up-stairs on a tray; instead, their visit to a dinner-table honors and enlivens the board. There is something extraordinarily exciting in meeting the lady whose witticisms were famous when you were almost a child and finding her still tossing them off so vigorously and gaily that you can with a clear conscience encourage your own children to grow up with the promise that when they are old enough to dine out they, too, shall be privileged to go to Boston and hear really good talk.

The New England capital cherishes affectionately links with the past. There was until lately for some favored people the possibility of going to tea in a faded, old-fashioned Boston drawing-room, from the windows of which you saw the sunset across the Charles River basin, and hearing wise, graceful, tender talk that made the literary past of England and America for almost three-quarters of a century seem like the pleasant gossip of to-day. The delight of such moments in the fading light was poignant—the tears would come into one's eyes at the realization that it was all too good to be true and also too good to last.

The respect for the person or the thing which has become "an institution" is always to be noted with interest in our American life. And for an evening

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newspaper — a vulgar and fly-blown thing elsewhere—to have a half-sacred character is possible only in Boston. The publication in question is not thought of as a mere private enterprise; it is integrally a part of the whole community's life, its policy and its grammar are both constant matters for the searchings of the New England conscience. It is even solemnly asserted—by those who should know—that more Bostonians die on Friday than on any other day because they thus make sure of being in the special Saturday night obituary notices! To pay, even in the date of death, such a tribute to the Bostonian tradition is magnificent.

But if one is to speak of institutions, there is of course Harvard College, without which it is impossible to imagine Boston and Boston culture. Changes in Cambridge are changes in Boston. For a ten or twenty year period there has been a determined and conscientious attempt across the Charles to break down the old barriers and traditions which kept Harvard from being democratic and efficient in the modern way. What has been accomplished in Cambridge is for the purposes of this article less important than what has been wrought in Boston. Undergraduates may take innovation lightly, but in the fastnesses of clubs upon Beacon Hill irate old gentlemen declare that Harvard is now nothing but a "slap-shoulder college," and younger philosophers of a more suavely cynical turn of mind deplore the out-Yaleing of Yale, and the rough, boyish virility, wholly unconnected with education, which, they maintain, now distinguishes Cambridge rather than New Haven. They tell you that "college spirit," with all its attendant vulgarities of tone, is rampant where the college elms once stood, and there are no longer any disloyal sons of Harvard. This is the pleasant, crabbed, characteristic way in which Boston tells you that, after all, it is moving with the times, and that if a big, regenerative movement as some believe is sweeping over the country, it will have Harvard men in the very first battle-line. Boston may bewail changes in the nation, but it knows they cannot happen without changes in Harvard. Centuries of history prove it.

These centuries of history are singularly alive in Boston. The reference is not to Faneuil Hall or the Old South Church or any of the historic spots about which our modern Marco Pauls from Michigan and Oregon know so much. What is meant is the amazing sense of a continuous social connection back to the very English roots of the New England tree.

An unwise stranger, sitting at ease in the Somerset Club one day of this very year of grace, ventured the observation, not deeply original or stimulating, that Boston was remarkable for the way in which the old Bostonian families had kept the money and the position and were still, as it were, in the saddle. The Bostonians looked at one another. They murmured a negative, and the faintest trace of embarrassment seemed to creep over the group. The confused stranger was so sure that his remark, if banal, was true that he thought they had not understood. He carefully explained again. The negative was now sharper and the embarrassment deeper.

"I don't think you quite understand—" began one of the Bostonians; and it is possible that the miserable stranger might have tried to explain still again had not his friend gone on:

"You see there are almost no Bostonians living here"—he paused for an instant—"almost all the Bostonian families went back home at the time of the Revolution. The inhabitants here now, with the exception of perhaps four families, are all Salem people!"

There is no way of commenting upon such an episode; there it is, in sheer Bostonian beauty, for such as are worthy of seeing its Bostonianism. The tormented un-Bostonian mind will possibly seek refuge in the thought of the club itself. (One does not say clubs, although it is just possible to maintain that there are two in Boston.) Its grave, suave distinction can only be savored by many visits and by quiet, meditative hours. But once you have felt its charm you will henceforth find the ordinary American organization more like a hotel or a railway station than like a club. To sign no checks, but instead to receive an unobtrusive and unitemized bill at the end of the month, is at once to gain

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the impression that you are being notably treated like a gentleman. The impression is deepened by genuine blue Canton ware, by waiters of a dignified and ancient kindliness which has elsewhere disappeared from American life, and by food excellent in that strange, tempered New England way—oysters from the club's own planted waters, and peppers and pepper sauces dated and labeled like vintage wines.

The right to belong to such a club is, as it were, beyond the power of the mere individual to acquire—it is something with or without which he is born. The club, indeed, has been described as an "Institution for the Congenitally Eminent." But within its doors you catch furtive hints of an inaccessible inner eminence — caused possibly by Bostonian instead of Salem descent—which makes even its exclusiveness seem common. There is a fabulous story of an eighth-degree Bostonian who referred lightly to his rare visits to this holy of club holies, of which he was, as it were automatically, a member, and said that it was "at times a pleasure to be *franchement canaille*." In this wind-swept Northern clime the phrase in the French language somehow seems to accentuate the odd, bitter, cultivated venom of a description of the greatest Bostonian exclusiveness as "frankly of the gutter." Let Ohio and Oklahoma pause and think before they too quickly describe our American civilization as twentieth-century democracy.

Bostonian democracy is not the spontaneous product of naturally genial temperaments; it is rather a thing extorted from oneself by will and fierce conviction. But will, belief, and a conscience can make the Northern city burst into flames. In Boston least of anywhere in the North does the passion for human freedom which brought on our own Civil War seem a dead or forgotten thing. And even now the black brother—though modern thought judges him to be not quite a brother in the old sense—can still count on a helping hand and some belief in his future. It is well for the visitor to Boston to sit for a peaceful half-hour under the elms of the Common and think of New England's part in the national life. Geographically and spiritually New England is a little apart. It is a tight, small province, and it is a long way from there to Washington in ordinary times. It is in the crises that Boston becomes most intensely American; then you realize how far-flung is the battle-line of the New England conscience. One never quite forgets in Boston the great moments in our history when the country has kindled at New England's burning heart.

Modern workers, who believe that charity and good deeds begin at home, sometimes scoff at the Bostonian "long-distance philanthropy." And they cite you the story of the lady found wildly weeping because she had just heard how cruel they were to cats in Persia in the thirteenth century! She is indeed a shade fantastical, poor lady; but in the monotonous dead levels of American life we can be grateful to Boston for her.

Indeed, is not gratitude, after all, the chief feeling one has for Boston? Nipped and sour though the fruit sometimes may be of the tree which grows upon her thin soil in her bitter east wind, does not every descendant of the old American stock, and every one who has in his Americanization made the traditions of that stock his own, know that the core of that fruit is sound, and the cider that might be pressed from it the best of our native wines, if one may put it that way? The packed trains that carry Thanksgiving travelers to Boston seem somehow symbolic. The statistics are not at hand—when are statistics ever at hand when they are needed?—but it must be that these trains are more heavily freighted than those that go to any other of our great American cities. Whether we are from New England or not, Boston is for many of us, in a deeper sense, our "home town."

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A Retreat to the Goal

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

HE tramped slowly yet sturdily. He had set for himself exactly the sort of pace which a shrewd mind had ordained that his well-worn bones and muscles could keep up for a tramp of many miles. He kept to the pace.

He was a prodigal of a new variety. He had been on the verge of success. The least said about the quality of that success the better; yet success it would have been. And at the very threshold the man had turned himself about and beat that most ignominious and most glorious retreat of humanity, the retreat of the sinner from the strongholds and fleshpots of sin.

John Dunn could not have told why he had turned about. It was as if some power outside himself, yet projected by himself, had exerted a compelling force before which he was helpless. The day before he had not even dreamed of taking this course. He had been with comrades, enjoying to the full that glimpse of the verge of ill-wrought success.

The man had risen before dawn with his new resolve upon him. He had risen and set forth. He had the clothes he wore, and a little money in his pocket. Secure as he had been of the golden shower, he had lost recklessly at cards the night before. His clothes were unbefitting his manner of return. As soon as the shops were opened he stopped and made a purchase and sale. He emerged from the shop clad in the rough garb of a countryman, with not so much money in his pocket.

He was hardly past middle age; but he looked old with the keen light of the spring morning in his face.

Suddenly he was aware of a soft, padding movement behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw a small mongrel dog, brown and thin, with hide glistening in the sun. The dog looked up at him as if he were a god. He was so pathetically humble and beseeching and worshipful that the man started. His own unworthiness of anything like that, even in the understanding of a poor little mongrel dog, smote him fully for the first time. In the eyes of the dog he saw himself, and was shamed to the core.

The dog lay down and rolled in the spring grass, four little paws waving imploringly. The man spoke kindly, and the dog rose. He leaped to the man's caressing hand. John remembered a dog of his childhood, and he immediately named this stranger. "Hullo, Rover," said he. The dog acted as if he had always followed the call of love and mastery by that name.

John Dunn's face was happier as he walked on with the dog at heel. He thought of the superstition of his boyhood—"It is good luck to have a dog follow one."

The man and the dog progressed until high noon. Then they stopped in a place of sheer beauty. The man, gazing about, had a dazed feeling that it was unreal. The man and the dog sat beside a clear brook flowing, with breaks to the light like facets of brown jewels, over a bed of smooth pebbles. The brook flowed through a meadow-land, and its banks were blue with violets.

John Dunn had stopped at a country grocery and bought crackers and cheese. He divided with the dog. Then both ate, the dog with nose buried in violets. Then the man hollowed a hand and drank of the brook, which was sweet and cold. The dog crept close to the gently flowing water and lapped, too. Then the man lay back among the violets, the dog snuggled close, and both slept.

After an hour they woke and resumed their march. High purpose had so strengthened in the soul of the man that he felt almost intoxicated by it. Every

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now and then he broke from his even pace and almost leaped along. At such times the dog would scurry ahead and return with lithe bounds, barking.

They went on until near sunset. It was true country now, a rolling farming land, with small villages pricked out by white church-spires, then farm-houses on the outskirts. John Dunn began to think about a place for the night. As with all wayfarers, his mind turned instinctively to a barn or a haystack. He had not enough money to pay for a lodging. He began to scrutinize the wayside. He saw no straw-stacks. He approached a large, white farm-house, with well-kept outbuildings. He decided that this could be no place for him. It had too prosperous a look.

As he passed the cow-barn a man with milk-pails crossed the yard to the house. He had closed the doors upon the rows of switching tails of sleek Jerseys and Holsteins. Everything was being made snug for the peaceful night.

John Dunn, as he came opposite the gate in the trim white fence which inclosed the front yard of the farm-house, was arrested by a woman's voice, shrill, tense, yet sweet.

"Good evening," came the words, as if addressed to a well-known neighbor.

A tall, thin, elderly woman, with a strange, unquenchable youth in her eager blue eyes, was standing at the gate.

John Dunn lifted his hat. "Good evening, madam," he returned.

The woman seemed greatly flattered. Never in all her life had she been dubbed "madam." She smiled tightly with her thin lips. She opened the gate. "Goin' far?" she inquired with almost fierce friendliness.

John Dunn heard a spit of hostility, and saw a large Maltese cat, back up and tail enormous, waving like a battle-flag, with great eyes of fear and hatred upon his dog. The dog got behind him, tail between its legs. The woman picked up a stick and shooed the cat, which fled like a gray shadow close to the ground, then clawed up a tree.

"He'll stay up there all night," remarked the woman. "He always does when he sees a dog. It won't hurt him. It ain't cold. We don't keep no dog, and the cat is awful scared of one. I like dogs. I'd have a dog, but Pa don't like dogs. I'd like a dog, as this place is rather lonesome, and tramps come along. You don't look like a tramp."

The woman ended her statement with a faint, apologetic note of interrogation, and John Dunn looked at her perplexedly. He wondered if he were a tramp.

The woman continued hastily. "I'm sorry I spoke so," said she. "Of course I kin see you ain't no tramp. Do come right in. Where did you say you was goin'?"

"To Bixby Corners," replied John Dunn.

"Why, you don't say so!" cried the woman. "Why, I've got folks there. I was there two months ago. But that's over fifty miles away. You don't mean to walk there?"

John said something feebly about taking his time. The woman nodded knowingly and laughed.

"Oh, I see," said she. "You're one of them over-stout folks tryin' to walk it off. But you can't git to Bixby Corners to-night. You come right in. Pa and me and Billy have had our supper, but it ain't no trouble at all to git you something."

"If," said John, "you could let me sleep in the barn—"

The woman tossed her head affrontedly. "Me and my husband don't ask folks to sleep in no barn," said she, "when we've got two nice, clean spare chambers. You walk right in." She pushed the gate open.

John Dunn walked in, with his dog following. The woman led the way around the house to the side-door. She opened it and entered. John hesitated. He looked doubtfully at the poor little cringing dog.

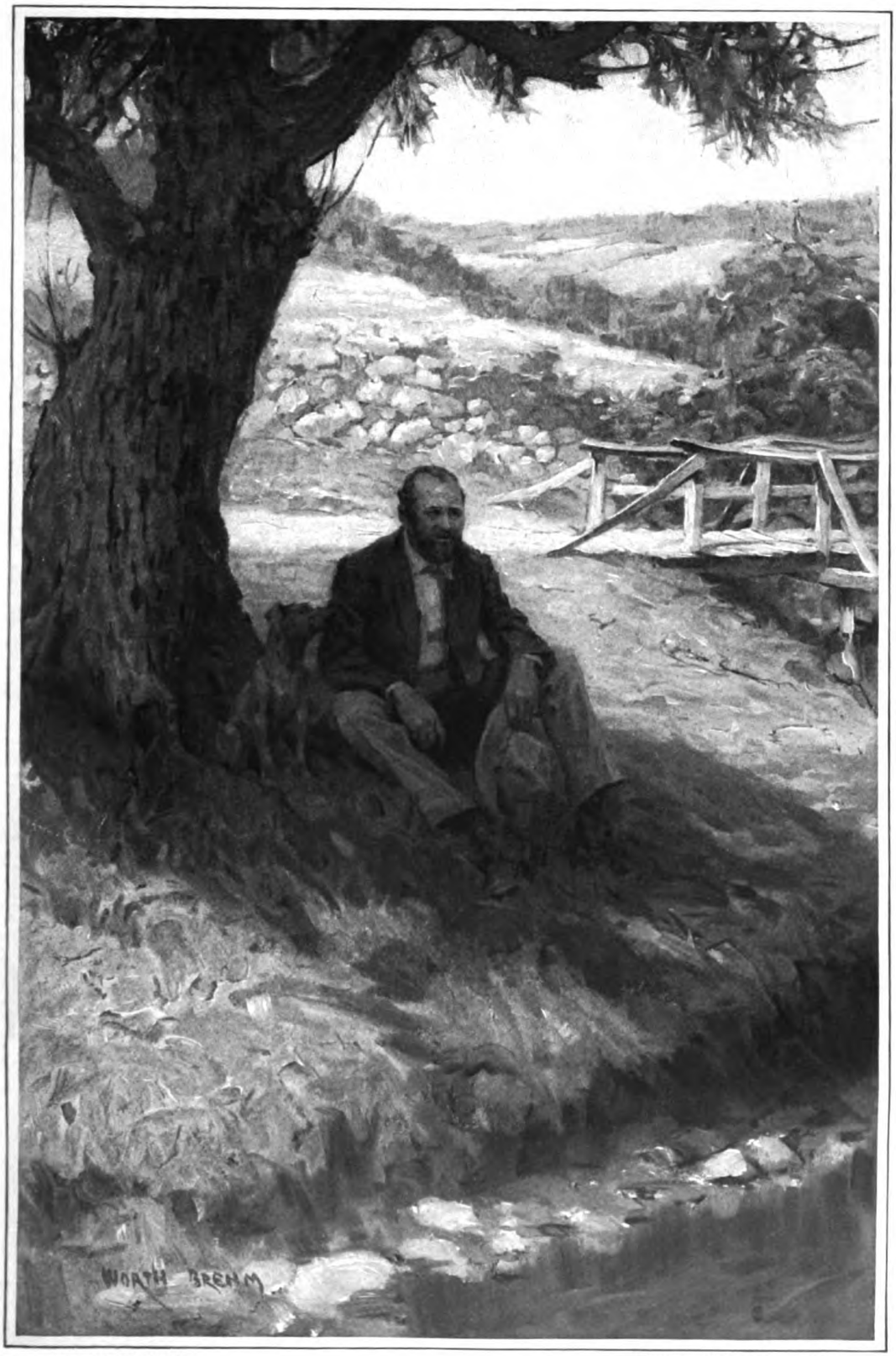
"Oh, land sake! let the dog come in, too," said the woman. "He can go out in the kitchen, and Abby will give him some supper. Billy has just brought in the milk, too, and he will like some of that. He's a dretful thin dog. What's his name?"

"Rover."

"Rover, Rover, Rover," called the woman. The dog came at her call, shaking his lean hind-quarters and wagging violently.

"He acts like a real nice dog," said

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Drawn by Worth Brehm Engraved by Nelson Demarest

HE WAS A PRODIGAL OF A NEW VARIETY

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the woman, "and Abby and Billy set a lot by dogs."

She opened a door at her left. "Abby," said she, "here's a dog that belongs to this gentleman. Give him plenty of supper, and the gentleman 'ain't had no supper, either. Jest mix up a few more flapjacks, while I set a plate for him in the dinin'-room. Come right in, mister."

John followed the woman into a room where a very large old man sat, quite filling up a great rocking-chair.

"Here, pa. I've brought you company," said the woman. "I stopped this gentleman from goin' to the Elm House at Wayne. He's goin' to stay here."

"How do you find yourself?" came a gruff voice from the chair. John saw a rather vague face, fringed with a white beard and smiling. Pa was always ready with his smile.

John said something indistinctly about kindness and hesitating to accept so much hospitality.

"Ma is tickled to death to hev comp'ny," said he. "She's sort of lonesome, 'specially sence our daughter Laury married an' went away. Billy is a good boy, but he ain't no talker, and ma likes to hev talkin'. I wa'n't never no talker myself, an' Billy takes arter me, I reckon. Laury was a real lively talker. Set down."

John Dunn sat down. He had never been so absolutely embarrassed in his life as he was before these simple people and their simple hospitality.

The woman ran in and lit a lamp. "Here's a lamp, and you kin see enough to talk," said she. "Supper will be ready before long. Your dog was 'most starved."

The old man stirred uneasily. "Dog?" said he.

"Now, pa," said the woman, "don't you git excited. It's a real nice, safe little dog; and your cat's up the apple-tree, and thar ain't no call for you to worry."

The woman flew out, her cotton skirts swishing. John Dunn looked about him. A sudden memory smote him with a pang. He might have been in his old boyhood home.

He sat silent, while the old man at the window nodded approvingly at him. "I see you ain't much more of a talker than I be," he said. "Wall, that's right. Let the wimmen folks talk. Men ain't so much given that way. Natur' is natur'."

Then the woman came in with a joyful stir and announced supper, and John followed her into the dining-room, and again history repeated itself, almost to his undoing. Oh, how many suppers like that he had eaten before his wild blood had leaped barriers and his feet had gone astray!

It required all the man's resolution to overmaster that uncanny sense of having eaten recently this identical meal, but he was equal to it. He was, in reality, hungry, and his boyhood relish for boyhood food came back in a flood. He ate, and the woman watched, in the homely rapture of her kind, the feeding of a male creature.

Billy, the son, came in, and she said, simply, "This is my son; Billy, this is the gentleman who is goin' to stay here to-night."

"Glad to see ye," said the man. He was an old-young man who looked like his mother and spoke like his father.

Suddenly John Dunn remembered that these kindly people did not know his name. He also remembered in a flash that the woman had said she knew people in Bixby Corners. He had lied many times in his life, but never had a lie come so hard as the lie he now told.

"You don't even know my name," said he.

Mother and son nodded, and looked interrogatively at him.

"My name," said John Dunn, "is David Mann."

The door opened, and a woman of about the same age as his hostess entered. She was tightly trussed in starched calico.

"Abby, this gentleman is Mr. Mann," said the other woman.

"Abby is some relation to me on my mother's side," said the woman. "She lives with me, and we do the work together. I ain't able to do it alone, and it is so much nicer than keepin' a hired girl." She regarded Abby affectionately. The shadow of a smile flickered over Abby's face.

John Dunn finished his supper. Then

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he returned to the sitting-room and remained there in absolute silence with the old man and Billy, listening to the faint click of the supper-dishes being washed. Then the woman and Abby entered and seated themselves, and a very strange thing happened. John Dunn, sitting there, heard the story of his own life, up to a certain point, from the woman. He listened, and realized a queer torture, as from viewing himself in some awful mirror of absolute truth.

The woman talked, with no intermission. She discoursed of the village of Bixby Corners, where John Dunn had been born. Her daughter Laura had married and gone there to live; and she had had an uncle who had lived there during a long life, and brought up a large family. John remembered them.

The woman discoursed upon the family into which her daughter had married, the Upton family, and John remembered them. Then the woman gave a summary of the whole village. She had often visited there in her youth. John began to have a vague impression of having seen her there. She knew about everything, either first-hand or from hearsay, that had happened in Bixby Corners for half a century.

And—she knew about John Dunn! He sat there and listened, with that sensation of strange torture, when she got to that.

"Old Gorham Dunn keeps the store in Bixby Corners," said she. "He's so old he can't do much now, but he gits there every morning and sets. His son Frank tends mostly to the business now, but they say he 'ain't got no business head, though he's as stiddy as a clock an' means real well. Laury says the business is all runnin' behind. Laury said she pitied old Mis' Dunn an' old Mr. Dunn, an' Minnie, too; thar's a daughter. They had a real nice place, a big house with a tower and two bay-windows in front; an' it 'ain't been painted for years, an' the roof leaks. They had a son named John, an' they give him every advantage. They sent him to college, an' had him larn a profession—had to mortgage the place to git the money.

"And Laury says folks don't think they've been keepin' up with the interest, an' them poor old folks will lose their home. It is real pitiful, Laury says, but that good-for-nothin' boy's ma don't never speak of him. It's been years sence he run wild and went off, and they never heard any good of him till they begun to hear nothin' at all. They don't know whether he's alive or dead, but Laury says that folks say that his ma has kep' his room up for him—had that papered and the plaster mended when the paper an' plaster was droppin' off every other room in the house. I guess there ain't no doubt that them poor old folks is jest livin' in the hopes that that miserable poor tool will come back an' be petted jest the way the one was in the Bible."

The woman paused for breath, and Abby unexpectedly spoke.

"I never took no stock at all in that prodigal son," said she. "Eatin' a fatted calf, an' bein' dressed up. Hm! He'd been better wuth while if he'd hustled 'round an' put on overalls, an' done the chores, an' sold that calf an' made his pa and ma buy somethin' they'd been doin' without on account of his foolishness."

"Scripter is Scripter," said Abby's mistress, "and what don't seem sense to us is jest because we don't understand. It don't make much odds nohow, I guess. I reckon that scalawag ain't never goin' to go back, nor let his poor old pa and ma pass away easy, nohow."

The old man snored explosively in his chair. John welcomed the guttural snort. The woman ceased talking about Bixby Corners. She sprang up.

"It's past pa's bedtime; an' the gentleman must be all tuckered out, too," she said.

Pa woke up. "I 'ain't been asleep," he said. "I heard every word ye've said. Ye've talked a real stiddy streak, ma, but you don't often git such a chance."

"I don't see much company," agreed the woman. "I'd like it if somebody would drop in this way oftener."

In a few moments John Dunn found himself in what was evidently the very best guest-room in the house. It duplicated the best guest-room in his father's house—but not his own room. He had had that fitted up, after he went to

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college, in a fashion that aroused both admiration and alarm among Bixby Corners people.

John heard the house astir at an early hour, and he rose. That morning his determination was so tense that it almost seemed evident. After breakfast he bade the people good-by, with shamed gratitude, and took again to the highway with his dog.

That night he and the dog slept in a barn. They reached Bixby Corners two days later, in the afternoon. John walked straight to the store, the queer store of such nondescript merchandise as to be almost incredible. Over the door of the long frame building was the sign:

GORHAM DUNN.
GROCERIES AND DRYGOODS.
Hay and Feed. Brooms. Tin and Wooden Ware.

John had often laughed at the sign, designed by his poor father to be comprehensive of what was almost incomprehensible. He did not laugh now. He saw a child's gaily trimmed hat in one of the windows, beside tomato-cans, a bolt of calico, and a stack of brooms and gardening utensils, and his stern mouth did not relax. He even remembered how a discarded pulpit from the Congregational church had been kept in the back of the store, without the slightest reversion to the old mirth.

The day was quite warm. The store door stood open. Two men sat on a settee on the sloping piazza. One sat on a keg beside the door.

John advanced and looked blankly at the old man, who looked blankly at him. Then John saw his own father also in the door, seated farther back in an arm-chair. Gorham Dunn's old head lopped over on his breast. He was napping.

"Hullo!" said the other old man, and Gorham roused himself. He looked at his own son with absolute lack of recognition.

"Hullo, Frank," he called, rather feebly.

John Dunn's brother Frank, lean and lank and homely, with an expression of patience that was almost forcible, came forward. He did not know his brother. He gave the usual interrogative grunt of the country merchant to an unknown customer. John spoke.

"I don't want to buy anythin'," said he, instinctively adopting the dialect. "I want a job in the store."

His father straightened up and looked at him. The other old man stopped chewing and stared at him with dim blue eyes. The men on the settee rose and came forward. Frank Dunn and his father looked at each other.

"Ask him if he knows anythin' about keepin' store," said the old man. His mouth trembled a little and his eyes twitched. Frank asked.

"Orter," replied David Mann, who had been John Dunn. "Brung up in the business. My own father kep' a store like enough to this to be its own brother."

"Ask him ef he used to tend store fur his father," said Gorham Dunn. Frank asked.

"Hed to when I was a young man," replied David Mann. "Got a whalin' ef I didn't."

"Ask him ef he's kep' on tendin' store," said the old man. Frank asked.

"Been in business for myself in town," replied David. "Pardner wasn't no good. He lit out, and I've come huntin' a job when I'm gittin' over bein' young, too."

The loafers laughed at the feeble joke.

Gorham Dunn and his son Frank talked apart. The old man had risen from his arm-chair and the two had withdrawn to the back of the store. The old man's voice was heard, quite strong and shrill. "Ask him what he wants fur pay."

Frank shambled forward and asked.

"Gosh A'mighty! 'Most anythin' that 'll keep me from starvin," replied David. The little dog, snuggled close to him, wagged propitiatingly, as if he understood every word.

Finally David Mann, otherwise John Dunn, was engaged to work in his father's store.

Gorham Dunn was a bit distrustful. He wished to keep this stranger under his own roof. It was arranged that David was to occupy an attic room, unfinished but comfortable enough, which he remembered well. The hired man

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used to occupy it; but the days of hired men for the Dunn family were over.

Gorham and Frank had discussed putting David in one of the spare rooms, but had met with strenuous objection.

"Ef," said David, "you 'ain't got some sort of hole under the ruff where you can stow me away, me and my dog will light out. Room up in the garret was plenty good enough for the man that tended my father's store when I was a boy, an' I guess it's good enough for me."

David took off his coat. A wagon laden with bags of seed-corn had drawn up in front of the store. He helped his brother and the farmer who brought the corn to unload; then he and his brother stowed it away, and he assisted in selling the farmer some groceries. He was secretly elated at his own handiness. He was also surprised, but he need not have been. It was that very versatility, that power of adaptation to all situations, which had been largely instrumental in the wreck of his life. It was not at all wonderful that the same agency which had wrecked might build.

When David went home with his father that night he was conscious of an almost childish fear. Suppose his mother should recognize him? Suppose his sister Minnie should? He had learned that Minnie was still at home, unmarried. Old man Dunn was garrulous.

"Minnie was keepin' company with a real likely young man when she was a girl," he told his new assistant. "Then somethin' come up. Minnie was real proud and high-strung an' she wouldn't stand much. She wouldn't give in an inch, and that was the end on't. I reckon she felt it some, but she never let on. Dun'no' what her ma and me would hev done without her ef she had got married and gone away, though."

The Dunn house had been originally one of the finest and most pretentious in the village. Now the returning son viewed it with a pang. It was suffering, as human dwellings seem actually to suffer, from premature old age. Gorham Dunn had built the house before his beloved son had come of age. The son knew well enough that it represented his poor father's old proud hopes of him and their decline. The returning man looked at the house, and seemed to see in its dingy walls from which the glossy white paint had either disappeared or was evident in blisters of decay, in its sagging roof from which a zigzag weather stain of some old, fierce storm came down the south wall, in a chimney which needed topping, in the door-step which creaked beneath his unworthy feet, a faithful symbol of himself in his utter failure.

"Go easy on that step," advised his father. "Frank has got to fix it, now you've come. He 'ain't had a minute. That step ain't safe. It 'll land somebody with a broken leg ef it ain't fixed."

"I kin fix it," said the new-comer, eagerly. "I'll git up early to-morrer an' fix it, ef you'll give me a hammer an' some nails an' ends of boards."

"Then you're handy?"

"Always was."

The old man sighed. "My other son was," he said. "He was born handy. He went to college an' learned a profession, so he didn't naturally do much with his hands, but he was born handy." The old man pointed to something in an apple-tree near the door. "See that bird-house?" he said. "My other son made that. It's got two rooms, an' the wrens come back to it every year."

The man looked. How he remembered! The memory seemed to tear his heart. Then they entered the house. "Come right in," said old man Dunn.

David followed him. The side-door led into an entry. There was a black-walnut tree for hats and wraps. That black-walnut tree seemed, to the returned wanderer, a menace of memory. How many times he had hung his hat on it as he hung it now! On the left of the entry was the dining-room. David heard the clink of dishes.

"Minnie is gettin' supper," old man Dunn remarked. David understood there was no maid. He remembered two, always, before he had dissipated the family fortune.

On the right was the sitting-room. David followed his father in there. His mother sat beside the window.

"We've got a new man to work in the store, ma," said old man Dunn. "He's used to tendin' store, an' it's goin' to take a heap off Frank an' me."

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The old woman beside the window looked up, and her returning son saw in her something very exquisite. The mother of them all had changed the most, but she had changed for wonderful beauty, surpassing that of youth and prime. The son, who had not seen her for twenty years, started and paled. He would not have known his mother. All her pleasant, matronly curves were gone. She looked shorter. She was not such a very old woman, but she seemed to represent age fixed beyond any change until the final one, death. She was very slight. Her features were very small and clear. Her hair, still abundant, covered her little head like a cap of silver. She wore a soft black dress with a little pearl brooch at the throat. Her hands, in her lap, were not wrinkled, but so delicate and thin that they looked like pale flowers. The old woman suggested at once the most fragile loveliness and a wonderful strength that could enable such fragility to exist at all. She was like some delicate field-flower which, even to the winter winds and storms, will not completely yield up its personality, but still stands, a silvery semblance of its summer self, yielding yet unyielding.

The man's mother looked up at him, and he dropped his eyes before the dim blue outlook of hers.

"I'm glad you've got somebody to help, pa," she said. Her voice had grown very thin. It was like a sweet wind-whisper through meadow-reeds. Then she added, directly to the man, "I hope you will make yourself at home."

He remembered that his mother had always spoken more correctly than his father. She had been fond of books. He remembered also his unspoken childish conviction that whatever discipline he had came from her, not from his adoring father.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said. Then the two pairs of eyes met. If she recognized her son, she made no sign.

"He says he wants to have the garret room, ma," said old man Dunn.

"I think he will find it comfortable," said the old woman. "I remember Jane liked it. Jane was a hired girl we had for twelve years."

"He has a little dog, but you like dogs," said old man Dunn.

"I think there was a bone left from dinner," said the old woman, in her sweet, thin voice.

A bell rang. "Supper's ready," said Gorham Dunn.

David found his hardest encounter where he least expected it. Minnie had changed hardly at all. It was wonderful how little Minnie had changed in twenty years. She had kept her figure and her complexion and her pretty hair. Of course, Minnie was much younger than he. She had been a mere girl when he had left home, but—twenty years of wear and tear upon the fine skin of a woman, upon her silky hair, upon her tender figure—and to find her like this! David, looking at Minnie and finding her so little changed, except in size, felt that she surely must at once recognize him.

But Minnie did not. If there were a lingering doubt about the mother, there was none about the sister. David sat at the table and ate supper with his own father and mother and sister, and, so far as any outward sign went, was absolutely unknown and unsuspected. However, the strain upon him was so great that he resolved, and was able to carry out his resolve, that in future Frank should eat with the family, and he would be the one to keep store and eat at the second table.

He had never been so relieved in his life as he was to find himself back at the store. Not many customers came before Frank returned from his own supper. By this time David knew that a rival grocery had been established a little farther down the road. He remembered the man who owned it as a fat boy, much freckled. His name was Silas Towns. Gorham Dunn and his son Frank were much perturbed by this competition, which was of recent date.

"Guess there won't be many customers; not so many but you can handle 'em," Frank told his brother as he set out for home. "Silas Towns is getting some of our best ones away. He don't keep any better stuff than we do, and he don't sell no cheaper, but his store is new and sort of fancy, and it don't take much to tole folks away."

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Frank's voice rang sadly. He looked old and tired, and had the expression of those who have not tasted the savor of the joys of this life, only its duties. After he had gone David reflected that probably because of him his brother had missed his own birthright; had not married, nor had a glimpse of the world outside the little village and the rank old store.

David walked about the place, and did some thinking. He was a shrewd man, exceedingly quick-witted and full of expedients. It had been so much more to his discredit that he had made such a failure of his life. All the time he had known better and had been perfectly able to do better.

Finally he was disturbed by a customer. A man wanted to buy a bag of flour. David was perfectly competent to conclude that transaction.

"Goin' to clerk it here?" asked the man—a dry, lank fellow who owned a little farm on the river road. David remembered him.

"Reckon I'll make a try at it," he said.

"Well, I'm glad Frank and the old man hev got some help," said the customer. "Old man's been failin' lately, and Frank wa'n't never exactly cut out for storekeepin', though he's as good as they make 'em. He's 'most too good, and he 'ain't never had anything but drudgery. His folks spent everything on that good-for-nothin' John that went off and wa'n't never heard of afterward. Reckon he wound up in state prison. Everything had to go for him. T'other son didn't git nothin' but the hard work, an' nothin' for doin' it. And Minnie, she lost her beau because he insinnerated somethin' about that good-for-nothin' brother of hern, an' she flared up. Ain't none of the hull family anybody ever darse say anythin' agin him to; an' it's as much as twenty year since he went to the devil. Bad rubbish!"

The man went out, carrying his flour-bag, and David resumed his examination of the store. It was difficult, because the place was poorly lit with oil-lamps. David found a lantern, and used that. The old store was a species of museum. In it was seen enormous waste. David shook his head. Gorham Dunn's business methods must have sorely slackened since his son John's boyhood, and poor Frank could not have been especially fitted for his task. However, as the man examined, a scheme grew in his head. Suddenly he knew that, had he remained right there, that honorable old store would not have borne its present aspect. In him was the true business instinct. It had lain latent. Now it suddenly reared its head.

"Father's store is going to pay!" said John Dunn. And he was right. The little village was fairly agape over the changes suddenly worked in Gorham Dunn's old store. Much was done very early in the morning. Much was done at night. Secrecy was observed as far as possible. It seemed miraculous when Dunn's old country store became spick and span. The very settee for the village loungers was changed for a new one. The sagging roof of the piazza showed plumb-lines and glistened with new shingles. Vines were planted around the new pillars which supported the roof.

Inside, the change was more marked. By degrees, so as not to interfere with the trade, a new floor was laid. A new board ceiling replaced the hideously bulging one of smoke-blackened plaster. There were even new counters, and an old cabinet-maker who lived in the village had constructed stools and arm-chairs out of the old Congregational pulpit. The new man had visions of a soda-fountain, but for that there was need to wait. All the good stock of the store was arranged in a manner to do credit to an artist. The walls containing tinned goods were studies in color. The drygoods counter was a revelation to the village women.

Then — came the prize-packages! That was the new man's pet scheme; but he needed assistance, and he got it from his sister Minnie. He privately concluded that Minnie and he were the business heads of the family. One evening he had a long talk with her in the kitchen, and, the next day being Sunday, they made a surreptitious visit of inspection to the store. Minnie looked keenly at the sugar, the flour, the chocolate and cocoa, and other things which

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Drawn by Worth Brehm

SHE LIFTED HER RIGHT HAND, AND A WHITE DIAMOND GLEAMED

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had been dismissed from the up-to-date stock. She cocked her pretty brown head on one side, and her bright eyes shone indignantly.

"It takes a woman to run some things," said she. "Land! If I had known pa and Frank were letting things go to waste so! Here are yards and yards of faded gingham, too. Why did they let it stay in the window so long? And look at all this fly-specked ribbon. It is clear waste."

Her unrecognized brother regarded her shrewdly. "Struck me a woman like you might do somethin' to a lot of this truck so it wouldn't be waste," he remarked.

Minnie looked at him. He explained his ideas. The woman's cheeks bloomed pink. She looked years younger with sheer enthusiasm.

The prize-packages at Dunn's, tied up daintily and given with every dollar's worth of merchandise sold, were from the first a great success. Minnie's little cakes and bags of home-made candies, her aprons, old lady Dunn's iron-holders and knitted washcloths, and so on, all heaped together in a great clothes-basket that was trimmed with fringed pink and green tissue paper, and all tied up nicely with pretty blue tape, met with wild approval. Dunn's customers doubled in a week.

Old Gorham Dunn was tremulous with delight. "That new feller knows jest how to take hold," he told his son Frank, who nodded happily.

There was not an envious strain in Frank Dunn's whole make-up. He was only too glad to have the burden lifted from his faithful but inefficient shoulders.

At the end of some weeks the new man, after a colloquy with Gorham and Frank, sought out Silas Towns in his rival store and made certain propositions to him which were accepted without much hesitation. Silas Towns had the making of a shrewd business man in him. He made a good deal with Gorham for his own stock-in-trade, and became an interested, though silent, partner.

Strangely enough, old lady Dunn was the only one who evinced no especial pleasure. When Minnie suggested that Dave be given her recreant brother John's old room, she fairly cowered before her mother's gaze.

"No man ever goes into that room to sleep until he's proved himself worthy," said the old woman, in her sweet, reedy voice.

She was almost uncanny in her fragility and hardness. Minnie reflected that her mother had always been the severe one of the family about the beloved recreant son and brother. The mother had often chastised with that thin, lady-hand of hers when the lad had been a child, Minnie remembered. She had not even defended him when he had fallen from his high estate of proud and honored youth in his father's house. In her own family she was so stern that they had almost considered her unfeeling. Once her husband had taken her to task.

"Anybody would think the poor boy wa'n't your son at all, ma, the way you act," Gorham had said, and his wife had faced him proudly.

"Anybody would think him my son for that very reason," said she. "Do you think I am going to take the part of my own son when I know he doesn't deserve it?"

"You were always sort of hard with him, ma."

"I wish I had been harder," John Dunn's mother had said. "If I had been harder it would have proved I loved him better than I loved myself. Now, sometimes, I don't know. But I do know that if I have been a selfish mother, it is no reason for me to shame my son more than he has shamed himself, by denying he has done wrong."

After that John had seldom been mentioned in the family. Scrupulously, twice a year, the boy's room had been cleaned. Then it was closed, and the curtains drawn, as if some one lay in death behind them.

The man in the store, whenever he passed this closed door, realized a little pang. He could not control it. He had overheard his mother deny his right to his old room. He had admired her for it. He admired the exquisite, strong old woman more and more, and she daily gained more power to give him pain, and she used her power.

Finally her husband, her daughter,

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and her other son were aghast at her treatment of the person whom they knew as David Mann. Old Gorham talked to Minnie about it.

"You'll have to say a leetle to your ma, I guess, Minnie," he said. "First thing we know, Dave won't stand so much, an' he'll be leavin'; an' I dun'no' what Frank an' me would do without him, that's a fact."

Minnie and her father and Frank were in the kitchen after supper, and Minnie was washing the dishes. It was Sunday night, and all were at home.

"I feel sort of worried myself," said Frank. "I can't think what's got into ma."

With that he took up a great pail of refuse and was going out to feed the pig, when a sweet, reedy little voice came from behind him.

"Just set down that swill," said old lady Dunn, and her voice and manner dignified the homely little speech. "Let Dave do it."

Frank stared at his mother. She called, remorselessly: "Dave, Dave, come here. It's time to feed the pig."

David Mann, in his Sunday clothes, heard her. He was sitting on the front piazza. He came around through the side-door, took the pail from the other man's hand, and went out with it.

"Ma, it won't do!" gasped old Gorham.

"Frank has fed the pig long enough. It's another man's turn," said the inexorable old lady.

"He'll leave."

"If he leaves, he's not worth keeping," responded the old lady. Then she went back to her place in the sitting-room. But always after that David Mann did the menial tasks about the place, instead of Frank. Ordered by his mother, he milked, cleaned the barn, chopped wood, and performed the tasks of a servant, although both his father and brother remonstrated.

"It beats all what has got into ma," Gorham told the man whom he knew as David. "The way she orders you around don't suit the rest of us. We know it ain't your place to do all them chores."

David laughed. "Reckon it's my place to do anythin' I kin do," he said. "Ma seems to hev somethin' agin' you, an' you 'ain't done nothin' but be a god-send to us ever sence you come," said Gorham. "You won't think of leavin' because she seems so sort of queer? Women is queer."

"I ain't likely to leave because she asks me to do anythin' I kin do," said the man.

He and his father had been talking out in the yard. It was six months since he had come. The apple-tree which held the bird-house tossed yellow branches over their heads. The house wherein the Dunns dwelt had been painted, and the roof patched. The unrecognized son could hear his sister singing as she cleared up the supper-dishes. Recently a lover had come to her, a very good man who had loved her always, and she had loved him, making no sign. She had forgotten, years and years, the love of her youth. Minnie had refused to listen while affairs were so adverse with their family. Now it was different. The mortgage would soon be paid. A maid could be kept.

The brother heard the happy little song, and smiled. He went out to the barn to finish the milking. His little dog followed him. He milked and carried the last pail to the house. Then he returned to close the barn for the night.

He started. Old-lady Dunn stood there. Her shawl flew out in the wind like sharply pointed gray wings. Her hair stood up like an aureole around her delicate face, an aureole of live silver. The little dog left his master and wagged affectionately around her. Despite her treatment of David, the dog always left him for her. She patted the silky brown head.

"Here," she said to David, "you haven't finished your chores. Go an' pick some of the windfalls and give them to the cows. They like apples."

The man obeyed. He took off his hat, passed around to the orchard behind the barn, returned with his hat full of apples, and fed them to the cows.

"Get another," ordered the old lady. David obeyed.

When he emerged from the barn after feeding the cows for the second time he looked interrogatively at the woman. She nodded.

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"That will do," said she. "Now you can fasten up the barn."

David obeyed. Then he looked with actual timidity at the frail little woman-creature who dominated him. She lifted her right hand, and a white diamond gleamed. He had given her that diamond when he was a boy. He had saved the money for it out of his allowance. He had never seen her wear it since his return.

She held out her hand and moved toward the house, and the man followed. Minnie saw them coming and opened the door. Gorham and Frank were there. Old lady Dunn and the man they called Dave entered. Old lady Dunn looked at them; then she turned and pointed at the man, and the diamond gleamed.

"This is my own son. He has come home," she said, and her voice rang out silvery with triumph, like a fine trumpet.

The others exclaimed. The old woman faced them, dauntless. "I knew him all the time," said she. "None of the rest of you knew him, but I am his mother. I knew."

"Is it you, John?" queried old Gorham in a shaking voice.

John bowed his head. His face was working.

Frank sprang forward and took him by the hand. Frank was choking with repressed tears. Minnie came forward and kissed him; then she sank into a chair and wept aloud.

Old Gorham put his hand, trembling as if with palsy, on the man's shoulder. "Is it you, John?" John bowed his head again.

Old Gorham suddenly waxed radiant. "He's come home! My son's come home!" he cried out in a great voice. "My son's come home, an' he's made good! I'll show 'em. I guess nobody's goin' to say nothin' more agin' my son. He's the smartest man in these parts, I don't keer who he is!"

Old Gorham shook his son John back and forth by his passive shoulders. "He's come home, home!" he shouted. Then he turned to the old lady. "What in Sam Hill made you treat him so durned mean fur, ma," he demanded, "when you knew all the time?"

Old lady Dunn lifted her head. She looked like a queen throned upon the trials of her whole life. A lovely color came into her soft old cheeks; her eyes shone with blue light. That old flower of life's field which had remained intact as to its flower-shape, though smitten hard by winds of time and grief, seemed suddenly, by virtue of some fine strength of individuality almost beyond the mortal, to bloom anew. She gazed at her son, and the fragrance of the love and sorrow and infinite patience of a woman for her child sweetened the very soul of the man. She smiled a heavenly smile.

"I wanted to make sure that my son had come back," said she. Then she turned to Minnie. "I opened the windows in your brother John's room this morning," said she. "Now I think you had better go and make up the bed."

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An Adventure in Miniature

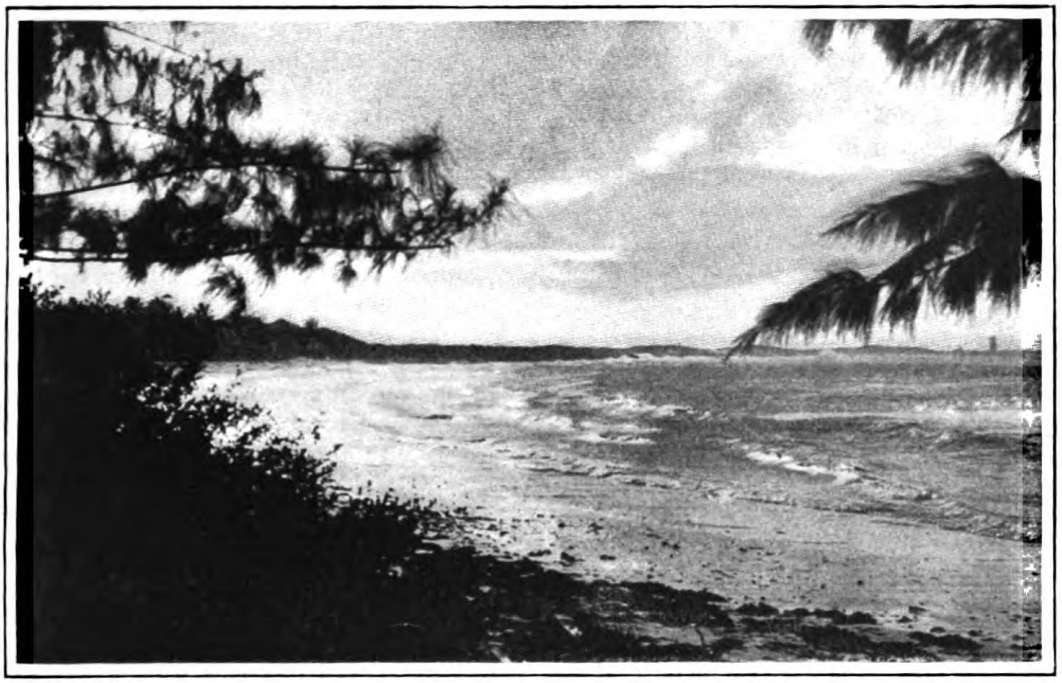
BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE dimensions of a little voyage I recently took in the sloop *Wanderer*, two and a half tons' burden, from Nassau, New Providence, to the west coast of Andros Island, are so small that were it not for other considerations I should scarcely be writing of it. The distances covered, measured as the crow flies, are insignificant. Nor have I any dramatic happenings to relate, nor scientific discoveries to record. Yet such were the conditions of the trip that in its miniature compass were contained no little of those large excitements for which we read Hakluyt's voyages or other accounts of deep-sea faring. Perhaps I need hardly remind the voyager from Southampton to New York that mileage is not everything in sea-travel, and that a trip of three thousand miles is not necessarily exciting. Distance is not always a fixed quantity. It shrinks or expands in proportion to the means of communication at command; and, though we were never more than a hundred miles from our starting-point, we were at times actually farther from home than if we were ten times the distance; for we were right off the track of other vessels, cut off alike from mail-service, telegraphs, and wireless, entirely dependent on our own exertions—that is, our sails and our gasolene—for our going and coming. Had we been on the edge of the Arctic Circle, we could hardly have been less within quick reach of our fellowmen. Had "anything happened" to any of us, the survivors would have had no swifter means of bringing the news back to Nassau than the sloop we sailed in. So that sense of isolation which is so much of the adventurous spice in sea-narrative was most satisfyingly ours. Then the waters we sailed in are proverbially dangerous, supplied with reefs and shoals to the heart's content; the islands and cays we sailed among are bewilderingly intricate, and you have to know them well not to lose your way, and the winds are of a temper most uncertain.

Here, surely, are some of the most important conditions conducive to the peculiar thrill of sea-romance. To these was added that provided by the historic sense. For these waters and islands of our voyaging, beyond perhaps any in the world, are sacred to the memory of those daredevils of the sea who loom so large in our boyish mythology. All the famous deep-sea cutthroats—Morgan, Blackbeard, and the rest—had sped foaming under full canvas, the black flag at the peak, along the very course we were sailing. The chart we looked at once in a while was thick with name-memories of their wild doings. Not so many miles to the northwest was that very cay, "The Dead Man's Chest," where that famous fifteen once sat and "yo-ho'd" their bloodthirsty chorus to the booming of the surf and the astonishment of the quiet stars.

The island of New Providence, on which Nassau is built, is one of the smallest of the Bahama Islands, but, owing to its harbor, it is the only one that has any direct communication with the mainland of America. The other much larger islands, which, with myriad cays and rocks and banks, string out the Bahaman archipelago some six hundred miles from southern Florida to eastern Haiti, depend on Nassau for their vague and infrequent relations with what we call civilization. These islands, of which Andros, Eleuthera, Abaco, Watling, Cat Island, Anagua are the most important, have mail carried to them by a schooner that does the round trip in a fortnight; and British justice goes on circuit among them, as likewise the Episcopal church, in the person of the lord bishop; and British education, in the person of a school-inspector, once or twice a year, by the same primitive and

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ENDLESS WHITE WATER AND ENDLESS DESERT SHORES

frequently dangerous method of transit. There is so little commercial life in these islands that it would not pay a steamer to ply among them. This, of course, while irksome to the professional gentlemen and business men involved, is all to the good of romance, and gives a spice of adventure to every trip from Nassau to any of these out-islands, though the vessel be merely one of the numerous little sloops that sail back and forth with modest cargoes of vegetables, fresh eggs, and the occasional live stock in which the islands are but poorly furnished. To make a thorough tour of all the out-islands would take several weeks. Andros was chosen for our voyage for two reasons. Because it is the chief haunt of that exceedingly retiring bird the flamingo, and because it is invested with an air of mystery beyond that of any of the other islands. One hundred and fifty miles long, and some fifty miles broad at its broadest, it has never yet, it is said, been entirely explored. Its center is still a mystery. The natives declare it to be haunted, or, at all events, inhabited by some strange people no one ever has come close enough to see. You can see their houses, you are told, from a distance, but as you approach them they disappear.

To voyage to such an island through such seas, though Mr. London might think small beer of it, is an experience, I venture to claim, with something in it of that quality which he has phrased as "the call of the wild."

We had intended to make a start several days before the wind, which is the essence of any such contract in the Bahamas, gave us our sailing orders. It had been blowing stormily from the southwest, and nothing with sails had felt like venturing out across the surf-swept bar for a week. But my friend the Sportsman, whose guest I was to be, had warned me to be ready at an hour's notice to take advantage of the first change in the weather. It is but forty miles across the tongue of ocean which divides the shores of New Providence and Andros, but you need to pick your weather for that if you don't want to join the numerous craft that have vanished in that brief but fateful strip of water. The summons came at last. I had been out for dinner, and returned home about ten to find a message from my friend: "Be ready to sail at mid-

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night." There was a thrilling suddenness about it that appealed to one's imagination. Here I had been expecting a landsman's bed, with a book and a reading-lamp, surrounded by the friendly security of houses, and instead I was to go faring with the night wind into the mystery of the sea.

It was a night of fitful moonlight, and Nassau with its white houses and white streets seemed very hushed and spectral as I made my way down to the wharf vivid in black and silver. There is always something mysterious about starting a journey at night, even though it be nothing more out-of-the-way than catching a midnight train out of the city; and the simple business of our embarkation breathed an air of romantic secrecy. The moon seemed to have her finger on her lip, and we talked in lowered voices as though we were bound on some midnight raid. The night seemed to be charged with the expectancy of the unknown, and the big Labrador retriever, "Sailor," who was to be a fellow-voyager, whined restlessly from the wharf-side at the little sloop that awaited us in the whispering, lapping water. "Sailor" had seen his master getting his guns ready, and, doubtless, memories stirred in him of Scotch moors they had shot over together. He raised his head to the night wind, and sniffed impatiently, as though he already scented the wild duck on Andros Island. He was impatient, like the rest of us, because, though it was an hour past sailing-time, the negro boy engaged to run the engine had not turned up. But it is no use being impatient with negroes in Nassau, and if you are to get any work out of them at all, it is only by the skilled exercise of a blend of tact and severity in the handling of their muddle-headed psychology which your governing Englishman has reduced to a science. A search-party, having invaded the lodging of the missing engineer, presently returned with a hulking, somnolent youth sullenly answering to the name of George, who had been discovered deep in the one activity for which we were afterward to learn he had any capacity whatsoever—that of sleep. We knew later that there was nothing through which George could not sleep, particularly if it happened to be a duty or a responsibility. Whenever you set George to do anything by day or night, you could always reckon on his being sound asleep five minutes after.

Well, all such preliminaries as "George" being at length disposed of, there was presently heard that most exhilarating of sounds to any one who loves seafaring, the rippling of the ropes through the blocks as our mainsail rose up high against the moon and filled



AN OLD PIRATE STRONGHOLD

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proudly with the steady northeast breeze we had been waiting in. The water began to talk along our sides, and the immense freshness of the nocturnal sea took us in its huge embrace. The spray began to fly over our bows as we nosed into the glassy rollers, one of which admonished us by half swallowing us on the starboard side that only the mighty-limbed immortals might dance with safety on the bar that night, and that it were wise for little twenty-four-foot sloops to hug the land till daylight. So, reluctantly, we kept the shadowy coast-line for our companion as we steered for the southwestern end of the island; to our right, companions more of our mood, parallel ridges of savage whiteness where the surf boiled and gleamed along the coral shoals. How good it seemed to all of us to be thus out in the freedom of the night and the sea—not least to the great noble-headed hound, sitting up on his haunches, keen and watchful by the steersman's side. What a strange waste of a life so short to be sleeping there on the land when one might be out and away on such business as ours! So two or three hours went by as we plunged on to the seething sound of the water, and the singing of our sails, and all the various rumor of wind and sea. After all, it was a good music to sleep to, and, for all my scorn of sleeping landsmen, an irresistible drowsiness stretched me out on the roof of the little cabin, wonderfully rocked into forgetfulness. My nap came to an end suddenly, as though some one had flung me out through a door of blue-and-gold into a new-born world. There was the sun rising, the moon still on duty, and the morning star divinely naked in the heaven. And with these glories rushed in again upon my ears the lovely zest and turmoil of the sea, heaving huge and tumultuous about us in gleaming hills and foam-flecked valleys.



FATHER GABRIEL'S WORKSHOP

Then for the first time I realized what an absurdly tiny home—home with a sail on it—was ours, amid all this big water. I was able, too, to marvel at the amount of cargo, human and otherwise, my friend the Sportsman had had the audacity to pack into his tiny vessel. The *Wanderer* is but twenty-four feet "over all." She is decked over sufficiently to allow of a small cabin and leave a foot or two of cock-pit. The engine fills most of the cabin, but there is room for two of us to "bunk," one on each side of the engine. Forward there is a hole about a yard square which we may call the fo'cas'le. Between that and the cabin is the gasolene-tank. On this floating speck were housed five men, three negroes—captain, engineer, and cook—and ourselves. The Sportsman, I may say, is somewhat of an athletic mountain, weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds. He naturally took up room. The dog "Sailor" almost counts as a man in that respect. Then we carried fifty gallons of water, sixty gallons of gasolene, a big case of grape-fruit, and several other cases of provisions, four guns, with the necessary ammunition, and various fishing-tackle—not to speak of two good-sized portmanteaus, cameras, books, and innumerable odds and

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ends. We laughed as we surveyed this medley with which cockpit, cabin, and house-deck was choked—we sitting on top of it all, finding room for ourselves anyhow. But a little patience soon adjusted it into a livable order, and we were able to make ourselves as comfortable as men out for "roughing it" have a right to expect. If you are going to miss your hair mattress, you had better stay on land!

And one priceless comfort we did not lack. That was "John," the wise and kindly old negro cook. John had been sea-cook for the Sportsman for years, and for his father before him; and in the art of cooking, and cooking splendidly, under difficulties, in all weathers, with nothing more than a square foot or two of deck for his kitchen, and with the most elementary appliances, John cannot have his equal. Already he had coffee for us when I woke up from my nap, and soon the smells of freshly-made "johnny cake" and frying bacon competed not unsuccessfully with the various fragrances of the morning. Is there anything to match for zest a breakfast like that of ours at dawn on the open sea? By this we had shaken off the unwelcome convoy of the coast-line, and, having had a thrilling minute or two running the gantlet of the great combers of the southwest bar, we were at last really out to sea, making our dash under a good sailing breeze, with the engine going, too, across the tongue of ocean, direct for Andros.

It seemed curious to me—who, of course, knew nothing about it—with what comparative anxiety my companions, including the Sportsman (who must have made the trip half a hundred times), regarded the crossing of this narrow strip of sea, in which you are scarcely out of sight of one coast before you come into sight of the other. Yet it is just those men who know the sea, and have followed her for love of her all their lives, who distrust her most. Presently, in the far southwest, tiny points, like a row of pins, began very faintly to range themselves along the sky-line. They were palm-trees, though you could not make them out to be such or anything in particular for long after. One darker point seemed closer than the rest. "That is High Cay," said the Sportsman; "once we are inside there we are safe. It can blow a hurricane then as soon as it has a mind to. We shall be inside the reef, and nothing can hurt us."

Then I took a brief lesson in geography. Andros, more than any other of the islands, is surrounded by a ring of reefs stretching all around its coasts. The waters inside this ring are seldom more than a fathom or two deep, and, spreading out for miles and miles above a level coral floor, give something of the effect of a vast natural swimming-bath. Frequently there is no more than four or five feet of water, and in calm weather it would be possible to walk for miles across this strange sea-bottom.

Darker and solider grew the point on which our eyes were set, till at length we were up with a thick-set little scrub-covered island which, compared with the low level of the line of coast stretching dimly behind it, rose high and rocky out of the water. Hence its name, "High Cay," and its importance along a coast where such definite landmarks are few. We were now inside the breakwater of the reefs, and the rolling swell of ocean gave way at once to a mill-pond calmness. Through this we sped along for some ten miles or so, following a low, barren coast-line till at length to our right the water began to spread out inland like a lake. We were at the entrance of the North Bight, one of the three bights which, dotted with numerous low-lying cays, breaks up Andros Island in the middle, and allows a passage through a maze-like archipelago direct to the northwest end of Cuba. Here on the northwest shore is a small and very lonely settlement—one of the two or three settlements on the else deserted island—Behring's Point: a poor little cluster of negro cabins scrambling up from the beach, with no streets but craggy pathways in and out among the gray clinker-like coral rock. A more forlorn and poverty-stricken foothold of humanity could hardly be conceived. But it was touching to find that even here, though the whole worldly goods of the community would scarcely fetch ten dollars, the souls of men were still held worth caring for. For presently we came upon a pretty little church, with a

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school-house near by, while from the roof of an adjacent building we were hailed by a pleasant-faced white man, busy with some shingling.

It was the good priest of the little place, Father Gabriel, disguised in overalls and the honest grime of his labor; like a true Benedictine, praying with his strong and skilful hands. He was down from his roof in a moment, a youngish man with the face of a practical dreamer, strangely happy-looking in what would seem to most an appalling isolation, there alone, month after month, with his black flock. But evidently his was no such thought, for he showed us with pride the new school-house he was building out of the coral limestone with his own hands, as he had built the church, every stone of it, and the picturesque well, and the rampart-like wall round the churchyard. His garden, too, he was very proud of, as he well might be, wrested as it was out of the solid rock. Yet one peculiarity of Bahaman vegetation must be noted. It will grow just as luxuriantly out of rock as out of soil, of which there is seldom more than a thin coating, and usually none at all. Thus it is comparatively easy in the Bahamas to make the desert blossom like a rose—though I say this, of course, not to minimize the disinterested labors of that good man, whom at length we had to part with—not without a hush in our hearts as we pondered on the noble marvel of lives thus unselfishly devoted, and as we thought, too, of the loneliness that would once more close around him when we were gone.

As we sailed away from Behring's Point, due west through the North Bight, we spied ahead of us a schooner under full canvas, making in our direction.

"She is going to Nassau!" exclaimed the Sportsman. "We're in luck. Would you like to send a word to your wife? It's our only chance—and it doesn't happen like this in ten years."

There was only time for us to scrawl a word or two to our respective Penelopes, for the schooner was all but on us. Then I admired the skill with which the Sportsman turned us about so that the schooner and we raced side by side within a yard of each other. The schooner was a sponge-boat making for Nassau, as we had surmised, and half a dozen smiling negroes hailed us from the deck. Somehow they made us feel as though we had been weeks from home. Holding on to a rope, the Sportsman leaned out from our deck holding out the letters,



FATHER GABRIEL AT HIS WELL

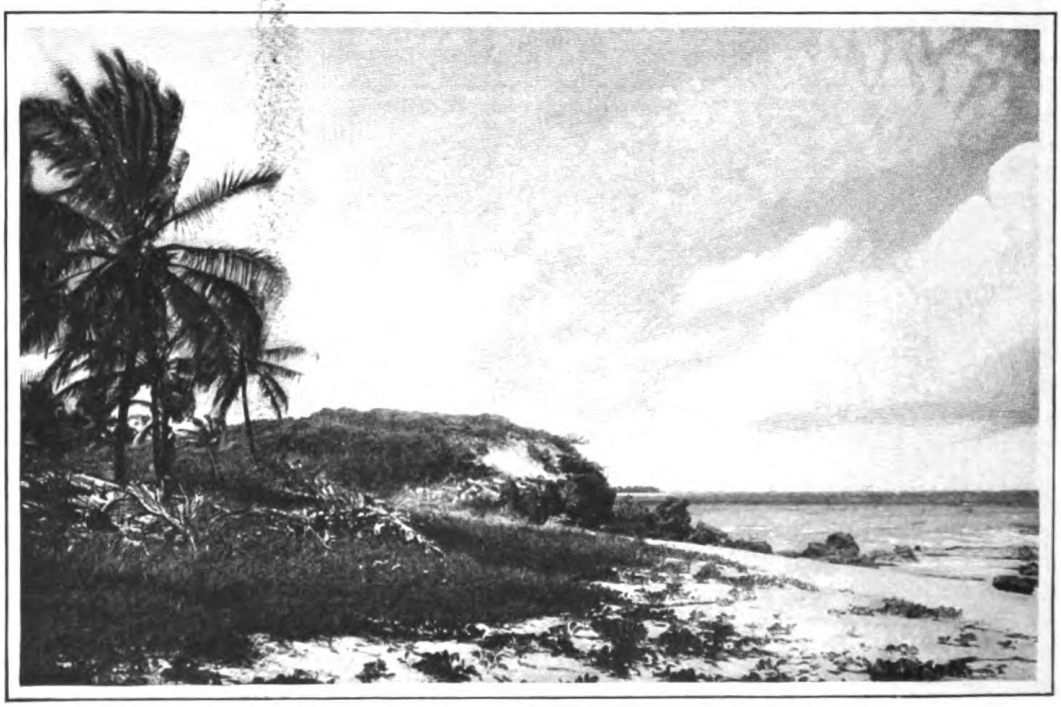
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while the captain of the schooner leaned out from his deck and clutched them. So we caught the mail, and in another moment we were once more speeding on our separate ways.

But we had spent too much time with the good Father, and in various pottering about—making another landing at a lone cabin in search of fresh vegetables, and further loading up our much-enduring craft with two flat-bottomed skiffs for duck-shooting, marvelously lashed, one on each side of the cabin deck—to do much more sailing that day; so at sunset we dropped anchor under the lee of Big Wood Cay, and, long before the moon rose, the whole boat's crew of us were wondrously asleep.

Morning found us sailing through a maze of low-lying desert islands of a bewildering sameness of shape and size, with practically nothing to distinguish one from the other. Even long experience of them is liable to go astray, and the Sportsman and the captain had several friendly disputes, and exchanged bets as to which was which. Then, too, the curious milky color of the water (in strange contrast to the jewel-like clearness of the outer sea) makes it hard to keep clear of the coral shoals that shelve out capriciously from every island. In the daylight the deeper water is seen in a bluish track (something like the "bluing" used in laundry work), edged on either side by "the white water." One has to keep a sharp lookout every foot of the way, and many a time our keel gave an ominous grating, and we escaped some nasty ledges by the mere mercy of Heaven.

We had tried bathing at sunrise, but the water was not deep enough to swim in. So we had paddled around picking up "conchs"—those great ornamental shells which house with such fanciful magnificence an animal something like our winkle, the hard, white flesh of which cut up fine makes an excellent salad—that is, as old John made it. There is no fishing to speak of to be done in these inclosed waters; nothing to go after except sponges, which you see dotting the coral floor in black patches. We gathered one or two, but the sponge in its natural state is not an agreeable object. It is like a mass of slimy india-rubber, which has to "die" and rot out its animal life, which it does with a protesting perfume of great power—the sponge of our bath-tubs being the macerated skele-



A PALM-FRINGED CORAL BEACH

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OUR CAMP CONSISTED OF TWO LITTLE HOUSES BUILT ENTIRELY OF PALMETTO LEAVES

ton of the living sponge. Though we escaped the razor edges of the coral flats, we did not come off so easily with the white mud, and on one occasion, strenuous poling failing to get us off, all hands, black and white, had to strip and push behind for all we were worth. Of course we had a great deal of fun out of that, man being so constituted as to relish the hard work he puts into his play, and to laugh at what, were it in earnest, would soon set him a-murmuring.

We had hoped to reach our camp, out on the other side of the island, that evening, but that dodging the shoals and sticking in the mud had considerably delayed us. Besides, though the Sportsman and the captain both hated to admit it, we had lost our way. We had been looking all afternoon for "Little Wood Cay," but, as I said before, one cay was so like another—all alike flat, low-lying, desolate islands covered with a uniform scrub and marked by no large trees — not unbeautiful if one has a taste for melancholy levels, but unpicturesquely depressing and hopeless for eyes craving more featured and colored "scenery." So night began to fall, and as there is no sailing to be done in such waters at night, we once more cast anchor under a gloomy, black shape of land —exceedingly lonesome and forgotten-looking, which we agreed to call "Little Wood Cay"—till morning. Soon all were asleep except the old dog "Sailor" and I. I lay for a long time watching the square foot of stars that shone down through the hatch in our cabin ceiling like a little window looking into eternity, while the waters lapped and lapped outside, and the night talked strangely to itself. It was a wonderful meeting-place of august lonely things—that nameless, dark island, that shadowy water heaving vast and mournful, that cry of the wind, that swaying vault of stars, and, framed in the cabin doorway, the great black head of the old dog, grave and moveless and wondering.

Next morning the Sportsman and the captain were forced to own up that the island discovered to the day was not "Little Wood Cay." No humiliation goes deeper with a sailing man than having to ask his way. Besides, who was there to ask in that solitude? Doubtless a cormorant flying overhead knew it, but no one thought to ask him. However, we were in luck, for after sailing about a bit we came upon two lonely negroes standing up in their boats and

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thrusting long poles into the water. They were sponging—most melancholy of occupations—and they looked forlorn enough in the still dawn. But they had a smile for our plight. It was evidently a good joke to have mistaken "Sapodilla Cay" for "Little Wood Cay." Of course, we should have gone —so. And "so" we presently went, not without rewarding them for their information with two generous drinks of old Jamaica rum. I never saw two men so grateful for a drink. Their faces positively shone with happiness. Certainly it must have seemed as if that rum had fallen out of the sky, the last thing those chilled and lonesome men could have hoped for, out there in the inhospitable solitude.

One of our reasons for seeking "Little Wood Cay," which it proved had been close by all the time, was that it is one of the few cays where one can get fresh water. "Good water here," says the chart. We wanted to refill some of our jars, and so we landed there, glad to stretch our legs, while old John cooked our breakfast on the beach, under a sapodilla-tree. The vegetation was a little more varied and genial than we had yet seen, and some small white flowers, growing in long lines as if they had been planted, wafted a very sweet fragrance across our breakfast-table of white coral sand. While we were eating, two or three little lizards with tails curiously twirled round and round—like a St. Catherine wheel—made themselves friendly, and ate pieces of bread without fear. And I heard old John say something to the engineer-boy George—who was lying near the fire sulky from a recent calling-down—that has stayed by me.

"Cheer up, George," said the kindly old philosopher. "The poor man's blanket is out," and, while I wondered what he meant, he pointed to the rising sun with a smile.

Now that we knew where we were, it was clear but by no means careless sailing to our camp. By noon we had made the trip through the island and, passing out of a narrow creek known as "Loggerhead Creek," were on its southwest side. A hundred and fifty miles or so straight sailing would have brought us to Cuba, but our way lay north up the coast, as we had come down the other. Here was the same white water as the day before, with the bluish track showing the deeper channel; the same long, monotonous coast; the same dwarf, rusty green scrub; not a sign of life anywhere. Nothing but the endless white water and the endless desert shore. We were making for what is known as the Wide Opening, a sort of estuary into which a listless stream or two crawl through mangrove bushes from the interior swamps. Of these you can perceive no sign whatever from the sea, and, when in the late afternoon the Sportsman, taking his place at the bow as lookout, bade the captain steer straight in for the land, the result was a lively argument. The Sportsman smiled. He had evidently something up his sleeve. On we went, for all the world as if we were aiming to run aground. Not a sign of an opening anywhere. Then, when we were scarce twenty yards from the shore—"What is that?" asked the Sportsman, jeeringly, of the astonished captain. There, sure enough, hidden by mangroves wading in their weird way into the sea, was an under gleam of water, and presently we could see a narrow channel snaking its way, not thirty feet broad, into the brush.

In a second or two our decks were swept by boughs, as under the Sportsman's skilful piloting we snuggled our way into a secret and sinister lane of water, hedged in by palmetto-trees, dense and breathless. Two turkey-buzzards rose lazily from the scrub as we entered it, and, as though we had surprised some devil's work of the spirits of the waste, a concourse of evil shapes—two long, shadowy sharks and a wild, snaky glitter of houndfish—stampeded to right and left of us in a lightning scurry of terror. So long had they brooded there undisturbed—wicked and voracious, and beautiful as flashing swords! We were presently to realize how long; and that, too, by a most quaint and convincing proof. About half a mile up, there presently emerged from the scrub two thatched roofs—two little houses built entirely of palmetto leaves—such as Robinson Crusoe might have built.

The Sportsman had built these some

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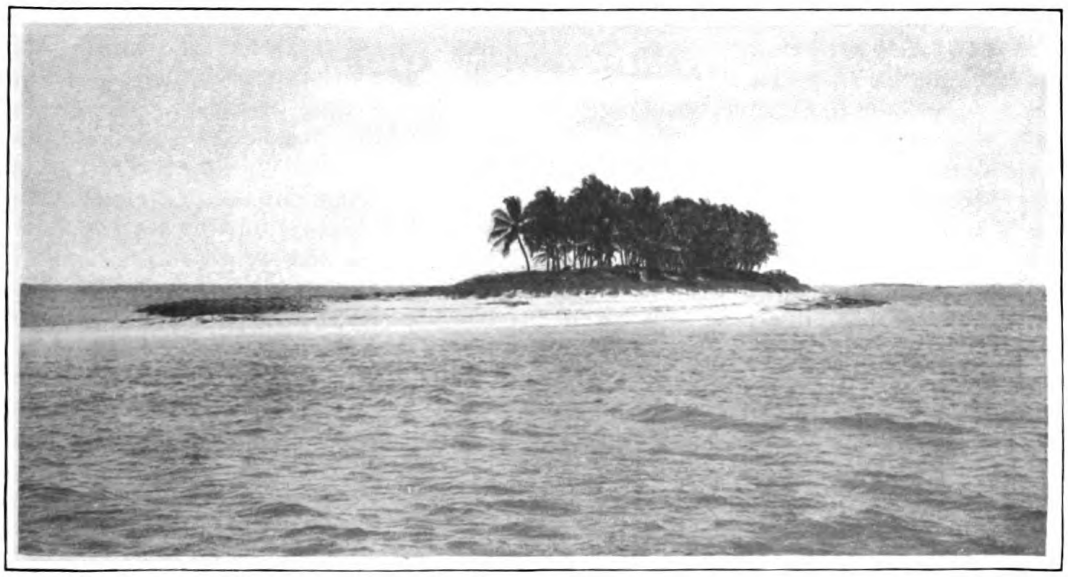
years before, as a camp for his duck-shooting expeditions. But it had been three years since he had been there. As we moored the boat to a palm-tree and sprang ashore, he laughed: "Last time I was here," he said, "I thought of an infallible test of the loneliness of the place. Let's see how it has worked." And he strode through the open door of one of the cabins. There was nothing in it but a rough table. On the table was a bottle fallen over on its side. This the Sportsman snatched up with a cry of satisfaction. "What do you think of this?" he said. "Not a soul has been here but the turkey-buzzards. The beggars knocked this over—but otherwise it is untouched as I left it. Do you want better proof than this?" and he held out the bottle for me to look at. It was a quart of Scotch whisky, corked and sealed as it had left the manufacturer. And it had been there for three years! The more the reader ponders this striking fact, the better will he be able to realize the depth of the solitude in which we had now found our journey's end.

While the boys slung the beds, and John busied himself with dinner, we sat and smoked, and savored together our satisfaction in our complete and grandiose isolation.

"It might well be weeks before any one could find us!" said my friend, eager as a boy, lapping up horrors from his favorite author. "Yes, weeks!" And then he added, "It was creeks like this the old pirates used to hide in"—and so we talked of pirates and buried treasure, while the sun set like a flight of flamingoes over a scene that was indeed like a picture torn from a boy's own book of adventure.

One of many treasure stories he told me I must find space for. There had recently been alive on another part of Andros Island an old negro who lived some miles from the settlement, to which he only came now and again to buy provisions. These provisions he always paid for in—Spanish doubloons. Just before he died he had told his secret. One day, fishing, he had come upon an iron chest full of gold coins hidden among rocks under water. Afraid to bring it to land lest some one should rob him, he left it where he had found it. But whenever he wanted money to go marketing he would dive and come up with a handful of golden money!

"To-morrow we must see if we cannot track some flamingoes," said my friend, looking at the sunset, which had reminded him of them. And, by the way, the creek we were camping on was called "Flamingo Creek." But the name was to do us no good, for no flamingoes were to illuminate this chronicle. Still, the



A LITTLE LAZY ISLE

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FLAMINGO HUNTING—ANDROS ISLAND

next morning brought me a vision of other birds which in their flashing beauty of wildness leaves me no room to regret even the flamingo.

Certain parts of Andros are rich in stately timber—mahogany, lignum-vitæ, and so forth—but the region round about our camp for miles on miles, farther than the eye can see, is taken up with a succession of marl lakes, with water seldom more than a foot deep and of the color of lime. The surface of these lakes is covered with endless clumps and copses, rising like islands, of that strange *macabre*-tree, the mangrove, which, banian-like, throws down long, wand-like roots which, so soon as they touch the water, spread out like bony hands and clutch the soil. These again throw out lateral wands which root again a yard or so farther on; and these again do the same, till an immense basket-work of radiating bridges have been formed around the parent stem, long since unidentifiable among its offspring. Thence grows up an impenetrable fastness of greedily thriving branches, about the roots of which gathers the various dust and debris carried on the wind, till a veritable island has been formed. So you can see the land literally growing out of the water, and so between mangrove-tree and the coral insect the land of the Bahamas has been made. These coverts, spreading, as I said, for miles on miles, form a paradise for every species of wild fowl.

The record of our next three days is that of punting, gun on knee from dawn to sunset, after teal—teal in huge glittering fleets, riding innocent of danger, filling the morning sky with peaceful quacking, or tearing by in terrified whirlwinds at the report of the gun. John's camp-fire at evening bore evidence to my friend's prowess—never was such an orgy of roast duck—and to watch "Sailor" as he worked the copses was to realize how happy a dog can be. Yet wild ducks can be seen elsewhere—but never before had I seen pelicans gamboling in the upper air—such different birds from their foolish-looking fellows in the Zoo—or watched white herons soaring like the spirits of the dawn in the morning blue. It seemed to me as we stole silently along in our skiff that we were invading the sanctuary of the morning.

It was that picture more than any other that I carried with me as, a week after, our little boat dropped anchor once more under the lights of Nassau.

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The Killer's Son

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I AM, as you know, a practising physician. My home is in Endicott, Vermont. My library, which serves also as my office, faces the old Wait house, where Anthony Brown and his mother came to live (out of nowhere) and where they spent their thirteen years of silence and isolation. You have expressed an interest in the story of Anthony Brown. I set it down as truly and consecutively as I am able. Part of the events chronicled here I saw with my own eyes, part I had from the little man with the crooked head, and part from Anthony Brown—for it is by that name I shall always remember him. You will understand that I am the "Mr. Doctor" of the narrative.

Here are some of the things Anthony Brown knew at the time of my first acquaintance with him. He was then about four years old.

He knew, first of all, that he did not possess such a thing as a father. He knew that he had come with his mother to this dark, ancient house from another place, far off, where the houses all stood shoulder to shoulder, and where a man brought the milk in a yellow cart, like a little cabin set on wheels. He remembered that they had come away from that place in a tremendous hurry, but when he tried to discuss this with his mother the "look" always appeared on her face.

Then, too, his mother had been something different in that place of the shouldering houses — not "Mrs. Brown." Somehow he could not seem to catch the right set of words for her, though sometimes when he was alone he would shout out "*Mrs.*—er—" very suddenly, in order to trick that elusive other word into the light. It was the same way with that word which had meant his brother —oh yes, there had been a brother, even though his mother said there had not. It was probably some game his mother was playing—an inscrutable game, because one must not laugh or appear to be enjoying it. He had laughed once, and then there was the "look" which always frightened him. But he could remember the fact of a brother clearly, even if he were a little misty as to how he had looked and quite blank about the word which had meant him. Why, even he himself had been called another word. It was not "Anthony." It was something very like it. He could get the taste of it in his mouth when he jumped out at it—but never quite *it*.

His mother played the same game even with the Congregational minister and Mrs. J. D. Ellory of Elloryhurst, the first callers—and the last. Anthony could not understand this episode in the least, and so it had to take its place with the other "naturally" things, along with that abrupt departure from the region of the yellow milk-cart. The callers came quite kindly in the Elloryhurst surrey, and they smiled at Anthony when they were seated in the parlor. He was amazed to hear them asking if his father had been long dead—as though they did not know there was no such thing as a father—and where his mother had come from. He could have told them about the yellow milk-cart himself—it was his mother who had forgotten now. At least she was shaking her head, and Anthony could see the "look" coming. But at that juncture he was shut out of the room and could follow the affair no further, save that there came a muffled outcry of indignation from Mrs. Ellory of Elloryhurst followed by the banging of the front door. Nor did he see his mother again that day or night, a crack of light under her door being the only token of her existence when he went up to bed, hungry and frightened.

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Of course there was fruit from this seed. Anthony did not understand at all what it meant when the boys with whom he was trying to play "ships" in the brook behind his house called him names. It is quite probable they did not understand either—something heard at home, more than likely.

He wondered if the reason the other boys would not play with him was because his ship was so much more splendid than theirs. He had made it out of a sharpened board and it had sails of envelopes which Mr. Doctor across the street had given him. It was something of a trick to keep the cargo on, but once tied down with string it journeyed to the second stump on his own side of the brook with quite creditable security.

It was impossible to conceive why his mother should come out of "behind" so suddenly and jerk him away from the bank and then set to work with a fearful, ice-cold deliberation to break that ship of his into all the splinters it could be, using two flat rocks for the destruction. It must have been another of those 'naturally" things. But Anthony had never seen the "look" so horrible and hard and crazy on her face as when she led him away then to lock him, like a criminal, in the woodhouse.

That was the night the wind blew. Anthony could hear it rising from the first, tentative friskings about the shingles of the woodhouse to the full majesty of its flight. There were a million trillion great devils back there in the hills trying to catch it—that was why it ran so fast and screeched so loudly. It rocked the floor under his feet, and once there was a fearful crashing in the yard, which was a bough tearing away from one of the maples. He did not know his mother had come till he heard the soft scraping of the latch outside, and even then he did not see her, as she ran off silently as she had come.

It was very hard to have to go upstairs all alone in the dark when the wind was blowing. He knew what happened when the wind blew. He had been through it before. It was always the same. A crack of light under his mother's door, bright and dim, bright and dim, like a Jack-o'-lantern when the candle is going out. That was because she had all the windows open and the lamp smoked. "Naturally" she had the windows open when the wind blew. He would have been amazed to learn that all grown-ups did not open their windows wide to the gale, and writhe and groan and become quite different from what they were in quiet weather.

This was the most incredibly fearful night. For the crack of light became intensely brilliant just as his boot-soles were passing it, then it went out altogether and his mother screamed—inside the door there. That was why he ran down-stairs and out into the yard behind the lilac-bush, where Mr. Doctor found him in the great wind and had the true state of affairs out of him directly.

It was a long wait, there in the front hall, wrapped in his mother's cape, until Mr. Doctor came down the stairs again, with his candle making the shadows clamber up and sit on top of the high, dark furniture. And then the questions Mr. Doctor asked—so many million of them—for a sleepy boy to answer.

"And what do you say to this, sir?" Mr. Doctor asked abruptly, putting a piece of cardboard beneath the boy's nose. "Ever seen this before?"

The boy had never seen it or anything like it—that dark, shiny daguerreotype. There were nine people pictured there (if one counted the bundle in the woman's lap). A man sat there and his six sons stood about him. The largest of them might have been eighteen, the smallest (not counting the bundle) six. The man's skin was smooth and dark, like the Wait furniture in the hall; his hair, parted over the left temple, was black; a black mustache shot across his lip and turned at either tip straight up to the high cheek-bones. And though he was dressed in unmistakable "Sunday clothes," he carried them with a certain debonair tilt of the shoulders —not sheepishly, as our Endicott farmers do. A full-belted, lusty man, whom one could imagine going a long way to carry a romantic point.

The woman, sitting in the center with the bundle, was very beautiful: her eyes were calm, and her hair had not then turned streaked as it had since. But how queer of her to be there! She was

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no more like the man, or those six replicas of him standing at his shoulders, than she was like the seventh replica, come out of the bundle now and sitting, shivering and wide-eyed, on the old Wait hall-chest.

Mr. Doctor looked at the picture a long time and then at the boy, as though comparing them. He said, slowly: "And yet they call you a—er— We won't say. . . . What's that?"

"*Raphul*," the boy had cried out, with a sudden, explosive triumph. Mr. Doctor saw his finger, still grubby with front-yard mold, hovering over the boy of six who leaned on the pictured woman's shoulder. "Raphul — I just remembered." He had caught that word which meant his brother without jumping.

"There was another place where I lived," he went on, a frown of concentration between his black eyebrows. "I just remembered. It was before."

Mr. Doctor leaned forward and pinched his knee, as though to help him.

"What was it like?" he said. The boy's eyes wandered here and there in vacancy. The frown deepened as though he sought desperately through the dim rooms of memory.

"I can't—I can't—" The boy was struggling painfully to remember. Mr. Doctor shook his head and muttered:

"Too much—too much." Then he took the daguerreotype up-stairs again and put it back under the table where he had found it. He went on tiptoe, so as not to disturb Anthony's mother, who slept because he had given her some medicine.

Thirteen years is a long time to live in one yard, when no one comes into that yard but the postman and the boy from Lucas's store and Mr. Doctor. The postman had been three different persons and the boy from Lucas's store at least six when Anthony was seventeen.

A life of that sort does things to you—very queer things. For one, the continuous existence in the shadow—of the indoors, of the Wait maples, of one knows not what—makes one pale, even though there be an echo of something darker beneath the pallor. For another, it makes one slight and nervous and inept at handling things, and moody and apt to shout out with an abrupt bitterness at Mr. Doctor: "If she'd only tell me *what it was* he did, why it wouldn't be such a blind sort of hell."

"Steady, boy. Now what's wrong with your 'innards'? Tell the doctor."

"That's it—*that's it.* What *is* the matter with my 'innards.' What's in my blood that one can't speak of? What in the name of the devil was this inconceivable crime of my father's? What am I tainted with, that she would rather have people avoid and scorn me than *that?*

Then the inevitable lapse into inertia and gloom, and after that the unwholesome fever mounting again—

"I'm no good—I know I'm no good. I'm hollow. I can feel it. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to run away from this place—I don't care—I don't care—"

"Hush, boy; here's your mother."

It was on the day this talk was talked that the man came down Methodist Hill. One could see him far off, crawling like a little fly down the road. It was very dry and a tiny umbrella of dust followed above him.

He came down and dipped out of view behind the fence, still far off, came on and on under his umbrella of dust and had passed as far as Anthony's lilac when he happened to look over his shoulder at the doorway. Anthony's mother, coming out of the door just then, put out her two hands suddenly to clasp the door-frames, as if for support. The man appeared to hesitate and marvel, shuffled his feet in the dust; then he mopped his brow and went on, shaking his head.

Anthony's mother watched him, without moving her head. He went perhaps a dozen rods along the street and stopped again. Then he came plodding back and stood in the gateway, his hat in his hand. His head, now that it was uncovered, appeared quite crooked, as though it had been twisted with an enormous pair of tweezers. He was tanned to a rich brown, and dusty.

"Is that you?" he said, addressing Anthony's mother. "We all been lookin' for you."

"Yes," she said, as though that single syllable had torn its way through flesh.

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The man put his bundle down by the gate and came in. The two in the garden beside the house could hear a scraping of chairs from an unseen corner of the porch.

Anthony had been watching all this with his eyes wide and his lips open a little, like his mother's. When he spoke, it was as always with a sudden, passing fire.

"Say—say—that's too much. A bum—and she knew him."

Still with the glow of that short fire he jumped from the bench and started toward the front of the house, but Mr. Doctor was in front, waving him back.

"I have a right," Anthony cried. "I have a right to hear. Say—haven't I?"

"If she calls you, yes."

But the boy was not to be put off with that. Thirteen years is too long a time to look inward and see nothing. The doctor gave ground slowly before his passion. They could hear the man's voice from the porch now, raised in what might have been supplication or a sort of defiance or a threat. It was a threat. The words came plainly.

"All righ'—all righ'. Go your own way, an' I weel go mine. But w'en I go mine I weel tell w'ere they can fin' heem—the killer's *son*. *So*."

There was no trouble for Mr. Doctor now keeping Anthony in the garden. No. Anthony walked back to the bench and sat down and ran his thin hand over his damp forehead. He did not speak for a long time. By and by he said:

"Well, at least I can see something—now."

There was a sound of feet scraping on the front steps and then the man with the crooked head came quickly around the corner of the porch as though to run back into the garden where Anthony sat staring at nothing. But Anthony's mother was too quick at the side steps. There she stood, facing the intruder, her arms flung out to bar his path. There was something unutterably craven about that gesture, not credible in this tragic woman with her streaked hair flying. At the same time there was something indomitable about her cringing, like a rat in a corner.

"No, no, no, no!" was all she cried, and her voice sounded oddly girlish. It was as though she had treasured that instant of flaming energy from her childhood, to realize it now.

The man peered across her shoulders for a moment at the boy. Then he drew back, threw out his hands in signal of defeat, laughed, and went away, raising his umbrella of dust to follow him down the street.

That night the wind blew, and Anthony's mother died. She must have been packing half the night, for when they found her in the morning her room was in a litter and two trunks almost full of things. She had had time, at least, to scrawl a note, after she knew she was to die. Anthony showed it to the doctor.

Go to my father's, Robt. Glazier, Elmira, N. Y., sure not to

There the corner was torn off raggedly. They hunted through the room for the missing fragment, but found nothing to fit it.

There were bank-notes on the table—sixty-odd dollars—together with a registered envelope, such as had come every month they had lived in Endicott. It was registered from Elmira.

She was buried two days later in the lot she had bought. That evening the doctor walked across the street to talk with Anthony Brown. It was always hard to find Anthony, especially in the dusk, for Anthony had lived with the shadows so long he had absorbed something of their quality. The doctor searched the garden and all through the house, even to the garret and the woodhouse. At length he had to give it up. Anthony was gone.

I think I can picture the boy sitting in the Boston train, his queer, pale, dark face lowering and defiant in the sickly flare of the smoking-car lamp. On the ragged, three-cornered bit of paper in his hand were the words: "Boston—sure not to Boston." It will be remembered that the paper which Anthony had shown to Mr. Doctor was torn raggedly at the lower right-hand corner.

Poor woman, ridden by some horror as yet occult and unfathomable, the room and the ancient Wait furnishings beginning to sweep around and around

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her in their ultimate, dim revolutions—to send that crying message from the shadows—that message of all the messages in the world! In Heaven's name, did she not know her own son, with the dry wood of thirteen years to blossom for such a spark as that? Not go to Boston? Why, if there were even a hanging at the other end of it, he would go to Boston. What ill in all the category of ills could be darker than the shadow of Wait maples? After all, a predisposition toward waking in the night and listening fearfully to the roar of blood through one's internal passages, a habit of dropping things, a sudden and overwhelming desire to be dead—all this will grace the end of a rope as handsomely as sturdier virtues.

I don't think he ever really understood that his mother was gone, up to that moment when he stood on a corner and stared down the colored reach of Hanover Street, with its teams and trolleys and hawkers and general hurly-burly of things wanting to be sold before closing-time. It was then that he began to be sick in the pit of his stomach on account of all those thousands of people who passed and told him very plainly that the world was empty. And also on account of the air. He could not say what was the matter with the air, except that it made him feel like quite another person. A fat, red drayman passed at that moment high over the crowd. It occurred to Anthony that if he wanted to, he could very well have that red fellow down and maul his face—that is, had it not been for the sickness in the pit of his stomach. The air had an utterly different smell from maple shadow—a damp, acrid smell.

Anthony began to drift down with the crowds, and the air smelled more and more outlandish at every step. Yes, he was quite another person. It was evident that this other person (who speculated confidently about thrashing draymen) was expecting to see something happen—something spectacular, like fireworks or a runaway. The pit of Anthony's stomach was hollow now, as though he had been a dried bladder, blown up very tight and needing only a sudden thump to make him screech and collapse. He wished very, very much that he were back under the Wait maples and his mother in sight.

He went the length of Hanover Street, and the spectacle failed to appear. He came into Atlantic Avenue and stood beneath the green globe in front of Schlinsky's. It was a queer light—that green light. He could almost screech now. Two whistles blared, one near at hand, the other far away and faint, sounding in the intervals. He turned and stared across the street. A gaunt, high-angled bowsprit crept into view between two buildings and hung there motionless, its under side illuminated by a street lamp. A filmy, wavering line of spume showed on its white paint, cast up there by some long-dead tropical breaker to dust away in the glare of a city lamp.

Anthony Brown gulped very hard and wondered if he were going to die. The door of Schlinsky's behind him opened with a slight crash and four men came out, one of them drunk enough to roll against his fellows now and then. All of them were dark, with dark mustaches. They had on tight, short coats, faded green or brown, and leather sea-boots.

Well, that wasn't much of a spectacle to behold. Anthony was vaguely angry at this other person who had come so breathlessly to gape at four tipsy fellows coming out of a door. All the same, he screeched a little in his cheeks, and collapsed.

"Hey!" he cried.

The last man stopped and squinted curiously at him. Anthony fell in step and walked along. The man grunted a question in an outlandish tongue.

"Uh-huh," said Anthony.

They crossed the street and came to a tall gate of stakes with a smaller gate cut in the right-hand corner. Inside it was still darker, though there were lights, riding high and blinking at slow intervals, as though they hung in the edge of a forest troubled by a ghostly and soundless wind. The footfalls rang hollow. There was water underneath, coming and going, slow pulsations fretting invisible obstructions.

"W'at vessel you?" asked the man at his side, speaking abruptly in uncouth English.

"Huh? No—I don't know." It

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seemed that Anthony could not say anything in a connected way.

"You go 'way," the man growled at him, turned, reached out into space, caught something that held, and swung off and down. Anthony followed, clawing awkwardly at the wire shrouds which met his groping. He rested there a moment, his cheek bearing on a hempen rung, and observed how the whole world had fallen to swaying and bobbing gently. Then he laughed outright in the dark. Naturally the world would sway so. "Naturally." It was curious how memory searched out that word from the lumber of the past and laid it before him, like an unimpeachable servitor. The air stank in his nostrils with the death of generations of fish and the acrid stench of bilge, stirred on its planking by the wash of craft in the basin. Anthony did not know it then, but the greatest fish-wharf in the Western world hung there level with his dipping shoulder.

He laughed again and clung to the shrouds. A heavy body approached across the deck below.

"*Tu que hé que queres.*"

"Huh?"

"You no spik Portagee? Well—w'at you wan'—ey?"

"I don't know—it's funny—I—"

"Git out!" the man bellowed. He rushed the shrouds, shook them violently, crowded the boy's feet. "Git out—I don' want no drunks aboard 'ere—no more'n I 'ave got. Beat eet."

Anthony went back along the echoing boards and opened that gate within a gate through which he had come. He was still laughing to himself. The bleating of that enraged and shadowy ship's-master had not reached him at all.

He had opened the gate carelessly, but now, curiously, he could not go out of it. What had he, Anthony Brown, to do with this pile of city cliffs confronting him from the other side of the aperture, staring him down with its myriad unblinking, precisely angled eyes? It terrified him of a sudden, as the face of a stranger peering in a midnight window—a stranger of whom one has a dim and uneasy memory.

Anthony closed the gate and turned back into the familiar dark. It laid its soothing fingers on his temples. It could afford to be tender, this dark, without fear for its precious dignity. It was so tranquil, so self-sustained, so incorruptible, so ancient — this somber water. The boy came back to that swaying ladder from which he had been banished, descended to the deck, and prowled about on tiptoe, like the ghost of one disinherited. He came upon a coil of Manila cable, piled to the level of his waist and sloping smoothly inside like the section of an enormous funnel. He curled himself in the bottom and slept, shielded by the sides.

It was red morning when he woke and stared up through the schooner's taut lines. He was quite blank about things. He wondered why his back ached so, until he discovered that he lay flat upon it in the center of the deck, where he had been thrown violently. A vaguely familiar uproar was in progress near him. He turned his eyes and perceived the roarer—that enraged shadow of the night before—bawling and gesturing across the weather rail. What was it all about? He raised himself painfully and followed the direction of the furious pantomime with his bewildered eyes.

One half of the horizon was clear water, the other half water clogged with islands. Here was a white light-house, looking preternaturally clear-cut and thin in the level rays of the sun. Over there were straight lines of green bordered by tiny doll-houses converging up the slope of a hill, with a ruffle of white breakers all around.

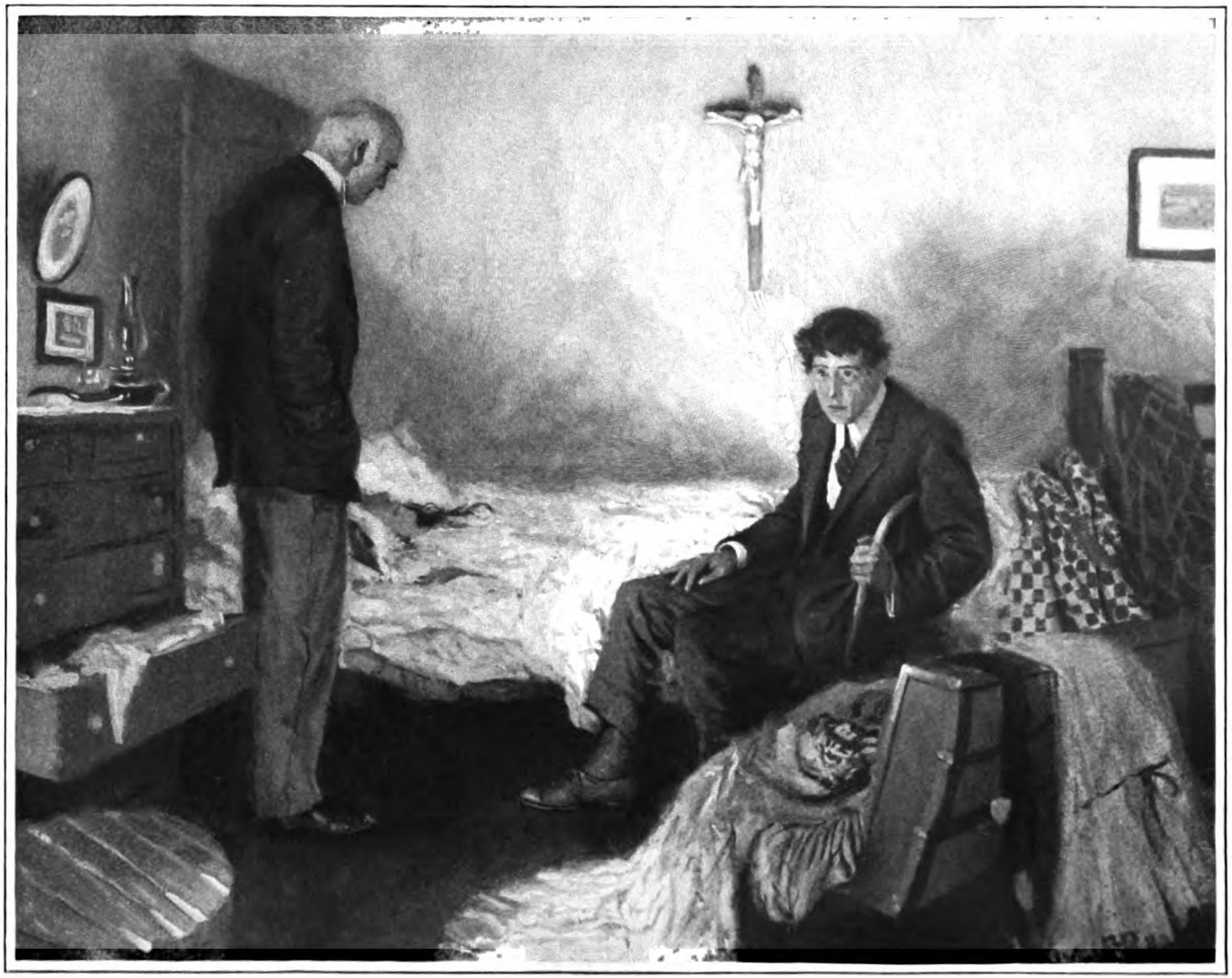
Nearer at hand, a towboat sheered off from the schooner. Her master, a fat, dingy man with a small head, sat like an inverted turnip on the taffrail, watching across the water-space the ponderous antics of the schooner captain. He appeared quite phlegmatic and uninterested.

"Don' you *'ear?*" the man bellowed. "We got bum — stow'way. Come tek 'eem back."

The towboat man opened his mouth without disturbing his other facial muscles.

"Go t' hell. Gi' me my hunderd 'n' thirty. I bin towin' you five months, you black Portugee. Show me some

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Drawn by H. T. Dunn Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THAT NIGHT THE WIND BLEW, AND ANTHONY'S MOTHER DIED

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money or say goo'-by. Me fer the steam-trawls—they got money." He continued to recede and diminish, hanging over the white turmoil of his wake, immobile and scornful.

The skipper watched him for a time, his arms still suspended in the air. Then he turned and kicked Anthony heavily.

"Didn't I tell you beat eet, ey? You—you—I'll feex you, all right."

He tramped off and let himself down the companion, one baleful eye hanging over the house to the last. Anthony began to laugh. A wreath of spray flung over the rail and drove in his upturned face, and he laughed harder than ever. One of the men, slicing bait on the house, stabbed his knife into the bait-board and came forward to stare down at the laughing boy. Others followed and stood in a wondering ring. It was a queer enough spectacle, to be sure—that slight, sallow boy with the big eyes, half lying in the middle of the sunlit deck, laughing at nothing. The skipper stuck out his head, aft, to utter his sinister prophecy: "You wait—I'll feex you—pretty queek, all right."

The sun lifted higher and higher over the sky-line, the vessel lost the last faint loom of the land and shouldered on, hour after hour, into the blue east. Anthony sat on that coil of Manila which had been his sleeping-place and watched the water and the smooth yellow sweep of the mainsail, with its rows of reefing-points, like a musician's fingers practising interminable scales. He was shaken by an almost savage pleasure in the play of color against color—the garish pattern of men at work about the after-house, wearing sweaters of green and purple and orange, and the copper of oil-clothing welding the whole together.

And there was the master of the vessel, with his derby-hat turned green by hard weathers. Anthony recollected that it was the master who was going to perform some unthinkable atrocity termed "feexing." Anthony was not impressed, hardly interested. He was aware that the master approached on heavy boots; that the boots halted behind him; that the staccato of knives on the bait-board had ceased. But he continued to scrutinize the sky-line with interest. It was as though a high authority, ancient and irrevocable, handed down through generations, resided within him. So far he had come already from the Wait maples.

Still there was no sound. Anthony began to fidget slightly on the coil. He was not quite so sure. The silence stretched out and became intolerable. An abrupt and overwhelming anger came into Anthony, not the old, unhealthy rancor, but the sort of emotion which leads men to break things and be sorry afterward. He wheeled and flung out an imperious finger.

"Well—*well*—what do *you* want?"

The finger wavered and fell, quite limp.

"I deed not know—I am sorree, sir. I—I deed not know."

What in the name of all the ocean's devils did the man not know? He stood there, this huge, horrific fellow, like a boy kept in for whispering, his hands behind his back, his face lowered and very red where it showed beneath the brim of his hat.

The sight of him, so, gave Anthony a feeling of nausea, as though he had caught a hoary philosopher in the act of "tick-tacking" on a window-pane. No, the joke could not be this man's, it must belong to those grinning bodies aft. He closed his mouth and opened it again, uncertainly.

"Well, I asked you what you wanted," he said.

"You—you weel not theenk— We are all mad, thees summer. There eez no feesh. You 'ear that towboat man? We are all poor thees summer—no feesh. We crazee—mad. You are not hangry—"

"No. I am *hun*gry." It was just as well to carry the thing off.

"You weel heat? Thees way, sir. Your deener—eet eez ready, sir."

He had not eaten since the noon before. The simple memory of the fact made him so faint that he fumbled the ladder as he descended into the forward quarters. A place for one was set on the starboard side of the long V-shaped table, swung from the foot of the foremast—coffee smoking in a thick cup, fried eggs, bacon, doughnuts, chowder, pie—a commander's portion. He had never eaten so desperately in his life.

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All the time the skipper kept his feet, swaying at the ladder's foot with the rhythmical heavings of the deck. His hands were behind him, his eyes still lowered.

Anthony swallowed the last of his coffee.

"Where are we bound for?" he asked of the mute figure. The man started and grew red again.

"'Ome," he said. "We go down-cape now."

"Oh! I thought you were going out to fish. I wanted to see you fish."

The master shuffled his feet and turned out the palms of his hands in huge abashment. His eyes wandered uneasily over the deck-planks.

"Well," he murmured, "we—we usuallee go 'ome firs'—that eez, we—" He broke off at a slight hissing note from the galley, and stared in that direction. Anthony's eyes followed. In the gloom behind the companion-ladder he made out dimly the figure of the cook, who had left off rattling his kettles at the boy's first question. What did it mean? He turned back to the skipper and found his heavy face illuminated by a sudden, clumsy eagerness.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, in a queer way. "Yes—we weel go feesh. We 'ave got enough bait for one set."

"Oh, thanks," Anthony said, with the frankest sarcasm. He was beginning to be very tired of the game, and a little angry. "Thanks, very much."

He was aware of something whispered out of the galley, like a subdued command. The skipper moved nearer by one anxious step.

"Where weel we feesh, sir? Eef you weel *say*—"

Anthony laid down his knife and stared at the man, his own face an unhealthy red. He spoke very slowly.

"Why—you can go to Jericho, if you think best. Please don't mind me."

The master lifted his palms again, as though wishing terribly that he could understand, and turned his distressed eyes once more to the galley. Then the light came back to his face.

"Ah-h-h—you mean Zherico Ledge."

Anthony regarded him keenly. For the life of him he could not pick a flaw in the acting of this lumbering fellow.

"Ah, yes; Jericho Ledge—to be sure. Go there, please."

"But—but Zherico Ledge—eet eez no feesh there. Dry. Dry. Five year—seex year—nobodee been Zherico Ledge for seex year. No feesh. Bad plaze—"

"All right," Anthony broke into the distressed expostulations with a wave of supreme indifference. "*Don't* go then."

But the skipper's fingers were clutching after him as he scrambled up the ladder: "All right—all right—we go—"

It was after dark that night. For a long time Anthony had half leaned, half stood in the vessel's stem, one arm thrown over the butt of the bowsprit, the other pillowing his cheek on the rail. The vessel sailed free before a westerly breeze: the bows lifted and fell with soft, showery boomings, the intervals varying slightly in duration, like the breathing of a sleeper who dreams. Since the long noon calm the schooner had held this course, two points under the east, far to the north of the customary track. The interminable reiteration of little noises—the wash of water, the titter of reefing-points, the monotonous lullaby of cordage humming windy scales to the bucking of the mastheads—all these voices of a vessel about her business gave Anthony a sense of having been there a very long, long time, drowsing over a stark sea beneath a crescent moon.

It lulled his senses and untangled his spirit and let his brain leave off wondering and puzzling. It allowed him to remember.

He remembered his mother, quite small and distinct, like a cameo, as if she had been gone a great many years. It was the first time he had ever really looked at her, and it made him wonder at her. He wondered why she had come out of "behind" that day a thousand years ago and broken to pieces his bit of board with its nails and envelopes. He wished he knew why she had looked so. Not "naturally." No, that was done with. He wished he knew what it was, there in the east ahead, that made him feel so queer—made his elbows itch to be pulling at something. He reached down and tugged at a bight of chain-cable looped through the hawse. Then he grew very red in the dark, for he was

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making a fool of himself. Some one was standing behind him.

"You see that light, sir?" The figure, gray and without feature in the dim illumination, raised an arm toward the south. The boy recognized the shadow who had hissed from the galley. He turned and squinted at the southern sky-line. A tiny spark, far and far away, flashed for an instant and was gone. Five seconds, and it came again, and went.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Highlan' Light. Over — beeyond— eez the town—'ome."

For perhaps a quarter of an hour there was silence between the two. Both appeared to watch the distant spark, blinking its incorruptible periods. Then the cook spoke, low, as though to himself:

"Zherico Ledge. Yes. Zherico Ledge eez w'ere they was lost."

"Where who was lost?"

Anthony was aware that the other had come up quite close behind him, but he did not turn.

"She—she deedn' *tell* you?"

"Tell me what— *Who?*"

"Your brothers—"

Anthony's left hand closed on the rail so tightly that the knuckles blued. He wheeled and stared at the man's face. The moon, wan and high, cut definite, blue-gray pencilings around the skull, making it appear fantastic—crooked—as though it had been twisted with an enormous pair of tweezers. Something clucked in Anthony's throat.

"What about my brothers?"

"Your four brothers. They wen' down weeth the *Pico*—feeshin' Zherico Ledge —feefteen year 'go. And she deedn't—"

The boy broke in. His face, too, was curiously carved in the moonlight.

"My father—what about my father? And there was another brother."

The cook did not answer right away. He stood silent, his head raised. Somehow, out here, one forgot that this man had ever carried a bundle along a hill-country road, with an umbrella of dust to make him disreputable. One felt, somehow, that he was a person endowed with mysterious functions in the machinery of destiny — an incorrigible zealot.

"And—she—deedn't—tell you," he marveled, at length.

"No. Go on."

"Your brother, Gabriel—he was nine year old. Your father take heem for a trip—een heez vessel. They went to pieces on Peaked Hill Bars—same gale lak your brothers. Your mother she seen 'em een the surf—lash t'gether. That's w'en she begeen t' go queer, a leetle. She was not use' to eet—an inland girl. She deedn't know."

It was almost an hour later that Anthony turned his head. The little man with the crooked head still stood behind him, like a sentinel.

"You go sleep now?" he asked, seeing the boy's motion.

"Not yet." And something in the attitude of the man made him add, "Thank you."

"Why was it," he said, turning again to the dark horizon—"why was it you called my father a killer—that time?"

"Killer? Beecause he *was* a killer. You don' know. W'en any feeshin' skeeper he take, ever' year, mush, mush feesh, then we call heem "Killer." You deed not know. Some killer he eez driver. Your father he never driver. Heez men, they like heem ver' mush. An' *heez* father, beefore heem, een the islan's. Beeg killer — all the Braganas—"

"*Tonybragana!* I remember now." Anthony Brown had caught another word without jumping.

"Tony Bragana. Your father, Tony Bragana, too. *Heez* father, Tony Bragana. Your brother — first one — he Tony Bragana. He dead beefore you born—that's why. There mus' be all time a Tony Bragana — the people theenk so. Tony Bragana always find mush feesh."

Both were silent for a time, and then Anthony spoke, all of a sudden, as though remembering: "And my brother Raphul—do you know?"

"Raphael? He come back 'ere. He feesh een the *Flores*. Five year 'go he get catch een mainsheet—whoof!" The speaker threw out his hands in a graphic gesture of finality.

Anthony leaned forward against the rail and pillowed his head in the curve

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of his arm and stared ahead. After a long while he looked around and said: "I think I'll turn in now."

When Anthony awoke it was still dark against the ports, but through the open door of the skipper's cubby where he had slept he could see the bunks in the cabin empty. The dories had gone, then. He got up and climbed on deck. The skipper stood at the wheel, his legs illuminated by the binnacle-lamp, the rest of him a black loom against the sky.

"We are there?" Anthony questioned. "How is it?" He held his breath, with an absurd anxiety for the other to speak.

"Wait—wait—we see," whispered the silhouette. His whispering so, without apparent need for caution, cast a cloak of mystery over the business—made it, without warning, a conspiracy, a stealthy stratagem.

The vessel lay hove to, riding under a backed foresail and main, which fetched up now and then with an abrupt crashing of blocks and the whir of sheets cutting the air. The swells rolled, monstrous and without luster, out of the gloom ahead, to hang for an instant above the slender vessel, then whirl it over their shoulders and take themselves away into the gloom once more. Here and there a crest spat into the air like a gray geyser, as though it had been struck by some counter-violence. The air carried an undertone of these watery explosions, as if a thousand jets were blowing steam.

The cook came aft, bringing coffee. He, too, moved furtively. He murmured to the skipper: "Seen anny yet?"

"Too dark. Wait—een a meenute."

The eastern rim of the horizon became gray; the pallor mounted by imperceptible encroachments toward the zenith, and a band of fire appeared, low down. Far away the silhouette of a black, writhing swell cut into this flaming ribbon and disgorged a spidery thing that hung on its summit for a passing moment. The skipper's head thrust forward on its thick neck.

"That Geral' an' Tony Lee," he said. And the cook yelled:

"*Feesh*—they got *feesh!*" He clapped his hands. "I knowed eet!—I knowed eet! The feesh has come back to Zherico Ledge! See—how low the dory set!"

But the master only stared at Anthony with a curious, half-frightened light in his eyes, as though he had seen a ghost.

Anthony got to his feet and began to walk up and down, driven by a curious fever. He went from one rail to the other, straining his eyes toward the waxing horizons. The sides of his temples pricked. An undulation of the sea brought up another dory, nearer at hand, washing its gunwales. The sun rose.

The boats were crawling in toward the vessel already, their wooden legs flashing in the sun at regular intervals. One was alongside, whirled there suddenly out of nowhere on a watery hillside corrugated with labyrinthine channels of spume. Anthony ran to the rail and stared down at the two sweating men who bellowed words he could not understand, and ceased to bellow when they saw him over the rail, doffed their glistening oil-hats, stood at attention. Their legs were buried to the thighs under their shining cargo. The oblique rays of the sun appeared to draw in from all the corners of space to immolate themselves upon that seething altar, to shatter themselves in vast chromatic explosions, rebound in colored fragments, and hang, an unutterable halo of cool flame, above the swaying dory.

Something turned over in Anthony Brown's brain. The halo seemed to have blinded him for an instant. His hands were working in each other as we picture the hands of a miser yearning over his money-bags. Then he was aware of a poignant pleasure in his throat-cords, as though they gave birth in ecstatic labor to a virgin word:

"*Bakalhov*[1]*—Bakalhov!*" he screamed, and clapped his hands and bathed them in the iridescent blossom of the air. "Ah, *Bakalhov!—Muito!*"[2]

I will tell you how I saw Anthony Brown—or Tony Bragana. I sat in a little square front room with windows looking out upon a narrow, climbing street of hardened sand, bordered with small weathered houses. Here and there were women with shawls—red or purple

[1] Cod. [2] Many.

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Drawn by H. T. Dunn Engraved by F. A. Pettit

A GIRL STOOD AT HER SIDE AND TOLD ME WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID

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or intricately multicolored — framing their dark and alien faces. They gossiped across the fences in an alien tongue, strange on the ear in this ancient Yankee sea-town.

Within the room another woman talked to me in the same incomprehensible accents. She was a very old woman —so wrinkled and gnarled and crouching that it seemed she must have witnessed the comings and goings of half a dozen generations. Her head was covered with a blue-and-gold neckerchief, and she leaned her gaunt hands on a stick. Above her on the wall flared twin candles before the pictured saint of Pico, in the Western Islands. All the Braganas were of Pico. A girl of seventeen (she might have been a great-granddaughter) stood at her side and told me what the old woman said. It was fragmentary—the tale she told—gently meandering, tinctured with the strong dogmatism of age; but the girl was very beautiful.

I turned my head and looked out of the window and saw Anthony Brown standing where the sandy hill-street met the sky. It seemed a miracle to me that he should be so straight, so sure—so puissant. Even as I looked his right hand gestured quickly, as though he gave an order to some one, invisible beyond the crest, perhaps to his crew—yes, *his* crew—blackened men of twice and thrice his age, who had followed that other "killer," his father, to the swimming fields of fish. And he had been so hard to find in the shadow of the Wait maples, this boy.

The young girl's voice, soft and modulated, penetrated to my consciousness:

"She says she was a queer, bad woman—Tony's mother was. She says after the second gale that took the last of 'em off, why Tony's mother sat every night with her windows open, groanin' and blubberin'. And in the daytimes she went round tryin' to make folks promise they wouldn't tell Tony and his brother what their pa had been, because she thought then maybe *they* wouldn't want to be. And she says everybody laughed and told her how the baby was Tony Bragana, and she ought to be ashamed of herself, carrying on that way. Then she says you ought to have seen her scowl. And one night she's gone with the babies, without saying nothing to a soul. She says she was a queer, bad woman, and—" The voice trailed into a silence without point.

"Tell her, for me," I said, without moving my eyes from the boyish figure on the hill — "tell her for me — not— *bad*."

But the girl did not interpret. I looked around to find her eyes, too, filmed with the inscrutable speculations of youth, fixed upon Anthony Brown—a gray-blue silhouette, now, against the yellow sky of evening.

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Journeying to Babylon

BY WILLIAM WARFIELD

IT was not that we had had enough of Bagdad. The fascination of that romantic city never palled. The least spoiled city in Turkey, the soul not only of Irak, but of Iran and Arabia, we found it ever alive with romance, kaleidoscopic with strange sights, teeming with men of all descriptions, desert-dwellers and city-dwellers, mountaineers and plainsmen. But we wished to exchange these mediæval scenes for a glimpse into the shimmering dawn of history, bright with the hopes of surging peoples, resonant with strange tongues and fresh with the dew of unquestioned tradition. It was for this that we decided to leave the noisy bazaars to cross the desert silences and sit down by the waters of Babylon.

It seemed prosaic to make this journey in a post-carriage. We sent our servant with the requisite number of Turkish liras to procure a ticket and such oranges and dates and other things as we should require for sustenance on the road. The ticket began to dispel our illusions about the prosaic character of the ride. It was a slip of paper four inches square, bearing at the top a rough wood-cut representing an old-fashioned stage-coach; below it was filled in with flowing Arabic characters setting forth our names, our destination, and the date. Our last illusion was dispelled when we were confronted at the consulate with a trim, blue-uniformed zaptieh, his rifle slung over his shoulder, his hand raised to salute, who was to accompany us to guard us from the perils of the road.

The carriages leave bright and early so as not to reach their destination after dark, when robbers are abroad. It was not yet four o'clock when we arose and put on the warmest clothes we had. In the courtyard a flickering lantern cast fantastic shadows on the yellow-brick walls. Above, we caught a glimpse of sharply glittering stars. A Kurdish coolie was produced from somewhere, and loaded with kit-bag and tiffin-basket. Mustafa, the cook's boy, seized the lantern and led us through the outer courtyard toward the street. Yusef, the porter, had to be aroused to unlock the heavy door and let us out. Not content with this service, he snatched up his lantern and set out to accompany us. But Mustafa had no intention of dividing his bakshish with a porter. A shrill discussion ensued in which our servant joined, and, worsted, Yusef returned to his blankets in the niche within the door.

That was a weird walk through the deserted streets. At first the starlight revealed the scene beyond the uncertain flashes from the swinging lantern. Soon projecting upper stories shut out all but a narrow strip of sky. The lantern light splashed on massive doors and barred windows. We entered the bazaar. The vaulted roof shut out the sky; the darkness was oppressive. Our voices re-echoed down the empty passage as in a tomb. A dog, roused by our footsteps, leaped up with a shrill bark and faced us, his hair bristling, his teeth showing white against the backward-curled lips. The light flashed from the eyes of a group of his fellows; some rose, barking fiercely; others slunk away from the light. The alarm spread, and in a moment the whole street was filled with a turmoil of barking. All the dogs in the neighborhood, wakened by the noise, joined in, half in anger, half in fear. Rays of light were reflected far ahead from pairs of eyes. Stark forms with bristling backs and gleaming teeth backed against the wall as we passed. If any stood in our way he was quickly put to rout by Mustafa's cane. As we passed they quieted down; we turned into other streets, and all was silent again. Only occasionally a sinewy brute leaped to his feet, or a pair of wide eyes glowed at us from the edge of the way.

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As we made our last turn before reaching the bridge, a gleam of light flashed as from metal, we heard the click of spurs, and two officers of the watch passed with a solemn greeting. A little group of coolies, slouching, deep-chested, trotted by without turning their heads. We stepped on the rickety bridge of boats, following the lantern carefully so as not to step through some hole in the planking. The Tigris swirled and gurgled beneath us; the starlight flashed on the water down-stream; before us yawned blackly the entrance to the bazaars of west Bagdad.

Into this black hold we plunged and were greeted almost instantly by a furious crowd of white-fanged curs through which we made our way only after vigorous use had been made of Mustafa's cane. A couple of donkeys laden with brushwood, followed by a cursing hag, brushed by. The lantern light revealed a huddled coolie asleep on a pile of rubbish. The rickety roof of poles lay like a gridiron against the sky. Then we left the bazaars behind and found ourselves among the khans whither the caravans come. The air was full of the smell of stables and the musty odor of camels. A group of laden mules were standing before an arched doorway. In the darkness we heard the creak and thud followed by stamping which means a load has been lifted upon the saddle. We cringed against a wall to let pass a caravan of shouldering, jostling camels. A curious brute thrust his ugly, scowling countenance into the lantern light, blinking stupidly into our faces. "Daughter of wickedness! Mother of asses!" shrilled a voice through the night. The camels passed on. The air was sharp with the chill that comes before the dawn. The stars were growing dull. So we came at last to the khan from which the *arabanas*, the post-carriages, start.

The bustle of departure over, we banged away in our narrow rattletrap of a stage-coach, collars turned up, hands stuffed in pockets, shivering in the still cold of the winter morning. We reared over the high banks of irrigating ditches, bumped against desolate graves, and entered upon the flat, brown clay desert. Behind us the sun rose over the minarets and domes of the city. The brilliant sky was reflected in a marsh left by last year's floods. The chains jingled merrily as we rattled on. A telegraph-line lay on our right, now near, now far, as the track we followed capriciously. Around us stretched the desert.

At first we found it rather lonely, this vast, flat stretch of sun-baked clay. We overtook a few little groups of laden donkeys, and the caravan of camels that had passed us in the streets, but we met only a knot of black-clad women, each staggering beneath an enormous load of brushwood, the bitter, prickly camel-thorn, sole product of the unirrigated desert.

But as the sun rose higher, and the dry soil gave back its heat, and the mirage began to appear, first on the horizon, then nearer, like a flood of crystal water, we began to encounter those who went toward Bagdad from beyond the Euphrates. We passed a ruined castle and climbed clumsily over the mound that marks an old canal. There before us was a throng of other wayfarers, Persian pilgrims returning from a visit to the shrines of Kerbela. Strong, bearded men strode sturdily along beside heavily laden mules or rode sideways on tiny donkeys. Women and children swayed back and forth in a sort of cradle on the backs of animals or were hidden away in curtained boxes slung on each side of a pack-saddle. The men showed the effects of weariness, for theirs had been a long journey. But they were dogged, and the leaders among them greeted us cheerfully enough. They formed a large body straggling for several furlongs along the desert track, simple folk who made their pilgrimage in toil and suffering, sacrificing wonted comforts and using the savings of years for the expenses of the road. They were town-dwellers from the shores of the Caspian or north-central Persia, unaccustomed to hardship. At home they had lived by cultivating a little garden or vineyard, or by doing a little quiet trading in the bazaars of their native town. The women had lived always in the jealously guarded secrecy of their apartments, rarely appearing on the street. And here they are setting out again to brave the perils of a road beset with hostile tribes, barred by lofty mountain-passes. Such is the

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fanatical power of the religion which they profess. Not a few must perish by the road, some will lose their animals and have to leave their simple loads behind and trudge on destitute. "All is in the hands of Allah! Praise be to God!"

Behind the pilgrims strode a number of camels, marching in irregular groups, plodding along in awkward indifference. Somewhere in each group was a man or boy striding along with his staff across his shoulders or perched high up on the hump of one of the beasts. But the leaders of the caravan rode in stately dignity, each upon a tiny ass, before a group of forty or fifty towering, heavily laden camels. The donkeys pattered along on dainty feet, with drooping heads and swishing tails. The camels, swaying from side to side, swung their huge, padded feet in ungainly fashion, deliberately, as though pausing after each step. They made a picture of patient submission, for they seemed to have got it into their undulating heads that the donkey was to be followed, so follow him they did, albeit protestingly.

When we had passed the last group of these burden-bearers, spread out right and left on each side, grumbling at having to make way for us, when the last stragglers from the pilgrim caravan had given up their quest of alms and followed their brethren, this is the tale that was told us by Thomas ibn Shamu, our servant:

"Sahib! This matter happened to a sheik of the desert, a Bedouin, a dweller in tents, filthy, and a Moslem." Thomas was a Chaldean of Bagdad, and feared as much as he despised the dwellers in the desert.

"This man was about to die, and called his animals about him asking them to forgive what wrongs he had done them. His mare looked tearfully upon her master and said she had naught to forgive; she had had milk from the camels and water provided for her on long marches in the desert; why should the master ask her forgiveness?

"The greyhound said he had always had sufficient water to drink and a warm place to sleep, so he would gladly forgive his master if he had had to go hungry at times and been tied up when he wished to roam abroad.

"The ass said, with pity in his voice, that he had been beaten and ill-fed and driven by women, but, as his master was dying, he would forgive all.

"Then came the camel, growling and groaning and gurgling in his throat. Glaring bitterly at his master, he said: 'You have made me go hungry and thirsty; you have sent children to strike me in the face when I was restless and wished to walk about; you have burdened me with an ill-made saddle that galled my back; you have made me carry for all that are in your tent. All these things I forgive, since you are dying. One thing I will not forgive—that is that you have made me walk behind a donkey.'"

Caravan after caravan we passed, more pilgrims and more camels; some we overtook and some we met. Strange effects were often caused by the mirage. A caravan went by. A lake appeared before them. They seemed to enter it and were reflected in it. The camels grew taller and thinner in the shimmering heat until, tremendously lengthened and utterly unstable, they disappeared in the distant haze. In another quarter the lake reflected a forest of palms, set with white buildings, giving an impression of comfortable shade. We drove on, the lake receded, dwindled; a band of pilgrims seemed to be walking in a marsh; then the mirage vanished away and we saw clearly. We were driving into a squalid village set by a dried-up irrigating canal. Upon a mound stood three drooping, draggled, dusty palms—all that was left of our lovely grove.

Here we stopped to change our mules. In the roadway before the khan sat a group of Arabs. A servant supplied them with little cups of tea from a rude samovar. We saluted them and, taking our places in the circle, we were served in turn. Some one in the dark doorway was thumping away on a drum. A boy came out of the khan beating a poor lame donkey covered with fly-infested sores. I turned to one of my neighbors:

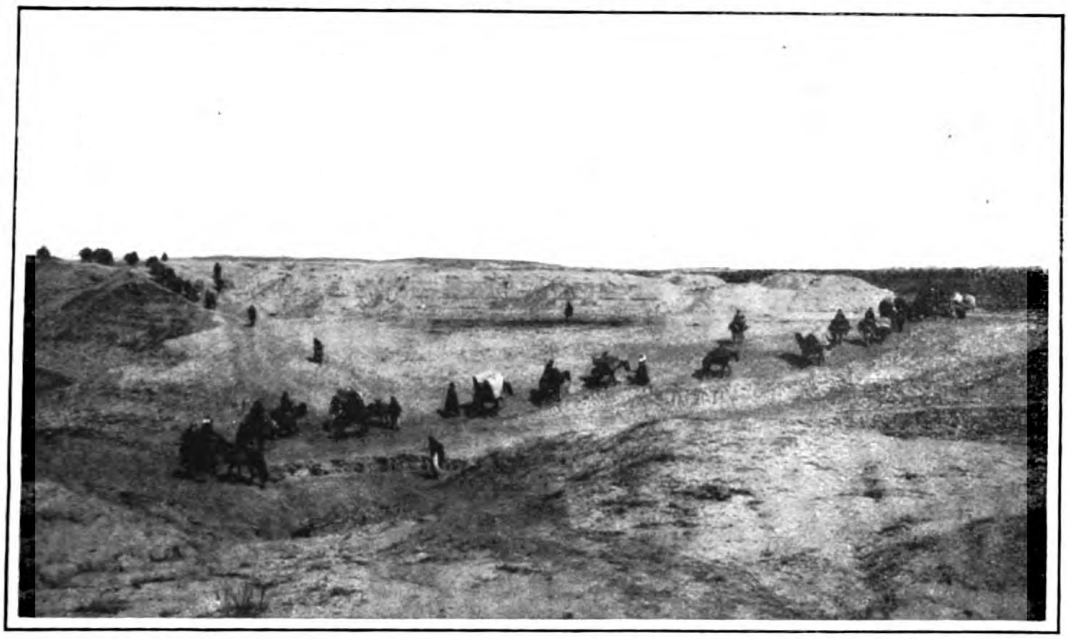
"Is it not cruel for that boy to beat a lame ass in that way?"

"Effendim, it is the will of God!"

"But you do not allow horses or camels to be beaten thus."

"Effendim, the donkey is not like the

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A CARAVAN OF PERSIAN PILGRIMS ON THE WAY TO THE SHRINES OF KERBELA

horse, nor yet is he like the camel. The reason is this: Upon a certain day the donkeys went before Allah and complained that they were grievously beaten by men so that life was a greater burden than they could bear. Then said Allah: 'I cannot make men cease from beating you. It is no sin, neither does it cause them any great loss. But I will help you. I will give you so thick a hide that however much you are beaten you shall not suffer.'

"So," said my informant, "it is of no consequence if men beat an ass. So thick a skin did Allah give him that after he dies men use it in the making of drums, and the donkey continues to be beaten after death."

Thump, thump, thump-thump! came the sound from the shadowed doorway.

Soon after leaving the village we overtook a throng of pilgrims trudging along on foot. They were the poorest of the poor, dwellers in reed huts from the great swamp. Yet they seemed the most cheerful of all the pilgrims. They wiled away the time with merry talk, flaunting their green and red banners overhead. The women were unveiled, and walked with bare feet beside their lords, carrying the few necessities of their culinary art. Old men greeted us pleasantly. A mere slip of a girl with a baby in her arms cracked a joke at our expense, much to the amusement of her companions. Four or five hundred people, they were on this tramp of a thousand miles which they had undertaken to insure their future happiness.

Journeying for the same purpose was another caravan, that of a rich Persian family. The father, riding a handsome gray stallion, was in the lead, clad in somber black, his beard stained red with henna. His sons came behind with a group of armed servants all superbly mounted. Not a woman was in sight. They were hidden away in kejavehs, carefully curtained, carried two and two on the backs of mules. I wonder if ever these pale, cramped women in their stuffy boxes wished to exchange their lot for that of their slender, sad-eyed sisters who had tramped barefooted from the swamp?

That night we spent in the hospitable dwelling of an English engineer. He was engaged in placing a huge barrage across the channel of the Euphrates. Long ago, in the dim past, this land-between-the-rivers was intersected by a network of canals which made it the home for the dense population of Babylonian and Persian times. These water-

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ways are marked to-day by long clay ridges, for so laden with silt are the rivers that canals are rapidly silted up and have to be dug out afresh each year. For some reason, or more likely for many reasons, these canals were abandoned one by one until now even Kerbela and Babylon have no running water except in flood-time. The barrage is a long series of arches each of which may be closed by a steel door. Its purpose is to hold back the river in the season of low water so that it will run freely into the canals to the threatened cities. In flood-times the gates will be opened so that the great mass of water which would carry a dam away may sweep by as though running under a bridge.

Four thousand years ago a civilization existed in this land which probably was old in the days of Noah. Somewhere in the buried past a prosperous race increased their prosperity by conducting the life-giving waters far and wide over the face of the land. They developed a tremendous culture, fostered literature, art, and science; their armies spread terror among their neighbors; the justice of their courts was unequaled; their wise men solved the problem of creation in a way that has come down to us to-day. But city after city has fallen as the waters ceased to flow and their places have become sun-scorched mounds. Only the greatest of them remains, whose people have cried in despair: "Give us water! Without water we perish!" The cry has been heard by an alien government, and they in turn have called for help from a still more alien people. So this barrage was undertaken, and even as I write the waters are beginning to flow again toward Babylon.

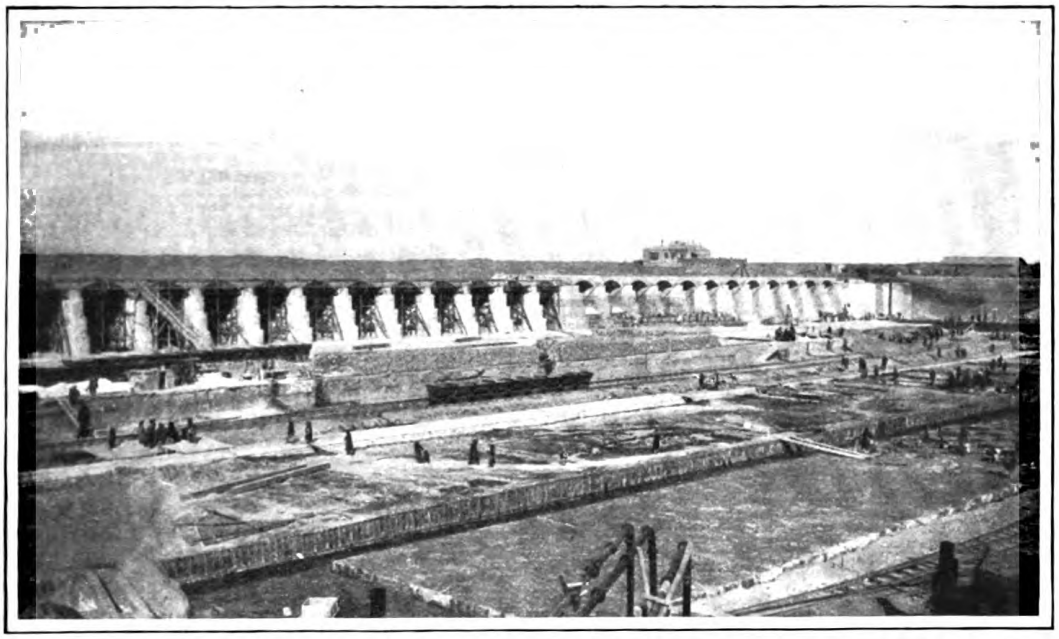
We resumed our journey, carried like the pilgrims by the immemorial burden-bearer, the humble ass. Ridge after ridge of sun-baked clay we crossed, traversing the flat desert. Only one of the many large canals still contained any water, and that only in stagnant pools. Once we passed a group of mounds covered with shards marking the spot where once a village stood. Only one miserable group of huts was still inhabited. There was no one to greet us but dogs and a ragged child, for men, women, and children were out caring for the sheep or toiling to raise water from the deep wells to irrigate the palm gardens and the slender crops of grass.

As the day wore on the horizon became fringed with palms. There was no mirage, for the desert no longer gave back the slanting rays. My compan-



A TEA-SHOP BEFORE AN INN ON THE ROAD TO BABYLON

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THE GREAT BARRAGE WHICH IS BEING BUILT ACROSS THE CHANNEL OF THE EUPHRATES

ion's donkey trotted ahead, neighing pleadingly to the leader of our caravan, who had been striding in advance all afternoon. Ceasing his weird desert melody, the man took from his bosom a handful of dates, which the pet received gratefully from his hand, immediately falling back with his companions. We found the palms separated into groves by half-ruined mud walls. A glossy, long-tailed magpie leaped from palm-stump to toppling wall and examined us critically. A pair of crested hoopoes made note of our coming, then disappeared among the branches of a blossoming pomegranate. The lower limb of the sun touched the horizon. The pious leader of our caravan, having instructed his underlings, stepped from the path, and, his face toward the setting sun, his hands upon his breast, began to repeat the evening prayer.

We rode on to a village strongly surrounded by a mud wall capped with thorns. We followed a flock of sheep through the gate and out again through the opposite wall. A winding path led down to the dry bed of the ancient canal where once ran a large part of the mighty Euphrates. The sheep were driven down, bleating, to a little hole where a slight moisture still remained. Behind them the last glow of the setting sun clad the palms in splendor. A collapsed goufa lay in the sand of the water-course, beside it a bellem with seams gaping from dryness. The hand of drought lay upon all.

We found the dwelling of the German excavators among the palm-trees on the other bank. Our journey ended, we dismounted in the dusk while Ibrahim, the zaptieh, dinned against the door. A blue-clad guard flung open the portal and we were admitted into the court-yard. A flock of geese waddled importantly to meet us; a ruffled turkey-cock complained truculently over an empty food-pan; a flock of pigeons rose, flapping to the roof. It seemed as though we had entered a Rhenish farm-yard, having left the sights and sounds of the desert far behind.

Sitting around the dinner-table that evening, we made the acquaintance of our new friends. They told us of their work and its results, of the discoveries they had made, and the difficulties they had encountered. The conversation turned upon personal safety and the value of human life in this land of quickly roused passions.

"With us," said Herr Wetzel, who sat at my right, "if you kill a man you

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do not go to prison—you will not be killed. No; you must pay fifty liras to the family of the man; that is all.

"The son of one of our laborers killed a man. But, of course, a poor laborer had not fifty liras, so they had to settle it by special arrangement.

"The boy was a shepherd and had a field of grass to feed his flock. Another shepherd, who was too lazy to irrigate, came into his field one day and stole grass. But it happened that the other found it out and went and called his fellow a thieving sneak, an unprincipled wastrel, and other names of an undignified nature. This made the thief very angry, so he went into the field again and stole more grass. Once more the owner caught him. 'Again, son of Satan, child of Beelzebub! Surely I will send thee to join thy father!' and he shot him dead on the spot.

"Now his father was by the canal watering his donkey when some one of his neighbors came and said, 'Thy son hath slain his fellow.' Immediately the old man packed all his goods, his pots and his pans, upon his donkey and fled to the next village.

"But when the murdered man's family heard of the crime they rushed to the murderer's house and tore from it every last remaining article of value; then they returned to their own place. After this exhibition of rage their anger cooled somewhat and the murderer's father returned to his house, but without his donkey. He knew that now they would harm neither himself nor his son because of the fifty liras which was their due. Truly the Arab is too shrewd to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

"After a seemly interval the family of the murdered man came to demand their money. Over their narghilehs and cups of coffee the parties discussed this question.

"'Surely our brave young man who feared neither wolves nor robbers, and carried a great silver knife in his belt, was worth four hundred liras!'

"'Nay! Thy son was a rascal and not worth twenty liras. Moreover, he stole my donkey!'

"Now the relatives did not know that the old schemer had but carried off the donkey to the next village, so they said, 'But thy donkey, we know, was an ugly brute and old, and not worth two liras!'

"'Nay; rather was he an animal of great beauty, pure white without a blemish, and scarcely five years of age. Surely he was of great value. But now that he has been stolen and knows me not, I will make a concession to you and value him at one hundred liras.'

"So they bargained over the donkey and then over the man, and fixed upon his value less than that of the donkey at last. The father must pay thirty liras to the murdered man's family.

"'But I am a poor man and have nothing. Wherewithal shall I pay?'

"'Truly we know thou didst receive six mejids for certain dates, last November.'

"'But all this money is spent save two metaliks and a bad piaster, without which I cannot purchase salt for my son's sheep.'

"So it was arranged that payment should be made in kind. More bargaining ensued over this. Finally the relatives agreed to accept two sheep, a young ass, and ten abas to be made by relatives of the murderer who dealt in such goods.

"When the time for payment came these goods were brought together and turned over to the relatives. The animals were passable and duly accepted. But as for the abas—they were scarcely big enough for a three-year-old child.

"'This is not according to the bargain. We cannot wear such abas.'

"'Nay! but there was no word in the bargain requiring me to make abas for big men.'

"So the relatives were outwitted and the neighbors said, 'What a clever man!'

"We have a neighbor who is a rich man and keeps fifty liras always at hand. So the villagers know his gardeners will shoot, and do not trespass in his garden in the date season, for no one likes to get killed."

As we were preparing to leave the table there was a rustling in the veranda without, then a sound of scuffling and a voice resembling that of the common or back-fence variety of cat. But as we left the room we saw that these were no common cats. Solemnly the aged, dignified, and very learned Herr Professor

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assured us that they were Babylonian cats. Not one or two, but a score at least—black and tawny, striped and marbled, like ordinary cats, but each showing his royal race by his tail, which was laughably misshapen, crooked, and kinked like the tail of a bulldog. This motley crew swarmed over the Professor, who fed them with pieces broken from one of the coarse loaves of native unleavened bread which he had brought from the table for the purpose. They climbed to his shoulders, clung to his coat, scuffled and cuffed one another in the struggle for his favor.

"You have now seen one of the sights of Babylon," said the Professor. "We will show you others in the morning."

Beyond the palms and the deserted river-bed is the city, a group of huge mounds from which the curious of another world have removed the dust and revealed the foundations. Here are endless mazes of walls, floors, and vaulted chambers all built of bricks laid in asphalt. This is the land to which the people came when they said, "Let us go down into the plain and use bricks for stone and pitch for mortar."

Every brick in these enormous structures is stamped with the name and lineage of a king, the master-builder. Down at the base of the mound, where the trenches of the excavators are filled with water like the wells of the village, are bricks bearing the name of Hamurabi, and a date twenty-two hundred years before our era. Above them are many bricks bearing a more familiar name. A sloping roadway leads up to an imposing triple gate upon which the figures of bulls and griffins stand out in bold relief. Beyond the gate are the walls and floors of a palace—a palace built upon a palace. The name upon these bricks is that of Nebuchadnezzar. Somewhere among these walls was Daniel's window open toward Jerusalem; somewhere among these cryptic ruins was the burning fiery furnace.

Overlooking one part of the palace stands a gigantic sculptured lion, defiant over the prostrate body of a man. This great block of stone must have been a curiosity indeed in this land of clay, where even a pebble is unheard of. Why it was brought here and how would certainly make an interesting story. It may have been a trophy brought to grace a Babylonian triumph; it may have been an offering from an Assyrian king to appease the god of Babylon for the removal of the capital to Nineveh. Be that as it may, the long journey down



RUINS OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S PALACE

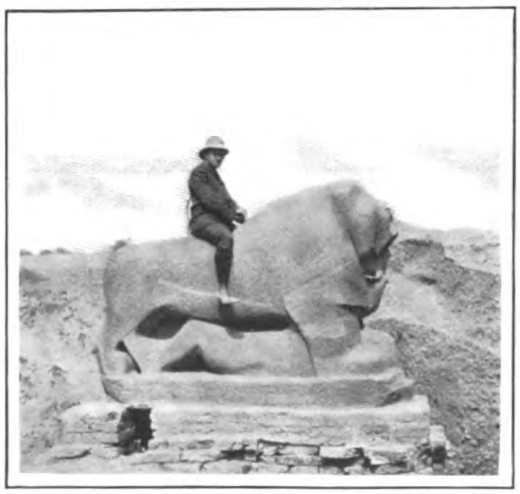
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the Tigris Valley and across the plains of Irak must have been an eventful one.

Down among the ruins of Nabopolassar's palace is a striking detail, an arch, so far as we can tell the oldest in the world. Did the Chaldean mathematicians invent the arch, or did they learn its principle from an older civilization? Did they, in turn, hand their knowledge down through their neighbors to the Roman architects, or was the value of the arch discovered independently at different times? Upon this page of architectural history the writing is so dim that I fear it will never be read.

Entering Nebuchadnezzar's palace, we find the guard-rooms, the halls of audience, the chambers of the king; but beyond them all, innermost, is the most dramatic of all, the banquet-hall. This place has witnessed the pride and fall of many an empire, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian. Here have been many triumphant feasts, many displays of captive splendor; here has resounded down the centuries to conqueror after conqueror that dread sentence written upon these very walls, "*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin.*"

The splendor of wealth, the pride of empire have vanished; the palaces and temples have fallen to shapeless mounds, but still the names remain stamped in strange characters in many languages upon innumerable bricks: "I am Hamurabi; I reared this temple." "I am Nebuchadnezzar; I built this palace." "I am Alexander; mine is the conquest."



THE LION OF BABYLON

As we explored the palaces and temples we passed groups of workmen who broke into a noisy chant as we approached, calling upon God to bless our exalted generosity. In fact, I fear they shouted this sentiment more from the desire to make a noise than for the sake of any blessing that might accrue to us therefrom. They are constantly singing at their work, which seemed to us rather commendable than otherwise until we were told that they expended far more energy upon their choruses than upon their work.

That evening, toward sunset, we strolled across the dry channel to the groves of palms beside the village. Here was a scene of peaceful beauty in strange contrast with the dead city. Overhead the feathery palm-leaves lay black against the reddening sky. Underfoot grew rich, green grass, fresh with moisture from the irrigating ditches which had been kept flowing all day long. In the midst of the grove was the well, a shaft fifty feet deep. The sloping palm-trunks over which the water-skins are drawn to the surface stood gaunt, uncanny in the failing light. All was silent, but there was an odor of growing things, a sense of life, and the air was full of moisture.

We turned again toward the palaces where once had been the hanging gardens of Babylon. A great change had been wrought since those ancient times. The city is an abode of death. Only one living thing remains in this tomb of perished empires, only a single voice is lifted over it. A prophecy remains to be fulfilled. The sun sinks out of sight beyond the palm-trees, the sheep are driven to the shelter of their fold. The gates are closed in the village beyond the gardens, and the smoke of evening cooking hovers above the roofs. A dim, gray form slinks behind a pile of ancient bricks. Off among the ruins a quavering, high-pitched cry breaks the stillness. Anguish is there and despair; then the cry is broken by screams of mocking laughter. The prophecy is

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fulfilled: "The jackals shall howl in their palaces and the wolves in their pleasant places."

Slowly we strolled back to the hospitable mansion, and sat down again with our hosts. The Herr Professor was speaking:

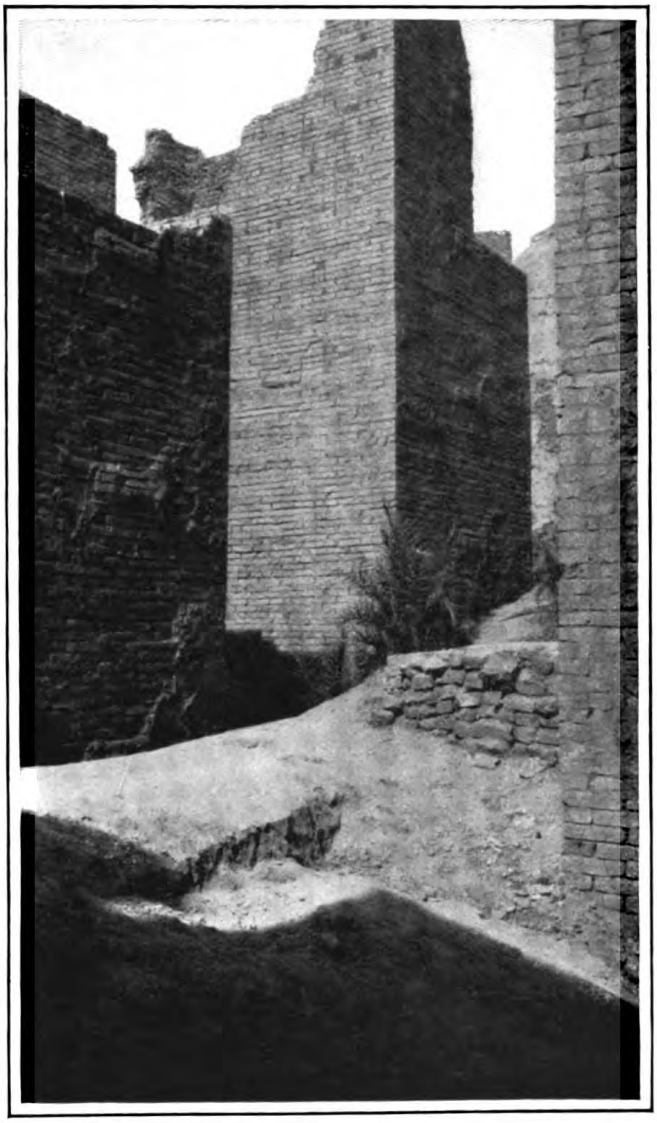
"This neighbor of ours, this Sheik Seyid, is most trying. It is on his account that for a year we had no water to drink. A Persian pilgrim strayed from the road and came to the sheik's house at night. He had with him a mule, loaded with two large boxes. Such an opportunity for securing gain was not to be missed. So the sheik invited the pilgrim to enter the house. But no sooner had he passed the door than he received a knife-thrust in the belly.

"Having thus done a pious deed in slaying a heretical Shia, the holy man and his son broke open the boxes expecting great store of wealth. But instead of carpets and silk they found in each box the embalmed body of one of the late pilgrim's relatives.

"This sent the sheik into a rage: 'It is the work of Sheitan which these infidels have loosed upon us. They have been digging pits in the Kasr where the holy prophet imprisoned him, and he has come out and worked this evil!'

"So he set out to avenge himself upon us poor infidels. He and his son brought the three dead Persians and dropped them into our well. When I came out in the morning I could see a black head above the surface of the water; and then"—the Professor threw up his arms in a gesture of despair—"Ach! by the waters of Babylon I sat down and wept."

We asked the Professor if he had found any signs of the handwriting on the wall, and received this explanation:

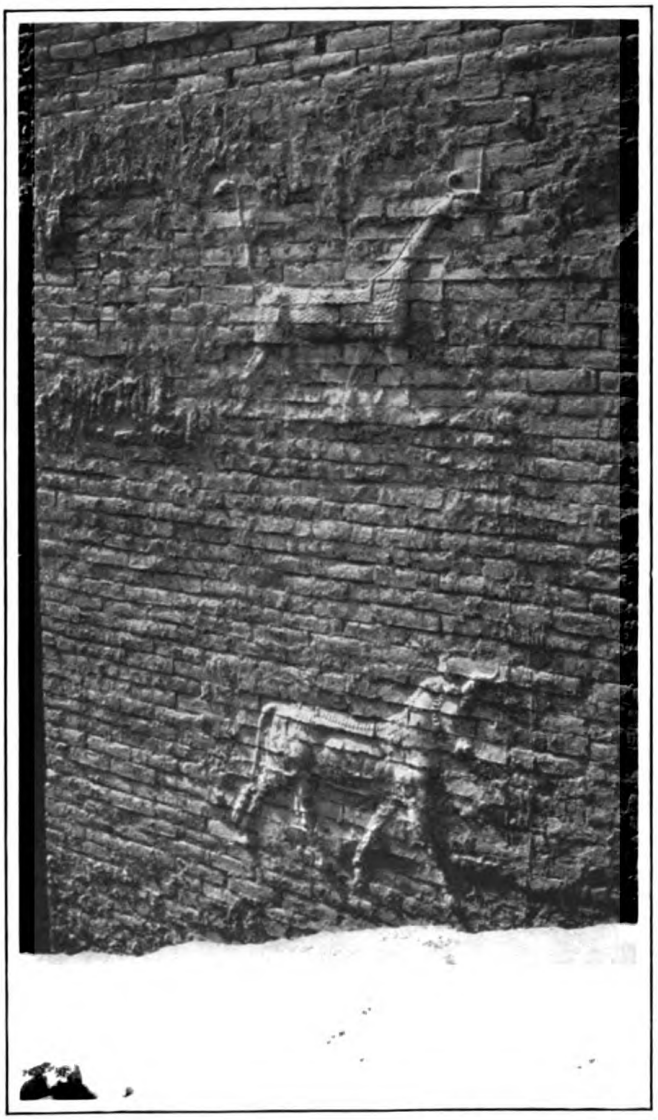


RUINS OF THE ISHTAR GATE — AN APPROACH TO NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S PALACE

"That the incident recorded by Daniel was a historic fact, so far as the prophet himself was present, we have every reason to believe. Moreover, we have found marks that would be sufficiently strange to attract the Babylonians, and might well have inspired Daniel's prophecy. These were the marks made by Persian workmen, whom Nebuchadnezzar imported to make the blue and white tiles with which the palace and its gate were ornamented. I believe that when Cyrus's army was moving down the Tigris, and Belshazzar was celebrating his departure for the battle-field, some one

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in the drunken company caught sight of some of these marks. The attention of the already frightened courtiers once attracted, with the intensity of the inebriated, to such a sign, the story of the hand making the writing would easily develop. Daniel himself, you will remember, was not in the room when this apparition was seen.



DETAIL OF BAS-RELIEFS—ISHTAR GATE

"Belshazzar we know to have been a drunken weakling, doubtless crazed with fear at the time. So the sycophantic flatteries of the Chaldean soothsayers were in vain, and failed to dispel the gloom that held him and the presage of defeat. But Daniel was a man of different caliber, and so well did his bold interpretation of the ominous sign suit the whim of the king that he did not hesitate to accept it. Such is our interpretation of the handwriting on the wall."

We retired early after dinner, and the guest-book was brought to us. "You must write some poetry," said our host; "poetry is necessary." The book was left with us and we were told that we should get no breakfast unless a satisfactory entry appeared in the morning.

The Kasr mound, which the Germans are excavating, is only one of a number of mounds at Babylon, all surrounded by the vast walls described for us by Herodotus, walls that surround an area of a hundred and fifty square miles. A short distance away is the still greater mound of Babil, supposed to have been a zigurrat, a great terraced pyramid temple, such as were built by these settlers in the plains in imitation of the high places on the mountain-tops, where their hill-dwelling ancestors had been wont to worship. Local tradition lends it further glamour by pointing it out as the impious tower that witnessed the confusion of tongues. But the Germans have excavated another zigurrat, close to the palace, where they have an inscription saying: "I have builded this tower as high as the sky." Apparently this was not an uncommon boast among the temple builders of Mesopotamia.

The work on the Kasr mound is no light matter. Not only does it contain the palace of Nabopolassar filled up by his more powerful son, the partly superimposed palace of Nebuchadnezzar himself, and the ruins that lie below them both, bearing the traces of Sennacherib's

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burning, but also temples, built of mud brick, after the priestly tradition that refused to discard the materials of old-time for the new-fangled burnt bricks of the more advanced civilization. Furthermore, succeeding peoples have made use of the materials of Babylonian times, and the excavators have to carefully level and plan the ruins of Parthian and Greek structures, built of bricks purloined from Nebuchadnezzar's palace, before they can sweep them away and continue their exploration of the more ancient buildings. In later times came the Arabs, using the mounds as quarries, and building towns and villages with bricks bearing the boastful words of ancient kings. As a result, many of the walls are represented by trenches. But as they were built to last, one of them measuring twenty-five yards across, they are not as difficult to trace as might at first glance appear.

Professor Koldewey told us he had been working there at Babylon for seven years, and needed as many more to finish the single mound. Already he had completed the plans of the two old palaces that formed its core, as well as those of scores of less important buildings. His great regret was that the rising water-level would put a stop to his downward work, as soon as the Hindia barrage was completed. But he was not the man to complain when the villagers were getting renewed life, not though it meant the loss to him for ever of those undermost palaces, the buildings that might perhaps throw most light on the history of a long-buried past.

We left Babylon in another arabana, or post-carriage, taking the direct road to Bagdad. With us came an old gray-bearded villager, depending on the Effendi's charity for assistance in his journey to the city. We were soon deep in conversation with him.

"Inshallah," said he, "God willing, I will tell you wherefore I journey to Bagdad. Behold, by the grace of Allah, I have a son who is of an age to marry. I go, therefore, to the house of my brother whom Allah has given a daughter. Her will I take back to my son.

"But my brother is a poor man, Effendim, and can give no dower to his daughter. I, too, am poor—the truth of Allah—and have a daughter. So we have arranged that he also shall take my daughter for his son without a dower, and I am relieved of concern for her. However, I regret that there is no dower, for I am an old man, and very poor."

We consoled the old man as best we could. But we could not help recalling the marriage-market of ancient Babylon, described by Herodotus. He tells how the pretty girls were sold to the highest bidder, and the money thus received used as portions for their homely sisters, who went to the man who was willing to take them with the smallest dower. So all were successfully married irrespective of face or fortune.

It is a good ten-hours' drive to Bagdad, and it was with stiff joints that we arrived, late in the afternoon, in our rattletrap stage-coach. But the walk through the bazaars and back across the bridge made us forget the discomforts of the journey. Were we not once more in the City of the Kalifs?

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Home Influence

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

"STRANGE that Lola has never married," said her brother as she left the room.

His father's eyes turned to him quickly. "Strange?" he answered. "I don't see anything strange about it. What man could do as much for her as I do?"

The air of the dining-room was beginning to fill with the smoke from two long, dark cigars, and to lose the perfume of the thick-petaled, white flowers in the center of the table, and of the pyramids of fruit in silver dishes at the ends.

George Varens glanced round the room. It had been elaborately paneled in the year 1880, and hung with dark, blurred pictures in heavy, gold frames. His father had bought the house soon after his marriage and had it done over according to his own ideas. He had never seen any reason for altering anything since. Neither his children, nor his wife during her lifetime, would have thought of suggesting such a thing.

The dining-room had been the scene of many conflicts between the father and son—conflicts from which George liked to tell himself that he had emerged at last triumphant, independent, his own master. If he came back, as he occasionally did, it was as an equal, or at least as the chief of a friendly tribe, ready to offer counsel or alliance. There were no more conflicts. "No," George used to say, "he knows that I am almost forty years old and the head of an independent business." He never admitted that most of this business had come to him either directly through his father, or indirectly through those who wished to please his father.

A great many people wished to please Oliver Varens, and George himself was among the number. Indeed, his remark about Lola was intended as a compliment, and designed to please. Finding, however, that it had failed, he did not retreat with undignified haste. Both his hands were engaged in plaiting a little paper wrapper that had held a chocolate, and he did not trouble to take his cigar from his mouth as he answered, "Oh, well, most people like to have some sort of life of their own."

"Lola has a life of her own," the elder man answered, almost roughly. "She is at the head of my house. I never go on a trip without taking her with me; every wish she has I gratify. She is in my confidence as many people, even you, George, would give a good deal to be; and, I can tell you, I have had some excellent suggestions from Lola. Marry! Not she. Why should she?"

It was plain from the tone of this question that Varens wanted an answer; and equally plain from the expression of George's face that he did not mean to give one. He sat smoking and looking aloof. He was disgusted to find that he was still rendered acutely uncomfortable by that note of antagonism in his father's voice. His first impulse was to say something conciliatory, but remembering his independent position he contrived to refrain.

In the pause the butler and two footmen came in with coffee and liqueurs—magnificent blond young Englishmen, they bent over the little, pale man at the head of the table. Like George, they also were afraid of him.

A casual observer might have found Oliver Varens insignificant in appearance; he was sixty-two and looked older; he was pale, with sparse, dark hair and a drooping mustache; but all the vigor of his mind and will had gone into a pair of black eyes, intense, but without sparkle; they never varied, never lightened when he smiled, never darkened when he scowled. They were like two little black openings into what many people considered his little black heart.

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George took advantage of the interruption made by the entrance of the servants to change the subject.

"Let me say a word about this other matter, father," he said, as soon as they were again alone; and he was now very much the chief of a friendly tribe: "I feel in a position to state—I feel positive that these fellows have evidence that your transactions in the stock took place before the directors' meeting. They even hint at the existence of a letter. But I said to them, 'Gentlemen, if you knew my father as well as I do, you would know that, even were the facts as you assert, there would never have been a letter written; that I'll vouch for.'"

His father allowed this fine sentence to lie unnoticed for a second before he replied: "Thank you, George, for your flattering opinion. I believe, however, that I did write some such letter. You must remember we were not then so conscientious about such matters as we are now."

It was as much his father's easy confession of the act as the act itself which surprised George. He could never bring himself to admit having done anything foolish.

"You really wrote a letter to McCann?" he asked.

His father nodded calmly.

"Bless my soul! But can you trust McCann?"

For the first time that evening Oliver Varens smiled, a slight, painful smile. "Trust," he said. "I know that word only as a noun." He paused. "My boy," he went on, "even in '98 I had a notion that that was an imprudent letter, and two days after I wrote it I destroyed it myself in McCann's office."

"Of course, a copy may have been made."

"A hundred for all I care. Copies are no use, unless they come out of my own letter-book."

"Then you feel no anxiety?"

His father looked reflectively at the three decanters before him—one brown as liquid mahogany, one green as an emerald, one colorless as ice. He finally chose the last.

"George," he said, as he poured out a glass, "no one has successfully blackmailed me yet. Only two have ever tried it, and one of them is in Sing Sing." At this recollection he almost smiled again. "However," he added, "it might be worth while for me to go over my letter-file and see what I did say. You can go and talk to your sister."

They rose. George looked at his watch. He wanted to get away to a sale of Chinese porcelains, in which he took a hard, businesslike interest, but he saw he had half an hour to spare and went to the drawing-room.

This room was even more reminiscent of the decorative ideas of the early '80's than the dining-room. George wondered how Lola could bear it.

She was sitting reading, with her long, slender feet stretched out on a footstool. She was tall, almost too tall for her weight; her eyes were soft and brown; her dark hair was saved from being commonplace by a uniform tinge in it of purplish red. She was supposed to resemble her dead mother, who had been a beauty. Lola, if there had been some suggestion of force in her movements, a tinge of color in her cheeks, a trace of animation in her expression, would have been a strikingly handsome woman.

George came in with his hands in his pockets and bent over a small, blue vase on a table. "Where did you get that gem?" he asked, contemptuously.

"Father bought it, I think," she said. "It's a pretty color."

"It has no value," returned her brother. "Why don't you learn something about these things. I have a man dine with me twice a week, and I tell you he teaches me a lot."

"I'm tired of learning," she answered, impatiently. "I'm always learning and never doing."

"That's better than most of us, who are always doing and never learning."

She sprang up with unusual energy and put both her hands on her brother's shoulders. She was taller than he, in her high heels. "George," she said, "I want you to do something for me. Ask father to give me an allowance of my own."

George laughed uneasily. When he invoked the lightning he preferred to do it for his own benefit.

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"You'd be the loser by any such arrangement, my dear girl," he answered, "He'd never give you half, no, not one-tenth what he lets you spend as it is."

"But that's just it. He lets me spend it. I want just once to do something my own way. Why, George, I lead the life of an eight-year-old child. I don't even select my own clothes. After all, I'm his daughter; I have some brains and ability. I feel as if I must use them or die. Can't you understand that, George?"

For an instant her brother honestly tried to understand. When he thought of himself, he knew he would rather die than change places with her. But when he compared her life with other women's, it seemed to him that most of them would envy her—her luxury, her safety, her peace. Some even might envy her close association with such a czar in the financial world as Oliver Varens; but these, he reflected, would be women who had the wit or the wickedness to make something tangible out of such an association.

"I don't see much the matter with your life, Lola," he said. "You ought to see the lives some women have to lead. I don't know of anything you couldn't have as things are, if it weren't for your own lack of initiative."

Withdrawing her hands from his shoulders, she flung them in the air. "Initiative!" she cried. "And how much do you think you'd have, if you had lived as I have? Suppose you still felt strange alone in the street. Suppose you had never bought a railroad ticket for yourself. Suppose you had never been allowed to compete for anything you wanted against other people who wanted it, too? Do you think you'd have developed initiative and strength of character and all the rest of it? No, George, you'd probably be worse than I am."

He decided to give her what comfort he could. "Well," he said, "I can see it might be hard to live in the house with my father—at least it was for me, but then I think he actually disliked me, whereas he worships the ground you walk on, Lola. I don't believe he could get on without you; honestly, I don't. That must be a satisfaction to you."

"Ask him to do as I say, George."

The room was close, and far off he heard his father's approaching step. There was something oppressive in the air; for an instant George really caught a glimpse of what his sister meant.

"I'll try," he said, and knew he would regret the promise. "I'll try, but if he had ever intended to do it, he'd have done it long ago, without waiting to be pestered by either you or me. And even if he does, I don't know what good it will do you. If you had had the courage and energy and push to get it for yourself, that would have helped; but to have it handed to you because I ask for it for you doesn't seem any great triumph of independence. But I'll ask, I'll ask, if you insist."

She nodded her head briskly. "I do insist," she said, just as her father entered.

In spite of his ancestry, which was largely Scotch and North-of-Ireland, Mr. Varens looked at times almost Chinese in his imperturbability. He looked so now.

He approached his daughter and laid his hand lightly and fondly on her shoulder. "Lola," he said, in his low, even voice, "you understand my filing-system better than I do myself. Go and see if you can put your hand on a letter of mine to McCann about the Western Co., in November, 1898."

When she had gone, he turned to his son. "She would make an excellent secretary, so obedient, so intelligent. I sometimes wish I had had her taught stenography."

"Why didn't you?"

"In my opinion, a profession makes a woman too independent for her own good."

The opportunity seemed too fortunate to let pass, and George took advantage of it. "Lola has just been speaking to me about herself. She doesn't seem content."

His father, who had sat down and crossed his hands and feet, an attitude which had become habitual with him, pulled once at his long cigar before he answered, "Did you ever know a woman who was?"

Try as he would, George could not resist the wish this tone always created

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in him to join forces with his father, to be one of a pair of Olympians talking over the affairs of an inferior species. He was not a subtle man, not given to splitting hairs ethically; but he was shrewd enough to know that to smile responsively into his father's impassive face would be to betray his sister's cause at the outset. Yet not for the life of him could he have helped so smiling, as he answered:

"Just at present her idea seems to be that a fixed allowance would solve all her problems." More and more clearly as he spoke he saw it was wise to disassociate himself as much as possible from this vicarious petition. "I told her how short-sighted she was, how much more she could count on, as things are now; but you know what a woman is when she gets an idea into her head." From his manner it might have been supposed that he had acted throughout as his father's viceroy.

The elder man smoked on in silence.

"What shall I tell her, sir?"

"Nothing."

"I should like to report something, just to show her that I've done as she asked me."

At first it seemed as if Mr. Varens would remain unmoved by this appeal to speak, but, in the pause, the door opened and his daughter entered. She made little noise, and the door was behind him, but he was aware of her presence, and, taking his cigar out of his mouth, he said, clearly:

"You may tell her that any expenditures that I approve of her making, I will finance."

"I see. And those you don't approve of—"

"I should not allow her to make in any event."

George, with senses less acute than his father, had not noticed the entrance of his sister, and therefore he took no trouble to conceal his pleasure that the tiresome little incident was definitely closed. "Yes, yes, I see," he said, cheerfully. "Well, I must say that seems perfectly fair."

"Always glad to have your approval, George," murmured his father.

At this Lola came forward. "It's delightful to find you two so well agreed," she said, and her voice actually trembled with the bitterness of her resentment. George stared at her with his round, prominent eyes. Amazement was always his preliminary state of mind whenever any one showed disapproval of his conduct. Afterward he was wont to explain the phenomenon as due to peculiarities in the other person's psychology.

Her father seemed not to notice her excitement. "Did you find the letter, my dear?" he asked, holding out his hand to her.

She shook her head. "No; but I saw the place where it must have been. It's been taken out."

George glanced quickly at the older man. "That's what they have, then."

Varens nodded, almost imperceptibly.

"This letter," said Lola—"was it important?"

She had spoken to her father, but George answered. "Very important, very important indeed," he said. He felt himself excited, and somehow the excitement was not wholly painful. He was prepared to help his father to the uttermost, to stand by him, to work for him, bribe for him if necessary; even—his mind went forward to the uttermost disaster—to go on the stand and perjure himself and go to prison for him; but all the time there would be a certain satisfaction in knowing that the old man had tripped up at last. Aloud he said, rather grandly:

"Oh, well, you know, McCann can be bought."

His father just glanced at him—no more.

"Bought," George went on, "but it must all be made to look pretty. You might have to go as high as fifty thousand dollars invested in some of his wild schemes."

"I might consent even to go on one of his boards," said Varens.

The two men talked long. For some time Lola was a silent auditor, but they did not apparently notice her presence, nor, when she slipped away, did they observe her going. George's porcelain sale had long been over when at last he got up to go. His father went into the hall with him, where a servant was waiting with his hat and coat.

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"Miss Varens gone up-stairs?" he asked, carelessly.

"No, sir; Miss Varens went out, just this minute."

"Went out?" exclaimed George.

"Just now, sir."

"What in the world does that mean?" George demanded, turning to his father.

"Nothing," said Varens. "It's not so." But even as he spoke there was a ring at the bell, and the servant, springing to answer it, admitted Lola, bareheaded, wrapped in a dark cloak.

Her father eyed her; her brother asked, loudly, "Where in Heaven's name have you been?"

She handed her cloak to the servant with a gesture almost defiant as she replied, "Just to post a letter."

Her father was still watching her. "Oh," he said, "we post our own letters nowadays, do we? This is feminism with a vengeance."

George at once caught the note. It was to be mockery, not war.

"*Allons, enfants de la patrie*," he said, and, jamming his hat on his head, he went off whistling the "Marseillaise."

The door shut behind him; the servant began moving about putting things to rights, in obedience to Mr. Varens's order that the house was to be closed; but even in giving these orders he continued to watch his daughter.

"Father," she said, suddenly, "I want to speak to you."

"Not to-night, my dear. I have important matters to consider to-night."

"What I have to say is important, too."

"I fancy to-morrow will do as well. Good night, my dear." He kissed her tenderly. "And, hereafter, let the servants post your letters." With this he turned toward his study, and she, after an instant of hesitation, went slowly upstairs, as if against her own volition.

All of Varens's real work had been done sitting motionless and in silence alone at his desk. Other men took notes, wrote letters, thought things out as they went about their daily routine; but Varens's custom was simply to sit looking straight ahead of him.

"I must familiarize myself with the situation," was a phrase of his, and by it he meant that he must sit thus alone until his grasp of facts was complete. Then action followed automatically.

He had gone to his study, and was still sitting there at one o'clock that same night. His study was a small room built over the yard. Small as it was, it was bare and almost empty. There were two filing cabinets, a few chairs, and in the center a little table, holding nothing but a telephone. Assuredly Varens's equipment was in his own head.

This room was connected with the rest of the house by only a narrow passage, and along this Varens suddenly became aware that steps were approaching. He listened intently, and his eyes turned to the drawer of the little table, in which he kept a revolver. When the door-handle turned his own hand moved toward the drawer, but when he saw that the newcomer was only Lola, he sat back once more and folded his hands.

"Can't be interrupted to-night, Lola," he said.

Without raising his voice, he had used a certain crispness of enunciation that usually served to vanquish her, but when, looking up, he saw that she was not even flurried by his tone, he recognized immediately that there must be something unusual in the situation. Lola's own aspect was unusual. Her color was high, her eyes shining. She looked more lovely than he had ever seen her; but it was not this that so surprised him. It was an air at once stern and careless, a sort of hard brightness about her that he had never seen before.

"Has anything happened, Lola?" he asked.

"Yes — no, nothing has happened, except that I must speak to you, father."

"I have already told you twice that I am occupied."

"I can tell you, though, that you are wasting your time. You're thinking how you can get back your letter. Well, I have it."

"Oh, you've found it." He smiled at her kindly, a very different smile from that to which he treated his son. "Good! That saves me some anxiety."

"Some anxiety and fifty thousand dollars."

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"Possibly fifty thousand, but that is less important."

"Father, give me that money. It's the only thing I have ever asked you for. You've never given me anything."

"Never given you anything, Lola?" he said. "What do you mean! What have you in the world that I have not given you?"

"I have nothing," she answered. "You've never been willing to give me either the money or the education to get anything for myself. That's just what I mean."

Varens had not the faintest idea what she meant. In a business relation he never would have committed himself to words until he saw the situation a little more clearly, but in a domestic relation it had never occurred to him that such caution could be necessary.

"You must express yourself a little more calmly, Lola, before I can understand you," he said. "Are you complaining of the way I have brought you up and educated you."

"Look at the result."

"The result, my dear, seems to me a very charming woman."

"Charming!" she cried, with real ferocity. "And for whom has my charm been preserved? I never see a man except you. What good has my charm ever done me? The only time any one ever felt it, the only time a man ever did have the courage to penetrate into this house when you weren't here—"

Her father held up his hand to stop her. "One minute," he said. "I have, as it happens, kept track of that young man, not so very young any more, by the way. He is at present assistant traffic manager of a small Southern railroad, earning a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars, and his habits are not temperate. Do you think that would have made you happy?"

"At least I should have lived. I'd have had my own life, my own children—"

"Life! Children!" exclaimed Varens. "I don't like to hear you talk like that. Lola, my daughter! Is this the point of this whole absurd scene—to reproach me with not having allowed you to marry that commonplace drunkard?"

"No," answered Lola, firmly; "no, that's not what I reproach you with. I was never really sure I wanted to marry him, even at the time. But I do reproach you with having brought me up to be so timid, so dependent, so ignorant, that if I *had* wanted to marry a poor man, or to do anything else that required courage and self-reliance, it would have been impossible. That's what has been tyrannical, father. That's where I never had a chance."

"I have always believed," he answered, "that for a small number of women marriage was not necessary. I had supposed you were one of these. Perhaps I have paid you too high a compliment."

"It's not marriage only. It's everything. You wouldn't let me go to college. You wouldn't let me go to the Pacific with Miss Comans, hunting shells. You wouldn't let me do any settlement work. You would not even let me go to school."

"At home you had the undivided attention of the best teachers."

"But do you suppose they did not find out quickly enough that you didn't care whether I learned anything or not? They soon saw that you would take me off to Florida or Italy in the middle of my winter's work, if it suited your pleasure. There were no examinations, no competition, no tests, no inquiry. One of those Frenchwomen and I used to do nothing but read novels together, and such novels! If I had been a boy—if it had been a question of George, you would have wanted to be sure that you were getting your money's worth—that he was really working. It would have been thought bad for his character to be idle, and he would have been offered incentives to work. I was always offered incentives not to work."

Her father laughed. "I think, my dear," he said, "we may safely leave the rest of this indictment till the morning."

"Father, will you give me that money?"

"I will not."

"You would have given it to that blackmailer."

"Only if there had been no other way."

She struck her hand on the table.

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"Well, there is no other way," she said. "I have your letter, and I will only give it back for fifty thousand dollars!"

There was a pause of several seconds, during which, as Varens intended, the dramatic quality of her last words a good deal evaporated.

Then he said, pleasantly: "Sometime you must get me to tell you how blackmailing is really done. The attempt and not the deed is particularly disastrous. For instance, what could be more childish than for you, physically weaker than I am, and unarmed, to come to me alone at this hour and tell me you have on your person a paper that I am willing to give a large sum of money to obtain?"

"It is not on my person."

"In your room is about the same thing. I have only to lock you in here and make a thorough search of the house. Nothing could be easier than that, you know."

"It is not in the house."

Now, for the first time perhaps in all her life, she had his full, concentrated attention.

"Where is it?"

"It was that I went out to post."

"You mean it's already out of your hands?"

"No." She explained carefully. "It is in an envelope directed to the editor of a newspaper, and I inclosed it to a friend of mine with instructions to hold it until half-past ten to-morrow morning, and then to mail it unless I telephoned to the contrary."

"Why did you name half-past ten?"

"To give you time to get to the bank."

Something seemed to vibrate in the air as Oliver Varens began to think. "This is not your own scheme," he said, bending on her the full intensity of his gaze. "Some one has suggested this?"

She nodded.

"Who? George?"

"You yourself, father. Isn't it just what you did in the Crawford case? Remember, you've always told me about your successes."

It was true. His memory went back to a hundred indiscretions, too far from mutual to be called confidences. He had sometimes felt the need of recounting his triumphs, and only to his daughter had he felt safe in doing so.

"I have trusted you too much, Lola," he said, forgetting that earlier in the evening he had disclaimed any knowledge of such a verb.

"No, father, you have despised me too much."

Presently he said: "Suppose for the sake of argument I should write you a check for this money, would that content you? Would you then give me the letter and end this matter at once?"

She shook her head. "That was just what Crawford tried to do. You explained to me yourself how he could have stopped payment on the check as soon as the documents were in his hands."

"What is your programme, then?"

"That you meet me at the bank at ten to-morrow morning with the money in cash."

"Let us talk business," he said, as if everything that went before had been mere folly. "Suppose that you should actually put this through, our relations would be severed for ever. You, who seem to have followed my career more closely than I had imagined, will believe me when I say that I do not readily forgive. If you do this, you will never get anything more from me, during my life or after my death. You cannot possibly live on the income from fifty thousand dollars; even the principal would not last very long as you have been accustomed to live. What then? You would starve."

"I'm starving now."

For the first time Varens showed signs of anger. "What damned nonsense!" he said. "Starving! Eating three meals a day cooked by a French cook, enjoying every luxury, and why? Only because you are my daughter. If you're not my daughter you're nothing, nothing, nothing."

"Perhaps," she said, "but I want to know what I am—even that." She stood up. "At ten to-morrow."

He held out his hand. "One moment, Lola."

A silence fell. He knew he had one more card to play; he might still make an appeal to her affection. If he could do that, she would yield; but could he do it? From the moment that she rebelled against him something very like

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hatred for her had stirred within him, making such an appeal difficult. But in the silence he bent his own stiff nature.

"Lola," he said, "since your mother's death you have been the only creature in the world whom I have loved, and I have loved you deeply."

Watching her, he saw a muscle in her throat twitch, then her whole chin trembled, then she burst into tears. "Oh, father," she said, "I am so sorry, so very sorry."

Beneath his triumph he was almost sorry himself to see the quick collapse of so formidable a fabric. He sprang up, and, coming round the table, he put his arm about her. "It's all over, my dear," he said; "we will never speak or think of it again."

She wept silently for a second or two more before she could speak. Then she said: "Oh, father, don't be silly. I mean I'm so sorry to hurt you like this, but I intend to do just what I said." And at this she sobbed aloud.

He stepped back from her, and she went to the door.

"Good night, father," she said.

"Good night," he answered mechanically.

He was still sitting at his desk when the housemaid came in with her dustpan and broom. She gave a little scream and hurried away, for the orders were strict that Mr. Varens was never to be disturbed in his study.

But she need not have gone, for Varens' work was done. The night had been long, but not unfruitful; he had familiarized himself with the situation, had analyzed it and summed it up.

"The trouble was," he said as he rose, "that I ought always to have borne in mind that she is after all my daughter."

To An Old Letter

BY EDNA MEAD

THE things you said!
The fond, fair things you said!
With all their ancient power
They have stirred in my heart's bower;
And the dead past wakes to flower
In your passages re-read!

The dreams you made!
The deep, dear dreams you made!
Though their ghosts wear sorrow's gages,
They come alluring from your pages
Down the aisles of all the ages,
And I clasp them—unafraid!

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The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER XXII

AS Thor and Lois breakfasted on the following Sunday the former was too busy with the paper to notice that his wife seemed preoccupied. He was made to understand it by her manner of saying, "Thor."

Dropping the paper, he gave her his attention. "Yes?"

Her head was inclined to one side as she trifled with her toast. "You know, Thor, that it's an old custom for newly married people to go to church together on the first Sunday they're at home."

"Oh, Lord!"

She had expected the exclamation. She also expected the half-humorous, half-repentant compliance which ensued.

"All right, I'll go."

It was the sort of yielding that followed on all his bits of resistance to her wishes—a yielding on second thought—a yielding through compunction — as though he were trying to make up to her for something he wasn't giving her. She laughed to herself at that, seeing that he gave her everything; but she meant that if she were not so favored she might have harbored the suspicion that on account of something lacking in their life he fell back on a form of reparation. As it was, she could only ascribe his peculiarity in this respect to the kindness of a nature that never seemed to think it could be kind enough.

It was her turn to feel compunction. "Don't go if you'd rather not. It's only a country custom, almost gone out of fashion nowadays."

But he persisted. "Oh, I'll go. Must put on another suit. Top hat, of course."

With a good woman's satisfaction in getting her husband to church, if only for once, she said no more in the way of dissuasion. Besides, she hoped that, should he go, he might "hear something" that would comfort this hidden grief of which she no longer had a doubt, since Claude, too, was aware of it. It was curious how it betrayed itself—neither by act nor word nor manner, nor so much as a sigh, and yet by a something indefinable beyond all his watchfulness to conceal from her. She couldn't guess at his trouble, even when she tried; but she tried only from inadvertence. When she caught herself doing so she refrained, respecting his secret till he thought it well to tell her.

She said no more till he again dropped the paper to give his attention to his coffee. "Have you been to see the Fays yet?"

He put the cup down without tasting it. He sat quite upright and looked at her strangely. He even flushed.

"Why, no."

The tone appealed to her ear, and remained in her memory, though for the moment she had no reason to consider it significant. She merely answered, "I thought I might walk up the hill and see Rosie this afternoon," leaving the subject there.

Thor found the service novel, and impressive from its novelty. Except for the few weddings and funerals he had attended, and the service on the day he married Lois, he could hardly remember when he had been present as a formal participant at a religious ceremony. He had therefore no preconceived ideas concerning Christian worship, and not much in the way of prejudice. He had dropped in occasionally on the services of foreign cathedrals, but purely as a tourist who made no attempt to understand what was taking place. On this particular morning, however, the pressure of needs

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and emotions within his soul induced an inquiring frame of mind.

On reaching the pew to which Lois led him he sat down awkwardly, looking for a place in which to bestow his top-hat without ruffling its gloss. Lois herself fell on her knees in prayer. The act took him by surprise. It was new to him. He was aware that she said prayers in private, and had a vague idea of the import of the rite; but this public unabashed devotion gave him a little shock till he saw that others came in and engaged in it. They entered and knelt, not in obedience to any preconcerted ceremony, but each on his own impulse, and rose looking, so it seemed to Thor, reassured and stilled.

That was his next impression—reassurance, stillness. There was a serenity here that he had never before had occasion to recognize as part of life. People whom he knew in a commonplace way as this or that in the village, sat hushed, tranquil, dignified above their ordinary state, raised to a level higher than any that could be reached by their own attainments or personalities. It seemed to him that he had come into a world of new standards, new values. Lois herself, as she rose from her knees and sat beside him, gained in a quality which he had no capacity to gauge.

He belonged to the new scientific school which studies and co-relates, but is chary of affirmations, and charier still of denials. "Never deny anything—*ne niez jamais rien*"—had been one of the standing bits of advice on the part of old Hervieu, under whom he had worked at the Institut Pasteur. He kept himself, therefore, in a non-hostile attitude toward all theories and systems. He had but a hazy idea as to Christian beliefs, but he knew in a general way that they were preposterous. Preposterous as they might be, it was his place, however, to observe phenomena, and, now that he had an opportunity to do so, he observed them.

"How did you like it?" Lois ventured, timidly, as after service they walked along County Street.

"I liked it."

"Why?"

The answer astonished her. "It was big."

"Big? How?"

"The sweep—the ideas. So high—so universal! Makes a tremendous appeal to—the imagination."

She smiled toward him, shyly. "It's something, isn't it, to appeal to the imagination?"

"Oh, lots—since imagination rules the world."

They were on their way to lunch with Thor's father and step-mother. Now that there were two households in the family, the father insisted on a domestic reunion once a week. It was his way of expressing paternal forbearance under the blow Thor had dealt him in marrying Lois Willoughby.

"Where's Claude?"

Thor asked the question on sitting down to table. His father looked at his mother, who replied, with some self-consciousness:

"He's—he's gone West."

"West? Where?"

"To Chicago first, isn't it, Archie?"

Masterman admitted that it was to Chicago first, and to the Pacific coast afterward. Thor's dismay was such that Lois looked at him in surprise. "Why, Thor? What difference can it make to you? Claude's able to travel alone, isn't he?"

The efforts made by both his parents to carry off the matter lightly convinced Thor that there was more in Claude's departure than either business or pleasure would explain. Before Lois, who was not yet in the family secret, he could ask no questions; but it seemed to him that both his father and his mother had uneasiness written in their faces. He could hardly eat. He bolted his food only to put Lois off the scent. The old tumult in his soul which he was seeking every means to still was beginning to break out again. If it should prove that he had given up Rosie Fay to Claude, and that, with his parents' connivance, Claude was trying to abandon her, then, by God . . .

But he caught Lois's eye. She was watching him, not so much in disquietude as with faint amusement. It seemed odd to her that Claude's going away for a holiday should vex him so. Poor Lois! He was already afraid on

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her account—afraid that if Rosie Fay were left deserted—free!—and a temptation he couldn't resist were to come to him!—Lois would be the one to suffer most.

By the middle of the afternoon, when his father had gone off in one direction and Lois in another, he found an opportunity for the word with his stepmother which he had hung about the house to get.

"There's nothing behind this, is there?"

She averted her head. "How do I know, Thor? *I* had nothing to do with it. All I know is just what happened. Claude came rushing home last Wednesday, and said he had to go right off to Chicago on business. I helped him pack—and he went."

"Why didn't any one tell me?"

"Well, you haven't been at the house. And it didn't seem important enough—"

"But it is important, isn't it? Doesn't father think so?"

She tried to look at him frankly. "Your father doesn't know any more about it than I know—and that's nothing at all. Claude came to him and said—but I really oughtn't to tell you, Thor. Your father would be annoyed with me."

"Then it's something that's got to be kept from me."

"N-no; not exactly. It's only poor Claude's secret. We didn't try to wring it from him because— Oh, Thor, I wish you would let things take their course. I'm sure it would be best."

"Best to let Claude be a scoundrel?"

"Oh, he couldn't be that. I want to be just to that girl, but we both know that there are queer things about her. There's that man who's giving her money—and dear knows what there may be besides. And so if they *have* quarreled—"

But Thor rushed away. Having learned all he needed to know on that side, he must hear what was to be said on the other. He had hoped never again to be brought face to face with Rosie till she was his brother's wife. That condition would have dug such a gulf between them that even nature would be changed. But if she was not to be Claude's wife—if Claude was becoming a brute to her—then she must see that at least she had a friend.

His heart was so hot within him as he climbed the hill that he forgot that Lois would probably be there before him. As a matter of fact, she was talking to Fay in a corner of the yard, standing in the shade of a great magnolia that was a pyramid of bloom. All round it the ground was strewn in a circle with its dead-white petals, each with its flush of red. Near the house there were yellow clumps of forsythia, while the hedge of bridal-veil to the south of the grass-plot seemed to have just received a fall of snow.

Fay confronted him as, slackening his pace, he went toward them; but Lois turned only at his approach. Her expression was troubled.

"Thor, I wish you'd explain to me what Mr. Fay is saying. He doesn't want me to see Rosie."

"Why, what's up?"

Fay's expression told him that something serious was up, for it was ashen. It had grown old and sunken, and the eyes had changed their starry vagueness to a dulled animosity.

"There's this much up, Dr. Thor," Fay said, in that tone of his which was at once mild and hostile, "that I don't want any Masterman to have anything to do with me or mine."

Thor tried to control the sharpness of his cry. "Why not?"

"You ought to know why not, Dr. Thor. And if you don't, you've only to look at my little girl. Oh, why couldn't you leave her alone?"

Lois spoke anxiously. "Is anything the matter with her?"

"Only that you've killed her between you."

Thor allowed Lois to question him. "Why, what *can* you mean?"

"Just what I say, ma'am—that she's done for."

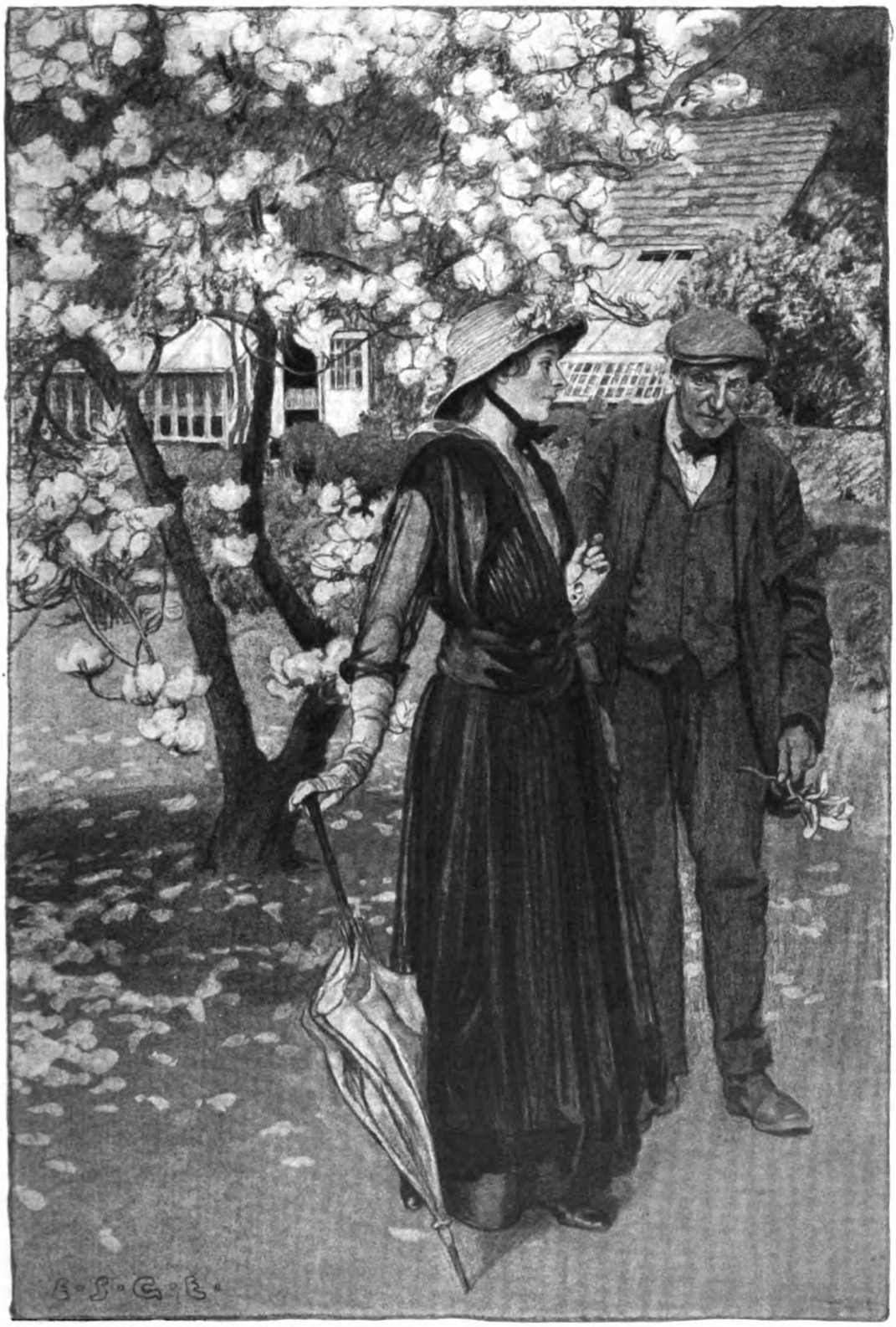
Lois grew impatient. "But I don't understand. Done for—how?" She turned to her husband. "Oh, Thor, do see her and find out what's the matter."

"No, ma'am," Fay said, firmly. "He's seen her once too often as it is."

Lois repeated the words. "Once too often as it is! What does that mean?"

"Better ask *him*, ma'am."

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE WAS TALKING TO FAY, STANDING IN THE SHADE OF A GREAT MAGNOLIA

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"It's no use asking me," Thor declared, "for I've not the slightest idea of what you're driving at."

"Oh, I know you can play the innocent, Dr. Thor; but it's no use keeping up the game. You took me in at first; you took me in right along. You were going to be a friend to me!—and buy the place!—and keep me in it to work it!—and every sort of palaver like that!—when you was only after my little girl."

Thor was dumb. It was Lois who protested. "Oh, Mr. Fay, how can you say such things? It's wicked."

"It may be wicked, all right, ma'am; but ask *him* how I can say them. All I know is what I've seen. If you was going to marry this lady," he went on, turning again to Thor, "why couldn't you have kept away from my little girl? You didn't do yourself any good, and you did her a lot of harm."

It was to come to Thor's aid as he stood speechless that Lois said, soothingly: "But I had nothing to do with that, Mr. Fay. I never wanted anything of Rosie but to be her friend."

"You, ma'am? You're all of a piece. You're all Mastermans together. What had you to do with being a friend to her?—getting her to call!—and have tea!—and putting notions into her head! The rich and the poor can't be friends any longer. If the poor think they can, the more fool they! We've *been* fools in my family, thinking because we were Americans we had rights. There's no rights any more, except the right of the strong to trample on the weak—till some one tramples on *them*. And some one always does. There's that. We're down to-day, but you'll be down to-morrow. Don't forget it, ma'am. America has that kind of justice when it hasn't any other—that it makes everybody take their turn. It's ours now; but you'll get yours as sure as life is life."

Lois looked at Thor. "Can you make out what he means?"

"I can make out that he's very much mistaken—"

"Mistaken, Dr. Thor? I don't see how you can say that. I wasn't mistaken the night I saw you creeping into that hothouse over there, where you knew my little girl was at work. I wasn't mistaken when I saw you creep away. Still less was I mistaken when I stole in after you had gone, and found her with her arms on the desk, and her head bowed down on them, and she crying fit to kill herself. That was just a few days before she heard you was going to marry this lady—and she's never been the same child since. Always troubled—always something on her mind. Not once since that night have you darkened these doors, though you'd had a patient here. Have you, now?"

"I didn't come," Thor stammered, "because Dr. Hilary had done all that was necessary for Mrs. Fay, and—and I've been away."

"But if you didn't come," Fay went on, with the mildness that was more forcible than wrath, "some one else did. You'd left a good substitute. He's finished the work that you began. He was here with her an hour last Wednesday morning—just after I'd warned him off for good and all."

Thor started. "Let me go to her."

But Fay stood in his way. "No, sir. To see you would be the finishing touch. She can't hear your name without a shiver going through her from head to foot. We've tried it on her. Between the two of you—your brother and you—it's you she's most afraid of." There was silence for a second, while he turned his gray face first to the one and then to the other of his two listeners. "Why couldn't you all have let her be? What were you after? What have you got out of it? *I* can't see."

"Fay, I swear to you that we never wanted anything but her good," Thor cried, with a passion that made Lois turn her troubled eyes on him searchingly. "If my brother hasn't told you what he meant, I'll do it now. He wanted to marry Rosie. He *was* to have married her. If there's trouble between them, it's all a mistake. Just let me see her—"

But Fay dismissed this as idle talk. "No, Dr. Thor. Stories of that kind don't do any good. Your brother never wanted to marry her, or meant to, either—not any more than you. What you did want and what you did mean God only knows. It's mystery to me. But what isn't mystery to me is that we're all done for. Now that she's gone, we're

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all gone—the lot of us. I've kept up till now—"

"If money will do any good, Fay—" Thor began, with a catch in his voice.

"No, Dr. Thor; not now. Money might have helped us once, but I ain't going to take a price for my little girl's unhappiness."

"But what *would* do good, Mr. Fay?" Lois asked. "If you'd only tell us—"

"Then, ma'am, I will. It's to let us be. Don't come near me nor mine any more—none o' you."

She turned to Thor. "Thor, is it true that Claude wanted to marry Rosie? I've never heard of it."

"Oh yes, ma'am, you have," Fay broke in, with irony. "We've all heard of that kind o' marriage. It's as old as men and women on the earth. But it don't go down with me; and if I find that my little girl has been taken in by it, then I sha'n't be to blame if—if some one gets what he deserves."

The words were uttered in tones so mild that, as he shuffled away, leaving them staring at each other, they scarcely knew that there had been a threat in them.

CHAPTER XXIII

IT was an incoherent tale that Thor stammered out to Lois, as he and she walked homeward. By trying to tell Claude's story without including his own he was, for the first time since the days of school-boy escapades, making a deliberate attempt at prevarication. He suppressed certain facts, and over-emphasized others. He did it with a sense of humiliation which became acute when he began to suspect that he was not deceiving her. She walked on, saying nothing at all. Now and then, when he ventured to glance at her in profile, she turned to give him a sick, sad smile, that seemed to draw its sweetness from the futility of his efforts. "My God, she knows!" were the words actually in his mind, while he went floundering on with the explanation of why he couldn't allow Claude to be a cad.

And yet, except for those smiles of an elusiveness beyond him, she betrayed no hint of being stricken in the way he was afraid of. On the contrary, she seemed, when she spoke, to be giving her mind entirely to the course of Claude's romance. "He won't marry her. He'll marry Elsie Darling."

An hour ago the assertion would have angered him. Now he was relieved that she had the spirit to make it at all. He endeavored to imitate her tone. "What makes you think so?"

"I know Claude. She's the sort of girl for him to marry. There's good in him, and she'll bring it out."

"Unfortunately, it's too late to think of Claude's good when he's pledged to some one else."

"Would you make him marry her?"

"I'd make him do his duty."

She gave him another of those faint smiles of which the real meaning baffled him. "I wouldn't lay too much stress on that, if I were you. To marry for the sake of doing one's duty is"—she faltered an instant, but recovered herself—"is as likely as not to defeat its own ends."

He was afraid to pursue the topic lest she should speak more plainly. On arriving home he was glad to see her go to her room and shut the door. It grieved him to think that she might be brooding in silence, but even that was better than speech. As Uncle Sim and Cousin Amy Dawes were coming to Sunday-night supper, the evening would be safe; and to avoid being face to face with her in the mean while he went out again.

Having passed an hour in his office, he strolled up into the wood above the village, his refuge from boyhood onward in any hour of trouble. There was space here, and air, and solitude. It was a diversion that was almost a form of consolation to be in touch with the wood's teeming life. Moreover, the trees, with their stately aloofness from mortal cares, their strifelessness and strength, shed on him a kind of benediction. From long association, from days of bird's-nesting in spring, and camping in summer, and nutting in autumn, and snow-shoeing in winter, he knew them almost as individual personalities—the great white oaks, the paper birches, the white pines with knots that were masses of dry resin, the Can-

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ada balsams with odorous boughs, the sugar-maples, the silver maples, the beeches, the junipers, the hemlocks, the hackmatacks, with the low-growing hickories, witch-hazels, and slippery-elms. Their green was the green of early May—yellow-green, red-green, bronze-green, brown-green, but nowhere as yet the full, rich hue of summer. Here and there a choke-cherry in full bloom swayed and shivered like a wraith. In shady places the ferns were unfolding in company with Solomon's-seal, wake-robin, the lady's-slipper, and the painted trillium. There was an abundance of yellow—cinquefoil, crowfoot, ragwort, bellwort, and shy patches of gold-colored violets.

In the sloping outskirts of the wood he stood still and breathed deeply, a portion of his cares and difficulties slipping from his shoulders. Somewhere within him was the sense of kinship with the wilderness that has become atavistic in Americans of six or eight generations on the soil. It was like skipping two centuries and getting back where life was primitive from necessity. There were few if any complications here, nor were there subtleties to consider. As far back as he knew anything of his Thorley ancestors, they had hewed and hacked and delved and tilled on and about this hillside, getting their changes from its seasons, their food from its products, their science from its bird-life and beast-life, their arts and their simples, their dyes and their drinks from its roots and juices. To the extent that men and the primeval could be one, they had been one with the forest of which nothing but this upland sweep remained, treating it as both friend and enemy. As enemy they had felled it; as friend they had lived its life and loved it, transmitting their love to this son, who was now bringing his heartaches, as he was accustomed also to bring his joys, where they had brought their own.

The advantage of the wood to Thor was that once within its shadows he could, to some degree, stop thinking of the life outside. He could give his first attention to the sounds and phenomena about him. As he stood now, listening to the resonant tapping of a hairy woodpecker on a dead tree-trunk he could forget that the world held a Lois, a Rosie, and a Claude, each a storm-center of emotions. It was a respite from emotions—in a measure, a respite from himself. He stepped craftily, following the sound of the woodpecker's tap till he had the satisfaction of seeing a black-and-white back, with a red band across the busily bobbing head. He stopped again to watch a chipmunk who was more sharply watching him. The little fellow, red-brown and striped, sat cocked on a stone, his forepaws crossed on his white breast like the hands of a meek saint at prayer. Strolling on again, he paused from time to time—to listen to a robin singing right overhead, or to catch the liquid, spiritual chant of a hermit-thrush in some stiller thicket of the wood, or to watch a bluebird fly directly into its nest, probably an abandoned woodpecker's hole, in a decaying Norway pine. These small happenings soothed him. Sauntering and pausing, he came up to the high, treeless ridge he had last visited on the day he asked Lois to marry him.

The ridge broke sharply downward to a stretch of undulating farms. Patches of green meadowland were interspersed with the broad, red fields in which as yet nothing had begun to grow. Had it not been Sunday the farmers would have been at work, plowing, sowing, harrowing. As it was, the landscape enjoyed a rich Sabbath peace, broken only by the swooping of birds, out of the invisible, across the line of sight, and on into the invisible again. It was all beauty and promise of beauty, wealth and promise of wealth. The cherry-trees were in bloom; the pear and the apple and the quince would follow soon. Above the farm-houses tall elms rose, fan-shaped and garlanded.

The very charm of the prospect called up those questions he had been trying for a minute to shelve. How was it that in a land of milk and honey men were finding it so hard to live? How was it that with conditions in which every man might have enough and to spare, making it his aim to see that his fellow had the same, there could be greed and ingenious oppression and social crime, with the menace of things graver still? What's the matter with us? he asked, helplessly.

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Was it something wrong with the American people? or was it something wrong with the whole human race? or was it a condition of permanent strife that the human race could never escape from? Was man a being capable of high spiritual attainment, as he had heard in the church that morning? or was he no better than the ruthless creatures of the woodland, where the weasel preyed on the chipmunk, and the owl on the mouse, and the fox on the rabbit, and the shrike on the phœbe, and the phœbe on the insect, in an endless round of ferocity? Had man emerged above this estate? or was it as foolish to expect him to spare his brother-man as to ask a hawk to spare a hen?

These questions bore on Thor's immediate thoughts and conduct. They bore on his relations with his father and Claude and Lois. Through the social web in which he found himself involved they bore on Rosie Fay; and from the social web they worked out to the great national ideals in which he longed to see his native land a sanctuary for mankind. But could man build a sanctuary? Would he know how to make use of one? Or was he, Thor Masterman, but repeating the error of that great-grandfather who had turned to America for the salvation of the race, and died broken-hearted because its people were only looking out for number one?

Because he couldn't find answers to these questions for himself, he tried, during supper, to sound Uncle Sim, leading up to the subject by an adroit indirectness. "Been to church," he said, after serving Cousin Amy Dawes with lobster à la Newburg.

"Saw you," came from Uncle Sim.

"Did you? What were you doing there? Thought you were a disciple of old Hilary."

"That was the reason. Hilary's idea. Can't go round to the different churches himself, so he sends me. Look in on 'em all."

"There's too much sherry in this lobster à la Newburg," Cousin Amy Dawes said, sternly. "I bet she's put in two tablespoonfuls instead of one."

Being stone-deaf, Cousin Amy Dawes took no part in conversation except what she herself could contribute. She was a dignified woman who had the air of being hewn in granite. There was nothing soft about her but three detachable corkscrew curls on each side of an immobile face and a heart that every one knew to be as maternal as milk. Dressed in stiff black silk, a heavy gold chain around her neck and a huge gold brooch at her throat, and wearing fingerless black-silk mittens, she might have walked out of an old daguerreotype.

"I should think," Thor observed, dryly, "that you'd find your religion growing rather composite."

"No. T'other way round. Grows simpler. Get their co-ordinating principle—the common denominator that goes into 'em all."

"That is," Lois said, in the endeavor to be free to think her own thoughts by keeping him on a hobby, "you look for their points of contact rather than their differences."

"Oh, you get beyond the differences. 'Beyond these voices there is peace.' Doesn't some one say that? Well, you get there. If you can stand the clamor of the voices for a while you emerge into a kind of still place where they blend into one. Then you find that they're all trying to say the same thing, which is also the thing you're trying to say yourself."

As he sat back in his chair twisting his wiry mustache with a handsome, sunburned hand, Thor felt that he had him where he had been hoping to get him. "But what *do* we want to say, Uncle Sim? What do you want to say? And what do I?"

The old man held his sharp-pointed beard by the tip, eying his nephew obliquely. "That's the great secret, Thor. We're all like little babies, who from the time they begin to hear language are bursting with the desire to say something; only they don't know what it is till they learn to speak. Then it comes to 'em."

"Yes, but what comes to them?"

"Isn't it what comes to all babies—the instinct to say, *Abba—Father?*"

"Say, Lois," Cousin Amy Dawes requested, in her loud, commanding voice, "just save me a mite of this cold duck for old Sally Gibbs. It 'll be tasty for

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the poor soul. I'll take it to her as we go up the hill. What do you pay your cook?" Without waiting for an answer she continued like an oracle, "I don't believe she's worth it."

Thor leaned across the table. "What I want to know is this: suppose the instinct to say *Abba—Father* does come to us, is there anything there to respond that will show us a better way—personally and nationally, I mean—than the rather poor one we're finding for ourselves?"

"Can't give you any guarantees, Thor, if that's what you're after. Just got to say, *Abba—Father*, and see for yourself. Nothing but seeing for oneself is any good when it comes to the personal. And as for the national—well, there was a man once who went stalking through the land crying, 'O Israel, turn thee to the Lord thy God,' and I guess he knew what he was about. It was, 'Turn ye, turn ye! Why will ye die?' They didn't turn and so they died. Inevitable consequence. Same with this people or any other people. In proportion as it turns to the Lord its God it 'll live; and in proportion as it doesn't it 'll go to pot." He veered round to Lois as to one who would agree with him: "Ain't that it?"

She responded with a sweet, absent smile which showed to Thor at least that her thoughts were elsewhere. As a matter of fact, Thor's questions and Uncle Sim's replies, which continued in more or less the same strain, lay in a realm with regard to which she had few misgivings or anxieties. Her heart-searchings being of another nature, she was doing in thought what she had done when in the afternoon she had gone to her room and shut the door. She was standing before her mirror, contrasting the image reflected there with Rosie Fay's worn, touching prettiness.

How awesome, how incredible, that Thor, her great, noble Thor, should have let his heart go—perhaps the very best of his heart—to anything so insignificant, so unformed, so unequal to himself! It was this awesomeness, this incredibility, that overwhelmed her. Her mind fixed itself on it, for the time being, to the exclusion of other considerations. Thor was like meaner men! He could be caught by a pretty face! He was so big in body and soul that she had thought him free from petty failing—and yet here it was! There was a kind of shame in it. It weakened him, it lowered him.

She had seen it from the minute when he began to tell his halting tale about Claude. It was pitiful the way in which he had betrayed himself. From Fay she had got no more than a hint—a hint she had been quick to collate with her knowledge of some secret grief on Thor's part; but she hadn't been really sure of the truth till she saw he was trying to hide it. That Thor should be trying to hide anything made her burn inwardly with something more poignant than humiliation.

She had smiled when he looked so imploringly toward her, but she hardly knew why. Perhaps it was to encourage him, to give him heart. For the first time in her life she felt the stronger, the superior. She was sorry for him, even though there was something about this new and unexpected phase in him that she despised.

She had got no further than that when the guests came and she had to give them her attention. When they left, and Thor was seeing them to the door, she took the opportunity to slip up to her room again. She locked the door behind her, and locked the door that communicated with his dressing-room. Once more she took her stand before the pier-glass.

Something had come to her; she was sure of it. It had come almost since that afternoon. If it was not beauty, it rendered beauty of no importance. It was a spirit, a fire, that made her a woman who could be proud, a woman a man might be proud of. She had come to her own at last. She could see for herself that there was a subdued splendor about her which raised her in the scale of personality. She had little vanity; hitherto she had had little pride; but she knew now, with an assurance which it would have been hypocritical to disguise, that she was the true mate of the man she had taken Thor to be. She had known it before—diffidently and apologetically. She knew it now calmly, and as a matter of course, in a

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manner that did away with any necessity for shrinking or self-depreciation.

She moved away from the mirror, taking off the string of small pearls she wore and throwing them on the dressing-table. In the middle of the room she stood with a feeling of helplessness. It was so difficult to see what she ought to do. What was one's duty toward a husband who had practically told her that he had married her only because he couldn't marry a woman he loved better? Other questions began to rise within her, questions and protests and flashes of indignation, but she beat them back, standing in an attitude of reflection, and trying to discern the first steps of her way. She knew that the emotions she was keeping under would assert themselves in time, but just now she wanted only to see what she ought to do during the next half-hour.

There came into her mind what Uncle Sim had said at supper—"Just got to say *Abba—Father*, and see." She shook her head. She couldn't say *Abba—Father* at present. She didn't know why—but she couldn't. Whatever the passion within her, it was nothing she could bring before a Throne of Grace. It crossed her mind that if she prayed at all that night she would pass this whole matter over. And in that case, why pray at all?

And yet the thought of omitting her prayers disturbed her. If she did it to-night, why not to-morrow night? And if to-morrow night, where would it end? It was not a convincing argument, but it drew her toward her bedside.

Even then she didn't kneel down, but clung to one of the tall, fluted posts that supported a canopy. She couldn't pray. She didn't know what to pray for. Conventional petitions would have had no meaning, and for the moment she had no others to offer up. It was but half consciously that she found herself stammering: "*Abba—Father! Abba—Father!*" her lips moving dumbly to the syllables.

It brought her no relief. It gave her neither immediate light on her way nor any new sense of power. She was as dazed as ever, and as indignant. And yet when she raised herself from the weary clinging to the fluted post she went to both the doors she had locked and unlocked them.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE consciousness of something to be suppressed was with Lois when she woke. "Not yet! Not yet!" was the warning of her subliminal self whenever resentments and indignations endeavored to escape control.

With Thor she kept to subjects that had no personal bearing, clearly to his relief. At breakfast they talked of the Mexican rising under Madero, which was discussed in the papers of that morning. She knew that the question in his mind was, "Does she really know?" but she betrayed nothing that would help him to an answer.

When, after having kissed her with a timid, apologetic affection which partly touched and partly angered her, he left for the office, she put on a hat and, taking a parasol, went to see Dr. Hilary.

The First Parish Church, the oldest in the village, stands in a grassy delta where two of the rambling village lanes enter The Square. The white, barn-like nave, with its upper and lower rows of small, oblong windows, retires discreetly within a grove of elms, while a tall, slim spire grows slimmer through diminishing tiers of arches, balconies, and lancet lights till it dwindles away into a high, graceful pinnacle.

Behind the church, in the widest section of the delta, the parsonage, a white wooden box dating from the fifties, supporting a smaller box by way of cupola, looks across garden, shrubbery, and lawn to Schoolhouse Lane, from which nothing but the simplest form of wooden rail protects the inclosure.

It was the time for bulbs to be in flower, and the spring perennials. Tulips in a wide, dense mass bordered the brick pavement that led from the gate to the front door. Elsewhere could be seen hyacinths, daffodils, irises, peonies just bursting into bloom, and long, drooping curves of bleeding-heart hung with rose-and-white pendents. By a corner of the house the ground was indigo-dark with a thick little patch of squills.

It was a relief to Lois to find the old man himself, bareheaded and in an

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alpaca house-jacket, rooting out weeds on the lawn, his thin, gray locks tossed in the breeze. On seeing her pause and look over the clump of wiegelia, which at this point smothered the rail, he raised himself, dusted the earth from his hands, and went forward. They talked at first just as they stood, with the budding shrubs between them.

"Oh, Dr. Hilary, I'm so anxious about Rosie Fay."

"Are you now?" As neither age nor gravity could subdue the twinkle in his eyes, so sympathy couldn't quench it. "Well, I am meself."

"I think if I could see her I might be able to help her. Or, rather," she went on, nervously, "I think I ought to see her whether I can help her or not. Have you seen her?"

"I have not," he declared, with Irish emphasis. "The puss takes very good care that I sha'n't, so she does. She's only got to see me coming in the gate to fly off to Duck Rock; and that, so her mother tells me, is all they see of her till nightfall. It's three days now that she's been struck with a fit of melancholy, or maybe four."

"Do you know what the trouble is?"

He evaded the question. "Do you?"

"I do—partly."

"Then you'll be the one to tackle her. As yet I haven't asked. I prefer to know no more about people than what they tell me themselves."

She found it possible to secure his aid on the unexplained ground that there had been a misunderstanding between her husband and herself on the one side and Jasper Fay on the other. "I don't *know* that I can help her. I dare say I can't. But if I could only see her—"

"Well, then, you shall see her. Just wait a minute while I change me coat and I'll go along with you."

On the way up the hill Lois questioned him about the Fays. "Did you know much of the boy?"

"Enough to see that he wasn't a thief—not by nature, that is. He's what might have been expected from his parents—the stuff out of which they make revolutionists and anarchists. He came into the world with desires thwarted, as you might say, and a detairmination to get even. He didn't steal; he took money. He took money because they needed it at home, and other people had it. He took it more in protest than in greed, if that's any excuse for him."

"The mother is better, isn't she?"

"She's clothed and in her right mind, if she'll only stay that way. She gets into one of her old tantrums every now and then; but I'm in hopes that the daughter's trouble will end them."

This hope seemed to be partially fulfilled in the welcoming way in which the door was opened to their knock. "I've brought you me friend, Mrs. Thor Masterman," was the old gentleman's form of introduction. "She wants to see Rosie. If Fay makes any trouble, tell him it's my wish."

"I've really only come to see Rosie, Mrs. Fay," Lois explained, not without nervousness, when the two women were alone on the door-step. "No, I won't go in, thank you, not if she's anywhere about the place. I'm really very anxious to have a talk with her."

Having feared a hostile reception, she was relieved to be answered with a certain fierce cordiality. "I'm sure I hope you'll get it. It's more'n her father and I can do."

"Perhaps she'd talk to me. Girls often will talk to a—to a stranger, when they won't to one of their own."

"Well, you can try." In spite of the coldness of the handsome features, something in the nature of a new life, a new softening humanity, was struggling to assert itself. "*We* can't get a word out of her. She'll neither speak, nor sleep, nor eat, nor do a hand's turn. It's the work that bothers me most—not so much that it needs to be done as because it 'd be a relief to her." She added, with a shy wistfulness that contrasted oddly with the hard glint in her eyes, "I've found that out myself."

"Have you any idea where she is?"

She pointed toward Duck Rock. "Oh, I suppose she's over there. She was to have picked the cucumbers this morning, but I see she hasn't done it."

"Has Mr. Fay told you what the trouble is?"

"Well, he has. But then he's so romantic. Always was. Land's sake! I don't pay any attention to young peo-

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ple's goings-on. Seen too much of it in my own day. I don't say that the young fellow hasn't been foolish—and I don't say—you'll excuse me!—that Rosie ain't just as good as he is, even if he *is* Archie Masterman's son—"

"Oh no, nor I," Lois hastened to interpose.

"But there's nothing wrong. I've asked her—and I *know*. I'm sure of it."

Lois spoke eagerly. "Oh yes; so am I."

"So that there's that." She went on with a touch of her old haughtiness of spirit: "And she's every mite as good as he is. It's all nonsense, Fay's talking as if it was some young lord who'd jilted a girl beneath him. Young lord, indeed! I'll young lord him, if he ever comes my way. I tell Rosie not to demean herself to grieve for them that are no better than herself. It's nothing but romantics," she explained further. "I've no patience with Fay—talking as if some one ought to shoot some one or commit murder. That's the way Matt began. Fay ought to know better at his time of life. I declare he has no more sense than Rosie."

Lois had not expected to be called upon to defend Fay, but she said, "I suppose he naturally feels indignant when he sees—"

"There's a desperate streak in Fay," the woman broke in, uneasily, "and Rosie takes after him. For the matter of that, she takes after us both—for I'm sure I've been gloomy enough. There's been something lacking in us all, like cooking without salt. I see that now as plain as plain, though I can't get Fay to believe me. You might as well talk to a stone wall as talk to Fay when he's got his nose stuck into a book. I hate the very name of that Carlyle; and that Darwin, he's another. They're his Bible, I tell him, and he don't half understand what they mean. It's Duck Rock," she went on, with a quiver of her fine lips, while her hands worked nervously at the corner of her apron—"it's Duck Rock that I'm most afraid of. It kind o' haunted me all the time I was sick; and it kind o' haunts Rosie."

"Then I'll go and see if she's there," Lois said, as she turned away, leaving the austere figure to stare after her with eyes that might have been those of the woman delivered from the seven devils.

It was an easy matter for Lois to find her way among the old apple-trees—of which one was showing an early blossom or two on the sunny side—to the boulevard below, and thence to the wood running up the bluff. Though she had not been here since the berry-picking days of childhood, she knew the spot in which Rosie was likely to be found. As a matter of fact, having climbed the path that ran beneath oaks and through patches of brakes, spleenwort, and lady-ferns, she was astonished to hear a faint, plaintive singing, and stopped to listen. The voice was poignantly thin and sweet, with the frail, melancholy sound she had heard from distant shepherds' pipes in Switzerland. Had she not, after a few seconds, recognized the air she would have been unable to detect the words:

"Ah, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
By bonnie Irvinside,
Where first I owned the virgin love
I long, long had denied?"

Though the singer was invisible, Lois knew she could not be far away, since the voice was too weak to carry. She was about to go forward when the faint melody began again:

"An exile from my father's ha'
And a' for loving thee;
At least be pity to me shown,
If love it may na' be."

Placing the voice now as near the great oak-tree circled by a seat, just below the point where the ascending bluff broke fifty feet to the pond beneath, Lois went rapidly up the last few yards of the ascent.

Rosie was seated with her back to the gnarled trunk, while she looked out over the half-mile of dancing blue wavelets to where on the other side the brown, wooden houses of the Thorley estate swept down to the shore. She rose on seeing the visitor approach, showing a startled disposition to run away. This she might have done had not Lois caught her by the hand and detained her.

"I know all about everything, Rosie—about everything."

She meant that she understood the

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situation not only as regarding one brother, but as regarding both. Rosie's response was without interest or curiosity. "Do you?"

"Yes, Rosie; and I want to talk to you about it. Let us sit down."

Still holding the girl's hands in a manner that compelled her to reseat herself, she examined the little face for the charm that had thrown such a spell on Thor. With a pang she owned to herself that she found it. No one could look at Thor with that expression of entreaty without reaching all that was most tender in his soul.

For the moment, however, that point must be allowed to pass. "Not yet! Not yet!" something cried to the passion that was trying to get control of her. She went on earnestly, almost beseechingly: "I know just what happened, Rosie, dear, and how hard it's been for you; and I want you to let me help you."

There was no light in Rosie's chrysoprase-colored eyes. Her voice was listless. "What can you do?"

Put to her in that point-blank way, Lois found the question difficult. She could only answer: "I can be with you, Rosie. We can be side by side."

"There wouldn't be any good in that. I'd rather be left alone."

"Oh, but there would be good. We should strengthen each other. I—I need help, too. I should find it partly, if I could do anything for you."

Rosie surveyed her friend, not coldly, but with dull detachment. "Do you think Claude will come back to me?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"I don't think he will." She added, with a catch in her breath like that produced by a sudden, darting pain, "I know he won't."

"Would you be happy with him if he did?"

"I shouldn't care whether I was happy or not—if he'd come."

Lois thought it the part of wisdom to hold out no hope. "Then, since we believe he won't come, isn't it better to face it with—"

"I don't see any use in facing it. You might as well ask a plant to face it when it's pulled up by the roots and thrown out into the sun. There's nothing left to face."

"But you're not pulled up by the roots, Rosie. Your roots are still in the soil. You've people who need you—"

Rosie made a little gesture, with palms outward. "I've given them all I had. I'm—I'm—empty."

"Yes, you feel so now. That's natural. We do feel empty of anything more to give when there's been a great drain on us. But somehow it's the people who've given most who always have the power to go on giving—after a little while. With time—"

The girl interrupted, not impatiently, but with vacant indifference. "What's the good of time—when it's going to be always the same?"

"The good of time is that it brings comfort—"

"I don't want comfort. I'd rather be as I am."

"That's perfectly natural—for now. But time passes whether we will or no; and whether we will or no, it softens—"

"Time can't pass if you won't let it."

"Why—why, what do you mean?"

"I mean—just that."

Lois clasped the girl's hands desperately. "But, Rosie, you must *live*. Life has a great deal in store for you still—perhaps a great deal of happiness. They say that life never takes anything from us for which it isn't prepared to give us compensation, if we'll only accept it in the right way."

Rosie shook her head. "I don't want it."

Lois tried to reach the dulled spirit by another channel. "But we all have disappointments and sorrows, Rosie. I have mine. I've great ones."

The aloofness in Rosie's gaze seemed to put miles between them. "That doesn't make any difference to me. If you want me to be sorry for them—I'm not. I can't be sorry for any one."

In her desire to touch the frozen springs of the girl's emotions, Lois said what she would have supposed herself incapable of saying. "Not when you know what they are?—when you know what one of them is, at any rate!—when you know what one of them *must* be! You're the only person in the world except myself who can know."

Rosie's voice was as lifeless as before.

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"I can't be sorry. I don't know why—but I can't be."

"Do you mean that you're glad I have to suffer?"

"N-no. I'm not glad—especially. I just—don't care."

Lois was baffled. The impenetrable iciness was more difficult to deal with than active grief. She made her supreme appeal. "And then, Rosie, then there's—there's God."

Rosie looked vaguely over the lake and said nothing. If she fixed her eyes on anything, it was on the quivering balance of a kingfisher in the air. When with a flash of silver and blue he swooped, and, without seeming to have touched the water, went skimming away with a fish in his bill, her eyes wandered slowly back in her companion's direction.

Lois made another attempt. "You believe in God, don't you?"

There was a second's hesitation. "I don't know as I do."

The older woman spoke with the pleading of distress. "But there *is* a God, Rosie."

There was the same brief hesitation. "I don't care whether there is or not."

Though Lois could get no further, it hurt her to see the look of relief in the little creature's face when she rose and said: "You'd rather I'd go away, wouldn't you? Then I will go; but it won't be for long. I'm not going to leave you to yourself. I'm coming back soon. I shall come back again to-day. If you're not at home, I'll follow you up here."

She waited for some sign of protest, but Rosie sat silent and impassive. Though courtesy kept her dumb, it couldn't conceal the air of resigned impatience with which she awaited her visitor's departure.

Lois looked down at her helplessly. In sheer incapacity to affect the larger issues, she took refuge in the smaller. "Isn't it near your dinner-time? I'm going your way. We could go along together."

"I don't want any dinner. I'll go home—by and by."

Lois felt herself dismissed. "Very well, Rosie. I'll say good-by for now. But it will only be for a little while. You understand that, don't you? I'm not going to let you throw me off. I'm going to cling to you. I've got the right to do it, because—because the very thing that makes you unhappy—makes me."

In the eyes that Rosie lifted obliquely Lois read such unutterable things that she turned away. She carried that look with her as she went down the hill beneath the oaks and between the sunlit patches of brakes, spleenwort, and lady-ferns. What scenes, what memories, had called it up? What part in those scenes and memories had been played by Thor? What had been the actual experience between this girl and him? Would she ever know? Had she better know? What should she do if she were to know? Once more the questions she had been trying to repress urged themselves for answer; but once more she controlled herself through the counsel of the inner voice: "Not yet! Not yet!"

CHAPTER XXV

BUT after Lois had gone Rosie came to life again. That is, she entered once more the conditions in which her mind was free to tread its round of grief. Lois kept her out of them. Her father and mother did the same. Household duties and the tasks of the hothouse and the necessity for eating and sleeping and speaking did the same. She turned from them all with a weariness as consuming as a sickness unto death.

She had done so from the instant when, crouching behind the vines of the cucumber-house, with all her senses strained, she perceived by the mere rustling of the leaves that Claude was making his way down the long, green aisle. She knew then that it was the end. If there had been no other cause of rupture between them, the girl who kept ten or twelve servants would have created it. Rosie knew enough of Claude to be aware that love could not bear down the scale against this princeliness of living. There would be no such repentance and reaction on his part as she had experienced with Thor. Once he was gone, he was gone. It was the end.

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"WOULD YOU BE HAPPY WITH HIM IF HE CAME BACK?"

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The soft opening and closing of the hothouse door as he went out reached her like a sigh, a last sigh, a dying sigh, after which—nothing! Rosie expected nothing—but she waited. She waited as watchers wait round a death-bed for the possibility of one more breath; but none came. She stirred then and rose. She rose mechanically, brushing the earth from her clothing, and began again the interrupted task of picking the superfluous female flowers and letting them flutter downward.

It was when she had come to the end of her third row and was about to turn into the fourth that the sense of the impossibility of going on swept over her. "Oh, I can't!" She dropped her arms to her side. "I can't. I can't." She meant only that she couldn't go on just then; but in the back of her mind there was the conviction that she would never go on again.

She continued to stand with arms hanging and head drooped to one side, closed in by vines, with flowers of the hue of light around her like a halo, and bees murmuring among them. It was not merely that she was listless and incapable; the world seemed to have dropped away. She was marooned on a rock, with an ocean of nothingness about her. Everything she wanted had gone—sunk, vanished. It had come within sight, like mirage to the shipwrecked, only to torture her with what she couldn't have. It was worse than if it had never shown itself at all. Love had appeared with one man, money with the other. Love and money were two of the three things she cared for; the poor, shiftless family was the third. Since the first two had gone, the last must follow them. Quite consciously and deliberately Rosie lifted her hands with a little lamentable effort, letting them drop again, and so renounced her burden.

She crept back to the spot whence she had risen, and lay down. There was a kind of ritual in the act. It was not now a mere stricken, physical crouching as when she had turned away from Claude. It was something more significant. It was withdrawal from work, from life, from all the demands she had put forth so fiercely.

Renouncing these, Rosie also renounced Claude. It was a proof of the degree to which she had dismissed him that when, a half-hour later, she heard a rustling in the vines behind her it never occurred to her that he might have come back. She knew already that he would never come back. The fatalism of her little soul left her none of those uncertainties which are safeguards against despair. She raised her head and looked; but she saw exactly the person she knew she would see.

Antonio grinned, and announced dinner. The sight of his young mistress half sitting, half lying on the ground struck him as droll.

Rosie got up and brushed herself again. She knew it must be dinner-time. The fact had been at the back of her mind all through these minutes of comforting negation. She should have been in the house laying the table while her mother cooked the meal. It was the first time in years that she had rebelled against a duty. It was not exactly rebellion now. It was something more serious than that. She realized it as she stood where she was, with hands hanging limply, and said to herself, "I've quit."

Nevertheless, she emerged slowly from the jungle of vines and followed Antonio down the long, rustling aisle. There was a compulsion in the day's routine to which she felt the necessity of yielding. She had traversed half the length of the greenhouse before it came to her that it was precisely to the day's routine that she couldn't return. Anything was better than that. Any fate was preferable to the round of cooking and cleaning and seed-time and harvest of which every detail was impregnated with the ambitions she had given up. She had lived through these tasks and beyond them out into something else—into a great emptiness in which her spirit found a kind of ease. She could no more go back to them than a released soul could go back to earth.

In the yard she stood looking at the poor, battered old house. Inside, her father, who had probably by this time returned from town, would be sitting down to table. Antonio—to save the serving of two sets of meals—would be sitting down with him. Her mother

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would be bringing something from the kitchen, holding a hot platter with the corner of her apron. If she went in her mother would sit down, too, while she herself would do the running to and fro between the table and the pantry or the stove. She would snatch a bite for herself in the intervals of attendance.

Rosie revolted. She revolted not against the drudgery, which was part of the matter-of-course of living unless one "kept a girl"; she revolted against the living itself. It was all over for her. In proof that it was she turned her back on it.

Her moving away was at first without purpose. If her feet strayed into the familiar path that ran down the hill between the hothouses and the apple-trees it was because there was no other direction to take. She hadn't meant to go up through the wood to Duck Rock before she found herself doing it. The newly leafing oaks were a shimmer of bronze-green above her, while she trod on young ferns that formed a carpet such as was never woven by hands. Into it were worked white star-flowers without number, with an occasional nodding trillium. The faint, bitter scent of green things too tender as yet to be pungent rose from everything she crushed. She was not soothed by nature, like Thor Masterman. She had too much to do with the raising of plants for sale to take much interest in what the earth produced without money and without price. If it had not been that her mind was as nearly as possible empty of thought, she wouldn't have paused to watch an indigo-bunting, whose little, brown mate was probably near by, hop upward from branch to branch of a solitary juniper, his body like a blue flower in the dark boughs, while he poured forth a song that waxed louder as he mounted. She observed him idly and passed onward because there was nothing but that to do.

Her heart was too dead to feel much emotion when she emerged on the spot where she had been accustomed to keep her trysts with Claude. Her trysts with Claude had been at night; she had other sorts of association with this summit in the daytime. All her life she had been used to come here berrying. Here she came, too, with Polly Wilson and other girl-friends—when she had any—for strolls and gossiping. Here, too, Jim Breen had made love to her, and Matt's companion of the grocery. The spot being therefore not wholly dedicated to memories of Claude, she could approach it calmly.

She sat down on the familiar seat that circled the oak-tree and gave the best view over the pond. The oak-tree was the last and highest of the wood. Beyond it there was only an upward climbing fringe of grass, starred with cinquefoil and wild strawberry—and then the precipice. It was but a miniature precipice that broke to a miniature sea, but it gave an impression of grandeur. Sitting on the bench, with one's head against the oak, one could, if one chose, see nothing but sky and water. There was nothing but sky and water and air. In the noon stillness there was not even a boat on the lake nor a bird on the wing. The only sounds were those of a hammering far over on the Thorley estate, the humming of an electric car, which at this distance was no more disturbing than the murmur of a bee, and the song of the blue-bunting, fluted now from the tree-top. To Rosie it was peace, peace without pleasure but without pain—as nearly as might be that absorption into nothingness for which she yearned as the Buddhist seeks absorption into God.

She rested, not suffering—at least not suffering anything she could feel. She was beyond grief. The only thing she was not beyond was the horror of returning to the interests that had hitherto made up life.

As for Claude, she could think of him, when she began doing so, with singular detachment. The whole episode with him might have been ended years before. It was like something which no longer perturbs, though the memory of it is vivid. She could go back and reconstruct the experience from the first. Up to the present she had never found any opportunity of doing that, since each meeting with him was so soul-filling in itself. Now that she had the leisure, she found herself using it as the afternoon wore on.

Being on the spot where she had first

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met him, she could re-enact the scene. She knew the very raspberry-bine at which she had been at work. She went to it and lifted it up. It was a spiny, red-brown, sprawling thing just beginning to clothe itself with leaves. It had been breast-high when she had picked the fruit from it, and Claude had stood over there, in that patch of common brakes which then rose above his knees, but was now a bed of delicate, elongated sprays leaning backward with incomparable grace. She found the heart to sing—her voice, which used to be strong enough, yielding her but the ghost of song, as the notes of an old spinnet give back the ghost of music long ago dead:

"Oh, mirk, mirk, is the midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waeful wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door."

She could not remember having so much as hummed this air since the day Claude had interrupted it; but she went on, unfalteringly, to the lines at which he had broken in:

"At least be pity to me shown,
If love it may na' be—"

She didn't falter even here; she only allowed her voice to trail away in the awed pianissimo into which he had frightened her. She stopped then and went through the conversation that ensued on the memorable day, and of which the very words were imprinted on her heart: "Isn't it Rosie? I'm Claude." She hadn't smiled on that occasion, but she smiled to herself now—a ghost of a smile to match her ghost of a voice—because his tone had been so sweet. She had never heard anything like it before—and since, only in his moments of endearment.

But she went home at last. She went home because the May afternoon grew chilly, and in the gathering of shadows beneath the oaks there was something eery. Expecting a scene or a scolding, she was surprised to find both father and mother calm. They had evidently exchanged views concerning her, deciding that she had better indulge her whims. When she refused to eat they made little or no protest, and only once during the night did her mother cross the passage to ask fretfully why she didn't go to bed. On the following day there was the same silent acknowledgment of her right to refuse to work, and of her freedom to absent herself. Rosie was quite clear as to what had taken place. Antonio had betrayed the fact of Claude's visit, and her parents had scented a hopeless love-affair. Rosie was indifferent. Her love-affairs were her own business; she owed neither explanation nor apology to any one. So long as her parents conceded her liberty to come and go, to nibble rather than to eat, and not to speak when spoken to, she was content.

They conceded this all through that week. In her presence they bore themselves with timid constraint, and followed her with stealthy eyes that watched for every shadow that crossed her face; but they let her alone. She was as free as wind all Wednesday, Thursday. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

During those days she continued to live in the exultation of the void. There was nothing to fear any more. The worst had happened to her that could happen, and so, in a manner of speaking, she was safe. Never since she had begun to think had she been so free from misgiving and foreboding as to what each new day would bring forth. No day could bring forth anything now that could hurt her.

By Saturday the nerves of sensation began to show signs of recovering themselves and returning to activity. In thinking of Claude, and living through again her meetings with him, there were moments like pangs, of longing, of passion, of despair, as the case might be, that went as quickly as they came. But they didn't frighten her. If they were premonitions of a state of anguish—why, there had been so much anguish in her episode with Claude that there couldn't be much more now. If anything, she welcomed it. It would be more as if he was back with her. The void was peaceful. But the void filled with suffering on his account would be better still. Anything!—anything but to be forced to go back!

But on Monday it was the urgency

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of going back that confronted her. She had come down in the morning to find her breakfast laid in just the way she liked it—tea, a soft-boiled egg, buttered toast, and, as a special temptation to a capricious appetite, a dab of marmalade. She sat down to the table unwillingly, sipping at the tea and nibbling at the toast, but leaving the egg and the marmalade untouched. In her mother's bustling to and fro she felt the long-delayed protest in the atmosphere. It came while her mother was crossing the room to replace some dishes on the dresser.

"Now, my girl, buck up. Just eat your breakfast and set to work and stop your foolish fancies. If you don't look out you'll get yourself where I was, and I guess it 'll take more than Dr. Hilary to pull *you* out." She added, as she returned to the kitchen: "Your father told me to tell you to get busy on the cucumbers. There's a lot to be picked. He's been spannin' them and finds them ready."

Rosie made use of her privilege of not answering. When she had eaten all she could she took a basket and made her way toward the cucumber-house she had not entered since she had left it with the words, "I've quit." It was like going to the scaffold to drag her feet across the yard; it was like mounting it to lift the latch of the paintless door and feel the stifling, pollen-laden air in her face. Nevertheless, habit took her in. Habit sent her eyes searching among the lowest stretches of the vines, where the cool, green things were hanging. Habit caused her to stoop and span them with her rough little hand. When her father's thumb and fingers met around them they were ready to be picked; they were ready when her own came within an inch of doing so.

But she raised herself with a rebellious impulse of her whole person before she had picked one. She had picked hundreds in her time; she had picked thousands. She couldn't begin again. With the first one she gathered the yoke of the past would be round her neck once more. She couldn't bear it. "I can't. I can't." With the words on her lips she slipped out by the door at the far end of the hothouse and sped toward her refuge on Duck Rock.

She had never felt it as so truly a refuge before. Neither had she ever before needed a refuge so acutely. She needed it to-day because the memory of Claude had at last become a living thing, and every sentient part of her that could be filled with grief was filled with it. Grief had come suddenly; it was creating a new world for her. It was no longer a peaceful void; it was a world of wild passions, wild projects, wild things she would do, wild words she would speak if ever she had the chance to speak them. She would go in search of him! She would find his father and mother! She would appeal to Thor! She would discover the girl with ten or twelve servants who had come between them! She would implore them all to send him back! She would drag him back! She would hang about his neck till he swore never again to leave her! If he refused, she would kill him! If she couldn't kill him, she would kill herself! Perhaps if she killed herself she would inflict on him the worst suffering of all!

She thought about that. After all, it was the thing most practical. The other impulses were not practical. She knew that, of course. She could humiliate herself to the dust without affecting him. Up to to-day she had not wanted him to suffer; but now she did. If she killed herself, he *would* suffer. However long he lived, or however many servants the woman he married would be able to keep, his life would be poisoned by the memory of what he had done to her.

Her imagination reveled in the scenes it was now able to depict. Leaning back with her head resting against the trunk of the old oak, she closed her eyes and viewed the dramatic procession of events that might follow on that morning and haunt Claude Masterman to his grave. She saw herself leaping from the rock; she saw her body washed ashore, her head and hands hanging limp, her long, wet hair streaming; she saw her parents mourning, and Thor remorseful, and Claude absolutely stricken. Her efforts rested there. Everything was subordinate to the one great fact that by doing this she could make the sword go through his heart. She went to the edge of the cliff and peered over.

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Though it was a sheer fifty feet, it didn't seem so very far down. The water was blue and lapping and inviting. It looked as if it would be easy.

She returned to her seat. She knew she was only playing. It relieved the tumult within her to pretend that she could do as desperately as she felt. It quieted her. Once she saw that she had it in her power to make Claude unhappy, something in her spirit was appeased.

She began the little comedy all over again, from the minute when she started forth from home on the momentous day to fill her pan with raspberries. She traced her steps down the hill and up through the glades of the bluff wherever the ripe raspberries were hanging. She came to the minute when her stage directions called for "Lord Gregory," and she sang it with the same thin, silvery piping which was all she could contribute now to the demand of drama. It was both an annoyance and a surprise to hear a footfall and the swish of robes and to turn and see Lois Willoughby.

Beyond the fact that she couldn't help it, she didn't know why she became at once so taciturn and repellent. "Oh, she'll come again," she said in self-excuse, and with vague ideas of atonement, after Lois had gone away. Besides, the things that Lois had said in the way of solicitude, sympathy, and God made no appeal to her. If she felt regret it was from obscure motives of compassion, since this woman, too, had missed what was best in love.

She would have returned to her dream had her dream returned to her; but Lois had broken the spell. Rosie could no longer get the ecstasies of re-enactment. Re-enactment itself became a foolish thing, the husk of what had once been fruit. It was a new phase of loss. Everything went but her misery and her desire to strike at Claude—that and the sense that whatever she did, and no matter how elusive she made herself, she would have to go back to the old life at last. She struggled against the conviction, but it settled on her like a mist. She played again with the raspberry-bine, she sang "Lord Gregory," she peered over the brink of the toy precipice—but she evoked nothing. She stood as close to the edge of the cliff as she dared, whipping and lashing and taunting her imagination by the rashness of the act. Nothing came but the commonplace suggestion that even if she fell in, the boat which had appeared on the lake, and from which two men were fishing, would rescue her. The worst she would get would be a wetting and perhaps a cold. She wouldn't drown.

Common sense took possession of her. The thing for her to do, it told her cruelly, was to go back and pick the cucumbers. After that there would be some other job. In the market-garden business jobs were endless, especially in spring. She could set about them with a better heart since, after all that had happened, Archie Masterman couldn't refuse now to renew the lease. He wouldn't have the face to refuse it—so common sense expressed itself—when his son had done her such a wrong. If she had scored no other victory, her suffering would at least have secured that.

It was an argument of which she couldn't but feel the weight. There would be three more years of just managing to live—three more years of sowing and planting and watering and watching, at the end of which they would not quite have starved, while Matt would have had a hole in which to hide himself on coming out of jail. Decidedly it was an argument. She had already shown her willingness to sell herself; and this would apparently prove to be her price.

Wearily, when noon had passed and afternoon set in, she got herself to her feet. Wearily she began to descend the hill. She would go back again to the cucumbers. She would take up again the burden she had thrown down. She would bring her wild heart into harness and tame it to hopelessness. Common sense could suggest nothing else.

She went now by the path, because it was tortuous and less direct than the bee-line over fern. She paused at every excuse—now to watch a robin hopping, now to look at a pink lady's-slipper abloom in a bed of spleenwort, now for no reason at all. Each step cost her a separate act of renunciation; each act of renunciation was harder than the

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other. But successive steps and successive acts brought her down the hill at last.

"I can't. I can't."

She dragged herself a few paces farther still.

"I can't! I can't!"

She was in sight of the boulevard, where a gang of Finns were working, and beyond which lay the ragged, uncultivated outskirts of her father's land. Up through a tangle of nettles and yarrow she could see the zigzag path which had been the rainbow bridge of her happiness. She came to a dead stop, the back of her hand pressed against her mouth fearfully. "If I go up there," she said to herself, "I shall never come down again." She meant that she would never come down again in the same spirit. That spirit would be captured and slain. She herself would be captured and slain. Nothing would live of her but a body to drudge in the hothouse to earn a few cents a day.

Suddenly, without forming a resolution or directing an intention, she turned and sped up the hill. At first she only walked rapidly; but the walk broke into a run, and the run into a swift skimming along through the trees like that of a roused partridge.

And yet she didn't know what she was running from. Something within her, a power of guardedness or that capacity for common sense which had made its last desperate effort to get the upper hand, had broken down. All she could yield to was the terror that paralyzed thought; all she could respond to was the force that drew her up the hill with its awful fascination. "I must do it, I must," were the words with which she met her own impulse to resist. If her confused thought could have become explanatory it would have said: "I must get away from the life I've known, from the care, from the hope, from the love. I must do something that will make Claude suffer; I must frighten him; I must wound him; I must strike at the girl who has won him away with her ten or twelve servants. And there's no way but this."

Even so the way was obscure to her. She was taking it without seeing whither it was to lead. If one impulse warned her to stop, another whipped her onward. "I can't stop! I can't stop!" she cried out, when warning became alarm.

For flight gave impetus to itself. It was like release; it was a kind of wild glee. She was as a bird whose wings have been bound, and who has worked them free again. There was a frenzy in sheer speed.

The path was steep, but she was hardly aware of so much as touching it. Fear behind and anguish within her carried her along. She scarcely knew that she was running breathlessly, that she panted, that once or twice she stumbled and fell. Something was beckoning to her from the great, safe, empty void—something that was nothing, unless it was peace and sleep—something that had its abode in the free spaces of the wind and the blue caverns of the sky and the kindly lapping water—something infinite and eternal and restful, in whose embrace she was due.

At the edge of the wood she had a last terrifying moment. The raspberry-bine was there, and the great oak with the seat around it, and the carpet of cinquefoil and wild strawberry. She gave them a quick, frightened look, like an appeal to impede her. If she was to stop she must stop now. "But I can't stop," she seemed to fling to them, over her shoulder, as she kept on to where, beyond the highest tip of greensward, the blue level of the lake appeared.

The boat with the two fishermen was nearer the shore than when she had observed it last. "They'll save me! Oh, they'll save me!" she had time to whisper to herself, at the supreme moment when she left everything behind.

There followed a space which in Rosie's consciousness was long. She felt that she was leaping, flying, out into the welcoming void, and that the promise of rest and peace had not deceived her.

But it was in the shock of falling that sanity returned; and all that the tense little creature had been, and tried to be, and couldn't be, and longed to be, and feared to be, and failed to be broke into a cry at which the fishermen dropped their rods.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A Plea for the American Tradition

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

Author of "The Inside of the Cup," "A Far Country," etc.

IT has been the complacent custom of the average man to despise systems of philosophy, to think of them as harmless speculations made for arm-chairs and leisure. Every once in a while the world undergoes a rude awakening from this fallacy, as when it is shaken by a French Revolution. The unrest of the masses in the eighteenth century, becoming conscious in the philosophy of the rights of man, lighted a conflagration that took a quarter of a century to quench and left a transformed world behind it. And recently we have had once more a terrifying proof that philosophies, that cultures, may be dynamic.

Those who had seen and studied the German Empire before the war beheld the spectacle of a nation which, though not without internal dissensions and party strife, had achieved a remarkable degree of efficiency and individual contentment; a nation in which waste had been largely eliminated, in which poverty was less prevalent than in the Anglo-Saxon democracies. Prosperity was more widely diffused. The industrial problem, hanging menacingly over England and America like an evil genie above the smoke, in Germany was apparently far on its way toward solution. The transformation from a loosely knit, overpopulated group of states in which there was much misery and poverty into a rich, self-confident, and aggressive empire had taken place within a comparatively few years.

It was not until the war broke out that we of the Anglo-Saxon democracies began to inquire why and how, only to find to our amazement that this growth was due to a principle at work among the German people, a philosophy, a Kultur, a leaven with which they had become saturated. It is not necessary here to enter into an analysis of this Kultur, or to attempt to pass judgment upon it; apparently it is a development from and an odd combination of the systems of many thinkers; it has been shaped by the needs and environment of a people and is in harmony with the temperament of that people. Nor is it needful to inquire to what extent this national philosophy or culture was intellectually conscious. In the early days of our republic the American was imbued with a racial tradition whose origin goes back to the Magna Charta; a tradition laying emphasis on individual initiative and individual freedom. It was in our blood, and it made the British Colonies and the United States of America. The average Scotch-Irish settler, the Western farmer, did not know any more of Locke or Adam Smith than the German peasant of to-day knows of Fichte and Hegel, Nietzsche, von Treitschke, or Bernhardi. But this American tradition, because of the change from a simple agricultural and a complex industrial society, has gradually become obscured.

It is difference in ideas, in views of life, that arouses suspicions and antagonisms, that leads to conflict between individuals as well as nations. The emotions, the longings, and aspirations of a people are expressed by their thinkers in ideas, and ideas lead to action. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the German culture, the revelation of its existence and nature has sharply aroused thinking Americans to the realization that it is not for us. Both our traditions and temperament are opposed to it. We are beginning to grasp the fact that democracy is at stake—whatever democracy has come to mean.

The opening of the present war found the Anglo-Saxon democracies in a state

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of muddle and chaos. Our houses were not in order. And that we might have to defend our institutions, such as they were, never seems to have occurred to us. We had evolved no system of defense in harmony with the nature of our government, with our traditions—we had no system of defense worthy of the name. And England, save for her navy, was in the same plight. Prosperity had made many of us smug and selfish, ready to reap profits out of other people's misfortunes; we had mistaken the pursuit of wealth for the pursuit of happiness; we were wasteful, and riddled with political corruption. The rise of modern industry with its introduction of the machine had changed the face of our civilization, largely swept away the democracy we had, created a class of economic dependents; established, indeed, an economic slavery—a slavery no less real than that in which the master was individualized. And that equality of opportunity, so prevalent when land and resources were plentiful, had dwindled amazingly. Serious writers agree that it is growing increasingly difficult for men to rise from the ranks of the workers, partly because of increasing class solidarity, partly because of the great denial necessary to acquire sufficient funds—a denial that reacts on the family. Those who do rise become recruits of a hostile camp—the camp of the employer; and those who do rise seem to be possessed more markedly than ever of those characteristics—so hostile to democratic ideals—hinted at by the author of the "Spoon River Anthology":

> Beware of the man who rises to power
> From one suspender.

We are in the throes of industrial strife, class strife, the very condition our forefathers who founded this nation hoped to obviate. We have a large element of our population burning with a sense of injustice and dependence—feelings that partially die down only to flare up again; an element for the most part uneducated in any real sense of the word; an element imbued with crude and non-American ideas as to how this injustice is to be righted. Their solution is one of class solidarity and revolution, and they cannot be blamed for advocating it. We must make up our minds that we shall not have peace or order until equality of opportunity tends to become restored and dependence eliminated.

We shall have to find and put in practice, if democracy is to endure, a democratic solution of the industrial problem.

It is curious, but true, that it does not seem to have occurred to us to examine the traditions of our race to see whether these might not be developed and made as applicable to the problem of industrial democracy as they had been to that of political democracy. Our statesmen, in their despair, attempted to solve the problem by a tendency to adopt a collectivism borrowed from Central Europe. Indeed, many of the measures passed in England and America during the past dozen years are in principle alien to the American tradition and temperament. Pensions, for instance, are not compatible with Anglo-Saxon independence and respect; nor do we take kindly to laws, however benevolent, that hamper the freedom and development of the individual. Coercion is repugnant to us.

It has been said that the United States of America is no longer Anglo-Saxon. But I believe that I am in accord with experience and modern opinion when I say that environment is stronger than heredity, and that our immigrants become imbued with our racial individualism,—at present largely instructive and materialistic in quality. Whether our immigration problem is at present being handled with wisdom and efficiency is quite another matter.

Professor Dewey quotes a sentence from Heine declaring that nations have an instinctive presentiment of what is required to fulfil their missions, and it is quite true that we in America have such a presentiment, although we have not translated it into a conscious creed or culture; with us it is little more than a presentiment, but the war has served to make us realize, that, if our democracy is to be preserved, its survival must be justified, it must be efficient. The first essential to such efficiency is that our philosophy, our spirit and ideals,

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should be defined, and secondly that our citizens from the early years of childhood should be saturated and animated with these principles and ideals. In short, we must have a culture of American democracy, and that culture must be in harmony with the character and temperament and traditions of the nation.

For this reason it becomes essential to examine our character and traditions, for nations as well as men must first arrive at a thorough comprehension of their characters before a scheme of life can be made to fit them. The "presentiment of destiny" lies hidden in character. The leopard cannot change his spots: men and nations cannot change their inherent characteristics, but they can develop and transform these, direct them from material toward spiritual ends.

Only a little reflection is required to convince any one that the Anglo-Saxon, and particularly the American, is an individualist. It is said with much truth that we are lawless by nature, and we have, indeed, very little respect for laws. We are jealous of control; we are not and never have been a submissive people, and we could not live under a benevolent government that would teach us what is good for us. Our forefathers came over here to live unto themselves, to exercise their own opinions and work out their own destinies. However unattractive such individualism may appear, we have to make the best of it, to make virtue out of necessity. All good people—contrary to Sunday-school traditions—are not alike. And if we are going to become good, we must become good in our own way.

When certain American colonists, impatient with British interference, rebelled against England, they wrote down in the Declaration of Independence a creed, a philosophy, that was quite in keeping with Anglo-Saxon temperament, with Anglo-Saxon ideals as far back as the Magna Charta. Every man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. A government was necessary, but they were determined to have as little government as possible, to give the individual the greatest amount of liberty consistent with any government at all; they laid stress on individual initiative and development, on self-realization.

Our forefathers were neither saints nor dreamers. They also were not averse from the accumulation of wealth, and undoubtedly they had an eye to the main chance. But there is one truth that cannot be too emphatically affirmed, that in human affairs the material and the spiritual are inextricably mixed together, though one or the other may be preponderant.

In spite of—perhaps because of—the fact that the American creed was a magnificent declaration of faith in man, it was received with derision and laughter in Europe, regarded as Utopian. Yet we are pledged to it, both by our temperament and traditions. We cannot do otherwise. We shall have to work out our destiny along these lines.

But instead of spiritualizing this creed we have steadily materialized it, we have mistaken the pursuit of happiness for the pursuit of wealth; we have failed to grasp the truth that happiness lies—and lies alone—in self-realization; that the acquisition of wealth, that the triumph of man over nature, is merely accessory to happiness.

The creed is deeply religious in its sublime trust in man, its confidence that he will not pursue false gods for ever, that he will come at length to a realization of the futility of the purely material, and that he will turn at last voluntarily and make his contribution to the whole. I should like to emphasize that word *voluntarily*, because it is the most significant in democracy. We are a nation of volunteers; we do not wish to be forced into serving our government, but to do so of our own free will. This does not mean that voluntary service is unorganized service.

Our creed infers also that before we can have efficiency in government we must have self-control in individuals. It differs from the German culture in that it implies development and ultimate unity through differentiation, and a belief that that nation is the richest nation which contains the most highly developed and richest individuals. National wealth, both material and spiritual, grows out of the self-realization of

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citizens and their voluntary contributions to the nation.

American democracy, then, as I have said, confesses its trust in mankind, and if we open our eyes we may see about us no lack of experiments throughout the republic in which this trust in humanity is being more or less justified. Many of our universities and some of our public schools have adopted a qualified system of self-government, and our faith is such that we are even applying it, and not without encouragement, to the prison system. Trust is the despair of politicians.

Democracy must, from its very nature, evolve its own truths from experience and tradition, and can accept no external authority. It is an adventure. It is never safe—otherwise the element of faith would be eliminated from it. It grows as the soul grows, through mistakes and suffering. Nevertheless, there is in it some guiding principle of progress that is constant, and with which its citizens should be imbued and inspired. I am speaking of an American culture, using it in the German sense of Kultur. To quote Professor Dewey again: Culture, according to Kant, differs from civilization in this, that civilization is a natural and largely unconscious or involuntary growth, the by-product of the needs engendered when people live close together, while culture is deliberate and conscious, the fruit not of men's natural motives, but of natural motives transformed by the inner spirit. Observe the word *transformed*.

The spirit of democracy, the philosophy of democracy, needs to be developed and made conscious in order that we may gradually transform our material individualism into a spiritual individualism. Thus the pursuit of happiness becomes the struggle for self-realization; thus the riches and the gifts developed are devoted, voluntarily, to the good of the whole. There is no coercion, but a spirit. Competition becomes emulation, such as we see now among scientists, or in that finer element of the medical profession that bends all its energies for the benefit of humanity. Trust is the order of the day. Individual initiative is stimulated rather than paralyzed, and the citizen contributes to government rather than attempts to compel government to contribute to him.

All this does not make organization any the less necessary. It does not mean that the volunteer must not be trained. Quite the contrary. But it does mean that the volunteer must grow up conscious of the traditions of his country, instilled with the spirit of its institutions.

As has been said, it would seem of late years that there has been a tendency to lose faith in the virtue of the principles of American democracy to right wrongs, to cure the evils that modern industrialism has brought in its train. A marked sentiment has arisen, demanding that government be given strong coercive powers to be exercised on behalf of and for the protection of the economically dependent. Such legislation is class legislation—it either takes for granted that an economically dependent class is inevitable, or else that the members of the dependent order will gradually be emancipated, not as individuals, but as a class. From the point of view of our traditions it is quite as subversive as legislation in favor of the economically powerful. Vicious as this undoubtedly is, it has been to a large extent extra-legal and therefore within the bounds of cure.

That an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure may be taken as a cardinal motto of our democracy. We are, of course, face to face at present with a condition and not a theory, and we have to-day the anomalous situation of a political quasi-democracy upon which an economic oligarchy has been superimposed—we have an economically dependent class that has only the choice between masters, as Herbert Croly in his *Progressive Democracy* points out; a class whose members as individuals have no command over the conditions in which they shall work; and the fact that these conditions are often dictated by labor unions does not emancipate the individual. In such a case we are as far from American democracy as ever. Old-age pensions, minimum-wage laws, workingmen's compensation acts, may, in the muddle we have got into, be necessary to secure a temporary measure of justice, but fundamentally they are not

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American. Conscription was necessary in our Civil War, but conscription is not in harmony with Anglo-Saxon democracy. The laws I have mentioned are poultices and not cures, inasmuch as they do not go to the root of the evil. These laws confess no ultimate trust in human nature; they assume that a situation will always exist wherein the powerful will take advantage over the weak unless a strong government steps in to restrain them.

Democracy is contributive; it does not receive favors from its government, but confers them. And the tendency to throw the onus of support on government is not to create a self-reliant people, nor a self-respecting, resourceful, and inventive people. Labor tends to become routine; there is no pride in it. Unless labor is emancipated from its condition of dependence, unless we restore dignity and pride in work, and begin to re-establish that comparative equality of opportunity that once existed when this country had wide, empty lands and unclaimed resources, our republic will go on the rocks. Of this we may be sure. It cannot continue to exist half slave and half free. Unless our citizens without distinction of class are awakened to the danger and instilled with the spirit of our traditions, we shall have a class revolution, and that means collectivism with all its leveling influences. Collectivism does not tend to produce the rich individual, because initiative is destroyed. Class solidarity in a class struggle against injustice has indeed its ennobling influence, but it is a very different thing from what Americans understand as patriotism. Moreover, the characteristic of this class struggle in its earlier stages is that of the barter of one kind of property for another—and so long as labor is regarded as property it can never have any true dignity or distinction. The struggle, in spite of the heights in sacrifice often attained to by working men and women on strike, in spite of their physical and moral sufferings, is founded fundamentally on material issues. The great mass of working people are at present uneducated in any true sense, and therefore their ambitions, once gained, are apt to be satisfied with purely material comforts. A proof of this may be found in the fact that in times of prosperity, when work is plentiful and wages high, the labor agitator generally preaches to deaf ears unless the employees can be convinced that the employer is taking too large a share of the profits.

What, then, is the American solution? It depends absolutely upon the elimination of the class spirit from our body politic.

Let us examine once more the theory of our state. We find in it certain fundamental principles in harmony with our national and racial character, and our general conclusion is, therefore, that we shall achieve no progress by breaking with traditions, but on the other hand these traditions must be developed to cope with new conditions that arise and confront us, conditions for which no man or set of men are to blame. One of these new conditions is this, that instead of a sparsely settled land fabulously rich in resources, with plenty of room for all who might come, we have to-day a population of a hundred million and the resources largely taken up and exploited. The day of the pioneer is past; the day of the administrator is at hand; husbandry and efficiency must take the place of waste. In former times, when lands and resources were plentiful, a large equality of opportunity existed, and equality of opportunity is the very foundation stone of American individualism. Indeed, it may be said that the state did guarantee this equality in not seizing the lands and resources for herself, but in throwing them open to her citizens.

A logical development, therefore, of the American doctrine, if indeed it be a development rather than application to new conditions, is that the state should guarantee equality of opportunity in a modern industrial commonwealth. And this guarantee of a fair start may be said to be the one *positive* function in the theory of the American state. All other adjustments, the righting of injustices and wrongs, must be left to the workings of the American democratic spirit in the citizens themselves, must depend upon the extent to which the body politic is saturated with this spirit. It is in truth

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what may be called a big order. But there is no other way out for us.

It is a fact of profound significance that American democracy from its very beginning instinctively laid stress on universal education, and foreign travelers who came a hundred years ago to study our curious institutions were struck by the extent to which cultivation had permeated our citizenship. A self-governing people must be intelligent. And—be it noted—what was largely meant by education was the adequate preparation of the young for intelligent participation in the life and affairs of the nation as it then existed.

An almost incredible change has taken place since then. Our simple republic has become a complex commonwealth. And we must bear in mind that the final justification for the existence of this commonwealth must be that of creating material wealth for spiritual ends. An industrial commonwealth does not imply mere utilitarianism; the analogy of the bee and the hive does not hold. Life is not without its graces; existence is a rounded thing. Literature and art are not alone for the privileged, but are made more and more democratic, are part and parcel of the education of all, while religion is inherent in government itself, in harmony with it—the contributive spirit of the whole.

A new system of education based on psychology, on scientific principles, an education for life in a modern industrial democracy, is being put into practice in various parts of the United States, and is destined ultimately to supplant the old system. Education in its very nature is selective, but what may be called the new education is not that which we know as vocational, which is class education. It does not undertake to educate the workman *for* a workman. It is based on the American theory that every citizen, whatever his future calling may be, must be made familiar with the development of industry, with the development of government, of art and literature and religion, from the earliest times up to the present. This is not so difficult as it seems. It is an education in the principles of growth, in the social development of humanity. It is analogous to the physical and individual development of humanity from the egg. It is an education in truth, in science, and in straight thinking.

Industrially the modern steel-mill is an evolution from the village blacksmith's shop and foundry, just as a modern textile-mill is an evolution from the home spinning-wheel and loom on the farm. These industries have been taken out of the home, the blacksmith-shop and the foundry are no longer familiar village spectacles. What was a part of the education of the individual outside of the school has now, perforce, become a part of the general educational task.

The new education is based on the sound principle of the direct application of thought to action, of passing from the concrete to the abstract rather than from the abstract to the concrete. The uses of knowledge are held up as incentives to its acquirement. The child learns to read because he loves stories; he learns arithmetic and weights and measures because he wishes to build a house; while the practice of a measure of self-government in school leads to a grasp of its value in democracy.

Presently the future citizen discovers what he can do best, to select the particular service in life for which nature has fitted him. It may not be an important service, he may not be equipped by nature for a leader. But he has had his opportunity. The state has given it to him. The opportunity does not necessarily cease when his early education has been finished, since some individuals develop late. But under such a system no citizen is able to say that he has not had a chance to develop what is in him, and thus the element of discontent is removed at its source. He is, so far as the state can make him such, a *rounded* individual; he has learned to use his hands and his head, and to appreciate the finer things in life.

It is quite true that men will not work except for a prize; the personal possession of property is essential, but if the prize has not a spiritual aspect it is dross. In so far as work itself is the prize, in so far as the achieved gift is a contribution, and a voluntary contribution, to humanity it is worthy of individual effort.

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Education founded on these principles instils patriotism instead of class feeling, and strikes at the very root of the tendency toward class solidarity and class strife. And it implies, furthermore, a truer conception of democracy than that held in Jackson's day—a democracy of leadership combined with responsibility. The choice individuals are developed with the least possible resentment.

Guaranteed education is therefore a fundamental principle in American democracy; but before leaving the subject, it is well, in addition to dwelling upon the significance of experiments such as the Gary schools, to call attention to another experiment, that of education in detail, which is being tried along traditional American lines at Schenectady and Cincinnati and other places in this country. Here, at Union College and the University of Cincinnati, education is directly connected with industry, the theoretical knowledge acquired in the college or university immediately applied by the students in the great manufacturing establishments whose properties lie adjacent. Thus students who prove their ability are actually in the industry and in line for rapid advancement. They are familiar with its theory as well as with its processes.

Lastly, students learn in the schools and universities to value the principles of American democracy to such an extent that they are willing to defend them, to fight if necessary for the right of self-development that is the American heritage. Even as the industrial army of the future must be recruited from educated citizens rather than from raw and ignorant masses, so must the military forces of the republic. It is a question whether militarism ever was or ever will be an American trait; but those who fear it, who are apprehensive that a large army will create a dangerous, high-handed ruling caste, need have no dread of such a caste if our army is organized in harmony with democratic principles.

The American democratic state, then, has but the one *positive* function, that of guaranteeing to each of its citizens a fair start—since the protection of rights is merely negative. The emphasis is laid on the spirit, the trust is put in the spirit, not in the law. *Enlightened self-interest* is the old and much-ridiculed phrase; an illuminating phrase, nevertheless; individual initiative and the satisfaction of individual achievement remain; the self-interest remains also, but transformed by enlightenment and made contributory to the interests of the whole. Here is precisely the paradox of Christianity: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

It is no wonder, indeed, that such a political creed as our forefathers composed seemed to Europe impractical and Utopian. Thus analyzed, it must seem to many Utopian to-day. That our Anglo-Saxon theory of democracy is no short cut to the millennium is quite evident, and if democracy is to have any approach to perfection, that comparative perfection must be one of *growth*, not of achievement. A satisfaction in development rather than in achievement seems to be the principle of life.

Congress and state legislatures may pass coercive laws in the hope of securing a crude justice, but it has been well said that there never was a law that a coach and four couldn't be driven through. We Americans are skilful coach-drivers, and coach-driving through laws as obstacles has been the pastime and delight of many corporation lawyers. Public opinion must precede laws and not follow them. The truth may as well be faced that our salvation depends absolutely on what is called public opinion, and public opinion is only another name for the democratic spirit or culture with which our electorate must be saturated.

For those who have eyes to see, however, there are signs in various quarters of the growth of this spirit, and these may be taken as concrete illustrations of its workings. There is a sentiment, for instance, in favor of what we call "prohibition"—an example of the extreme that is apt to precede moderation. The moderate term, of course, is temperance, for temperance implies self-control. Wave after wave of "prohibition" has swept over the country, leaving some states—to use the vivid expression—high and dry. Whatever of value there is in this sentiment is the

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result of a conviction dawning on our people that alcoholic beverages are what modern economists aptly call *illth*, in contradistinction to *wealth*. The educated citizen of a democracy must become familiar with the deteriorating effects of alcohol, its influence on hand and brain and the consequent loss in individual service, as well as the degeneracy and insanity that follow its excessive use. A people who have been deprived of alcohol by a benevolent government will undoubtedly be a saner and healthier people, but they will neither be as intelligent nor as efficient nor as developed as that people which ultimately arrives at the knowledge as to why alcohol is is harmful and paralyzing to efficiency, and which voluntarily deprives itself of it. Here is the principle of democracy in a nutshell. A public opinion is gradually created by an educative process, and laws follow it as a matter of course. On the other hand, "prohibition" that has not an educated public opinion behind it is a laughing-stock, as the experience of some of our states in New England and elsewhere has proved.

There is a new spirit in the universities, a healthier and sounder public opinion than existed at the end of the nineteenth century; a new interest in and knowledge of government and enthusiasm for democracy, with a desire to share its tasks and responsibilities. The response to the call of the training-camps at Plattsburg and elsewhere is an encouraging indication of it.

Peculiarly significant, however, is the birth of this new spirit among employers of labor—an indication that *emulation* may replace competition. There is no need to be cynical on this score, to insist that the men who control great corporations and combinations of capital have been frightened out of many practices in which they hitherto have indulged. There can be no question that the public attitude toward these practices has changed, and it would be stupid and un-American to maintain that this opinion has not permeated the element that employs labor, and made them more American also. This emulative spirit, this indication of the dawning of *enlightened* self-interest, this willingness to put a shoulder to the wheel, is at present more marked among employers of the large corporations. But it will spread, and is spreading. Even as we have to-day in the medical profession an association, an emulative body of medical opinion purifying that profession of quackery and fraud and strictly commercial practice, even as we have among the lawyers bar associations, so we shall have among business men and employers a growing element that sets its face against practices hitherto indulged in, making these practices more and more difficult of accomplishment by the remnant. When employers of their own initiative take steps to insure the safety and health of their employees, and at their own risk make experiments that tend toward the ultimate establishment of industrial democracy, toward giving the working man a share and interest in the industry, labor must respond. Little by little individual animosities are broken down and class animosity is weakened. It makes no difference if these experiments with a view to industrial democracy do not meet the demands of extremists; it makes no difference whether motives are mixed if the good be predominant. If the spirit is there, we may trust to its working. Our watchwords must be patience and faith, faith that our great problem of industrial democracy will one day be solved by the same principle of equality of opportunity, by the same trust in man that solved for us the problem of political democracy.

A nation saturated with the conviction that all should have an equal chance, imbued with this volunteer, emulative spirit instilled by education and growing out of experience, cannot ultimately go wrong. Let us therefore make our individual contributions, and be assured that it is better to give than to receive.

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The Cardinal's Fiddle

BY JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

YAKOV leaned out of the window and greedily listened to the Cardinal playing his fiddle. The window was small and under a hot roof. From it a view of the great palace of his Eminence was easy, for the house of Yakov's mother stood in a narrow court at the rear, and was a low-sized building, not far from the Cathedral which dominated this old-fashioned and once aristocratic section of the city. The bedroom of the boy was on a level with the living-room of the Cardinal—a tall, spare old man with mild eyes and ascetic face. His bushy white hair and ruddy complexion, coupled with a high, hawk-like nose, gave him the appearance, in Yakov's eyes, of a benevolent bird of exotic origin. Stranger still was his passion for music. At least once a day he could be seen by the lad, walking with long, elastic strides about the large bare room, a violin tucked under his chin, his eyes closed, and he fiddling as if rehearsing for a classical concert. Yakov knew it was "classical" music because he couldn't make head or tail of it, though he was studying the instrument himself at the big conservatory across the square. But he was only a beginner—that's what his cross teacher told him when his lesson was a poor one—and he realized the fact, while the Cardinal—oh! he played any thing difficult, and always without notes.

He wondered why this kindly old gentleman in the queer dress should fiddle in the great palace across the way; he, so rich and powerful, doing for fun what the poor little Yiddish boy did as a task. When Yakov could play he wouldn't live in a palace, but would try to get a job in a theater orchestra. His mother answered his query, "What is a cardinal?" with a vague, "Oh, he is a sort of high rabbi," which didn't tell her son much. He was brought up in the orthodox faith, went to Shool—the synagogue—and was careful to eat no food that had not been prepared in Kosher fashion. This last practice brought him into conflict with the boys of his class at the public school around the corner. They were American born, though many of foreign descent. That made no difference, for, as much as they quarreled with one another, they were a unit as to the undesirability of the Jew. Their teacher had scolded, had even punished them, but uselessly. They were sarcastic, were these boys of Italian, Irish, and German parents, calling aloud, "Micky," "Dutchy," "Guinney," "Wop," but for Yakov and his like—in the majority at the school—they had choicer terms: "Kike!" "Mekmek!" Yakov didn't much mind the nicknames.

He only feared the suddenly delivered punches at his back, the vise-like grip of "Jimmy the Brick" (self-christened) on his neck, and the hateful grin with which a ham-sandwich would be thrust into his mouth. This last was the supreme insult. If he did not complain to his teacher, it was because he feared reprisals. So he only told his mother, with tears in his large, dark, expressive eyes, and she comforted him. She said it was the glory of his race, this badge of suffering, these insults from the Gentiles. He must not fight back, but meekly endure. Jehovah would watch over him. She was a decent widow woman, who had a small dressmaking business in her house and barely supported herself and child, also giving him a musical education. Oh! to see him a great violinist! She loved music, and as she worked her sewing-machine she hummed to its rhythms. Once, many years ago, she had heard in Lemberg, her Galician birthplace, the greatest violinist in the world, Joseph Joachim, and one of her race. She was unmarried then, yet she made a silent vow that if ever she had a son . . . !

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She had Yakov now, and his father was gone. She always said to him—dead. But she knew better. He had deserted her for another woman, left her without a dollar, and she had been fighting for ten years to keep their heads above water. Living in this humble yet genteel court behind the Cathedral, she dreamed of Yakov's future, and she cried with joy when the teacher at the conservatory grudgingly admitted that the boy had talent and might—he coughed his reservations—with hard work make a fair musician. Yakov went to school and in the afternoons practised. The weather was warm, windows were opened, and he attentively heard the fiddle of the Cardinal.

The music was a succession of beautiful sounds for the young visionary. His eyes glittering, his lips apart, his arms tightly folded about his thin little frame, he listened as if to the voice of God. The Cardinal played the slow movement of Mendelssohn's concerto, and, threadbare as is become this familiar song, to Yakov it was an enchantment. Its obvious sentiment seemed a call from his dead father in heaven. When the music ceased he involuntarily stretched aloft his arms. The eye of the Cardinal must have caught the glint of white—the boy was in his shirt-sleeves—and came to the window cautiously, peering across to Yakov. He vaguely smiled, and to Yakov's sorrow he closed the window, yet the sound of his fiddle softly echoed in the ears of the boy.

Every evening he stationed himself at the same spot, but the Cardinal did not play. Yakov yearned for his music. His own cheap red fiddle became hateful to him. Its rasping tones when he attempted scales extinguished his ambition. One day his mother said in her purring Yiddish: "Yakov, you must be more industrious, else the gentleman at the conservatory will send you home." Even that didn't arouse him. He suddenly took to playing in the court with the other boys after school. Such rough games! He stood a lot of kicking and punching, especially from Jimmy the Brick, who, after all, wasn't a bad-hearted chap. He once grabbed Yakov's lunch-box and critically swallowed the contents, which pleased him, as he liked full-flavored food. "Say, Kike, that's not bad grub. I like your stuffed fish better than the macaroni of that Wop kid, Tony." With this backing of the boss Yakov enjoyed comparative peace. He had thought of revenge, of organizing into a compact phalanx the large body of Jewish boys at the school, but his mother's advice and the patience of his race dissuaded him from active rebellion. He let things slide along, and in the mean time his music was almost neglected. In vain did his teacher rap his knuckles with the fiddle-bow and threaten him with dismissal. Yakov knew the cross-patch wouldn't keep his word, for he was a pay pupil; not much pay, to be sure, anyhow not a charity scholar.

The magic of a windless June night transformed the old Red Lion court into an operatic picture. Moonlit, it recalled a prosperous past that had hardly modulated into its present middle-class shabbiness. Old houses, colonial in style, but sadly defaced by time, slept tranquilly in the magnetic rays of a moon which breasted the low housetops. The din and gabble had ceased, the only noise being the sound of hammered iron on the anvil of the blacksmith's at the corner. So changed were times that the legend over the door of the smithy read, "Sokolov & Grünstein—Horseshoers." The ancient and honorable profession had been wrested from sturdy English and Irish hands by the more persistent hosts from southeastern Europe. For Yakov the change meant nothing, but it gave extreme pain to Jimmy's parents, and so Jimmy with his faithful band was in the habit of yelling defiant and insulting words at the two blacksmiths, though keeping at a safe distance. The rhythmic tapping of the hammers brought peace to Yakov, who stood in his window regarding with awakened curiosity the spectacle of the Cardinal's living-room, lighted for the first time in weeks; perhaps—! Presently the sound of a fiddle oozed through the open space. He was back, the Cardinal with his fiddle. What was he playing? Hymn tunes, surely. First, the "Adeste Fideles," which Yakov remembered because in a moment of condescending generosity Jimmy had taken him to Vespers

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at the Cathedral and had told him the name of the music he had heard.

Then the tune shifted to a more solemn, a celestial tune, indeed, which the listener couldn't place. He didn't know it was the "O Jesu," by Haydn, but that didn't matter; his ear was ravished by its pleading strains, and he hung out of his perch tremulously absorbing every tone. The Cardinal's humor shifted. He dashed off a gay Tipperary jig, and followed this with "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me" and "The Harp of Tara." Yakov felt that the violinist must be an Irishman, but ever so different from the noisy Jimmy. Yet Irish!

What, what! He pinched himself as the grave music of the "Kol Nidré," the sacred tune sounded on the Day of Atonement, came swelling across the Cardinal's windows. The "Kol Nidré," that immemorial cantillation of the Hebrews, in it compressed the dolors of the ages, and perhaps first chanted in the house of Egyptian bondage, perhaps out of the dim centuries before Egypt, before the shadowy Sumerians! Who knows? What concerned the boy was the strange happening—a potentate of the Gentile Church playing on a fiddle the grand and venerable hymn of the Jews. But that he was fascinated by the music he would have rushed down to his mother to tell her the glad tidings. She knew of the playing across in the palace and was pleased because of Yakov's evident interest. She would welcome the return of the Cardinal, for her boy would be again spurred to study. He couldn't leave the window till the last note had been squeezed from the august and mournful melody.

In a fever Yakov seized his tiny instrument and lovingly mimicked the Cardinal. Its squeak reached the priest, who came to the window and waited until Yakov's imperfect interpretation of the "Kol Nidré" ended, and, smiling a kind smile that melted the heart within the bosom of the boy, he waved a slender hand as if to say, "I salute a brother artist!" It was too much for Yakov, who ran to his mother's sewing-room, there to pour out his joy and receive her gentle blessing. He, too, would play the fiddle like the Cardinal—play the "Kol Nidré" for a hall full of listeners, who would applaud him! The mighty Cardinal had played the "Kol Nidré" for the poor little Jew boy, and he hadn't even bowed his profound gratitude.

On wings of song, he mounted the stairway to his garret, but the music was no longer heard, though the windows were still alight. Not able to control himself, Yakov took his instrument and, all the while playing, marched down-stairs into the court, and in the mystic moonshine he played on, played the "Kol Nidré." Soon the gang surrounded him, and Jimmy the Brick cried: "Aw, give us a rest with that tune. Play a coon song." Yakov only shook his head and kept on playing.

"Stop it, I say!" yelled Jimmy. "We want none of yer Kike music in this court. D' ye hear?" Yakov still played, and the tune rang out with the terror and desolation of the Day of Atonement.

"Hit him, Tony! Grab his fiddle, you Wop!" hoarsely commanded the leader. The boys closed about him and in a twinkling the current of the music was cut off, the red violin smashed into a hundred bits, the bow snapped in two and its coarse hair twisted about Yakov's neck. He fought silently, tearlessly. The firm of Sokolov & Grünstein came to his rescue, and, being muscular men, they routed the band and sent the victim to his home with consoling phrases. But he was hopeless. That another fiddle might be bought for him found no place in his whirling imagination. He had been cruelly treated. Why should he be so punished? As he sank on his knees at his attic window tears flowed and sobs followed. Yakov mourned and would not be comforted. And across the court in the chamber of the palace the Cardinal played with exquisite melancholy the antique Hebraic tune, the "Kol Nidré."

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From the Note-book of an Un-naturalist

BY BURGES JOHNSON

Department of English, Vassar College

"THE chief difference between man and the lower animals lies in man's capacity for sinning. Obviously he has no monopoly of the virtues. A dog may be faithful, an elephant may be kind and true, a cat is said to love home and fireside; the parental instincts of the penguin would put nine-tenths of the leaders of our best society to shame. It is not by possessing such attributes that animals become "almost human." It would be fairer to our furred and feathered friends to say that the man who possesses these traits in fine degree is almost animal. There is a horse of vaudeville fame that reckons simple sums in addition, and answers a wide variety of questions, if my memory serves me; I will even allow him to write his own first name with his hoof in the sand. The show-bills call him "human," yet we feel no sense of kinship as we watch the performance, even though we should grant him all the ratiocination his exhibitors claim. We simply say, "What a wonderfully clever horse!" bestow a word of praise upon his trainer, and that is the whole story. I have seen a dog perform agile tricks with prompt obedience and obvious enjoyment, and to me he was still a dog. But when some canine friend hides on his wash-day; when he steals the cat's milk and pretends he did not; when he slinks in at a door with every expression of eye and limb crying "peccavi," ah, then I say to myself, "There is something human about that dog."

In formulating this theory we must presume that a sin, to be a sin, creates a consciousness of violated moral law. A kitten after a canary or entangled in a skein of yarn retains an untroubled conscience—if you will grant a conscience to a cat, even for purposes of argument. But a bronco which has devoted an hour to general devilment, putting her ears back and wearing an expression of confirmed viciousness, perhaps scraping her rider off against a tree, a little later will show contrition by her every act, and prove a definite consciousness of sins committed.

There are many dogs that have awakened in me this sense of human kinship, and some horses, and elephants that one has read about. Cats or parrots have never done it, nor rabbits nor white mice. I have seen such animals trained to exhibit cleverness, but I never yet saw one exhibiting remorse. Not only parrots, but birds in general, I had always thought incapable of human foibles and failings. True, they are dainty and beautiful things, and one who does not enjoy them as neighbors, and desire to cherish and protect them, is not a very good citizen of this footstool. But a specific individual bird somehow never seemed to me to possess *personality*. Its mental or moral experiences seem quite remote from ours. This at least was my feeling (if I had bothered to analyze it) until a recent investigation into the alleged behavior of certain woodpeckers quite upset my attitude of mind.

In the state of Maine many things happen which are not down in the books, particularly the statute-books. Fish in Maine are of incredible weight, as proved by their own scales; the marksmanship of Maine hunters is akin to that of Natty Bumpo; and the prowess of Maine guides is to the prowess of all other woodsmen as x is to any mere known quantity. For these reasons I listened with placidity to the account of a coterie of depraved woodpeckers who were seen several times in advanced stages of intoxication. Yet in due time

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the circumstances of the story began to stir my curiosity.

Two large white birch-trees, spared for the shade they gave, were standing quite alone in our camp's central clearing. A dozen or more log-cabins in a semicircle rimmed this campus, all facing those two trees out in the open and overlooking the pond whose shores roughly completed the circle. One of these trees was dead when we first saw it, and as full of holes as a sieve, up and down its trunk. A year later we revisited the camp, and, behold, the other tree was evidently following its companion. "'Twas woodpeckers did it," I was told. "They dug the first holes fer one reason or another. Then they come back later and found the sap that was standin' in them holes had got hard. It seemed to hit 'em in the right spot. The whole crowd got tight."

"What?"

"Lit up — spiflicated — dead drunk. We could pick 'em off the tree with a noose at the end of a fishin'-rod."

"Poor things!"

"Poor things nawthin'! They kep' comin' back fer more, and dug new holes till they killed the tree."

It was this first statement of the case that I heard with placidity. One hears so many careless assertions from time to time about the use of intoxicants in Maine.

I referred to the yarn casually as I sat in one of the cabins that evening, partaking of crackers and ginger-ale.

"Well," said my host, "something made those birds sick."

"You saw them?"

"I held one in my hand."

It is annoying to feel oneself the butt of a concerted joke. Many tall stories from one friend are all in the day's play. One tall story from several friends argues oneself an object of ridicule. Absent-mindedly I accepted a proffered clove and departed, ruminating. There approached in the dusk an elderly, serious-minded Boston business man, evidently seeking the oasis I had just left. I stopped him with the direct attack, "Did you ever see one of these woodpeckers around here drunk?"

"They aren't all woodpeckers; there are yellow-bellied sapsuckers among 'em," he evaded, and hurried on toward the beckoning lights.

The pursuit of trout for a day or two drove any thought of other researches from my unscientific mind. But a few mornings later, as we sat repairing our kits, a peculiar and resonant rattle broke the quiet of the place. "There goes Old Reliable ag'in," remarked the guide.

I followed his glance and saw a bird perched on the brass ball that topped the little flag-pole of our dining-cabin. He was busily tapping it with his beak. "Does he think there's a worm in that?" I asked—"or juice or something?"

"Naw; he's been there before. He ain't a fool, by a long sight."

"Is he drunk?"

The guide regarded him solemnly. "No, he ain't drunk; he's just disturbin' us for the fun of it."

Not drunk, but disorderly! I got up and watched him as he flew away. There was a certain pertness in his manner of flying. Obviously this was one of that band of roystering camp-followers, and I followed him with my eyes till he was lost to sight in the woods. "There's something human about that bird," I found myself saying.

At a city dinner-table, after camping days were over, we mentioned our Maine woodpeckers and were laughed to scorn. As is often the case, the challenge of these skeptics made us advocates where before we had been neutral.

"No, we did not see them intoxicated. We saw those who had seen them. We saw the trees full of holes. We saw the birds. Some of them even woke us in the morning tapping on our cabin roofs and drain-pipes." But this was not enough. Shame upon us for presenting such weak evidence! Then and there I vowed to search for affidavits, experts, whatsoever those scoffers demanded to silence their scoffings. If I could not prove the case against my Maine woodpeckers, I would show up the depravity of the whole woodpecker tribe in general.

First of all I resorted to an old friend, an eminent editor claiming some acquaintance with birds and beasts.

"Your story is obviously improbable from the very start," said he. "A woodpecker does not drink sap, nor does he drill a hole in a tree unless his instinct

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informs him that there is a bug or worm inside. If that tree was as full of holes as you say, it must have been so full of bugs or worms that it was dead before the woodpeckers attacked it. Therefore it could not have had any sap."

Meekly I called attention to the woodpecker who tried at regular intervals to make a hole in the brass ball on top of a flag-pole, and to those attacking a tin drain-pipe. My persistence produced nothing but irritation.

Here was discouragement at the start, and yet somehow it failed to close the question satisfactorily. There was a final recourse. I would write letters of inquiry to the most eminent experts. My first reply added such a weight of discouragement that I deeply regretted the other letters already sent on their absurd mission.

ZOOLOGICAL PARK, NEW YORK.

"I never heard of such an occurrence as was described to you in Maine. The information that was given you is certainly remarkable—to say the least. I would not venture to publish anything of the kind unless I saw it myself; and even then I am not sure that I would not doubt the evidence of my own eyes!

"My disbelief is based on the ground that one or two, or even half a dozen holes such as a woodpecker could drill in a *green tree* could not possibly kill the tree. The sapsuckers do kill apple-trees by drilling *an immense number* of holes in rings, completely around the trunk, and extending upward and downward for several feet. These holes, however, are exceedingly small—no larger than a slate-pencil—and as fast as a hole is dug and the sap extracted from it, another hole is bored in order to produce a fresh supply.

"I do not know of any tree in the North which produces any poisonous sap that would stupefy creatures as well organized and vigorous as woodpeckers. I advise you to regard the alleged observations as not proven!

"Sincerely yours,
"WILLIAM T. HORNADAY."

Although now convinced of the absurdity of my story in its main features, certain details seemed to be left in an unsatisfactory state. My poor little yarn should die hard, at any rate, so I gathered up its fragments and laid them out in the following reply to Mr. Hornaday:

"Thank you very much for your prompt and definite letter. I should not bother you with further correspondence on this subject if it were not for the fact that you denied the only part of the woodpecker story which I know to be true. You say your disbelief is based on the ground that one, or two, or even half a dozen holes such as a woodpecker could drill in a green tree could not possibly kill the tree. There were two trees left in the clearing. I have been up there twice. The first time I went there one tree was dead, and as full of holes from top to bottom as a sieve. Let us assume that each was a dead tree in the first place, despite the statements of the campers there. The only tree that was perfectly good on my first visit I found on my second to be dying, and a great quantity of holes had appeared in the trunk and branches. In order to be thoroughly conservative, I will say that I have seen as many as twenty woodpeckers flying around there at one time. There is my data on which I would give oath. As to whether those disreputable birds killed the first tree, and had an orgy when they did it, and as to whether they alone are the cause of the dying condition of the second, I can offer only hearsay.

"The story disturbs my mind considerably. I hate to tell it, because if I am to get the credit of being a liar I should like to fix up a real, thorough, complete and artistic lie that is all my own; this one I cannot claim, and part of it is apparently the truth. What am I going to do about it?"

This letter brought the following reply:

"Your last letter is a puzzler, and I pass! I think you will be eminently justified in writing up the whole matter exactly as you saw it, and as it was reported to you by people whom you believe to be careful observers, and also truthful. It seems quite apparent from the great number of holes that were

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drilled into those trees, that the birds really did kill the trees—a most unusual thing to happen in this part of the world, though common enough in California by a different procedure. It will be interesting to your readers to know the species of the trees that were killed, and any other details bearing upon the subject. . . .

"Of course you will not fail to mention the species of woodpeckers that were connected with the episode you are going to describe, because that is quite important. Weigh carefully every observation reported to you by other persons, and if you can give the names of your informants it will be well to do so. This will throw the burden of proof of any statements of theirs that may be doubtful upon them, and not upon you.

"But by all means write your story and publish it. So far as I am aware, it will be absolutely new, and I can promise that at least one man in this part of the Bronx will read every word that you write."

Here was new incentive. Perhaps these inquiries might result in a contribution to science that would group my name with that of Audubon. But hard upon the heels of that friendly and stimulating letter came a confusion of replies that left me perplexed, my mind bruised by words that I could not pronounce, some of them at least sixteen letters long. Among them, however, were some wholly within my comprehension, and these I quote. For assuredly it is never wise or even safe to set down words one does not understand, though one should hedge them by a veritable bristle of quotation-marks.

"The story of woodpeckers getting drunk on fermented sap is an absurd fable. They drink the fresh sap.

"Yours truly,

"ERNEST THOMPSON SETON."

"Replying to yours of the 5th, I have never witnessed a scene such as you describe. The red-bellied woodpeckers do drill holes in live trees for the sap and for the soft inner bark, the cambium layer, but I have never known them to kill a tree. Both birds and insects might get drunk on the fermented sap.

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN BURROUGHS."

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

"I am pretty familiar with the woodpecker, and I doubt if they are responsible for the foul work of which they are accused. So far as I know, a woodpecker never drives holes in a tree until a worm or insect has previously bored in. Whether the holes he drives are hard on the trees is another matter. I am inclined to think that it is better to have the worms and insects out, because the wound will heal. In my judgment trees would have died anyway.

"Now as to the lack of sobriety—I do not doubt that fermentation often takes place and that some of the birds, in search for food which had entered the old holes, might have taken too much of the fermented products. I have seen robins in a 'loggy' condition upon very ripe berries in the South.

"With regrets that I cannot give you more exact information, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"JOHN B. WATSON."

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"In response to your request of July 11th, I take pleasure in forwarding a copy of Biological Survey Bulletin, No, 37.

"I think there can be no doubt as to the fact that occasionally woodpeckers destroy trees of considerable size, though naturally the principal damage they do is to young and rather small trees on which an equal amount of damage is, relative to the size of the tree, much greater.

"There is not the slightest doubt as to the sapsucker habitually drinking sap. Other species have been known to do the same thing, though not habitually.

"Very truly yours,

"H. W. HENSHAW."

"I have just returned from the camp after a very pleasant stay of nearly five weeks. I regret I am unable to add anything of import to the controversy regarding the behavior of the woodpeckers there. All of the large birch-trees about the camp have been removed except one. The ones removed did not

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show that they had been untimely cut off by the acts of the birds, as they were very large and fully matured. The downy woodpeckers were at work on the remaining one, feeding on the inner bark. And my judgment is that they were not helping to prolong the life of the tree, as the scars they left were quite extensive. I only noticed two yellow-bellied sapsuckers about the camp; and, as there were no trees near to feed on, their behavior was quite proper. I am unable to pass an opinion as to what it might have been if they had had an opportunity to get full.

"However, I hope there is some one who can settle this momentous question for all time. . . .

"Yours truly,
"R. T. GREENE."

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

"I have never found or seen an intoxicated woodpecker, though I have heard the story that they occasionally get too heavy a load of the fermented sap of their favorite trees. Before expressing or even entertaining an opinion on the probability of such an occurrence, I should wish to know the proportion of sugar in the sap of, say, the birch or the apple, if that tree also were in question. This I do not know, but doubt if sugar is present in sufficient quantity to produce the result described, and of course there could be no alcohol without sugar. There is another point: the woodpecker makes the holes on a vertical limb, and the sap flows out; this sap is of course fresh and unfermented, and could accordingly produce no such untoward result; the woodpecker goes away, but later returns and finds fermented sap, drinks, and falls down stupefied; that, I believe, is the idea. But, as you will see, this explanation is vulnerable at more than one point; a liquid cannot concentrate in a vertically placed hole, but will ooze out by capillary attraction as well as by gravity, and be quickly dissipated by evaporation; moreover, the oozing will tend to keep the sap fresh in the hole made by the woodpecker, and where he is supposed to get his grog. So you see that such general considerations are not very favorable to the idea. Further, I am not at all sure that over-ripe fruits, when hanging to the bush or tree, undergo alcoholic fermentation; they certainly do not unless their skin is broken by force or decay; the general tendency is to shrink by drying, leading to a concentration of their juices, while they cling to the tree. . . .

"Very sincerely yours,
"FRANCIS H. HERRICK."

MERIDEN, N. H.

"I do not think it impossible, perhaps not improbable, that a woodpecker, at least a yellow-bellied woodpecker, might become stupefied by drinking the fermented sap of a birch-tree. Birch sap constitutes a favorite and, at times, the principal food of this bird, and if for domestic or other reasons he were driven to drink it when it had fermented, it seems reasonable to believe that he might become intoxicated. Mr. Clifton W. Loveland, Ornithologist of the Rhode Island State Board of Agriculture, has observed that humming-birds and some squirrels which fed on sap flowing from pits made in birch-trees by yellow-bellied woodpeckers appeared to be stimulated, while other squirrels were rendered loggy and stupid by drinking the same sap.

"Robins overtaken by late snow-storms in the spring, and reduced to eating the decayed apples which still hang on the trees, sometimes roll around on the snow, utterly helpless, apparently from the effects of the fermented apple-juice.

"A young black bear, with whom I had a close personal acquaintance, once showed all the usual signs of intoxication after having surreptitiously—or perhaps I should say sirup-titiously—eaten all the molasses he could hold.

"I doubt if woodpeckers or other birds ever do *wilful* mischief. That is to say, whatever damage or annoyance they may cause by their actions, I believe that those actions were performed without any intention of causing damage or annoyance, without even the knowledge that such damage and annoyance had been or could be caused by anything. Probably the primary object of the drumming of woodpeckers is to signal to other woodpeckers. The act is performed by hammering rapidly with the

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bill upon some resonant object. Formerly this object was usually a hard, dead branch or twig. But, like purple martins, chimney-swifts, and many other birds, the woodpeckers find that certain changes in their environment are advantageous to them, and take advantage of these changes. They have found that metal water-spouts, taut wire, tin cans, and perhaps screen-doors are more resonant than dead branches, and drum upon them probably for that reason.

"In some cases it would appear that they have developed a taste for the music as well, and drum away, apparently quite indifferent as to whether they are heard by others of their kind or not. Sometimes, unfortunately, they select, and repeatedly visit, drumming-posts close to the abodes of people who do not appreciate that kind of music, and their innocent attempts to express themselves are mistaken for cussedness.

"Sincerely yours,
"ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES."

"Of course, we never had any expert opinion on the actions of the woodpeckers at——Pond. The facts were these: a white birch-tree standing in the clearing seemed to be especially attractive to a lot of woodpeckers—so much so that the attention of people in the camp was attracted to their antics. The tree was giving forth lots of sap, and so far as we could judge the woodpeckers were attracted by it, as they gathered on the tree in numbers. They seemed to be stupefied—so much so that you could take a fishing-rod and poke at them and they would not leave the tree. People around the camp who watched them said they were intoxicated. The birds would fly to the tree as any bird would fly, apparently full of life and energy, and after remaining there and apparently feeding upon this sap they became, as I have said, stupefied.

"The opinion that the sap had overpowered the birds was, of course, simply a layman's idea, but as a lawyer, familiar with the rules of evidence, I am certain I could convince a jury that the sap was responsible for their condition. Whether the circumstances would have any effect upon a body of scientists, I do not know. It certainly is a fact, however, that those people who visited the camp for two or three years while this was going on were firmly convinced that the woodpeckers ate the sap and that it dulled their faculties. . . .

"Yours faithfully,
"CHARLES N. CODDING."

Extract from "Instinct and Intelligence in Birds," by Prof. Francis H. Herrick, in *Popular Science Monthly:*

"The president of a large university recently compared the futile efforts of certain reformers with those of a flicker which was seen to be repeatedly engaged in the vain attempt to 'drill a hole through a copper gutter.' The comparison may be apt to point a moral, but is a trifle unfair to both the instincts and intelligence of a useful bird, which will drum on any resonator, either to call its mates or for the pleasure of the sound, and by habit will come to the same place daily for more than a week, as in a case which we recently noticed. In this instance the resonant body was the roof of a bird-house, one shingle thick, to pierce which, had that been its object, one or two blows of its strong bill would have sufficed."

Long before the arrival of the last word from these correspondents I had ceased to hope for a settlement of the original problem. What those Maine birds did or did not do would never be proved. But what a woodpecker or even a robin might do if tempted was a more interesting question. May there be in a bird's nature capabilities for mischief or crime I had not hitherto suspected? My eyes were opened to evidence. An item in the day's news caught my attention:

WOODPECKERS DESTROY CHURCH

ANCIENT EDIFICE IN PENNSYLVANIA VILLAGE PRACTICALLY WRECKED BY MISCHIEVOUS BIRDS

Can there be atheists among them? I have heard that there are kindly disposed people ready to devote funds for the establishment of cemeteries for pet birds and beasts. Do they not owe a

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greater duty to the living? Let them seek out woodpecker colonies where the moral tone is low, and provide funds for the maintenance among them of settlement-workers; gently bred canaries from clergymen's households might be drafted, if they would not volunteer.

These are but leaves from the notebook of an unscientific person; they arrive at no conclusions—not even a summing up; yet perhaps some passing scientist may find a grain of wheat among the chaff. As for myself, I seem to possess a changed attitude of mind toward the whole feathered tribe.

Professor Herrick's woodpecker acquaintance who drummed upon the roof of a bird-house daily for more than a week may have been calling his mates or he may have loved the music of his own making. But if I were asked to give an unscientific opinion upon the question, I should say, "Tell me first what family lived within that bird-house, and all that you may chance to know of the social gossip of that bird community."

Only a day or two ago we were waked at a very early hour by a woodpecker who rapped resoundingly on the wire netting in our front screen-door. No one can convince me that he sought food or drink; he was looking for trouble. To-day one flew to a tree close at hand, caught sight of me, and immediately put the tree-trunk between us. One time I should have admired his plumage, felt some little pride because of his tameness, and given him no further thought. But now I dropped my rake and followed him around his tree-trunk, saying, pleadingly: "You're up to something, old chap. Let me in on it, won't you? I'm a good fellow, myself."

Transmutation

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

THREE things I knew with power to remake
The world of sense, three lovely things to break
The shackles of the actual, and thrill the soul awake.

Once on a windy down there came to me
An April gladness; I was strong and free,
Drunk with divine desire and hope: youth was that ecstasy.

And once upon a moment unaware
There fell a hush, a holiness: and there
For ever is the place of love, for ever tranced the air.

Greater than these that glory at my heart
When first I knew a heaven set apart,
And was a doorkeeper within the holy courts of art.

These three: yet now a light wherewith these vie
Is on the reborn earth, the new-made sky! . . .
Death's shadow has lain dark on me—and death has passed me by.

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Michael Comes into His Own

BY IMOGEN CLARK

MICHAEL lay very still watching the night light winking on the nursery ceiling. Outside a little June wind whispered softly at the window, "I'm awake, too." He was glad to hear its voice, the house was so quiet.

In the stillness the old clock on the landing suddenly cleared its throat, as it had a habit of doing just before striking, and Michael started up in alarm. But the next moment the mellow voice, familiar, yet oddly strange at the same time, boomed out reassuringly. He breathed freer, and fell to counting the strokes, growing a trifle dizzy because there were so many. Twelve! It was such an old, grown-up sound, far solemner than the noon twelve that Nurse called midday. He thrilled at the thought that this was midnight, the deep hush all around unbroken save for a muffled noise, like the roar in a big shell, that came from the adjoining room where Nurse was lying on her back.

Usually Michael slept the night through, except when he was ill, and then some one was always near to give him medicine, or to turn the pillow cool side out, or to say something funny to keep him from thinking of the pain. He dragged his little weary body higher up on the pillows, telling himself that the reason he was awake now was because he'd been thinking too much about the dreadful deep-down ache that was worse than a sore-throat ache or a head-ache ache. He couldn't tell people about it. Not even Mother. But if Father were alive he'd have understood why the ache should make a little boy of six and a quarter feel tired and bruised and old, all in a moment. The clock began to gargle again, waited the allotted space, then struck "One!" slowly, and stopped.

"It's dropped off, too," Michael wailed under the bedclothes; "there ain't anybody awake but me."

The distinction possessed no charm, but his resources were too limited to suggest any remedy. He curled himself up in a patient, miserable little heap, and suddenly there came racing into his mind a story from Nurse's repertoire that was warranted to produce sleep in the most wakeful. It was about a small boy who tried to empty the ocean with his little tin pail, and set forth—without any flowers of rhetoric—the simple process of how he "dipped up the water and threw it away, dipped up the water and threw it away, dipped up the wa-ter—" Nurse always nodded off here, they *both* nodded off, and the result of the young hero's efforts were shrouded in mystery. Michael went painstakingly through the details, mimicking the singsong tones, but sleep was farther off than ever.

What *did* people do when they wanted to go to sleep and couldn't? Searching for ways and means, Michael suddenly remembered that Cook had told Nurse that sheep would always send you off. Aunt Angy had taught him a poetry-piece about sheep—and it really made your eyes blink. He began to mumble the verses slowly:

"The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white,
They follow their leader nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.

"And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's—

"I never saw a gray sheep," he said, dropping into skeptical prose; "they're white, or yellowish, and sometimes black. Oh, dear! I forget the sleepingest part of that piece. But sheep ain't any good; I don't like them, they've got such—"

The ache wouldn't go away. Everything brought it back. He threw off the light summer blanket and sat up, a for-

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lorn little figure, fighting with a trouble that was clearly too big for him. What time was it when it was one after midnight? He'd never known that a night could be so long; and the awful ache kept saying, "Think about me—think about me—" Oh! he didn't want to think about it; he wanted to forget it. But dipping up water and throwing it away wouldn't do it—

"One—two," sounded the clock.

Two! Why, that must mean the day was getting born. It was dark everywhere, and the nursery light was so shaky—and there was a little bird stirring—and, yes, there was Aunt Angy's voice saying slower and slower:

"And over they go, and over they go,
And over—the top of the hill—
The good—little sheep—run . . ."

"Mercy on us, Michael!" Nurse cried. "I've been calling you since never was. It's time to get up, sleepyhead."

On his way to find his mother Michael paused at the gardener's side, and the busy shears immediately stopped their work. Bennett was a man who would have understood about the ache, if it hadn't been such a nintimit thing that it must be kept strictly to oneself.

"I'd like a long-legged rose for Motner, please," the boy said; "and don't leave any prickles on." He waited without speaking—an unusual thing for him—while the flower was cut and trimmed; then he took it gravely, but made no attempt to leave. "Have you ever been up at twelve midnight o'clock, Bennett?" he asked as casually as he could manage, after the silence had grown a trifle irksome.

Bennett stole a look at the small, preoccupied face before answering. "Well, since it's you," he said, slowly, "I don't mind owning that I have, but I only does it occasional, because it don't agree with gardening. I'm an eight-hour man—"

"What's that prezactly?"

"Eight hours for slumber solid, and you can't get 'em if you don't turn in till after the clock's gone twelve. And if you have to be up—why, up it is, and a splitting headache in consequence, and a brackish tongue, not to mention other things."

Michael had no headache, nor whatever it was to the tongue, though Nurse had investigated his only a short time before, declaring he looked as white as chalk and was altogether too picksome with his food. He hadn't spoken of twelve midnight to her, feeling that she wouldn't understand, but it evidently was directly responsible for much. And Bennett had said there were other things he couldn't mention; inside aches, Michael suspected from his own experience.

"What's the one sound after twelve midnight?" he demanded of Bennett.

"Why, that's accordin' to the clock. It may be the half-hour, or it may be the whole—"

"Is it later?"

"If you're making a night of it, then it is later; but if you're starting to get up, then it's early."

Such evidence was confusing and had to be dismissed.

"But two is most morning, isn't it?"

"It's peep of day—"

"Not reely? I thought that was a waking-up bird."

"You don't never mean to say you heard it? Two—and the one before—and the twelve sounds?"

Michael nodded, swelling importantly and stretching his small legs so wide that he almost lost his balance.

"Well, you are coming on, you kid." Then admiration was swallowed up in solicitude. "You ain't feeling bad anywheres, be you?"

"Nothing catchable, thank you," Michael replied hurriedly, his secret trembling on the brink of disclosure, "but I must go now." He darted off, and as swiftly retraced his steps. "Er—you won't—say anything about—" he wagged his head mysteriously.

"Wild horses couldn't drag it from me," Bennett declared with appropriate emphasis, then he went on pruning his roses, pondering certain things and not even laughing. He was a very unusual man, was Bennett!

Mrs. Wynford was in the morning-room, but she turned from her desk at Michael's entrance, and he ran into

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her outstretched arms swift as a homing bird. He stood back from her after a moment, his breath coming in short, broken gasps.

"Mother dear," he cried, and something in his voice drew her attention quickly from the rose she was pinning in her gown to the little figure before her, "I've got a fishin' reason."

Her perplexity changed to apprehension as she noted the subtle difference in his appearance. Under the shadowing curls the small face seemed smaller and paler than usual, and the heavy circles beneath the large eyes made them appear uncannily big. What had they all been thinking of? The nameless fear that had haunted her since her husband's death had left her the sole guardian of their only child was at her throat like an icy hand. Her mind raced back over the past months, searching for some exposure to cold, or to infection, or to fatigue—fatigue, that was it!

"A fishing reason," she echoed, unsteadily. "Well, we'll go together to some jolly little brook, precious mite, and catch—"

"Oh, not that! I mean *the* fishin' reason. Don't you remember?" A shadow darkened the tense little face. "It's this," he raised one desperate hand and tugged at the golden hair lying far down his shoulders—"them! You told me—you promised honest," went on the shrill, shaking voice, "that the next time I asked, if I had a fishin' reason, you'd let them come off."

"Your beautiful curls," she interrupted. "Oh! Michael darling, you're never—" She stopped as she saw his trembling lips, the common sign of a hurt soul that is so pitiful in a child. "Did I promise?" she asked quickly. "Tell me your sufficient reason, and I'll see if I can keep my word."

He waited for no further permission.



"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN UP AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT?"

The very flood-gates of his being were opened, and out rushed a torrent of words. She sat listening, conscious that she was in the presence of a real grief, for Michael's distress had bitten deep.

His curls had long been a badge of shame to him, but she had never seen anything incongruous in his masculine garments and the radiant girlish hair.

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"DID I PROMISE?" SHE ASKED QUICKLY

The last time he had spoken on the subject to her she had refused his pleadings as usual, though she had given the conditional promise, forgetting it almost the next moment. While his portrait was being painted there was no immediate danger to his curls, and he had gone on wearing them uncomplainingly, meeting each day—as she now discovered—some gibe or taunt that must have hurt him cruelly. Then the "sufficient reason" had come, though at first he had not recognized it as such, feeling only its intolerable pain.

On the journey from town to their country home he had been separated at the station from the rest of the party for a few minutes, and too proud to cry or show his fright, he had appealed to a couple of bystanders for help. Instead of giving the desired aid the loungers jeered at his perplexity, calling him "sissy," and pulling his curls. They greeted his indignant protests with laughter, declaring that no boy of his age would wear long hair and a girl's coat that reached below the knees. Their mocking words were like so many blows to the little fellow, who, escaping from his tormentors, uncertain what to do or where to go, had run almost at once into Nurse's arms, so glad to see her that he had not minded her scolding.

"But that was a week ago," Mrs. Wynford cried, when the recital was at an end. "Why didn't you tell Mother about it sooner?"

"There was comp'ny here; I didn't want to 'sturb you."

A whole week. Seven long days, and the pain gnawing at his heart all the while. That was why he looked so worn and fragile.

"But the visitors left Monday, and this is Wednesday, dear."

"You had a headache yestiddy, Moth-

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er — a close-the-blinds headache. I couldn't 'noy you."

"Oh my Michael!"

The tears were running down her cheeks. He wondered if it was the left-over headache that made her cry; his own inside ache was pricking him sharply, but there wasn't the least little mist in his eyes. Then suddenly—unbelievably—she blurted out some choked-up words: "Your curls shall come off this very day."

A flash of joy swept over his face. It surged through him like an electric current. He throbbed with life. He wanted to dance, to sing, and all about him was the sound of a woman's sobs. His mother was crying, his very own mother. Did she care like that for those dreadful curls? Would she be missing them like that? He trembled a little and put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't," he said, in a grown-up sort of voice; "don't mind so awful bad. I won't have them off, ever. And I won't never, never tease you about them again. Cross my heart, I won't!"

Somehow he was in her arms in an instant, her swift, warm kisses on his face. Never had they been so near, so dear to each other, for the double bond of pity and of love made them one. But she would not accept his sacrifice. His wish should be granted. And close upon her decision there came an interruption. From the hall sounded approaching voices, and the room was suddenly invaded by Granny and Aunt Angela, who had motored over to spend the day.

Mrs. Sargent was a large lady who always selected a small chair, and the



MICHAEL RETREATED TO A FAR CORNER, WHERE HE AWAITED FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS

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chair said it didn't like it as plainly as possible. She sat down now with the usual protest from the wooden voice, which her own sigh of content almost drowned, and summoned Michael to her, enveloping him in her capacious embrace, one hand stroking his curls as a miser touches his gold.

"What's the matter, Letty?" Aunt Angy demanded with the directness of a younger sister. "You look a perfect fright."

Mrs. Wynford murmured something about yesterday's headache, which convinced nobody, and seeing that the secret could not be concealed, she proceeded to explode the bomb. There followed a moment's hush like that which precedes a storm, then the very foundations of the earth seemed to burst asunder. Michael retreated to a far corner, where he tremblingly awaited further developments, and his mother intrenched herself in her turn behind the one explanation she had to offer in defense of her conduct. She had given her promise.

Miss Angela, tossing her pretty head, confided to space that were she so inclined *she* could recall many times when people hadn't thought so much of their pledged word, and Mrs. Sargent, from the summit of her years, declared that a bad promise was better broken than kept. She also demanded magisterially the exact nature of this particular promise.

Michael shivered. Not even to Bennett had he been able to speak of the humiliation he had endured; his mother was the only one who knew, and of course Granny and Aunt Angy would say that a person ought to have a more fishin' reason than just the talk of rough men.

"Forgive me, Mother dear," his own mother said, softly; "I can't tell you because it's Michael's secret and mine. But you must believe that I know best in deciding that the curls must really go."

He looked back at her with new adoration in his shining eyes. He could trust her for ever! She had understood, because she was a father-and-mother mother all in one. It was wonderful! The increased hubbub hardly reached him. The laments, reproaches, scoldings were like so many idle little waves surging up around a big rock and falling back again quite broken. Nurse, hastily summoned, appeared on the scene, and her feelings threatened to submerge all but him. His calm remained unshaken, though when she refused absolutely to take charge of the shearing, declaring that she'd give notice first, his high heart fell. To whom was the momentous task to be intrusted? It was a question he had not considered, half expecting that the hated head-covering would disappear as if by magic.

His mother, with that new understanding of hers, solved the difficulty by immediately telephoning for the village barber. She did not give herself a moment's pause, evidently not placing entire faith in the steadfastness of her own will-power, and it was not until the arrangements were completed that she realized what she had done. Then she hung up the receiver limply and turned a white face to three pairs of hostile eyes—the ecstatic ones did not come into her range of vision.

"That man will be here in a half-hour," she faltered. "I've kept my promise, but I can't stay to see it done."

"You needn't expect me to be present, Letitia Sargent Wynford," a heavy voice interrupted. "I've done much for you. I've sacrificed myself again and again, but a mother's feelings are made to be trampled upon—to be—" Mrs. Sargent withdrew hastily from the pitfall digged by her own eloquence, and continued with unmistakable emphasis: "This is different. This is flat opposition to my wishes. I shall not countenance it. I shall go to the library, and I'd like some tea immediately. I wash my hands of the affair."

"I won't be staying, neither, Mrs. Wynford, ma'am. I've served you faithful, but flesh and blood couldn't stand seeing them curls that have been the very apples of me eyes torn bodily from their roots. No, ma'am, I'll not stay, not even if you was to go down on your bended knees. I wash my hands of the whole thing," and, wringing those members above her head, Nurse vanished precipitately.

Aunt Angela advanced into the center

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of the room and faced her sister like an accusing angel. "You can't count on me now, Letty. I draw the line at the barber. I couldn't see those darling curls cut off. It would be like watching something very precious and—and holy snipped to pieces. I won't stay—"

"Nobody wants you to, Aunt Angy," piped Michael from his corner. "And nobody don't need to stay, anyhow; I'll 'tend to the cutting off myself, thank you."

When Mr. Perkins was shown up "to cut the young gentleman's hair," that personage alone received him. Mrs. Wynford had locked herself in her room, Mrs. Sargent was in the library, Nurse had retreated to her own quarters, and Aunt Angela was nowhere to be seen. But the fact that he was deserted in this—his great hour—did not weigh upon Michael's spirits. He went forward with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Barber," he cried, going immediately to the heart of the matter, "Bennett says you do cut beautiful, likewise shave, but I won't have any shaving done yet, please. It's just plain cutting, sir—every curl off so it won't ever sprout up again—and I sha'n't mind if you hurt."

Mr. Perkins understood; no one better. As for hurting, that wasn't in his line. Short, stout, with a round, pink face and little, bright blue eyes under a thatch of red hair that was carefully plastered in place, the new-comer was not still a moment. He darted about the bath-room while he talked, twitching a chair in front of the window, sending up the shade with a jerk, spreading the contents of his bag on a small table, shrugging out of a dark coat, and wriggling into a white jacket. The boy watched, dumb with admiration. It was only when, as a final step in the preparations, Mr. Perkins proceeded to wash his hands that Michael found his tongue.



NEVER WAS THERE A MORE BEAUTIFUL SOUND THAN THE SHISH OF THE SCISSORS THROUGH THAT FIRST CURL

"Granny said she'd wash hers," he exclaimed, "and so did Nurse. And Mother went right off; so I guess she done it, too. Must hands always be washed when hair is cut?"

Mr. Perkins beamed. He couldn't lay down rules for anybody, but he aimed to be pertickiler himself, and cleanliness, as most folks knew, was next to godliness. He bowed his small patron to the

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chair, and after he was seated whisked a large towel about him, securing it firmly at the back of his neck, and then—

Michael felt a curious shiver, half of delight, half of fear, thrill the length of his spine. His breath came quickly. He put up one hand to stay the whirling energy.

"Mr. Barber"—his voice was hoarse with excitement—"I ain't a-going to wink, even. And I want them off close. Bennett says when you get through you sprinkle nice-smelling stuff on that keeps the hairs flat. Please put on heaps, so mine will stay flatter than flat; Mother will pay extra for it, I know."

Mr. Perkins obligingly removed the cork from a bottle which he passed several times beneath a small, appreciative nose.

"Mrs. Wynford gave directions over the 'phone, sir. She said your hair was to be cut, but she did suggest neck, sir."



A REAL BOY LOOKED OUT AT HIM

"My mother told me the curls could come off," Michael interrupted sharply.

"Perhaps a lady's 'come off' is different from a young gentleman's, sir."

"Is ours shorter?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Perkins, "I must own it is. Maybe it would be best to institute inquiries—I mean ask Mrs. Wynford—"

"No, it wouldn't. We'll have it our way—*ours*. Oh!" a wave of anguish surged through the small breast—"oh! you don't know—"

The twinkling blue eyes looked back into the big brown ones, and suddenly they lost some of their twinkle. "I do, sir. Curls was once my abomination."

"And your mother, and your grandmother, and your aunt, and—everybody—"

"Yes, sir, they felt according. So I just hooked off by my own, and got 'em sheared."

Michael's eyes went up to the carefully plastered locks. Nothing could be so nice and flat and shiny. He breathed contentedly.

"I knew you'd understand. And it isn't to be a lady's cut-off?"

"No, it sha'n't be that, sir, I promise you." Then Mr. Perkins took up his implements.

In his later life Michael was to hear and love the world's best music, but never at any time was there a more beautiful sound to him than the *shish* of the scissors through that first curl of his; simultaneously, however, came a note of discord.

"Oh-oh-oh!" wailed Aunt Angy in sobbing crescendo, as she deserted her position of spy in the hall without, "one curl has gone!"

"Shut the door," Michael commanded.

Mr. Perkins obeyed.

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Succeeded other ecstasies. Seven of them! Each complete in itself, and only lacking in an inappreciable degree the first fine rapture of that blissful supreme moment. Presently the air was redolent with perfumes outrivaling those of Araby, and Michael, wrinkling up his little nose, took long, deep whiffs of the aromatic fragrance. A powder-puff, deliciously sweet, skimmed like a butterfly's wing across his cheeks, his ears, his throat; the cloth was removed, and he was—free. He did not stir at first, so dizzy was he with the fulfilment of his desire, but after a minute he got down gravely and, Mr. Perkins's back being obligingly turned, stepped to the mirror. A real boy looked out at him.

"Satisfactory, sir?"

"Bully!" The new word leaped out in quite a new voice; it fairly strutted. "Just bully!"

"Thank you, sir. In my opinion it is a vast improvement on what went before—behind, I should say." Mr. Perkins stood up, with rather a red face from bending over his bag, and held out the despised ringlets.

"Take them away—drown them," spluttered Michael.

"Oh! no, sir; your ma would object strenuous. She directed me pertickilerly to leave these."

"What does she want them for?" Apprehension reduced the question to a shrill whisper.

"Well, ladies is ladies; we have to humor them." Mr. Perkins looked down at his companion with a wink as of one seasoned man to another. "They like to keep the curls in a little white box," he further explained, "tied with a blue ribbon, and a verse on the outside:

"These precious locks once grew
Upon my darling's head,
Then steel descended true,
And they were severéd."

"Will Mother write that on mine?" Michael demanded, ecstatically.

"Er-er-something to that effect, sir, something similar. There are many other poets. Good-day, Master Wynford; when you need trimming again I'll be glad to serve you."

Michael cast one look at the shining mass in his grasp, then he raised his reproachful eyes. He had trusted this man—liked him.

"Off for good and all, sir, believe me! But hair grows like the grass of the fields, and has to be kept back. Only never curls again for you—on my honor!"

Michael stretched out his disengaged hand and wrung the capable one of the departing Perkins with a fervor he did not attempt to disguise. Then, left to himself, a single bound took him to the mirror, and he stood gloating over his reflection. Presently from somewhere in the quiet house there came the sound of his name. He ran out into the hall, listening for a moment, and again his mother's voice—such a queer, sore-throatish voice!—floated up from the library, bidding him come down.

They were all there waiting for him, and they were very quiet in that long first moment that seemed as if it would never end. Then there was a faint stir.

"Michael!" Granny wailed.

"Michael!" Aunt Angy stammered.

"Michael," Nurse groaned.

His mother said nothing.

"He's the image of Great-uncle Bainbridge Sargent!" shrieked Granny, "the plainest man in the whole family, and I never saw the resemblance before—never!"

"Oh, darling, I didn't know you had such a funny, weeny-teeny, pipe-stemmy neck," cried Aunt Angy; "your lovely curls hid it till now!"

"Gone they are! Thim ringlets and stringlets that were the pulse of me hearrt," moaned Nurse. "I'll see thim no more!"

And still Mother was silent.

"I've brought them to you," Michael said, slowly, ignoring the rest, his eyes on hers. "You can keep them f'rever an' ever in a box with po'try on it."

He stretched out his hand with its golden freight. She ran to him.

"Mother's—" The old pet term hovered on her lips, but one glance at the grave young face with its new look of pain checked her. "Mother's little man!" she said, in a ringing voice; then she broke down, and her arms closed round him.

"There! There!" he soothed her. "Don't cry. I'll take care of you."

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The Meaning of the Minimum Wage

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

CURIOUSLY enough, the wage is by no means the most significant factor in minimum-wage legislation, although the establishment of a minimum living wage for women is the immediate object of our American minimum-wage laws; neither is the attempt to safeguard women from the more brutal forms of exploitation, although the emotional appeal in behalf of motherhood that followed the recent revelations of commercialized traffic in women had much to do with the enactment of eight minimum-wage laws in the single year 1913. In so far as these laws are merely protective, they do not radically differ from the long sequence of factory acts that have gradually crept into our statutes since the time, almost one hundred years ago, when Lord Shaftesbury aroused the English-speaking world to the dangers of race degeneration latent in the unrestricted employment of women and children.

The important contribution of minimum-wage laws to the theory and structure of government—the factor that distinguishes them from laws regulating the sanitary condition of factories, compensation for industrial injuries, hours of employment for women and children—is that their just and effective enforcement requires the creation of a wage board or industrial parliament by virtue of which labor, for the first time in American history, is raised from the level of a commodity, subject like beef and pork to higgling in the open market, to the rank of industrial citizenship.

Nine states have enacted minimum-wage laws. Of these a majority establish as their chief administrative body an Industrial Commission with supervisory powers over all industries in the state, and authorized to determine and enforce the payment of a wage to women adequate to meet the cost of living and to maintain them in health. The chief restriction upon this Commission is that the courts, on appeal from one or more employers, may review the Commission's determinations and set them aside in case they are shown to be confiscatory —that is, so high as to deprive the employer of a reasonable return on his investment.

But how is such a Commission to know what amount will keep women in health and yet not destroy profits? Clearly, the simplest way is to consult with workers and employers, to secure the actual budgets of the workers, to test the intelligence of their expenditures, and to ascertain from the employers how they are conducting their business and whether their earnings represent the results of intelligent and efficient management. Who else could be so well qualified to supply the facts?

Accordingly, five of our minimum-wage laws authorize, and two of them require, the Commission to convoke a subordinate council or industrial parliament, usually designated the Wage Board, in which the employers and employees are equally represented, and before which all the facts bearing upon the work, earnings, and living conditions of the employees on the one hand, and the investment, efficiency, and profits of the employers on the other, are brought for discussion. We have long been accustomed to voluntary conferences between employers and representative workers in organized trades for the purposes of collective bargaining; but never before has a law compelled employers and employees in all trades, whether organized or not, to come together for the discussion and reconciliation of their divergent interests in the interest of the general public welfare; never before has a law so definitely placed the stamp of Public Utility upon what has always heretofore been regarded as the employers' purely private business. The

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time may well come when we shall look back upon these laws as marking the first change from the political to the industrial conception of citizenship.

The provision of the laws creating this industrial parliament and defining its powers is of such rare historical interest as to call for direct quotation. Section 8 of the Oregon law, identical in its main requirements with the parallel sections in a majority of the nine laws, provides as follows:

> If, after investigation, the industrial Welfare Commission is of opinion that any substantial number of women workers in any occupation are working for unreasonably long hours, or are working under surroundings or conditions detrimental to their health or morals, or are receiving wages inadequate to supply them with the necessary cost of living and maintain them in health, said commission may ["shall" in Massachusetts, Nebraska, and Wisconsin] call and convene a conference [denominated "Wage Board" in most of the laws] for the purpose and with the powers of considering and inquiring into and reporting on the subject investigated by said commission and submitted by it to such conference. Such conference shall be composed of not more than three representatives of the employers in said occupation and of an equal number of the representatives of the employees in said occupation, and of not more than three disinterested persons representing the general public, and of one or more commissioners. . . . Said commission shall present to such conference all information and evidence in the possession or under the control of said commission which relates to the subject of inquiry by such conference; and said commission shall cause to be brought before such conference any witnesses whose testimony said commission deems material to the subject of the inquiry of such conference. After completing its consideration of and inquiry into the subject submitted to it by said commission, such conference shall make and transmit to said commission a report containing the findings and recommendations of such conference on said subject. Accordingly as the subject submitted to it shall require, such conference shall, in its report, make recommendations on any or all of the following questions concerning the particular occupation under inquiry, to wit: (*a*) Standards of hours of employment for women workers and what are unreasonably long hours of employment for women workers; (*b*) Standards of conditions of labor for women workers and what surroundings or conditions—sanitary or otherwise—are detrimental to the health or morals of women workers; (*c*) Standards of minimum wages for women workers and what wages are inadequate to supply the necessary cost of living to women workers and maintain them in health. . . .

The Commission is not obliged to approve all or any of these recommendations, but such standards as it determines to make legally binding upon the particular industry or occupation under examination must be the standards recommended by the wage board or industrial parliament of such industry.

The authority by virtue of which the legislature empowers the Commission to establish minimum wages is the so-called police power, the modern survival of the majesty by virtue of which the king once issued such decrees as in his judgment were required for the good and welfare of his realm. But the will of the legislature, unlike the will of the kings, is not supreme; it must submit to guidance by the manifest *common belief* of the great body of the people, without the support of which its decrees cannot be enforced. In recognition of this fact, all of our minimum-wage laws rely for their enforcement upon publicity. In the Oregon law, for example, it is provided that if the Commission approves any recommendations of the wage conference, "said commission shall publish notice, not less than once a week for four successive weeks in not less than two newspapers of general circulation in Multnomah County; that it will, on a date and at a place named in said notice, hold a public meeting at which all persons in favor of or opposed to said recommendations will be given a hearing." Only after such public hearing may the Commission issue its orders. And in Massachusetts and Nebraska *exclusive* reliance is placed upon publicity for the enforcement of the determinations of the Commission, which are issued, not as orders, but as recommendations only. In these two states, when a minimum-wage rate is agreed upon, the Commission is limited to the publication of its findings *as recommendations* in a specified number of newspapers throughout the state, and, in addition, to the publication of the names of those employers who refuse to comply. An

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important reason for this limitation is the fear that the courts may hold the compulsory provision of other laws unconstitutional. This very question is at present before the United States Supreme Court in connection with the Oregon law, and if its decision should be adverse, the power of enforcement would probably be superseded by the power of recommendation in all the laws.

The first minimum-wage orders promulgated in the United States were those of the Oregon Industrial Commission, fixing eight dollars and sixty-four cents ($8.64) as the legal weekly minimum for manufacturing establishments, and nine dollars and twenty-five cents ($9.25) for mercantile establishments, in the city of Portland. These rates were based upon the testimony of workers and employers gathered by the Oregon Consumers' League, whose chairman is the present chairman of the Commission. Regarding the department stores, for example, this testimony shows that the prevailing wage for beginners was three dollars a week, and that slightly over forty-seven per cent., or nearly half of these girls and women, were receiving less than nine dollars. The clerks, who make up a large part of all female department-store workers, never received above ten dollars a week, no matter how long the term of their service.

Among the reasons given by the employers for these prevailingly low standards was the excessive supply of girls and women, a condition which seemed to call for the restriction of births among the working classes. They recognized the value of a scheme of graded promotion on the basis of experience as an important incentive to efficiency, but the degree of expertness required in department stores could readily be mastered by girls of ordinary intelligence in a few months or a year, so that when a woman, beginning at three dollars a week, advancing at the rate of from fifty cents to a dollar a year, reached ten dollars, good business required that she should be replaced by other women further down the scale.

Another reason invariably advanced was that most girls and women work not from necessity, but from choice and for pin-money; that they live with their parents, and that whatever they earn is in the nature of "velvet." As a matter of fact, it was found in Portland—as it has been found in Boston and New York and other industrial centers where similar surveys have been made—that fully one-third of these working women are *adrift*—that is, without homes—and that most of those who live at home have to support themselves quite as definitely as the homeless women. It has been scientifically determined that one thousand dollars is the least upon which a man can support a family of a wife and three children in an American city; yet Prof. Scott Nearing, late of the University of Pennsylvania, has shown from the records of the federal government that one-half of the adult males in the United States are receiving wages of less than six hundred dollars a year. A working woman who lives at home needs, as a rule, not only to support herself, but to contribute to the support of younger brothers and sisters.

And still a third reason—applicable, fortunately, to a very small number of establishments—is the absentee ownership of certain mercantile establishments and the exclusive interest of non-resident owners in profits. The chief offenders in this respect were the absentee boards of directors of the five-and-ten-cent stores, in which the highest wage paid to any worker was found to be six dollars a week. A commentary on this situation is a circular issued to its stockholders by the absentee directors of a corporation owning a great chain of these five-and-ten-cent stores, urging their subscribers to further investment on the ground that the stock was sure to yield good dividends because of the low wages paid to clerks by reason of their youth and consequent cheapness.

Such conditions are often, however, the result of tradition and sharp competition, rather than of deliberation or choice on the part of employers. In California, for example, where a law practically identical with that of Oregon is in force, the Retail Drygoods Association conferred with the Commission for the purpose of aiding in the enforcement of the law, and at its own expense made an investigation of practically every large

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department store in the state, and turned its findings over to the Commission. Their general attitude, typical of a growing body of sentiment among employers, is expressed in these words of their president: "Frankly," he says, in addressing the merchants of the country, "the minimum wage for women has come. You will have to meet it. And why shouldn't you meet it? What harm is it going to do if every merchant has to pay the same wage? It becomes precisely as other expense accounts. Hitherto the law of supply and demand fixed the wage schedule. Henceforth it will be efficiency. And if the cost of selling is increased, the purchaser is the one who will pay. An eight-hour law for employees is pending in some states. When the law first came into our state we thought it was very drastic. Time has proved the wisdom of the law. Merchants have adapted themselves to it. Business proceeds with ever-increasing prosperity, and we are scarcely conscious of ever having worked without an eight-hour law in effect."

After learning from the employers what wages were actually paid, the Oregon investigators sought to determine the amount needful to protect the health and morals of the women workers through an examination of market prices and an intensive study of the actual expenditures of the workers. One hundred and sixteen department-store workers furnished the information for the following table of averages, which, to those with either the experience or imagination to translate figures into terms of the daily struggle for existence, will not be devoid of poignant dramatic interest.

AVERAGE YEARLY EXPENDITURES OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN WOMEN DEPARTMENT-STORE WORKERS IN PORTLAND, OREGON

	Living at Home	Adrift
Rent	$315.51	$118.00
Board		196.25
Carfare	31.20	23.42
Clothing	161.36	139.63
Laundry	24.28	16.27
Doctor and dentist	29.23	23.82
Lodge and church	12.19	9.72
Recreation	$21.48	$36.62
Books, etc	10.11	6.69
Total expenses	$605.36	$570.42
Total wages	459.50	480.57
Deficit	$145.86	$ 89.85

These bald figures mean that a majority of these women actually received less than it cost them to live. How did they meet the difference?

Many of them, whether living at home or boarding, did extra chores in the morning before going to work and after work in the evening, for which they received the equivalent of money in food or rent or clothing. For example, Nellie B. got breakfast for the family, washed the family dishes at night, and did the family washing and ironing on Sunday. Others went in debt. And still others became *charity girls*—that is, they kept company with a man on a financial basis, usually on the pledge of marriage when their "gentlemen friends" should feel able to set up a household. Such tentative arrangements, needless to say, do not always mature according to expectations. The discovery that inadequate wages menace the morals of women had much to do with the sudden flood of minimum-wage laws in 1913. Happily, the more searching investigations of recent years have greatly reduced the estimated number of these charity girls who go from bad to worse to escape destitution. The vast majority of women workers will sacrifice health and the amenities of life rather than their moral integrity. But is it not well for us to consider whether underfeeding, insufficient clothes, and a life perpetually oppressed by the fear of debt are likely to give the nation vigorous mothers of vigorous children?

Upon evidence of this character, the Oregon Consumers' League decided that ten dollars a week was the least upon which a woman could keep herself in health. But the Commission, proceeding conservatively, reduced this estimate to nine dollars and twenty-five cents a week, the minimum which the owners of mercantile establishments in Portland are now permitted to pay "to any experienced, adult woman."

In the case of factory workers, the

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beginner's wage was also three dollars, but half the women were found to be receiving less than eight dollars a week, as compared with nine dollars for half of the department-store workers, while the cost of living was practically the same for the two groups, except that the factory workers spent somewhat less on clothes. It was apparently for this reason that the Commission fixed the legal minimum wage for "experienced, adult factory workers" at eight dollars and sixty-four cents.

The order establishing this wage for factory workers has been made the basis of a suit to test the constitutionality of the Oregon law, which, having been sustained by the state supreme court, is now before the Supreme Court of the United States. A brief reference to the arguments in this case will show the grounds upon which the minimum wage is being advocated and opposed.

The suit was brought in the name of Frank C. Stettler, a manufacturer of paper boxes in Portland, and of Elmira Simpson, one of his employees, who for three years had been receiving a weekly wage of eight dollars, "the best wages and compensation for her labor that she is able to receive for any employment or labor that she is capable of performing."

The general ground of complaint is that the order compelling the payment of $8.64 destroys the property of the employer and the employment of the employee without due process, on the theory that wages have no bearing upon public welfare. The plaintiff declares that "labor is a commodity, whose value, like other commodities, depends on the law of supply and demand"; that to fix wages by statute is to interfere dangerously "with the operation of natural and economic laws," and with the "right which nature has conferred on every man and woman to work for a living at such wages as he or she shall deem satisfactory, and at such employment as he or she shall choose, if the employment be not harmful to the laborer or to others"; and that "the wage paid does not in any wise affect the physical or moral well-being of the employee," since while "it may not be sufficient to support him in health and comfort, it *aids in so doing.*"

Of course, the defense flatly contradicts all of these contentions. But instead of relying upon theoretical argument, the state presents a mass of evidence to show what the actual effects of minimum-wage laws in operation have been, both upon the condition of the workers and the prosperity of business. The most impressive evidence of this nature is taken from the experience of Victoria, in Australia, where a law similar to the law in Oregon, but covering the wages of men as well as women, has been in operation since 1896. When the act of Victoria was before the legislature in 1896, and again when it was up for reconsideration in 1900, the opposition was led by the Victorian Chamber of Manufacturers. Professor Hammond, of the University of Ohio, has recently visited Victoria, where he interviewed the presidents and secretaries of both the Chamber of Manufacturers, the Victorian Employers' Association, and the representatives of the mine-owners and operators. "Practically all of them agreed that the system was better for the employers than the old system of unregulated competition." The main reason for this change of attitude is that the wages fixed by the wage boards have seldom been above those already paid by the best employers, who have thus been protected from the undercutting of their less scrupulous competitors. Moreover, by making the best the standard, the law has had an important effect in stimulating efficiency throughout the industries concerned, so that prices have not had to be increased on its account. That it has also had a stimulating rather than a retarding influence upon the growth of manufactures is shown by the fact that in 1896 there were in Victoria three thousand three hundred and seventy factories employing forty thousand eight hundred and fourteen workers; whereas, in 1911, there were five thousand six hundred and thirty-eight factories, with eighty-eight thousand six hundred and ninety-four workers.

The enterprise of many American business men has long since shown that an increase in wages is not incompatible with an increase in profits. A few years ago the United States Tariff Board examined into the labor cost in the cotton,

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paper, and woolen industries. It found that because of superior machinery and the higher personal efficiency of the American worker, the American weaver receiving one dollar and sixty cents a day was in certain cases cheaper than the Japanese weaver receiving eighteen and one-half cents a day. "In wool scouring," says Mr. N. I. Stone, the expert of the board, "the lowest average wage paid to machine operators in thirty mills was twelve and sixteen-hundredths cents an hour, the highest seventeen and seventy-nine-hundredths. Yet the low-wage mill showed a labor cost of twenty-one cents per hundred pounds of wool, while the high-wage mill had a cost of only fifteen cents. One-half of the difference was accounted for by the fact that the low-wage mill paid nine cents per hundred pounds for supervisory labor—foremen, speeders, and the like—whereas the high-wage mill found it necessary to pay only six cents for this purpose. In the carding department of seventeen worsted mills, the mill paying its machine operators an average of thirteen and eighteen-hundredths cents per hour had a machine labor cost of four cents per hundred pounds, while the mill paying eleven and eighty-six-hundredths cents per hour had a cost of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. This was largely due to the fact that the high-wage mill, which operated at a lower cost, had machinery enabling every operator to turn out more than three hundred and twenty-six pounds per hour, while the low-wage mill, operating at a high cost, was turning out less than forty-eight pounds per hour."

In 1896 there were many workers in Victoria who feared that the minimum-wage act would disrupt the unions, and that the minimum wage would tend to become the maximum. Neither of these things has happened. As parliaments in which both sides have equal representation, the wage boards have greatly stimulated organization among the workers no less than among the employers. It is true that the labor leaders have had to change their qualifications; they have had to become students of the industry, skilled in reasoning from facts, instead of fomenters and leaders of strikes. Nor has the minimum wage tended to become the maximum. Detailed evidence on this point is not available for Victoria, but in the city of Auckland, of twenty-four hundred and fifty-eight workers under the law, nine hundred and forty-eight received the minimum rate, and fifteen hundred and ten, or sixty-one per cent., received above the minimum; in Christchurch, of twenty-seven hundred and eighty-eight workers, fifty-nine per cent. received above the minimum; and in Dunedin the percentage of sixteen hundred and thirty-seven workers above the minimum was fifty-one.

For years, wage boards or industrial parliaments have been in operation under voluntary agreements entered into by the employers and workers in a number of important American industries, notably in the garment trades in New York City. As a member of the Board of Arbitration of the Waist and Dress Industry, I have had an interesting opportunity to watch their effect upon the relations of employers and employees, and upon the prosperity of the community. Their most noteworthy result has been the substitution of discussion and adjustment of difficulties upon the basis of tested evidence for the strikes and lockouts that, until a few years ago, kept the largest clothing industry of the nation in a state of perpetual uncertainty and turmoil. By the terms of a voluntary agreement, standards of minimum wages have been fixed for the industry, and working conditions in the factories have been greatly improved, not only to the benefit of the health of the workers, but also to the advantage of the employers through increased efficiency, by a Joint Board of Sanitary Control, to the support of which both sides contribute. When questions arise as to the fairness of wages, the sanitary conditions in factories, or the justice of hiring or discharge, they are brought before a conference in which both sides are equally represented for parliamentary investigation and debate, with the result that a majority of them are adjusted without serious interruptions of production or loss of employment.

An especially significant result of the industrial parliaments has been the modification they have produced in the psychological attitude of the employers

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and workers toward one another. Under the conditions of modern industry, where large numbers of workers are brought together in a single establishment, and where the tide of business is subject to wide fluctuations, so that there may be fifty workers in a shop to-day and a hundred and fifty to-morrow, the old personal intimacy between the employer and his help has almost totally disappeared. Few employers know even the names of a majority of their workers, and most workers know their employers only by name. This lack of contact opens wide the door to misunderstandings, breeds suspicion, and often tempts both sides to take secret and unfair advantage. Where no provision is made for conference, the spirit of the factory is likely to become that of an armed peace, which is essentially the spirit of war. I have seen employers and workers come together in the meetings of wage boards, tense with bitterness and hostility. I have heard them wrangle for hours over charges of bad faith and have seen them grow calm and reasonable as the questioning of the chairman brought out the facts on both sides and developed the basis for an understanding. Often both sides will show an unexpected readiness to subordinate what they had considered their absolute rights in the premises to the larger interests of the industry, and to recognize themselves and one another, not so much as enemies fighting for a stake, as industrial citizens with a common interest in the prosperity of the trade and a common responsibility to the public.

These conferences have not, to be sure, obviated strikes and lockouts entirely, principally because, under the terms of a voluntary agreement there is no authority like that of the state commissions, with legal power to call witnesses, to investigate all facts in dispute, to compel candor on both sides, and to place full evidence before the public. In the course of long and tedious debates over the technical details of an industry upon the part of employers and workers who feel that their livelihood depends upon the issue, there are times when individual interest and partisan passion prevail over reason, candor, and mutual consideration, with the result that the conferences break up in explosions of discord. Then follow stoppages of work, as strikes of a few days' duration are called, or the arbitrary discharge of groups of workers to punish the union leaders. But these failures are exceptional and are usually confined to a single factory. And if the conferences were held under state supervision, in the full light of publicity, the failures would become fewer still.

It is because the public, under modern conditions of factory production, is so vitally concerned in the uninterrupted and efficient conduct of every business that deals in the commodities of domestic consumption that the wage boards or industrial parliaments, fortified by the police power of the state, are such important additions to the civic structure. And because they give the public and the workers a recognized voice in the employer's conduct of his business, they are of unique significance in the evolution of industrial democracy.

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Simply the Cooking

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

MY dinner had disagreed with me again. I am convinced that when food is skilfully prepared for the table it need not disagree with one, no matter how rich (as they call it) that food may be. When it is clumsily prepared, of course it does. Take strawberry-shortcake, for example—a simple dish. If a man who eats three or four helpings of shortcake finds it going to his head, so to speak, just what is to blame? The man? No. The cake.

My wife doesn't see this.

"One thing that might restore your digestion, my dear," she presently observed, "is a little vacation. Why don't you go to the Adirondacks for a bit?"

It wasn't my digestion, I told her; it was the cooking. She smiled. The expression was one of skepticism and patient amusement. I—well, I left the table. I went off to my bedroom, and before I could strike a light I fell over the phonograph.

I had got tired of the phonograph, just as my wife had said I would, but it was her own fault. As soon as I buy a thing she begins predicting that I will shortly get tired of it. This leads to my taking particular pains to prove to her—for her own sake—that she is quite wrong; and this leads, in turn, to my using the thing too much. Whereupon I naturally do get tired of it, a little; and when my wife notices this, she says: "You see! Was I not right?" I then take a very strong hatred for the thing and never use it again, meantime explaining carefully to my wife that she is not right, nevertheless. She calls these explanations "silly!"

After I had fallen over that phonograph, I decided to put it away for good, and began looking for a box to put it in. It is not easy to find a box that will hold a phonograph; the only one I had that was big enough was full of old letters. It occurred to me that it was hardly worth while my keeping those letters; I was always meaning to look them over and think about other days and so forth, but perhaps it wouldn't be much fun, after all. Nothing is much fun when the cooking is bad. I took out a handful to inspect; they were from Aunt Martin; one was to congratulate me on the birth of a daughter that had never, and has never, had a birth; one was to ask me to call upon a former fire commissioner who was a cousin of mine, by marriage, to recommend her old coachman's son for a job. I remembered how disgusted these letters had made me when they came, and wondered why on earth I had ever kept them. I threw them in my fire.

It is queer how it makes one feel to burn old letters. One seems to be consigning not merely the letters themselves to destruction, but the senders. Aunt Martin had been dead a long time, but she seemed deader still when her letters were destroyed. It was as though I had stripped from her wraith the last film of reality that it possessed. "Her memory will be more shadowy than ever, now," I reflected, "thank goodness!" I watched the fire thoughtfully, and almost imagined I could see a tiny image of Aunt Martin sweeping angrily up the chimney.

One of the letters had fallen on the floor; not an Aunt Martin letter, either, I noticed, as I stooped to recover it, but from Commodore Filber. It was a characteristically kind-hearted missive, full of pleasant remarks about my uncle, who had been the dead Commodore's good friend. It soothed me to read it. I decided not to strip any remaining film of reality from Filber, but to walk down to my uncle's and show him this letter.

"Hattie," said I, over the banisters, "I am going out."

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"I knew you were, dear," said my wife.

This was manifestly untrue. I had only just made up my mind to go. "You will have to admit that you are wrong again, Hattie," I said, firmly, "because it was but this minute that I—"

She was laughing. Laughing at her husband! "As the club's celebration lasted so very late a year ago, Niblo, dear, I sha'n't wait up for you to-night," she called. "I hope it won't add to your indigestion."

So that was where she thought that I was bound. It seems to me my wife is wrong practically all the time—there is a regular fatality about it. And yet she never can be made to see it.

"As it happens, I am not going to the club," I shouted, warmly. "I am going to Uncle Wolley's."

She appeared in the hall. "Again?" she asked.

"Why 'again'?" I inquired. "Why 'again'? I haven't been there once this winter."

"Niblo Sims," she retorted, taking away a tweed cape of hers that I had brought out of the closet by mistake, and handing me my own overcoat instead, "you have started for Uncle Wolley's six times within the last month, and each time you have never got farther than the club, and you know what the doctor says. Your indigestion will get the better of you if you're not more careful, and you will be 'seeing' things. People with stomach trouble often do. Ever since they opened that late evening grill there, and began serving underdone Welsh rabbits, you—"

"I beg that you will stop, Hattie," I interrupted. "You are utterly and entirely mistaken. I am not interested in the club's Welsh rabbits. I have put an end to that sort of business altogether, and I have told you so over and over and over. I may share one with another man, at times, or order one for myself without any toast, but practically speaking I never touch them." I had got my hand on the door as I was talking, and now I opened it. "Furthermore, you are in this instance doubly wrong—doubly wrong, let me inform you—because not only am I not going to eat anything, but I am not even going near the club. You need not worry about my indigestion." She was looking mockingly at me, but I paid no heed. "I tell you plainly that I am going to Uncle Wolley's. Good night." And I immediately shut the door after me. These women always want the last word.



NOTHING IS MUCH FUN WHEN THE COOKING IS BAD

It is extraordinary the way people interfere with one's private affairs, it seems to me. It isn't only Hattie. There are men I know who make nothing of coming up to me in the street and asserting that I look "rather thin, old chap," or "rather yellow, old chap," or rather something else that does not suit them. I am not trying to suit those people. I tell them so, too. I am apt to add that if they could only see themselves as others see them they would have plenty to do without criticizing

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me. Let criticisms begin at home, that is my motto.

I took a car. My wife thinks I ought to walk more, but she does not understand that if I did it would make me nervous. I am not naturally nervous; I have a serene and placid way of my own of getting through my days, but it doesn't facilitate this way to go plunging through the streets like an errand-boy. What are cars for? To look at?

The car I took being empty, I was given a good opportunity to concentrate my mind, which I consider an excellent sedative and exercise; fix your mind on some one thing—anything you like—and think only of that, and you will find that after a few minutes you feel calmer all over. It dissipates one's annoyances amazingly.

I had fixed my mind on a phonograph advertisement so successfully that I had quite forgotten the conductor's rude way of making change, when I remembered that my own phonograph would probably prove an annoyance, too. Sometimes it is simply impossible to find any object that is wholly free from annoyance, of one kind or another. I took Commodore Filber's letter out of my pocket and decided to think of that. *He* wasn't annoying, the Commodore. How vividly I remembered his large, bald head, his bit of whisker, his watery blue eyes and fat, pink chins and cheeks, all crinkled up into amiable expressions; and the way his stumpy little legs always seemed to be making deferential gestures of their own to one when he was talking. A very decent old fellow indeed. He was in the wholesale anchovy business, I recollected, his rank having come to him from a yacht-club, not from the government, and I was just thinking of the fact that one cannot buy any really digestible anchovies nowadays, when I observed that a pair of legs exactly like the Commodore's were coming toward me up the aisle of the car. I looked up, and there stood old Filber himself.



THERE ARE MEN WHO THINK NOTHING OF COMING UP AND ASSERTING THAT I LOOK "RATHER THIN, OLD CHAP"

"I was just thinking of the fact," I told him, "that one cannot buy any really digestible anchovies nowadays. I find it, personally, very annoying."

"It is annoying," he agreed, seating himself near me. I added that I had trouble with caviare, too, and with onion dumplings. He agreed with me on them all.

"I have an old letter of yours here, by the way," said I, starting to show it to him. As I did so I suddenly realized with some perplexity that Filber was, in

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point of fact, not alive. This was curious. Here he was sitting next to me in a car, and yet—

I stared dully at him. It seemed to make him anxious.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "don't stare dully at me. You—it was the letter that brought me. If I intrude, I'll leave you, but I hope you won't think that is necessary. I can't tell you how much I am enjoying this little chat."

"The letter?" said I.

"Why, yes," he replied, "the letter. You understand. Since I—since 1905" —that was the year, I remembered, that he was drowned—"since 1905, the only taste I can get of existence is when somebody connects me with something tangible like that letter, and recalls my image, as it were. Even then I don't generally dare to show myself. You, now, are a calm, quiet sort of man. You would scarcely believe the way other people get excited, and shudder, and evince a repugnance for my presence; or weep, or scream, or make it unpleasant for me somehow if I appear. No matter where I go, and no matter how much I would often like to stay, I find myself being positively swept off the premises by their emotions." His left leg made a swept-off-the-premises sort of gesture. "Now why should any one behave like that? My disposition is to be companionable and jolly. It is pretty hard to be treated like a wet blanket or a spoil-sport, just because I like to join my friends occasionally. Why should everybody be so prejudiced? Why should I be shunned?"

The poor man seemed so nervous and distraught and yet so reasonable that I felt quite sympathetic. "I am not shunning you," I reminded him.

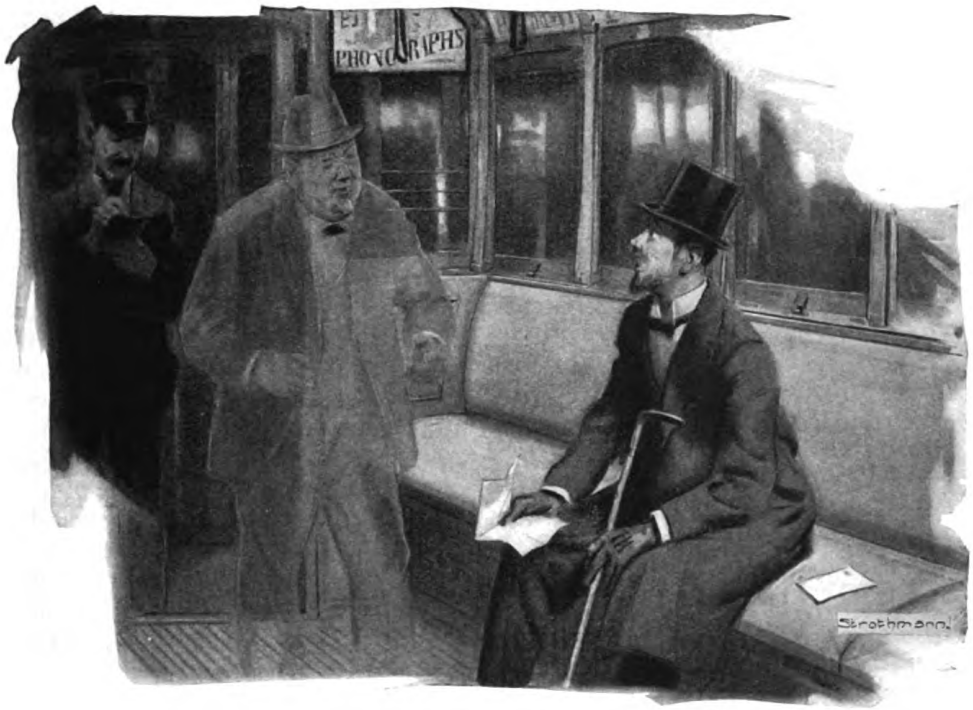
He thanked me and said, No, I wasn't; I was very sensible about it, and he was obliged. Greatly obliged. He asked where I was going. Wolley's, eh? That was too bad, because Wolley, although he loved him dearly, was one of the most prejudiced men he knew. I offered to stop at the next corner instead and take him over to the club. He thanked me again. I admit that perhaps this was a mistake on my part. But he was talking so much and so rapidly to me that I really did not have time to think.

As we walked across, he explained his situation more precisely. He had never been a spiritually minded man, he told me, and after his fatal accident no aspirations for higher scenes had made him willing to forsake his old ones. On the other hand, no evil impulses had existed, to be "burned out," as he put it. In consequence, ever "since 1905" he had drifted along pretty much as though he had not been drowned at all, except that he couldn't show himself to people. More and more he was being forgotten, though, he saw, and it was that which was gradually ending his existence, in a sense in which the mere drowning hadn't and couldn't. When his old house had been torn down he had felt "diluted at least one-half," and of recent years he had been feeling more insubstantial still, even to himself. He was so glad I had not destroyed his letter. It was only when people remembered him and thought vividly of him that he could get any little taste of life; and he ventured to hope I would think of him as often, in future, as I could.

I told him I would try, but that I had much to contend with. What with being misunderstood—wilfully misunderstood—by people who should know better, and supplied with food that would not digest, and foolishly advised by stupid doctors, and contradicted in my own home, and so forth, I was naturally kept wrapped up in my personal difficulties. I was still talking to him of this when we reached the club and made our way to the coat-room.

Our club has a celebration every year on the anniversary of its moving into the new house. It isn't much of a house to make such a fuss about, but the anniversary meetings are pleasant in themselves, and I never miss one. Champagne and a very decent supper are served all the evening. We found the members present in force, all happy and talkative, and two or three of them nodded vaguely in our direction, which seemed to please the Commodore immensely. I didn't try to introduce him to the younger men, but I did take him up to Major Hoskins, and to a few other of his contemporaries, and say, "You remember Commodore Filber, of course," and all that. They didn't any

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"I WAS JUST THINKING OF THE FACT THAT ONE CANNOT BUY ANY REALLY DIGESTIBLE ANCHOVIES NOWADAYS"

of them behave as though they remembered; in fact, their expressions seemed particularly vacant, but I disregarded this, of course, and continued on my way around the rooms. Filber, I noticed, was rather awkward at getting about. He seemed apprehensive, too, of being run into, and he kept scuttling out of people's paths and squeezing himself up against doors and walls like one in peril. "It's so very crowded," he mumbled, apologetically. "Can't we sit down somewhere?"

I motioned to some chairs near the head of the staircase, took one of them myself, and began feeling in my pockets for cigars. "Why, where are my cigars? I must have left them at home," I said, presently.

"So?" said a strange voice, not the Commodore's. "Shall I touch the bell for you?"

I turned, and there in the chair which I had just offered to Filber sat a member named Grillquist.

"Oh—er—thank you very much," I said. He got up and stepped toward a bell on a near-by table. As he did so I discovered he had been sitting on Filber!

"Come, come away from here," Filber coughed, pale and indignant. "That fellow—I'm speechless—" He hurried me down-stairs to the grill. "Now will you please take a table for two," he entreated, "and after you're seated I'll join you. Meantime, do kindly tell the waiter the second seat is reserved."

I took a table at once and looked over the bill. There was nothing worth trying on it—only a lot of elaborate dishes—so I ordered a Welsh rabbit. That seemed about the simplest thing I could eat, after all. The grill was very close, very bad air, disgracefully close. I grew conscious, suddenly, of having a splitting bad headache. My whole day had been miserable, miserable, I angrily realized. My omelet at breakfast had been so overcooked it was ropy; it was like eating an old sponge. My lunch had been an absolute failure on account of the dumpling—the heaviest, lumpiest dumpling a man ever swallowed. There it was; I could still feel it, sulking inside of me, like some unreconciled rebel in a hot concentration camp. Upon my word! if a man could manage to live without nourishment, I'd not eat at all,

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I think—at least on unlucky days. I speak of "luck"—that is the charitable view; it's these ignorant cooks. I waited for my rabbit with quite a black, dizzy feeling in my head.

Then Filber reappeared. He still seemed disconcerted by having been sat upon. His expression was quite peevish, I noticed. I began to dislike him. He had a dim, misty look, and I like hearty people. The waiter had tilted his chair up against the table, Broadway style, to show it was reserved. (We have the most ignorant waiters in the world at our club.) The Commodore put it straight, with some difficulty, and sat down. "Is there anything the matter with you?" he said, glaring at me. "You seem flushed."

I regarded him coldly. "The matter with me is," I replied, "that I don't believe members who have been drowned have any right in this club."

"Wh - what!" he stuttered. "Oh, come. Read the rules. Is there any *rule* of this club, or any other club, denying entrance to the deceased?"

"You haven't paid your dues, sir," I shouted. Several members at neighboring tables turned and stared, but I would not be downed. I felt bound to uphold the club's honor, whatever they thought.

The Commodore grew haughty. "I admit it," he said, argumentatively, "but be so kind as to remember, my young friend, I haven't been asked. I haven't resigned, and my name isn't posted. I'm a member in good standing."

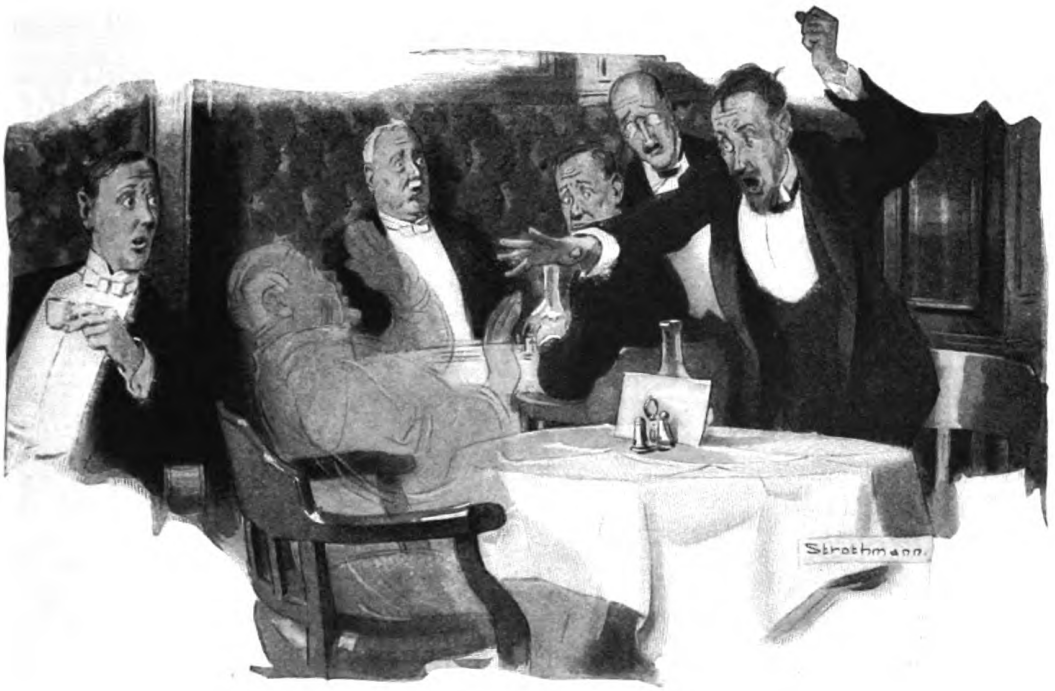
The waiter happened to be passing by at that moment. He saw that the chair he had tilted was down on four legs, and, not noticing the Commodore apparently, he smartly turned it up again. This pinned Filber against the table—flattened him, in fact. He waved his arms despairingly and uttered a cry.

"Be still!" I roared. He was silent. So was everybody else. The whole room was suddenly hushed. Fixing my eyes on Filber, I drew his old letter from my pocket, struck a match, and set fire to it. He lifted his hands in silent supplication. But I was adamant. Filber's last tie to reality should be destroyed. It turned quickly to flame, and the Commodore groaned and faded away. It was rather dramatic.



AS HE GOT UP AND STEPPED TOWARD A BELL, I DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD BEEN SITTING ON FILBER!

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I FELT BOUND TO UPHOLD THE CLUB'S HONOR

"Now," I said to the waiter, "you may bring me my order." He set the dish before me with a new respect, and immediately withdrew.

A hum of conversation arose again in the room. Grillquist and two or three other members came to my table.

"How are you feeling, old boy?" said Grillquist.

I said I was feeling all right.

"Major Hoskins was asking me about you," Grillquist continued. "He says you spoke when you came in as though you'd seen Commodore Filber."

"Well? What of it?" I inquired.

"I don't quite understand," said Grillquist, blankly. "Old Mr. Filber was drowned in 1905, I believe, on his yacht."

"Exactly," I said, determinedly eating my rabbit.

Grillquist and the others looked at one another, blanker than ever. They have such stupid faces, that set. Not mobile, not intelligent. "Don't you want to tell us all about it, Sims?" they finally said.

This made me rather hot. Stop in the middle of a Welsh rabbit to tell these casual intruders about old Filber? "Oh, damn old Filber!" I angrily remarked. "You and he between you will give me indigestion if you are not careful, and my wife will think it was this innocent rabbit. I don't care to go into this matter. I don't see that it's necessary. My feeling is simply that Filber shouldn't come around here. Do you understand that?"

They didn't seem to.

I laid down my fork, pushed away the plate, and explained my views to those men from A to Z. When I had finished, Grillquist said he now understood, and did I feel quite well? I told him frankly no, I did not. Perhaps, he suggested, I would like him to go home with me in his cab. I had no objection. He hinted that possibly I needed a vacation, and said they had an excellent chef at the club inn in the Adirondacks. I said, What did I care about the confounded old inn? This constant interference never ceases. I went home at once and had a severe attack of indigestion all night.

The next morning, when I got to thinking it over, I decided there had been something curious about my experience, and determined to dismiss the

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whole affair at once from my mind. I also burned the rest of those old letters, just to be rid of them. That left my nice box ready to use for the phonograph. I had got it about half packed away when there was a knock. I had a horrible suspicion that it was Filber.

"Come in," I said, hurriedly, "come in." It was my wife.

"Tired of it?" she asked me, looking at the phonograph, with one of her I-told-you-so expressions.

You can imagine my feelings! "No," I replied, shortly, "I am not. I am putting it away so as not to fall over it so much, and if you think it's for some other reason you are absolutely wrong."

She laughed in a stupid, creasy sort of way. My wife is getting fat. "And was I wrong about knowing you were going to the club last night?" she queried, still smiling. "And about your eating a Welsh rabbit?"

There is nothing in this world so hopelessly provoking as a woman. If I did not have the patience of Job himself, I really believe sometimes I should go mad. "Whom have you been talking with?" I demanded, indignantly.

"Dr. Grillquist stopped at the door just now, dear, to ask how you were," she answered. "He says you think of taking a vacation."

"So I do," I assented. "I am going to the club inn in the Adirondacks."

She started to say something cheerful about its helping my digestion. Blind! Blind to the end! I raised my hand impressively to check her.

"It is not because of my digestion, my poor Hattie," said I, with a pitying look. "It is simply the cooking."

The Other Child

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

OH! have you seen that other child—
That little lad alone
Who once when you were laughing—smiled?
Once when you threw a stone
I saw him curve his little arm
And seem to throw one, too,
As if he were alive and warm
And playing just like you.

Oh, have you seen that other child—
The little one I see?
So often when your games are wild
He watches breathlessly.
I know that he would have such fun
If he were here to stay;
I think that you would be the one
To show him how to play.

Oh! have you seen that other child—
The little lad alone?
His face is very still and mild,
His eyes are like your own.
I think he likes you quite the best
Of all the boys I know.
He lingers with you oftenest,—
Or else I see him so.

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Poetry for the Unpoetical

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University

I HAVE looked through more essays upon poetry than I care to remember without finding anywhere a discussion of poetry for the unpoetical. A recent writer, it is true, has done much to show that the general reader daily indulges in poetry of a kind without knowing it. But the voluminous literature of poetics is well-nigh all special. It is written for students of rhythm, for instinctive lovers of poetry, for writers of verse, for critics. It does not treat of the value of poetry for the average, the unpoetical man—it says little of his curious distaste for all that is not prose, or of the share in all good poetry that belongs to him.

By the average man, let me hasten to say, I mean in this instance the average intelligent reader, who has passed through the usual formal education in literature, who reads books as well as newspapers and magazines, who, without calling himself a littérateur, would be willing to assert that he was fairly well read and reasonably fond of good reading. Your doctor, your lawyer, the president of your bank, and any educated business man who has not turned his brain into a machine, will fit my case.

Among such excellent Americans, I find that there exists a double standard as regards all literature, but especially poetry. Just as the newspapers always write of clean politics with reverence—whatever may be the private opinions and practices of their editorial writers—so intelligent, though unpoetic, readers are accustomed to speak of poetry with very considerable respect. It is not proper to say, "I hate poetry," even if one thinks it. To admit ignorance of Tennyson or Milton or Shakespeare is bad form, even if one skimmed through them in college and has never disturbed the dust upon their covers since. I have heard a whispered, sneering remark after dinner, "I don't believe he ever *heard* of Browning," by one who had penetrated about as far into Browning's inner consciousness as a fly into the hickory-nut it crawls over. I well remember seeing a lady of highly respectable culture hold up her hands in horror before a college graduate who did not know who Beowulf was. Neither did she, in any true sense of knowing. But her code taught her that the "Beowulf," like other "good poetry," should be upon one's list of acquaintances.

What these Americans really think is a very different matter. The man in the trolley-car, the woman in the rocking-chair, the clerk, the doctor, the manufacturer, most lawyers, and some ministers would, if their hearts were opened, give simply a categorical negative. They do not like poetry, or they think they do not like it; in either case with the same result. The rhythm annoys them (little wonder, since they usually read it as prose), the rhyme seems needless, the inversions, the compressions perplex their minds to no valuable end. Speaking honestly, they do not like poetry. And if their reason is the old one,

> I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell,

it is none the less effective.

But the positive answers are no more reassuring. Here in America especially, when we like poetry, we like it none too good. The "old favorites" are almost all platitudinous in thought and monotonous in rhythm. We prefer sentiment, and have a weakness for slush. Pathos seems to us better than tragedy, anecdote than wit. Longfellow was and is,

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except in metropolitan centers, our favorite "classical" poet; the poetical corner and the daily poem of the newspapers represent what most of us like when we do go in for verse. The truth is that many of the intelligent in our population skip poetry in their reading just because it *is* poetry. They read no poetry, or they read bad poetry occasionally, or they read good poetry badly.

This sorry state of affairs does not trouble the literary critic. His usual comment is that either one loves poetry or one does not, and that is all there is to be said about it. If the general reader neglects poetry, why then he belongs to the Lost Tribes and signifies nothing for Israel.

I am sure that he is wrong. His assertion is based on the theory that every man worthy of literary salvation must at all times love and desire the best literature, which is poetry—and this is a fallacy. It is as absurd as if he should ask most of us to dwell in religious exaltation incessantly, or to live exclusively upon mountain peaks, or to cultivate rapture during sixteen hours of the twenty-four. The saints, the martyrs, the seers, the seekers, and enthusiasts have profited nobly by such a régime, but not we of common clay. To assume in advocating the reading of poetry that one should substitute Pope for the daily paper, Francis Thompson for the illustrated weekly, "The Ring and the Book" for a magazine, and read *The Golden Treasury* through instead of a novel, needs only to be stated to be disproved. And yet this is the implication of much literary criticism.

But the sin of the general reader who refuses all poetry is much more deadly, for it is due not to enthusiasm, but to ignorance. It is true that the literary diet recommended by an esthetic critic would choke a healthy business man; but it is equally true that for all men whose emotions are still alive within them, and whose intelligence permits the reading of verse, poetry is quite as valuable as fresh air and exercise. We do not need fresh air and exercise constantly. We can get along very comfortably without them. But if they are not essential commodities, they are important ones, and so is poetry—a truth of which modern readers seem to be as ignorant as was primitive man of fire until he burned his hand in a blazing bush.

I do not mean for an instant to propose that every one should read poetry. The man whose imagination has never taken fire from literature of any kind, whose brain is literal and dislikes any embroidery upon the surface of plain fact, who is deaf to music, unresponsive to ideas, and limited in his emotions—such a man in my opinion is unfortunate, although he is often an excellent citizen, lives happily, makes a good husband, and may save the state. But he should not (no danger that he will) read poetry. And for another class there is nothing in poetry. The emotionally dying or dead; the men who have sunk themselves, their personalities, their hopes, their happiness, in business or scholarship or politics or sport—they, too, are often useful citizens, and usually highly prosperous; but they would waste their time upon literature of any variety, and especially upon poetry.

There are a dozen good arguments, however, to prove that the reading of poetry is good for the right kind of general reader, who is neither defective nor dead in his emotions; and this means, after all, a very large percentage of all readers. If I had space I should use them all, for I realize that the convention we have adopted for poetry makes us skip, in our magazines, as naturally from story to story over the verse between as from stone to stone across the brook. However, I choose only two, which seem to me as convincing for the unpoetical reader (the dead and defective excepted) as the ethical grandeur of poetry, let us say, for the moralist, its beauty for the esthete, its packed knowledge for the scholar.

The first has often been urged before and far more often overlooked. We everyday folk plod year after year through routine, through fairly good or fairly bad, never quite realizing what we are experiencing, never seeing life as a whole, or any part of it, perhaps, in complete unity. Words, acts, sights pass through our experience hazily, suggesting meanings which we never fully grasp. Grief and love, the most intense, perhaps, of sensations, we seldom under-

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stand except by comparison with what has been said of the grief and love of others. Happiness remains at best a diffused emotion—felt, but not comprehended. Thought, if in some moment of intense clarity it grasps our relationship to the stream of life, in the next shreds into trivialities. Is this true? Test it by any experience that is still fresh in memory. See how dull, by comparison with the vivid colors of the scene itself, are even now your ideas of what it meant to you, how obscure its relations to your later life. The moment you fell in love, the hour after your child had died, the instant when you reached the peak, the quarrel that began a misunderstanding not yet ended, the subtle household strain that pulls apart untiringly though it never sunders two who love each other—all these I challenge you to define, to explain, to lift into the light above the turbid sea of complex currents which is life.

And this, of course, is what good poetry does. It seizes the moment, the situation, the thought; drags it palpitating from life and flings it, quivering with its own rhythmic movement, into expression. The thing cannot be done in mere prose, for there is more than explanation to the process. The words themselves, in their color and suggestiveness, the rhythms that carry them, contribute to the sense, even as overtones help to make the music. From such a poem as Henley's

> I am the master of my fate:
> I am the captain of my soul,

I gain an intensification and clarification of experience. Browning's "The Last Ride Together" performs the same service:

> Then we began to ride. My soul
> Smooth'd itself out, a long-cramp'd scroll
> Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
> Past hopes already lay behind.
> What need to strive with a life awry?
> Had I said that, had I done this,
> So might I gain, so might I miss.
> Might she have loved me? Just as well
> She might have hated, who can tell!
> Where had I been now if the worst befell?
> And here we are riding, she and I.

My two instances, and indeed all the doctrine of the last paragraph, may sound a little exalted to the comfortable general reader, who does not often deal in such intense commodities as death and love. And yet I have mentioned nothing that does not at one time or another, and frequently rather than the opposite, come into his life, and need, not frequent, certainly, but at least occasional, interpretation. Death and love, and also friendship, jealousy, courage, self-sacrifice, hate — these cannot be avoided. We must experience them. So do the animals, who gain from their experiences blind, instinctive repulsions or unreasoning likes and distrusts. There are many ways of escaping from such a bovine acquiescence, content to have felt, not desirous to grasp and know and relate. Poetry, which clears and intensifies like a glass held upon a distant snow-peak, is one of the best.

But there is another service that poetry, among all writing, best renders to the general reader, *when he needs it;* a service less obvious, but sometimes, I think, more important. Poetry insures an extension of youth.

Men and women vary in their emotional susceptibility. Some go through life always clouded, always dull, like a piece of glass cut in semblance of a gem, that refracts no colors and is empty of light. Others are vivid, impressionable, reacting upon every experience. Some of us are most aroused by contact with one another. Interest awakens at the sound of a voice; we are most alive when most with our kind. Others, like Thoreau, respond best in solitude. The veery thrush singing dimly in the hemlocks at twilight moves them more powerfully than a cheer. A deep meadow awave with headed grass, a solemn hill shouldering the sky, a clear blue air washing over the pasture slopes and down among the tree-tops of the valley, thrills them more than all the men in all the streets of the world. It makes no difference. To every one, dull and vivid, social and solitary, age brings its changes. We may understand better, but the vividness is less, the emotions are tamer. They do not fully respond, as the bell in the deserted house only half tinkles to our pulling.

> *Si la jeunesse savait,*
> *Si la viellesse pouvait.*

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But to be able comes before to know. We must react to experiences before it is worth while to comprehend them. And after one is well enmeshed in the routine of plodding life, after the freshness of the emotions (and this is a definition of youth) is gone, it is difficult to react. I can travel now, if I wish, to the coral islands or the Spanish Main, but it is too late.

Few willingly part with the fresh impressionability of youth. Sometimes, as I have already suggested, the faculties of sensation become atrophied, if indeed they ever existed. I know no more dismal spectacle than a man talking shop on a moonlit hill in August, a woman gossiping by the rail of a steamer plunging through the sapphire of the Gulf Stream, or a couple perusing advertisements throughout a Beethoven symphony. I will not advance as typical a drummer I once saw read a cheap magazine from cover to cover in the finest stretch of the Canadian Rockies. He was not a man, but a sample-fed, word-emitting machine. These people, emotionally speaking, are senile. They should not try to read poetry.

But most of us—even those who are outwardly commonplace, practical, unenthusiastic, "solid," and not "sensitive"—lose our youthful keenness with regret. And that is why poetry, except for the hopelessly sodden, is a tonic worthy of a great price. For the right poetry at the right time has the indubitable power to stir the emotions that experience is no longer able to arouse. I cannot give satisfactory instances, for the reaction is highly personal. What with me stirs a brain cell long dormant to action will leave another unmoved, and *vice versa*. However, to make clear my meaning, let us take Romance, the kind that one capitalizes, that belongs to Youth, also capitalized, and dwells in Granada or Sicily or the Spanish Main. The middle-aged gentleman on a winter cruise for his nerves will never find the thrill in what he sees there. If it is not lost for him utterly, it is only because Keats has kept it, in—

. . . Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

and Nashe in—

Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair.

Or consider the joy of travel renewed in Kipling's—

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.

Or the distant sea in Milton's—

Oft on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or passionate desire with Omar—

Oh Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Or the multitudinous experiences of vivid life that crowd the pages of men like Shakespeare, or Chaucer, who thanked God that he had known His world as in his time.

Somewhere in poetry, and best in poetry because there most concentrated and most penetrative, lies crystallized experience at hand for all who need it. It is not difficult to find, although no one can find it for you. It is not necessarily exalted, romantic, passionate; it may be comfortable, homely, gentle, or hearty, vigorous, and cheerful; it may be anything but commonplace, for no true emotion is ever commonplace. I have known men of one poet; and yet that poet gave them the satisfaction they required. I know others whose occasional dip into poetry leads to no rapture of beauty, no throbbing vision into eternity; and yet without poetry they would be less alive, their minds would be less young. As children, most of us would have flushed before the beauty of a sunrise on a tropic ocean, felt dimly if profoundly—and forgotten. The poet—like the painter—has caught, has interpreted, has preserved the experience, so that, like music, it may be renewed. And he can perform that miracle for greater things than sunrises. This, perhaps, is the best of all reasons why every one except the

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emotionally senile should sometimes read poetry.

I know at least one honest Philistine who, unlike many Philistines, has traveled through the Promised Land—and does not like it. When his emotional friends talk sentimentalism and call it literature, or his esthetic acquaintances erect affectations and call them art, he has the proper word of irony that brings them back to food, money, and other verities. His voice haunts me now, suggesting that, in spite of the reasons I have advanced, the general reader can scarcely be expected to read modern poetry, and that therefore his habit of skipping must continue. He would say that most modern poetry is unreadable, at least by the average man. He would say that if the infinitely complex study of emotional mind-states that lies behind the poetry of Francis Thompson, or the eerie otherworldliness of Yeats, or the lawless virility of Whitman is to be regarded as an intensification and clarification of experience, he begs to be excused. He would say that if the lyrics of subtle and passionate emotion that make up so many pages of modern anthologies represent a renewal and extension of youth, it was not *his* youth. He prefers to be sanely old rather than erotically young. He will stick to the daily paper and flat prose.

Well, it is easy to answer him by ruling out modern poetry from the argument. There was more good poetry, neither complex, nor erotic, nor esoteric, written before our generation than even a maker of anthologies is likely to read. But I am not willing to dodge the issue so readily. There *is* modern poetry for every reader who is competent to read poetry at all. If there is none too much of it, that is his own fault. If there is much that makes no appeal to him, that is as it should be.

It is true that a very large proportion of contemporary poetry is well-nigh unintelligible to the gentleman whose reading, like his experience, does not often venture beyond the primitive emotions. Why should it not be? The modern lyric—and lyric poetry is the typical modern form—is untroubled by the social conscience. It is highly individual, for it is written by men of intense individuality for readers whose imaginations require an intimate appeal. Such minds demand poetry prevailingly, just as the average reader demands prose prevailingly. They profit by prose now and then, just as, occasionally, he profits by poetry. We talk so much of the enormous growth of the mass of average readers in recent years that we forget the corresponding growth in the number of individualities that are not average. Much modern poetry is written for such readers, for men and women whose minds are sensitive to intricate emotional experience, who can and do respond to otherworldliness, to the subtly romantic, the finely esthetic, and the intricately ideal. They deserve whatever poetry they may desire.

The important point to note is that they do not get it. It is they—far more than the Philistines—who complain that modern poetry is insufficient for their needs. The highly personal lyric is probably more perfected, more abundant, and more poignant in its appeal to living minds now than ever before in the history of our civilization. But it occupies only one province of poetry. A lover of poetry desires, far more keenly than the general reader, to have verse of his own day that is more Shakespearian, more Miltonic, more Sophoclean than this. He wants poetry that lifts spacious times into spacious verse, poetry that "enlumynes," like Petrarch's "rhetorike sweete," a race and a civilization. He desires, in addition to what he is already getting, precisely that poetry, universal in its subject-matter and its appeal, which the general reader thinks he would read if he found that instead of "lyrical subtleties" in his pages.

Well, they do not get it very abundantly to-day, let us admit the fact freely. But the fault is not altogether the poets'. The fault is in the intractable mediocrity of the age, which resists transference into poetry as stiff clay resists the hoe of the cultivator. The fault lies in the general reader himself, whose very opposition to poetry because it *is* poetry makes him a difficult person to write for. Commercialized minds, given over to convention, denying their sentiment and idealism, or wasting them upon cheap and meretri-

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cious literature, do not make a good audience. Our few poets in English who have possessed some universality of appeal have had to make concessions. Kipling has been the most popular among good English poets of our generation; but he has had to put journalism into much of his poetry in order to succeed. And Kipling is not read so much as a certain American writer who discovered that by printing bad verse in prose form he could make the public forget their prejudice against verse and indulge their natural pleasure in rhythm and rhyme.

A striking proof of all that I have been writing is to be found in so-called magazine verse. Sneers at magazine poetry are unjust because they are unintelligent. It is quite true that most of it consists of the highly individualistic lyric of which I have spoken above. But in comparison with the imaginative prose of the typical popular magazine, it presents a most instructive contrast. The prose is too frequently sensational or sentimental, vulgar or smart. The verse, even though narrow in its appeal, and sometimes slight, is at least excellent in art, admirable in execution, and vigorous and unsentimental in tone. Regarded as literature, it is very much more satisfactory than the bulk of magazine prose. Indeed, there is less difference between the best and the worst of our magazines than between the verse and the prose in all but the best.

And if this verse is too special in its subject-matter to be altogether satisfactory, if so little of it appeals to the general reader, is it not his fault? He neglects the poetry from habit rather than from conviction based on experience. Because he skips it, and has skipped it until habit has become a convention, much of it has become by natural adaptation of supply to demand too literary, too narrow, too subtle and complex for him now. The vicious circle is complete.

This circle may soon be broken. A ferment, which in the nineties stirred in journalism, and a decade later transformed our drama, is working now in verse. The poetical revival now upon us is richer so far in promise than in great poetry, but it is very significant. For one thing, it is advertising poetry, and since poetry is precisely what Shakespeare called it, caviare to the general—a special commodity for occasional use—a little advertising will be good for it. Again, the verse that has sprung from the movement is much of it thoroughly interesting. Some of it is as bizarre as the new art of the futurists and the vorticists; some is merely vulgar, some merely affected, some hopelessly obscure; but other poems, without convincing us of their greatness, seem as original and creative as were Browning and Whitman in their day. Probably, like the new painting, the movement is more significant than the movers.

Nevertheless, if one is willing to put aside prejudice, suspend judgment, and look ahead, *vers libre*, even when more *libre* than *vers*, is full of meaning—poetic realism, even when more real than poetry, charged with possibility. For with all its imperfections upon its head, much of this new poetry is trying to mean more than ever before to the general reader. I am not sure that the democracy can be interpreted for him in noble poetry and remain the democracy he knows. And yet I feel, and I believe, that, in his subconsciousness at least, he feels, an intense longing to find the everyday life in which we all live —so thrilling beneath the surface—interpreted, swung into that rhythmic significance that will make it part of the vast and flowing stream of all life. I can tolerate many short, rough words, and much that we have been accustomed to regard as prose, on the way to such a goal.

For I honestly believe that it is better to read fantastic poetry, coarse poetry, prosaic poetry—anything but vulgar and sentimental poetry—than no poetry at all. To be susceptible to no revival of the vivid emotions of youth, to be touched by no thoughts more intense than our own, to be accessible to no imaginative interpretation of the life we lead—this seems to me to be a heavy misfortune. But to possess, as most of us do, our share of all these qualities, and then at no time, in no fitting mood or proffered opportunity, to read poetry —this can only be regarded as deafness by habit and blindness from choice.

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The Bear and the Honey

BY MARY PATTERSON

CROTHERS flung aside his book with an impatient mutter of disgust, drew himself slowly up from the depths of the hammock, and stood for an uncertain, wavering moment upon his feet. He made the second attempt to step before he was sure he could walk at all, and then paced the upper balcony of Polypody Place wearily and listlessly, with his thin, sick hands locked behind his back and his cap dragged over his tired eyes.

When he reached the farther end of the piazza he stopped for a moment to rest and draw a long breath; he clutched the railing for support, at the same time thankful that the women out under the trees, knitting for the soldiers in Europe, were so far away he could not hear the click of their needles; they made him nervous enough with their tiresome questions about his health!

When he turned back the hammock seemed much farther away than when he started, and so it proved to be; he passed two pillars, but threw his arm about the third to keep from falling, from sheer weakness. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, and he quivered in every nerve; he was too tired to take another step, and he wondered whimsically what he was going to do—cry, curse, or, easiest of all, drop over the balustrade into the rocky roadway below.

The afternoon was strangely quiet; some children were playing croquet, and Crothers could hear their shrill little voices disputing a wicket. But aside from the children, and their mothers knitting under the trees, there was no one in sight, except—Crothers looked again—some one he had never seen before. She was a slight young person, perched on the great rock covered with moss and polypodies, and bending over a sketch-book. Her back was toward him, and he watched the swift, birdlike motion of her long, darting pencil and the bobbing of her cloudy brown head with idle interest. The curve of her back in the loose blue blouse was as lithe and careless as that of a boy at play, but when she held her pencil away from her eyes to measure perspective Crothers noted the fineness of her hand.

"Utterly used up?" It was the brisk, energetic voice of Mrs. McKaig that startled him into the tiresome reality of time and place. It was four o'clock, and he must get to the wicker chair beside the table, not so very far from the hammock, and drink the milk and eat the bread set before him at this hour every day.

"But I've brought you something new to-day," Mrs. McKaig hastened to explain, in the tone she would use to coax a pouting child, "and what do you think it is? Honey! Some beautiful new honey from Twilight Park, and I'm sure you're going to eat it all!"

Crothers let his arms fall from the pillar of the piazza and staggered toward the wicker chair.

"I don't mind honey so much, you know"—he regarded Mrs. McKaig, in her stout, blue-denim skirt and white blouse—"but isn't it a bother—sticky and all that?"

"Now come, Mr. Crothers," she laughed protestingly, "it has to be sticky to be honey—and it is something new, and very wholesome!"

"Yes, yes, of course it is!" Crothers did not in the least regret making his sister, Mrs. Bretherington Watts, miserable by his whims and vagaries, but it always left him with the sensation of having been mean when he brought an anxious look into Mrs. Kaig's eyes.

She always understood. Years ago he began coming to Polypody Place "to thrash things out" when he was half mad with all that crowded upon him in his world. He was strong in mind and

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body then, and Mrs. McKaig put tools in his hands and set him to work. He had blazed the trail up North Mountain before he could work out the case that established his reputation in his profession; and one spring, after a winter when he had done all the things social that his sister Annette thought he owed to his position, he had to build the bridge over the brook at its widest part before he could sleep nights.

It was the same bridge over which the barelegged children ran this day in the late August, when, an invalid from fever and nerves, he instinctively turned again to Mrs. McKaig, the wonderful woman of the mountains, who always understood what a fellow needed.

And now she said it was honey. Perhaps it was. Crothers took a thin slice of the bread, spread with unsalted butter, and wondered if she was going to sit there on the edge of the hammock to see whether he ate it or not. He dipped gingerly into the honey-plate and swallowed bravely.

But it was no use. He was too utterly tired to pretend. "It's very nice, but I'm not hungry, you know," he said, with a long sigh, as he pushed away the tray.

Mrs. McKaig rose to go. "I'll just leave it, though," she said, shaking up the cushions in the hammock. "Perhaps you'll change your mind about it."

"Do you know, Mrs. McKaig," Crothers began impatiently—"do you know just what I *have* made up my mind about?"

"Tell me."

"I've come to the conclusion that this business of trying to get well is too tiresome, and the very best thing I can do for the world now is to give it my obituary."

"Now see here, my dear man," Mrs. McKaig began briskly, but Crothers raised his hand.

"Listen," he said, "and consider all there'd be in it! Why, it would be the most imposing thing you ever read. There'd be the funeral from the old, ivy-covered, red-brick home on Washington Square, which would be unique, because I'd elected to live there in the home of my fathers, with the old family servants, Michael and Bridget, rather than move along up into the early east fifties with the rest of the crowd. Then there'd be a lot about my success at the New York bar, my popularity, my money, my charities, and, oh, many tears because I was 'cut off in the midst of life.'"

"I want you to stop talking like that," Mrs. McKaig broke in sharply.

"But there wouldn't be a word," Crothers went on regardless—"there wouldn't be a word about my having starved to death. Frederic Wilkins Crothers starved to death! That would be the real sensation, now, wouldn't it?"

"Starved?" For the first time Mrs. McKaig did not understand.

"Starved," Crothers repeated, grimly; "starved for something to live for, something to make getting well worth all the bother! There is nothing real to go back to, except Mike and Bridget, and I wanted to throw even old Mike out when he came up to see me the other day! There is nothing, nothing—"

A high, shrill cry suddenly pierced the stillness of the afternoon, and caught the words upon Crothers's lips. It came from down the road, and was wild and weird and mocking. Mrs. McKaig started with a little gasp of fright, and Crothers raised himself quickly on his elbow—then sank back again, only impatient at any interruption of the mood into the black depths of which he was sinking deeper and deeper.

"I! I! Iddle-ty, I!" shrieked the voice, "tum, tie-ie, yi, yi! Tie! Tie!—tiddle-ty, tum—um, yum—I!"

"Oh!" Mrs. McKaig drew a long breath of relief, and then laughed. "It's just that old man coming up the road again with his frowzy bear. I'll run down and see that the children do not go too near."

Crothers heard her gathering all the children of the house together in a little group below the piazza; there was a murmur of voices, the suppressed excitement of the simple audience before a performance, and then the jingle of the chain as the clumsy, panting animal balanced his pole, keeping time to the weird piping of the man who announced with a low bow and a sweep of his ragged hat each wonderful act.

"Now-a da bear, he hugga da man!

"Now-a, he roll-a ova'!

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"Now-a, he rascal widda da man—ver' bad!"

There was a scattered clapping of hands, a child's shrill treble of delight, laughing expressions of amazement, and then, above it all, some one called:

"Oh, *do* keep him dancing there, with the hat on, until I get another crayon!"

Crothers had never heard the voice before. It was as clear and cool as the dew, he thought, and he lifted himself on his elbow, listening, as there instantly followed the quick, light patter of little feet along the lower piazza and up the padded stairs to where a door banged in the hall above. Then the same light feet flew down again, and Crothers wondered dully how any one could run so fast and live. But the voice was clear, unwavering, and not in the least breathless that begged the Italian:

"Oh, please make him put the hat on and do another dance—please do!"

"She's a camera fiend," Crothers decided, grimly, and then instantly contradicted himself. "But she said 'crayon'?" The intruding and persistent detail fretted him beyond endurance, and, with an irritated and impatient turn, he threw his feet to the floor, walked to the balustrade, and searched among those in the group below for the camera or crayon.

After all, it was no one but that same little strange girl out on the rock in front of the house—out on the great boulder, covered with polypodies and sunk within a ring of feathery fern. Crothers could not distinguish her features, made tawny by wind and weather, for she held up the crayon on a line with her nose, squinting the comparative measurements of man and bear; so he deliberately folded his arms around the solid pillar of the upper balcony, to watch with fascinated gaze the swift, birdlike motions of the slim, finely fashioned hands striking in the lines with certain, unerring skill.



HE PUSHED THE BRUTE'S NOSE INTO THE PLATE OF HONEY

Her coarse, blue-flannel blouse was open at the throat, and Crothers could see, even at that distance, that her skirt was as rough as a peasant's and had been awkwardly freshened with a band of new stuff to redeem it from utter dinginess.

"Now-a da bear, he clim-a da tree!" droned the Italian, jerking the panting animal toward a great elm that sheltered Crothers's corner of the piazza and spread wide branches above the roof.

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The group below shifted about to watch the bear as he set his claws into the trunk and struggled upward, urged and prodded by his master, who gave longer leash and blustered in loud and excited jargon.

But Crothers paid not the slightest heed to the performance. His eyes were fastened, as in a spell, upon the little witch-like girl out on the rock, who quickly turned a page of her sketch-book and struck in the lines of the great elm-tree, then drew the corner of the upper balcony, set it with the light, vertical lines of the balustrade, and trailed her pencil up to the pillar against which Crothers was leaning wearily with folded arms.

There she stopped, with a little gasp; the crayon dropped unheeded from her fingers and rolled to the ground. Perhaps it was because he was so white, and his great eyes tired and appealing, that she instinctively closed her book and met his long, unwavering gaze as though answering a call.

The sudden, sharp click of snapped steel was to her only a part of that tense, strained moment, but it was the terrified cry of women and children that drew her eyes from Crothers's pale face and brought her to her feet with a low moan of fright.

In a flash she saw it all. The bear had wound his leash about a branch and, with a sudden lurch of his huge body, broken the chain, lunged toward the balcony, and rolled over the balustrade. Women seized children and locked themselves in the dining-room; men ran to the stables for pitchforks; some one called for a gun, and the frenzied Italian, flourishing an end of the broken chain, made wild struggles to climb the tree, weeping and imploring every one "notta shoot—no-o-o!"

Crothers was only conscious of some sudden excitement; perhaps the bear really had a new trick, and he wondered idly what it was; anyway, the little girl had suddenly run away from her rock, and he leaned over the balcony to see which way she had gone. There she was, just below where he stood, looking up into his face with terrified eyes.

"Oh, jump!" she cried imploringly, holding out her arms. "Drop to the ground; I'll catch you."

Something like the buoyancy of a boy thrilled every nerve in Crothers's body. Was that little girl with the cloudy, brown head daring him to vault the railing and drop to the ground? A wild impulse to try it flashed a sudden warmth into his blood and a glow of color into his cheeks, which as quickly faded when the consciousness of some heavy, breathing body close behind him made him turn away from the girl's imploring eyes and outstretched arms.

He noted instantly that the bear wore a loose leather muzzle, but he grew faint and confused when confronted with the necessity of struggling with the great shaggy brute ambling toward him.

He took an uncertain step or two, as though to run, and then—as so often happens in a crisis—his sense of the ridiculous steadied him.

"Can't spoil that obituary," he muttered, "by saying a bear bit me," and, pulling himself up with one supreme effort, he seized the bear's muzzle and with both hands and all of his strength pushed the brute's nose into the plate of honey.

For just an instant, half smiling, he gazed at the bear licking honey off his muzzle; then he swayed and crumpled in a limp, unconscious heap upon the floor.

It all happened in one swift moment of time, but it seemed a hopeless eternity to the little girl who flew around the corner of the piazza, dragging the weeping, gibbering Italian by the hand, followed by Mrs. McKaig and Ted, armed with pitchforks and a baseball-bat.

The girl dropped to her knees beside Crothers and folded his head in her arms, protectingly, as a mother soothes her child. "Oh, take your hateful beast away!" she sobbed.

The McKaigs pushed and the Italian pulled the shaggy body along, while the bear, complacently licking his muzzle, which dripped golden honey from Twilight Park, shambled past her.

Then the girl looked at the fine, white face confronting her, and hoped Mrs. McKaig would come back quickly and bring the brandy; but when she heard her firm steps hurrying up the stair she lifted Crothers's head, ever so gently, and kissed his eyes.

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Crothers remembered, first of all, a voice, clear and cool, sweet as the dew but far away; some time long ago it told him to jump, and he had tried it. Just now that same voice, quivering a little, was telling people:

"Please, please do not stand about! He'll hate it so when he's conscious, to find you all staring at him!"

He sighed, and wondered vaguely who it was that people were staring at and why they stood about. He understood more when Mr. McKaig lifted him into the hammock or the chair, or something that was very comfortable when a fellow was tired; and he remembered still more when he discovered Mrs. McKaig sitting beside him on the edge of the hammock. He knew it was Mrs. McKaig, even recalling his early impression that she "always understood what a fellow needed."

She smiled and stroked the hand she held.

"I didn't like," he whispered—"I didn't like the idea of the bear!"

"No, no," she soothed; "but how that bear liked the honey!"

"Wasn't it lucky"—he groped about in his mind, trying to find the bear—"wasn't it lucky I saved it for the *other* one?"

Before she could answer, Crothers blurted a short laugh, like a boy caught playing a trick; then he as suddenly drifted, as though falling asleep. "Don't let me go to sleep," he begged, starting up and taking a firmer hold upon Mrs. McKaig's hands; "there's something I want to ask you—something—" He cast about in his troubled mind to find what it was. Suddenly he lifted himself on his elbow. "Who is that girl?" he asked, shortly.

"That is Lucinda Kennedy," Mrs. McKaig told him. "You mean the girl who ran up here first of all?"

"Did she, though?" he asked, eagerly.

"Indeed she did," Mrs. McKaig laughed. "The way she pulled that old Italian down the tree, and jerked him up here to get his bear was the quickest thing you ever saw. Yes, that was Lucinda Kennedy."

Crothers settled back in his hammock.

"The little brown girl, with the fine hands; the little girl sketching out on the rock?"

"Lucinda Kennedy," Mrs. McKaig repeated. "And now, please go to sleep," she insisted, gently; "you had such a bad shock!"

"Oh, I feel quite fit," Crothers protested, cheerfully. "Do you think"—he



THE GIRL DROPPED TO HER KNEES BESIDE CROTHERS

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hesitated—"do you think she would come and see me? I'd like just to say thank you."

"To-morrow, perhaps," said Mrs. McKaig, as she drew the rug about his shoulders and stole away, leaving him asleep with a whimsical curve to his lips that made him look as though he were smiling.

When Crothers wakened earlier than usual the next day, and established himself on the piazza for his breakfast, instead of taking it in bed according to directions, he had the thrill of a pleasant sensation. Something nice and new was going to happen. Slowly the nice and new expectations took form. Lucinda Kennedy was coming to see him to-day. Mrs. McKaig said she would—perhaps. So he waited.

When he saw her going down the road about ten o'clock, with her sketch-book under her arm, he was distinctly disappointed. He watched her as far as the big clump of sumach bushes, but she never once looked back. Then he was suddenly tired, as tired as he had ever been, in spite of the fact that he had wakened with the sense of having had a good night's rest.

He dropped back among the cushions of the hammock, hopelessly. Nothing nice and new was going to happen, after all. The sooner he was gone, the better! When Mrs. McKaig came with tiffin he would tell her so.

But Mrs. McKaig did not appear with tiffin. It was Lucinda Kennedy who came briskly around the corner of the balcony, the tray in her slim hands and a cluster of white violets tucked in between the glass of milk and the plate of bread and butter.

"Mrs. McKaig told me I might bring this to you, Mr. Crothers," she said, simply, in her clear, low voice.

"That's awfully good of you, Miss Kennedy," Crothers replied properly, and then added, impulsively, "You don't know how relieved I am to have you come; I thought you didn't care what became of me, even after you saved my life!"

Lucinda Kennedy laughed gaily and took the cluster of violets from the tray.

"Behold!" she presented the flowers with a courtesy and mock ceremony. "Mrs. McKaig said you were terribly cross about things to eat, and generally unmanageable, so when I went to the old quarry sketching this morning I gathered these for you!"

"Not to eat, I hope!"

The girl's laugh was as infectious as a boy's. "Just lest you might devour them in a wildly ravenous moment, I'll hold them for you until you've finished these other things," she said, lightly, taking the violets from his awkward fingers. "And then I'll give them back. Would it disturb you if I sat here five minutes? Mrs. McKaig says people bore you dreadfully."

But it did not disturb Crothers that afternoon, nor bore him any other time during the days that followed when Lucinda Kennedy came to sit with him in his corner of the upper balcony. He liked it best when she ran up the stair, and came in panting and laughing, as though she were eager to reach him.

"When you tear up that stairway you sound like some little wild thing running away!" he said one day, when she rushed in quite breathless.

"That's exactly what I was a moment ago," she announced with the directness of a child. "I was up on North Mountain, browsing around, and I loitered and dawdled until I knew I must run every step of the way to reach you by four o'clock. And I fairly flew down that mountain. Nothing with wings could have done better. I scared a covey of partridges"—her laugh rang out at the recollection—"as I tore through the bushes, and never stopped once. And even now you do not ask me to sit down." She really was breathless.

Crothers flung himself out of the hammock and placed a chair ceremoniously. "Do sit down, Miss Kennedy," he begged. "Do you know how I have spent my time while you were dawdling around North Mountain?"

"Reading your gloomy Swinburne, I suppose—that same thing I had to read you the other day—something or other simply encouraging you to die!"

There was a catch in her voice, and she held her little clenched hand against her lips as though to smother a cry.

Crothers looked at her with deepening wonder in his eyes. "Would you—" he

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began, and then, as the girl turned away, he said, seriously: "I was really doing nothing worse than wonder how old you are! You seem so impossibly young. You're the very youngest thing I ever knew — only, your mouth — " Crothers hesitated as Lucinda Kennedy met his long, deep gaze with a startled glance —"your mouth is that of a grown woman, and very sweet!"

The cheeks of the girl flushed with a sudden glow, even as with one of her quick, bird-like motions she picked a small crayon from the table and drew in huge, grotesque figures upon the floor of the piazza the number 27.

"There!" she exclaimed, gaily, "that's how old I am."

"Then you are a woman," Crothers said, slowly, with a strange, unconscious satisfaction; "but how is it you never grow tired, ghastly tired, and old?" His eyes wandered again over the coarse skirt, the blue blouse, the slim, restless hands.

"I've found life very good," she said, simply; "when it isn't really, in spite of all I can do, I make believe it is, anyway."

One day when she was sketching a gipsy woman telling the cook's fortune down at the kitchen door, Crothers watched her deft, clever strokes with absorbed interest. The lines were all so quick, direct, and true.

"I'm still wondering," he said, after a time, "about the process by which you make life what it is not!"

She was just then sketching in the little black-headed baby on the gipsy's back. "Such a funny little thing," she murmured, and then, after a final line, "lest the kiddie slip," she looked up. "Oh, that—that is a very simple matter," she laughed, "because when life isn't all that it might be, I change the point of view by making pictures of it as I'd like it to be."

The sheets from her sketch-book were on the piazza floor, and the wind ruffled their edges. Crothers stooped to pick them up. "Why have you never shown me these?" he asked. "Where do you exhibit?"



"IS IT YOU—ALWAYS YOU IN THE DESIGN?"

"Oh," she began, airily, "is it possible you don't know?"

"Tell me."

"Oh, I thought you were just amused! Don't you really know about me? Why, I'm 'Fashions,' and I 'exhibit' in the Sunday Supplement of the *Times-Gazette* every week!"

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Crothers took out a sheet, whereon was drawn a smart young person walking. She wore a tailored suit described in the context, while in the background was an old-fashioned brick house, inclosed by a high iron fence. Ivy covered



"THAT LOOKS LIKE A ROOF, JUST OVER THERE"

the walls, and there was a knocker on the door.

"What is the game in this one?" Even as he asked he looked again, fascinated by the likeness to Lucinda Kennedy which the figure suggested, and startled by something perfectly familiar about the square brick house.

"That? Oh, that is the way Miss Kennedy looks, correctly tailored in linen, walking around Washington Square, and going up-town to buy a beautiful sunshade!" She slipped the sheets quickly, one after another. "And this," she continued, holding up another sketch, "is the sunshade!"

It was a wash drawing of Miss Kennedy, sitting on a bench in an old-fashioned garden. Her dress was of soft tissue, faintly flowered and clinging, and above her head the sunshade, drooping with lace.

"The handle is ivory"—she could not have spoken more reverently of religion—"and the flowers are roses."

"Where—where is the garden of roses?" Crothers asked, half afraid.

"Oh, that is behind the high iron fence of that lovely old brick house on Washington Square. Of course," she added, with one of her quick, impulsive changes of manner and tone, "I shall not mind your laughing, because this *is* amusing, and you'll have to laugh if you look at any more of them."

"I want to see them all—every one," Crothers declared with impulsive eagerness. "Is it you—always you in the design?"

"Oh, more or less! I take off the sharpness of my nose, or change my mouth, or slant my eyes, and no one knows—not even Nancy. But it is interesting, and not the least extravagant—just to live with myself and lovely things—this way." She looked hastily through her book. "I adore this one," she exclaimed finally. "It's the opera, and my cloak is cerise velvet, with sable, and all that wonderful lace showing when it's thrown open." Suddenly she brought the sketch nearer her eyes and

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examined it critically. "How perfectly careless!" she cried. "Would you believe it? Evening dress, opera cloak, and no pearls! And the best box in the house! How *could* I have forgotten my long, beautiful pearls!"

"Who is that in the best box with you?" Crothers asked, ignoring the pearls utterly.

"That is Nancy—my little aunt Nancy, in her Chantilly lace. She adores it."

"I mean the man. Who's the man? There's some one there in the shadow, isn't there?"

Lucinda Kennedy hesitated a perceptible instant, and then looked up into Crothers's face, her eyes dancing and her lips drawn to hide a smile.

"That's Michael!" she whispered.

"Michael! Michael who?"

"Just Michael—the footman. He has Nancy's cloak over his arm."

"Was there no one else—no other chap you could have put in the box with you?"

"None available except geniuses, and their fashions are better for a full-page of 'studio teas'! There is a drawing here of my studio, and the most charming afternoon, with artists and the literaries and music and—"

"Your real studio?" Crothers interrupted.

"No," she answered, too absorbed in searching for the sketch to laugh at the idea. "It's larger, and — oh — I'm sorry—" she broke off suddenly as three or four drawings slipped to the floor, and the wind carried them to the other end of the piazza. "Those are all you," she said, simply, as Crothers brought them back.

"In the box with you at the opera?" he asked with boyish eagerness, pouncing upon the sheets in her hands.

"Oh no; just a lot of yous at tennis, yachting, at the races—and this is the very best one of you, this one golfing."

"Yes — but look at that bunker!" Crothers scrutinized the bank as anxiously as though he stood before it, niblick in hand, and the cup depending upon his next stroke.

"Is it too dreadful?"

There was a dead silence.

"Of course you could take that," she decided, finally; "you could do even better than that. But see! Here you are on an ocean steamer, pacing the deck. That illustrates the splendid great-coat for sea voyages."

"But why can't I go to the opera? Why can't I sit in the best box in the house with you and Nancy?" Crothers's tone was all but querulous.

Lucinda Kennedy looked up with troubled eyes. "Why, of course," she said, with a long, surprised sigh. "Of course, you would want to go to the opera, too. I was just giving you all the things I thought you would want most when you are quite, quite strong again; the things that take you out into the wide, clear, open spaces of sky and sea. Oh, here is the hunter, and the mountain climber—you climbing the Alps! But, of course, if you had money for all this"—she swept one slim hand over the pages—"you would have money for the opera, too—and the best box." She shot him one swift, keen glance. "Perhaps you are rich," she hazarded. "I never thought. But of course you're not, or you would not be up here at this little, plain mountain resort. You'd be at one of those lovely and expensive rest-cure places along the North Shore!"

Thus she explained the situation to her own satisfaction, and all that Crothers said was, "There have been so many times in my life when I've thought myself the poorest man in the world!"

Without a word she placed the sketches hastily in her portfolio, one by one, and tied them energetically.

"Tell me more about Nancy," Crothers said, catching her hand to detain her as she rose to go. "Did she enjoy it that time at the opera, when Michael held her cloak?"

"She never knew anything about it," laughed the girl, "but she would like it, everything about it, and she would dote on Michael — rigidly, but with vainglory. Even as it is, she is often difficult, for although we have no money, and she knows it perfectly well, she acts so very rich!"

"Does she come up here with you?"

"Nancy waits for late September rates, and then gets out her Chantilly lace, that used to grace the early New

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York drawing-rooms, and registers for two days at one of the Harbors, or at the Pier. I can give her four days this year, and little Nancy will act her richest."

"I like Nancy," Crothers said, "and I've had a great time playing the game. Let's play it again to-morrow."

Lucinda Kennedy turned. "I'm afraid you're laughing," she said, and there was a little wistful note in her voice.

But they did not play the game the next day.

Mrs. McKaig was a little breathless when she brought Crothers his tea in the afternoon, later than usual. "The train was late," she apologized, "and I did not want to leave Miss Kennedy at the station to wait alone. She seemed so troubled and anxious."

"What—what—" Crothers began.

"Oh, I thought you knew," Mrs. McKaig explained. "Miss Kennedy's aunt is ill, and so she went home to sell some sketches and send her out of town as soon as possible."

"What sketches is she going to sell, did she say? Not the one with the red-brick house, do you think?"

"How should I know?" Mrs. McKaig laughed at the irrelevant question. "But, then, she doesn't do houses; she does fashions!"

"Is she coming back?" Crothers was gazing off into the valley. He remembered now that only an hour before he had watched the smoke of the train as it curled through the gorge and disappeared in the gap of the mountains. And she was on it! "Is she coming back?" he repeated.

"Perhaps. She had no time to plan definitely. I doubt if we could have made the train if it hadn't been late."

Then, suddenly, Crothers relapsed to breakfasts in bed because the mornings were too long; twice he attempted short tramps in the afternoon, but he missed the little figure in the blue blouse beside him, until his steps lagged wearily and walking made his head throb.

One day Michael arrived with some heavier clothes. "I was afraid it 'd be gettin' frosty, sir," he said, "but you do be lookin' better, much better."

"I was perfectly well—fit as ever except for my knees and appetite," said Crothers, "but I'm losing out again."

"Is there anything—"

"You might walk with me, just a little, before your train. There's a covey of partridges back of the house some place, on the edge of the mountain. I'd like to find them."

"Do you be shootin', sir?" Michael looked at his master incredulously.

Crothers raised his thin hands, which trembled slightly. "What could I bag?" he asked, impatiently. "No, Michael; I just—just want to leave them there."

"Yes, sir, certainly," said Michael; but when he reached the brick house on Washington Square late that night he told Bridget, with ominous signs, that the master was stronger in his body, but not so strong in his mind.

Perhaps Mrs. McKaig thought the same thing when Crothers finally asked her if he could not drive to the station with Ted every day to meet the trains from New York.

"It has always tired you so to drive, even in the big surrey," Mrs. McKaig protested; "and you know the buckboard is a rickety old thing, and Ted is not exactly the person to drive a sick man around."

"I think I'll go with Ted, however"—Crothers drew himself up with a certain squaring of the shoulders—"I think I'll go with Ted whenever he goes to the upbound train."

There were three trains a day from New York, and Crothers bounced over the mountain roads in the rickety buckboard ten times. But when it was time for the noon train on the fourth day, he had fallen asleep in the hammock from sheer exhaustion, and Mrs. McKaig told her son to go on without him.

He wakened at four, just as Lucinda Kennedy came around the corner of the upper balcony with the tea-tray in her hands. There were shadows in her eyes and a pathetic droop to her lips, but she laughed lightly at the man's bewilderment.

"Don't look so frightened," she called out to him, quickening her steps.

"Is it you? It *is* you," Crothers muttered. "Oh, I was afraid it was another one of those maddening dreams!" He took her hands. "How

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" WE'RE AS DIRTY AS GIPSIES," SHE LAUGHED

could you"—he compelled her to look into his eyes—"how could you go off like that, when you know—when you promised to take me to the old quarry?" he finished, lamely.

"We'll go to-morrow," she laughed, "if Mrs. McKaig thinks you strong enough for so long a walk."

"Walk! walk! My dear young woman, I've walked a thousand miles up and down that station platform, waiting for your train—" He broke off suddenly. "What a beast I am! You're tired—unhappy. Is it Nancy?"

"I was terribly frightened," the girl said, the sudden color flushing her cheeks, "but I got her away in time, and I am not troubled now—and we'll try the quarry walk to-morrow."

When they started to the old quarry the next day, just to prove how fit he was, Crothers insisted upon taking down all the heavy, clumsy bars quite alone and setting them back again, as they walked along the uncertain, rocky path, where buttercups still struggled into late flower and scattered about were great, loose patches of white violets, fresh, constant, and sweet.

Lucinda Kennedy made a boutonnière of the violets and fastened it on Crothers's jacket; then she took his hand and guided him through the soft shadows of the narrow strip of forest, over the trail hidden in fern and partridge-berries, until they reached the stile, where groups of ghost flowers stood about, like little, pale sentinels guarding dreamland.

Beyond was the old quarry, a great caldron sunk into the open acres, its sides rusty with clay. The place was held in the breathless stillness of a forgotten day, while the pines of a new generation, low-branched and luxurious, spread their roots among the gray rocks around which the trailing mosses crept.

The great, mysterious stillness dropped its silence between the two, who wandered on and on, unheeding the distance. It was only when they stopped to rest upon a flat rock covered with coral-colored lichen that Lucinda Ken-

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nedy realized that the man beside her had grown white and tired.

"Oh, how cruel of me!" she cried, springing to her feet, and then, as great drops of rain began to fall in the trail, "I quite forgot how far we were going, and now—now there is going to be a storm, and I cannot get you home!" Her face was transfixed with anxiety. "We must find the short cut to that little pink cottage on the village road." Her voice was trembling. "Oh, *do* you think you can run, just run slowly—without dying?" Her face was white and her eyes were wide with fright.

"This is going to be a bully sprint," Crothers managed to say—"a bully sprint to the pink cottage—"

"Don't speak," she begged with tears in her voice; "just come as fast as you can."

Even then she knew that it would be quite impossible to go half-way to the cottage without being drenched, as the rain was falling in a steady downpour. She drew him under a great, low-branched tree by the side of the trail.

"If I could only thatch a roof, with more branches or boards, or something—" she murmured.

"That looks like a roof, just over there," Crothers began, pointing to a patch of weather-beaten shingles faintly visible above a line of craggy rock that jutted slantwise out of the earth and held upon its peak a ragged pine.

Lucinda Kennedy gave a little shrill cry of joy. "I'm sure it is; it must be the old shanty that belonged to the shepherd over here. I've heard about it, but never knew where it was." She took his hand as though he were a child. "We'll make one wild dash for it!" she cried.

The door was off the hinges, and had been clumsily propped against the casement. It fell to the floor with a clatter as they pushed it over and ran in under shelter just as the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the rain dashed in torrents against the hut.

"Oh, I was so frightened!" she exclaimed, leaning limply against the wall. There was a little, hysterical catch in her voice. "I kept wondering what I should do if you fainted from running or your heart went queer. But now, here we sit, you and I, on Ararat, until the flood subsides, or a rescue party arrives, or—"

"I might telephone for a taxi," Crothers interrupted gaily, as he shook the rain from his cap and with it beat the drops off her blouse, "but I like Ararat and here-we-sit-you-and-I!"

"But where?" she asked, despairingly, dodging a spot in the roof where the rain beat through.

"Here!" he shouted, to be heard above the storm, as he dragged from the corner of the hut a sawhorse, across which were two boards covered with an old sheepskin.

"And here's a fireplace and wood," she called back, falling upon her knees to look up the chimney.

Then Crothers laid pine-cones and crooked sticks for a fire, and lighted the pile with a lot of important-looking letters he took from his pocket.

"Perfect!" he shouted; and when the flames caught the cones and pine-needles, snapping and frisking about with fantastic, curling capers, he sprang to his feet and dragged forward the bench, arranging the sheepskin with careful detail.

Lucinda Kennedy was still on her knees, her gaze fastened upon the flames, her slim hands folded dreamily, and the dim outlines of peace creeping into her deep gray eyes.

"Come," he said, holding out his hands.

She looked up, with one of her swift, birdlike turns of the brown head, then sprang to her feet, and her laugh filled the fire-lighted hut as she snatched his hands and turned them open within her own.

"Look!" she said.

Their hands were black with piny resin, grimy with ashes, and smirched with soot.

"We're as dirty as gipsies," she laughed, "and your collar is filthy, and there's a smudge—"

But Crothers never knew where the smudge was. He let fall her hands, and, with one glad cry, caught the girl in his arms. "Lucie! Lucie! Lucie Crothers!" He kissed the name into her cheeks.

"My name—" she tried to articulate,

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half smothered against his tweed jacket —"my name is Kennedy!"

"But it won't be long," he exulted, and then his voice dropped to a tone of infinite tenderness, and he kissed her lips. "And here where the shanty stands we'll build a wide, low-browed place, looking off to the mountains—"

"With a stone fireplace," she interrupted, her eyes upon the flames, that burned lower and lower as the storm passed, while they lingered, dreaming.

"Do you think Mr. McKaig would hold this land until we can buy a little of it?" she asked, anxiously.

Crothers started, strangely thrilled. He opened his lips as though to speak, to explain, but he only drew the girl closer within the circle of his arms. "I think so," was all he said.

"It will be too beautiful," she whispered.

"But now"—he became more explicit —"you will have to live in town, go home with me next week. Mrs. McKaig will put on her purple dress and stop at the church with us on our way to the station."

"Oh, but I—I have only this sort of thing"—she swept her hand over the rough skirt—"and my blue serge suit, and two frilly blouses, and my sailor hat, and my mother's little string of pearls!"

"But the blue suit and one frilly blouse will do," and I will gather you a great bouquet of white violets."

"But—Nancy?"

"I'll present her to Annette—my sister Annette, she—she acts rich, too!"

"I have four and one-eighth yards of Valenciennes — the really - truly," she murmured, drawing his face down to her lips, "and I can put that on the edge of my frilliest frill—"

It was the bride adorning herself for her husband—and Crothers buried his face in her cloudy brown hair.

A Wish

BY OSCAR C. A. CHILD

I WOULD the sky, so overcast,
Might brighten ere the day is past
For me,

That I might pause in weary round,
A breathing-space within the sound
Of sea,

And that beside my road, so long,
Would thrill again the gladsome song
Of lark,

That I might see one little ray
Of sunshine ere the passing day
Falls dark.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

WE have so often praised Nature to the disadvantage of Art, or Fact to the confusion of Fiction, in this place, that it seems superfluous to allege new proofs of the superiority of Nature or Fact (or call them by the larger name of Life) in all the ways of invention. Any story that has been lived so transcends every story that has been fancied that but for the difficulty of knowing the stories which have been lived, no stories that have been fancied would be told. Perhaps in time to come some courageous witness of human experience will have the inspiration of telling the story of the common life as it is, and revealing the wonders of it, so far beyond the wonders of any life invented by fiction. But Biography will not yet awhile go seeking copy in the star-dust of our mother-earth; and the most we can ask of her is that she will show us how some noted life which she has chosen because it was concerned with great events and crowned with supreme results is interesting and surprising past all fabling, because it is full of the interest and surprise of the feelings, hopes, joys, ambitions, endeavors, sorrows, and sufferings which life embraces in every instance of humanity. The more self-effacingly she does this, the greater her achievement; the prime thing, the great thing, is to let the character, the human instance, be clearly seen through the crystal she holds up to nature, without vain refractions or prismatic colorings. Biography has not yet had her Shakespeare, her Dante, or even her Goethe; her supreme and only Boswell remains unapproached in the region where he dwells aloof from rivalry through such self-sacrifice as no other has been willing to make; but from Plutarch down, Biography has had the advantage of every other muse in the absolute simplicity of her duty. After her choice of a hero, she has no choice but truth to the facts of his life, or any choice except between fullness or spareness in her devotion to them. If she is faithful to these, she will not have failed of her duty to her theme; and such is the charm of one man's life to all other men, she will not have failed of the fascination which every muse likes to exercise upon mortals.

It is very little time since Mr. William Roscoe Thayer gave a hostage to criticism which might well have been held against him for much longer time; but the Life of John Hay, which now follows so soon upon the Life of Cavour, is proof that the author's resources are ample for the redemption of that pledge of high work well done. One need not minify the importance of Cavour, or dispute the greatness of the European scene, in order to recognize the claim of John Hay and the events which he saw, and partly was, to remembrance. It was statesmanship unequaled in its time to make a small, defeated country partaker with the two chief powers of the world in a war which Cavour knew how to turn to her advantage beyond any that came to her tolerant, if not patronizing, allies, and out of Piedmont to evolve Italy. Yet prodigious as the event was which fulfilled itself through the political and moral genius of Cavour, another event of vaster meaning and magnitude was sentient in the heart of the future. It was to be ten years more before it was accomplished through powers beyond his, and in the life and death of Abraham Lincoln a nation was to be dedicated to such sense of justice as John Hay was able in the fullness of time to manifest.

It seems a long way from Abraham Lincoln to John Hay, but whoever will follow it through Mr. Roscoe's pages will find a continual purpose runs

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toward realizing not only the greatness, but the goodness, of our country: the thing beyond all other things to be proud of her for. "What a business this has been in China!" Hay writes to his closest friend in 1900, when the European nations were waiting to make her the spoil of their common hate and greed. "So far we have got on by being honest and naïf. I do not know where we are to come the delayed cropper. But it will come. At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser." This is the voice of Hay in the Old-World parlance of his literary and diplomatic experience, but it is the heart of Lincoln—kind, true, good, Western, unwarped from the homely ideals which Lincoln seemed to have learned from our mother-earth.

The two men, so differently alike (if we may force a meaning out of the phrase), were as remote from each other as possible in their primal aspirations. Lincoln's were always political; but in the beginning Hay wished to be a poet, or, if not a poet, something as literary or more, and he felt a poet's loathing for the rude conditions which Lincoln used as the staff of his success. He was of incomparably finer and gentler race than the greater man, while he was really less tenderly romantic and lived less in the ideal. He wished to escape from the environment where he was born so out of place, and he rapturously passed from Warsaw, Illinois, to Providence, Rhode Island, where, in the lettered tradition and training of his family, he entered Brown University. All that part of his life is treated by his biographer with admirable intelligence and sense of its relative value, and it would be a great mistake for the reader to slight the record which the young hero is allowed to make, after his academic triumphs and his exile from their scene, in his letters from Warsaw to the forgotten poetesses of the East who had befriended the muse returned to languish in the backwoods. All that is most interesting, and very touching; one is far from laughing at the amusing literary pose, the longing for the world where Hay knew himself fitted to shine; and when he plucks himself up out of his superfine despair, and boldly accepts the challenge of life, one thrills with a sense of that in him which no fate can dismay. He studies law, statute law being the only thing in the time and place which can enable him truly to interpret the law of his being; he is presently in the State capital, where he learns to know Lincoln in the full local sense of his greatness; and when Lincoln is called to prop the nation doddering, as from premature superannuation, to its fall, and his young German-American secretary (the hyphenation then meant the love of liberty) wishes Hay to go with him to the capital as his assistant, "'We can't take all Illinois with us down to Washington,' the President-elect says, good-humoredly; and then after a pause, as if relenting, he adds, 'Well, let Hay come,'" and so, with the simplicity that is so perfectly great on the right occasion, the thing was done and done for ever.

It did not remain long for Hay lastingly to associate his name with Lincoln's. If he had never joined with his fellow-secretary, Nicolay, in writing that history of their chief, which is the history of the war for the Union, Lincoln could not be perfectly known apart from Hay, or scarcely more than Hay apart from him. Hay was not the poet he had fondly wished himself; there was not the making in him of the poetry which he thought he loved more than anything in the world, but he was beyond poets and novelists a diviner of men, their greatness or meanness, and this instinct compelled him to the love of Lincoln from the instant of their familiar relation in Washington. There is not only a filial affection in his devotion; there is the beauty of such honor, such noble fealty as only a magnanimity like Hay's could render to such magnanimity as Lincoln's.

Mr. Thayer's book is interesting from beginning to end, but there is no part of it more important than this very skilfully handled passage of Hay's life. Without it we should scarcely realize how the world failed to spoil the young secretary when after Lincoln's death he learned what was best knowing in diplomacy at the courts of Paris and Vienna

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and Madrid. If he had not been at Lincoln's side during these four years and seen with impassioned sympathy his sufficing patience and unselfish modesty under every form of treachery and misconception and malice, he would scarcely have been able to judge mere princes and to realize with how little wisdom their world is misgoverned. But that certain gaiety of heart which always helped him to carry off the melancholy at the bottom of his nature as part of life's joke enabled him to see the joke of the vanity and folly and cruelty that followed Lincoln almost to his death, and from his own thoroughly contrasting make to bear the sight of the tragedy in like spirit with Lincoln's humorous sense of it. In a word, they were both Westerners, and though Hay was destined to take on the East, to take on Europe itself, as Lincoln never could if he had survived innumerably more martyrdoms than he suffered, yet something in their native earth and air, which Hay so loathed in his esthetic nonage, always kept the almost unimaginably different men akin.

It was this something which qualified Hay in his history of Lincoln approximately to convey his own understanding of him. It was the West saying to the East, to all America, to the whole world, that which the West alone could feel with original force. Mr. Thayer tells the story of that history — a monumental work which our literature, if any literature, has not the like of — entertainingly and with due recognition of Nicolay's part in it which Hay, with whatever masterfulness, was always generously eager to make their more private public feel. He would not let you suppose that he had done it all, or entirely or mainly governed its effect. Whether this was from a certain lovable perverseness which made him exaggerate the powers and virtues of his friends, we cannot say, but it is certain that where he gave his heart he gave it wholly. Probably he always knew what he was doing, or overdoing, but all the same he did it. He had a liking for coverts in certain matters, as the authorship which preferred anonymity; he not only gave himself all Sir Walter's length and breadth of disallowance in regard to *The Breadwinners*, but in regard to *Democracy*, believed to have come from the close circle of his intimates at Washington, he was insistent in denying that a certain one of them had written it, as if he felt that the attribution of it to this particular friend might be particularly injurious to him.

Mr. Thayer pauses to sketch this group of very uncommon people, and to make a study of McKinley which will leave the reader more kindly and justly appreciative of a man whom his tragical death did not wholly clear from misgivings of his forces and qualities as a politician, before he takes up Hay's career in his final importance as a diplomat and his goodness and greatness as a statesman. It is to be noted that Hay did not estimate McKinley so slightly as much of the larger public did, perhaps a little because of the great personal kindness always between them. He kept his aversions for Cleveland, for Harrison in slighter degree, but supremely for the German Emperor, though hardly less so for McClellan, and to the end he does not seem to have parted with any of his conclusions regarding them. For Louis Napoleon, in whom he made his first acquaintance with monarchy, he conceived an instant disgust which sought expression ever afterward in any mention he made of him. He had indeed to thank him for a just conception of the essential falsity of monarchy which might otherwise have dazzled the eyes of youth, for Hay was scarcely more than a boy, though a rarely experienced boy, when he went to Paris in 1865.

One sees, looking back over his career, that there was always the potentiality of a final severity in him which with all his poetic gentleness and sweetness, his humane patience with human nature, and his avoidance of all rashness, leaves a very distinct impression. He did not in the course of events seem to be a man of prejudices, but he had certain prepossessions which in the retrospect are very evident, such as his feeling for the sacredness of property, which may be identified as the animating principle of *The Breadwinners*, otherwise so recognizant of the natural solidarity of men. Whatever he did was the effect appar-

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ently of a deeply pondered decision. He acted after the same consideration, evidently, in saving China from dismemberment and in dismembering the United States of Colombia, and he could not have been more indignant with a suggestion that he repented setting wide the Open Door than with the notion that he felt remorse for abetting the secession of Panama from the South American image of our own Union. There is nothing more important in Mr. Thayer's book than the passages dealing with Hay's part in that affair, and showing that he acted from the belief that he had to do with a corrupt political ring bent upon plunder rather than with a nation jealous of its sovereign integrity. To many the light thrown upon the fact will come, as we own it came to us, with relief from the uneasy sense that our government had played some such part as England and France might have played in instantly recognizing the independence of South Carolina when she seceded in 1861.

Upon an impulse which one might not know at once for its conventionality one would be apt to say that the literary side of Hay's life had not received due consideration from this country, which has been eager to measure generously and to pay fully its civic debt to him. But this would be a mistake. His place in our literature has been as eagerly allowed as it was easily won. He owned the grotesque witchery of the romantic West in his *Pike County Ballads*, which enjoyed a popularity beyond even Bret Harte's lyrical exaggerations of the early California life; and in his more serious poetry he had the good fortune to win for certain pieces the sort of devotion which prompts the reader to mark them for remembrance in the book and to recur to them with lasting affection. He suffered much from the somewhat boisterous acclaim of the Pike County things, and would perhaps have been willing to disown them, but he had a rightful tenderness for what he thought his more dignified verse, and in his unfailing modesty a just estimation. As to his prose, he never explicitly confessed the authorship of *The Breadwinners*, or his part, if he had any, in *Democracy*. There was no such reason or occasion for reluctance concerning *Castilian Days*, and that study of a perennially interesting civilization remains, with whatever touches of youthful excess in some of its judgments, his worthy representative in prose.

He would probably have claimed no greater excellence in it than its severest censor would allow, for he was, without undue diffidence, absolutely modest concerning his literary work. He was a man who in all respects knew himself past the self-knowledge of most men whom the world has widely known. He was almost lifelong a sick man, and he knew the limits of his strength better than the science which too optimistically ascertained them. He died quite literally worn out by generous overwork, by magnanimous self-sacrifice. His biographer closes the well-told story of his life with a passage from his diary written a fortnight before his death, which we would like to give again because of the modern wisdom, the classical beauty, we find in it: "I say to myself that I should not rebel at the thought of my life ending at this time. I have lived to be old, something I never expected in my youth. I have had many blessings, domestic happiness being the greatest of all. I have lived my life. I have had success beyond all the dreams of my boyhood. My name is printed in the journals of the world without descriptive qualifications, which may, I suppose, be called fame. By mere length of service I shall occupy a modest place in the history of my time. If I were to live several years more I should probably add nothing to my existing reputation; while I could not reasonably expect any further enjoyment of life, such as falls to the lot of old men in sound health. I know death is the common lot, and what is universal ought not to be deemed a misfortune; and yet, instead of confronting it with dignity and philosophy, I cling instinctively to life and the things of life as eagerly as if I had not had my chance at happiness and gained nearly all the prizes."

So some great soul of the Hellenized Roman world might have spoken, if touched by the modern self-judging sincerity which that world did not know.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

M JULES DE GAULTIER, whom Benjamin de Casseres calls "the Prospero of Philosophy, the first thinker to give the Imagination its proper rank in the law of evolution," declares that man "is compelled to see himself and all things as he and they are not." This is his formulation of the law of psychical evolution.

It is really the most ancient of formulas, and the most persistent, from the Hindu idea of universal illusion to Bergson's idea of intuition, reiterated by the seer, prophet, and poet in every age. Paul declared that the things that are not bring to naught the things that are. Plato, Plotinus, Berkeley—all agree with the poet Longfellow that "things are not what they seem."

To Faith, Philosophy, and Poetry, the things that are not stand for Reality, and are our only refuge from the bewilderment of actualities. To M. de Gaultier, while they are the only justification of life, the only excuse for optimism, they stand for the bewilderment, the error, the deception of a world whose god is Chance, and a perpetual cheat of the human imagination, based upon man's sublime egotism. "Everything we desire or approach is dressed in colors other than they really have, and we spread over our own natures the same thaumaturgy. We glister ourselves with the oil of our pride and egotism. We have a tattooed image of ourselves—a tattooed, grandiose, and ideal super-I that we try to materialize, to eternize. The Hindus have personified this instinct as Maya, the evil genius of life. Jules de Gaultier calls it the bovaryizing instinct of humanity, or the magical and unique power given to the human sensibility to create superb fictional escapes from Hell—that is, Reality."

Thus the ideal is divorced from the real, beauty from truth—in marked contradiction to the poet Keats's intuitive sense of their identity; and both beauty and ideality spell futility. Possibly Mr. de Casseres may, from his own individual view of man and the world, have unconsciously overaccentuated some of the bolder aspects of de Gaultier's scheme, but a theory, expanding from Gustave Flaubert's splendid fiction, *Madame Bovary*, into a philosophy of universal fiction, must needs be fantastic, however reservedly interpreted. One is not disposed to take such a scheme seriously, preferring to regard the startling hypothesis, like the novel it links with itself, as an imaginative creation intended for general entertainment. That is, in the region of philosophic speculation, one classes it with the extravagances of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. When such bold imaginings have frankly taken the form of fiction, as in the cases of Swift and Rabelais, the humorous or satirical intention is at once recognized, and the grotesquery of genius needs no condonation. Of such gigantic proportions, indeed, is the remarkable work which Mark Twain left behind him, and which will in the near future be presented to the readers of this Magazine.

As witnesses of a dramatic spectacle, tragic or comic, we are willing and even expect that the curtain should fall upon the climactic situation. But we demand that it shall rise again, and that it shall not finally fall until the tension has found its ultimate relaxation. The demand upon philosophic speculation, which is on its own plane as much a reflex of life as the drama is, and just as tropical, is equally urgent; that it shall disclose not only the errant course but the recourse, not only the contradiction but its reconcilement, though not its conclusion, for philosophy

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differs from the drama in this—that there is no final fall of the curtain; ever falling on one view (*theoria*), it rises on another.

The fatal defect of M. de Gaultier's theory of Imagination—so different from Coleridge's, in that it does not distinguish between Fancy and Imagination—is that he shuts out from his view not only the real psychical background of human life, but the reality beyond, to which, indeed, Imagination—one with creative Faith and creative Reason—is the sole human response. To consider the creations of the Imagination as bubbles that are blown only to vanish—however beautiful in their fragile iridescence—that is a too abrupt conclusion, an absurd foreshortening of eternity. We agree with the French philosopher that the distinctive function of the human imagination is feigning—indeed, not many Studys ago, we said so ourselves—but it is creative feigning and, as we have intimated, cannot be disassociated from the creative Reason.

Therefore we should also agree with him in his exclusion of teleology from his conception of the universe, if he meant only that creative evolution is not a contrivance, following a preconceived plan. But, in perfect consistence with his fantastic scheme of things, all purpose or meaning is excluded. To him, as Mr. de Casseres interprets him, "life is fascinating because it is a gambler's game, and each one is his own croupier. Hope is the masque of Chance, and the mystery of death fascinates because it is there that we shall 'take a chance,' hazard other dimensions, other vicissitudes, or perchance become nothing, which is merely the sleep of the great god Chance."

Thus we have, as the sole alternative to perpetual delusion—for our Prospero's illusion resolves itself into that—annihilation. Faith, Imagination, and Reason substitute for the wearisome actualities of life a deceptive dream from which the sleeper either wakes to fresh delusions or never wakes at all.

Our only excuse for arresting attention to such a view of life and the world is that it so instantly and convincingly illuminates the vast distance which the mind and heart of man have put between themselves and that old speculation which was peculiarly the obsession of the Hindu imagination, though also the burden of Ecclesiastes—a philosophy of senile lethargy and futility. Nothing could be more remote from the modern mood of the Western world.

Even our nihilism is positive. To put a cipher after a numeral merely multiplies it tenfold, but the cipher standing alone suggests the universe. Thus the conception of creation presented to the mind of the child—that God made everything out of nothing—is distinctly Occidental, as distinguished from the Babylonian legend of creation, presented in the first chapter of Genesis, which postulated a pre-existent deep, though "without form and void." Science has made familiar the idea of descent and diminution as complementary to ascent and growth, of death as next to birth, of vastation as preliminary to the origin of new species and even of new worlds, so that ruin becomes an implication of all evolutionary architectonic. The response to a vacuum is an ever-pressing *plenum*. Recent study of radioactive emanations shows the part which disintegration plays in new and surprising integration in the constitution of the material world.

Physiology and psychology illustrate this same positive significance of normal inanition, exhaustion, decadence, and apparent evanishment. The expenditure of vital force is the condition of its renewal and reinforcement; and the sequel of toxic weariness is the inducement of recreative sleep. Loss is a part of every gain. Everywhere the falling of one wave of life is the rising of another. So it is the law of life, in its natural course, to project its opposite, its contradiction, the apparent contradiction proving the path of recourse——not, as in Ecclesiastes, to the point of departure, but on some other plane, as in spiral ascension. Instinct, thus, by way of so contrary a path as that of intellection, finds its recourse, not in a return to the immediacy of instinct, but in intuition.

But why multiply these already so familiar paradoxes in which life and nature abound? Let the one great contradiction suffice—that of the human

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actualities which make up the visible foreground of our existence to their psychical background. Never perhaps in human history was this contradiction more amazingly bewildering than at the present time.

We are wont to regard such a spectacle as illustrating our human nature, "which for ever remains the same," having now so vast a scope, as compared with its former provincial limitations, for so stupendous an illustration of its refractory disposition, only because of our much-vaunted material and mechanical progress, which has given it world-wide opportunity for the manifestation of its possibilities of violence and injury. But, on the contrary, the spectacle is revolting to every developed sensibility of our common human nature, even that of the peoples primarily and unwillingly involved.

Nor can the scene presented be regarded as any part of the procedure of social evolution, which has, in broadening and deepening human sympathy, overleaped arbitrary barriers, thus leaving far behind such artificial and traditional conventions as still characterize all national governments in their external relations. Even states which, in obedience to developed social sentiment, have abolished the duello within their limits, still make its punctilious code the basis of international diplomacy. Thus, over against the real intimacy established by every creative activity of the human soul, and reinforced by the reality of an invisible spiritual kingdom, stands this almost accidental conflagration, futile and meaningless except for destruction.

Yet this immense bewilderment darkening the heights of so-called culture is only the extreme form of the reactionary violences of those more readily forgiven, "for they know not what they do," and of the fatuous but more minatory, because more consciously wilful, anti-social activities prompted by selfish greed and ambition. If we add to these the trivial banalities of so-called society, the surface of social life presents aspects of confusion so bewildering that our visible foreground seems like a troubled dream, and we indeed appear to be "moving about in worlds unrealized."

That is just the lack—"unrealized"; and study as closely as we will, we can find no way out of the perplexing labyrinth from any clue offered by the cross-currents of phenomenally actual existence. We do not—as in that old quest of Nirvana—attempt to escape the entanglement. Only by the full acceptance of our limitations can we transcend them; only by our eager procession along the ways open to us, however narrow, are new horizons opened to our vision, and larger ways.

It is thus that the collective progress of mankind is the indispensable, permissive condition of social evolution. It is true that by bringing all peoples into one neighborhood, the failure of this neighborhood to express brotherhood, because of rudimentary political obstacles, is more conspicuous. The greater light of reason thrown upon human errors magnifies them, as to our deeper sensibility they are more painful. In this way our souls more surely find us and help us creatively to rebuild a broken world.

Science has intensified our sense of the objective, sometimes, as in the case of Haeckel, to the exclusion of a spiritual realm altogether, but in the main tending to deepen our sense of reality by bringing the physical as well as the organic world within the range of imaginative sensibility. It has expunged from our philosophy the old dualism which separated by an impassable chasm matter from spirit. Its marvelous disclosures have left little room for the old romances whereby men sought strangeness as an escape from the usual and familiar. Inert matter and the commonplaces of life yield our modern surprises. Our novelists owe their realism for the most part to this trend of science and, in the best of fiction, to the fact that they have, more or less unwittingly, become psychologists.

The widespread revival of religious feeling at the present time does not arise from a desire to seek a refuge from the raging storm—rather our goal is right there, with all our freshly awakened faith, hope, and love. Never has our common humanity prayed so confidently for the realization of these on earth. Our Christmas comes in at flood-tide.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Night Flower

BY LEE PAPE

ERNEST TIMMINS was almost a short man, but he held himself so erect when he walked that somehow he appeared almost a tall man. He carried a walking-stick, sometimes at parade position with ends at hip and shoulder, sometimes flourishingly, as a swordsman in action. His shoes, when they struck the pavement, gave forth a ringing sound, as though equipped with spurs, but this sound was really caused by iron plates driven into the heels to keep them from wearing down too quickly. Behind his glasses his eyes seemed constantly alert, even penetrating, but this, too, was not the case, for he was merely very nearsighted. Sometimes (and he listened hard for this) he would hear people remark, "Military-looking," and then he would experience a thrilling glow that would warm him for minutes afterward.

His heels now rang sharply on the stone flagging that led to the doorway of his modest home in the outskirts of Jersey City, a section of reasonable rentals and easy distance from New York, where Timmins was night-train announcer in a palatial railroad station. His daughter Mabel, a child of seven, who, one guessed at once on seeing her with her father, looked and talked like her mother, was sitting on the front steps placidly embroidering a doily.

"Uncle Phineas is up-stairs, pop."

"No! Really? Well!" He was half-way up the three steps of streaked marble when he heard his small daughter's horrified voice:

"*Pop!* Your *feet!*"

Without a word Timmins descended and applied the bottom of his shoes to an iron "scraper" alongside the bottom step, while Mabel shuddered, "What if *ma* had seen you!"

Her father repressed an answering shudder, said "Tut!" and struck his right leg a soldierly rap with his cane. He entered the house at his straightest, laid his hat and cane on the hall-rack, cleared his throat, and proceeded up the steps to the sitting-room, from which his wife's normal speaking voice had reached him the moment he opened the front door.

She was conversing with her bachelor brother, who was paying his half-yearly duty call. At Timmins's entrance he rose and held out his hand.

"Ah, Ernest," he said, pleasantly.

"Mr. Appleby," murmured Timmins, though his wife's portly and successful brother was a few years his junior and fairly radiated amiability.



"POP! YOUR FEET!"

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"Sit down, Ernest," commanded his wife. "Don't stand there like a simpleton. What must Phineas think of you?"

Any one hearing, but not seeing, might have imagined her admonition addressed to a restless little boy. And very well so, for Mrs. Timmins's permanent attitude toward her husband was that of a not particularly patient mother to her not particularly precocious or obedient son.

Her brother held up a deprecating hand. "Really, Lillian—"

"Not *that* chair!" cried Mrs. Timmins. "You *know* one leg of that's weak." Mrs. Timmins, and consequently her daughter, favored italics in speaking of or to the nominal head of the family.

Timmins silently abandoned the interdicted chair for another; Appleby reseated himself opposite his sister in the little bay-window. There was a strong resemblance between them, especially as to portliness. A pause ensued, during which Mrs. Timmins, according to her not unhygienic habit of occupying pauses, took in a long breath through her nose and blew it out forcibly through her mouth.

Timmins, from his chair in the middle of the room, cast a respectfully admiring glance out the bay-window.

"Weather we been having," he remarked.

"Oh, I don't know," said his wife, reprovingly. "We got to *expect* good weather this time of the year."

"But," put in Appleby, reasonably, "we haven't had a cloudy day in two weeks. It *has* been, you know."

"Weather, really," Timmins reaffirmed mildly.

"*All* right," his wife assented, with a wave of her hands. "Why try to make an argument out of it, Ernest?"

Like the too-talkative little boy presumably addressed, Timmins rolled his eyes from his wife to his brother-in-law and smiled apologetically. . . . Another pause, which Timmins broke with a stifled sneeze . . . "God bless me," he whispered to himself.

"Ernest," said Appleby, "would you like to work at the factory? In the office, you know. Lillian and I have been talking it over, and—"

His sister cut in impatiently. "Of *course* he'll like to. He'll *have* to like to. Five dollars more a week and day work instead of night work—and *such* night work! Would he like to, indeed!"

"You see, Ernest," Appleby pursued with a kindly smile, "Lillian told me—under pressure, of course—that little Mabel has been forced to discontinue her piano lessons because the—ah—expense, has been a bit—ah—inconvenient. Now if you'll accept this position as entry-clerk—we need an entry-clerk, really—there should be no further trouble about Mabel's music lessons; and, besides, just think, Ernest, you can spend happy evenings with your family, whereas now, sleeping most of the day and working all the night at a—h'm—honorable, of course, but scarcely—h'm—one might almost call you—"

"A stranger to his own family!" finished Mrs. Timmins. "That's what *you* are, Ernest."

Ernest had merely been staring at them, bewilderedly, fearfully.

"Have you *completely* lost the power of speech?" demanded his wife. She expanded her capacious chest and let the air out through her mouth with impatient energy.

"Just desk work, you know, Ernest," said Appleby. "Nice and quiet, no responsibility." He added, perplexedly, "Of course, if there's any reason—"

"How *could* there be?" interrupted Mrs. Timmins loudly, even for her. "And even if there was, which is impossible, what difference would it make? Don't he owe me a *little* of his time? Don't his daughter's musical career depend on it?"

The child herself entered at this point.

"Mabel," cried her mother, "your father is actually *hesitating* whether or not to accept your uncle Phineas's kind offer to let you go on with your music!"

"Why," began Timmins, dazedly, "I—"

"Don't begin another *argument*, Ernest," his wife besought. "The child is really talented, Phineas. Dear, play something for uncle."

"Yes," Ernest seconded. He moistened his lips and blinked rapidly, as though trying to pull himself together. "Play that 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' one. That's a pretty thing."

"Should I, ma?" His daughter never looked at him.

"No. Your uncle's probably heard that. Play 'Hearts and Flowers.'"

Appleby permitted his placid brow a slight frown. "I'd like to hear 'Silver Threads,'" he said, decisively, and shot Ernest a glance of encouragement.

"Pretty," repeated Timmins, with a painful contraction of his mouth that tried hard to be a smile. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, replaced it immediately, and started to bite the ends of his fingers.

"'Silver Threads,' by all means," said Mrs. Timmins, graciously. "Ernest, *don't* do that!"

Mabel sidled onto the stool of the nicked old hired piano and spent an agonizing few minutes with the long-suffering ballad. Her uncle's feeling for music was satisfied by

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the whirring and grating of the factory machinery, but it sufficed to tell him that his niece displayed a lack of appreciation amounting almost to genius. Appleby was manager of a factory that turned out leather belts, and to Appleby all the world was a pair of trousers for whose behavior he was directly accountable. But occasionally, as though stirred by the unreal incidents of a play, he was vaguely worried by the personal concerns of others. So now the home affairs of Ernest Timmins made him finger thoughtfully the trim, waxed ends of his mustache.

He thought, while Mabel pounded, "As it is, at least his nights . . . h'm . . . but five dollars more a week . . . h'm. . . ."

Mabel finished with a cracked chord, and slid off the stool. Her uncle rose silently and reached for his hat amid clamorous entreaties from Mrs. Timmins and Mabel to stay for supper. He patted Ernest on the shoulder. "Well, then—old man. It's settled, is it?"

Timmins seemed to have some difficulty in raising his head to meet Appleby's eyes. "Yes," he said. "Mabel's music, and—and the other, of course. . . . Thank you, Mr. Appleby. I—I accept."

"Oh, *do* you?" mimicked his wife. "You may be in your senses, Ernest, but you don't act it."

"A-hmnph," coughed Appleby. "Well, I'm off. I'll tell them to expect you Monday, then, Ernest. This is what?—Not at all! Yes, next Monday—unless you think two weeks' notice—"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Ernest, a sudden wild light in his pale-blue eyes. "They'd expect that, you know. They'd expect—"

"Expect your grandmother!" his wife broke in. "If they wanted to get rid of you do you think *they'd* be so precious considerate? Phineas, he'll start next Monday. I'll decide *that*."

"Lillian knows best." murmured Ernest, dully.

"Of course I do," she agreed approvingly. . . . "*I'll* go down to the door with Phineas. You stay here, Ernest."

Appleby felt more comfortable when he had left his sister's house behind him, and before long the world was once more only a pair of trousers. The next day there was nothing in his thoughts but belts, and nothing but belts on Friday.

Late Saturday night, on his way home from a leather men's banquet in Philadelphia, he found himself walking through the great, echoing, almost deserted railroad station. He was thinking with sleepy resentment of an absurdly vulgar suspender advertisement which, by design or otherwise, had appeared side by side with his own lovingly written commendation of Apollo Belts in one of the morning papers. . . . Suddenly the whole vast place seemed impregnated



MABEL SIDLED ONTO THE STOOL OF THE NICKED OLD HIRED PIANO AND SPENT AN AGONIZING FEW MINUTES WITH THE LONG-SUFFERING BALLAD

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"ERNEST, THAT POSITION IS NO LONGER OPEN. IT'S—IT'S BEEN FILLED. YOU STAY HERE"

with a single human voice, familiar, yet swelled grotesquely beyond all semblance to reality.

Appleby, remembering, breathed almost with the relief of a man awakening from a nightmare.

"Of course!" he told himself. "Here's where he's night announcer."

His brother-in-law, rigidly erect and now decidedly military-looking in his correctly fitting uniform of blue and brass, his head thrown slightly back, his face rapt, as though inspired, was standing in the center of the mammoth central chamber:

"*. . . Track 5. All-a-BOARD!*"

The marble walls laid hold of the sounds and kept them alive awhile; they rolled fraught with majestic import along the great, high vault; they charged the air with dying, muffled thunder.

Timmins waited with arms folded across his chest till all was still again. Then, his arms pressed stiffly to his sides, the plates in his heels ringing sharp and emphatic on the stone floor, he marched gravely to the big, white smoking-room. Inside, lost among the rich rows of long, brown benches, sat perhaps a dozen travelers. Timmins halted at the entrance, threw back his head, folded his arms, half shut his eyes, and again uttered his resounding proclamation.

The high, oblong room snatched the words frenziedly and flung them, mangled, from wall to wall, like tidings of the end of the world. Four men picked up valises and walked slowly out into the main chamber. Timmins stood immovable while they passed him, like men whom his word had sent to their final destiny.

The fascinated Appleby remained standing by the stairway whose long, white sweep leads steeply to the street while the night announcer, with clanking heels, strode the long way across to the women's waiting-room and again struck his imperious pose.

Appleby thought: "There's not a soul in there, I'll swear. But heavens! what sounding-boards." Unwonted lines again marred that smooth brow. As he stood there by the stairway he grazed the points of his mustache with the tips of thumb and forefinger, and now and then coughed softly to himself.

Timmins, always erect, but walking rather more freely, like a general for the moment at leisure but still every inch a general, went over to the news-stand and stood there with one arm on the counter. His spectacled eyes, like binoculars, languidly swept the vast reaches of the station. For ten minutes there was deep, impressive silence, and then he tautened and made his stiff, heel-plated way to the center of the floor again, hardly more than a speck in that architectural magnificence.

"*Local train to Trenton! 12.14. Track 11. All-a-BOARD!*"

The sound waves glorifying Ernest Timmins's voice rose grandly to the geographical maps tinted high on the walls like summaries of his conquests, and the whole mighty structure seemed to quiver with the opening of his lips. And at that moment Appleby, though not a man of imagination, envied his poor relation. With wonder he thought, "He agreed to give up this for . . ."

He walked rapidly over to where Timmins was waiting with crossed arms and closed eyes for the echoes of his voice to die.

"Ernest!"

For a second Timmins looked at him blankly. Then he started, as out of a dream. His arms dropped limply, and his inoffensive eyes filled with the shadow of bitter memory.

"Ernest, that position is no longer open. It's—it's been filled. *You stay here.*"

Slowly, almost a childlike gladness suffused Ernest's face, a gladness that became clouded with something else, something that Appleby, in the present beltless state of his soul, understood in a flash.

"And I'll go tell Lillian myself," he promised.

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STUDENT (writing home): "*How do you spell 'financially'?*"
OTHER: "*F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two R's in 'embarrassed.'*"

Yale Spirit

A GREAT university is not altogether without honor even from the small boy in her own country. A New Haven Sunday-school youth who was being taught to repeat some verses from the Psalms gave this wholly, though unconsciously, original rendering of a familiar phrase: "Yale, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

An Old Acquaintance

AN impecunious actor was approached by a friend, who said:

"Hello, Jones! I hear your watch has been stolen."

"Yes," said Jones, "but the crook that got it has already been arrested. Just imagine! the fool took it to the pawn-shop. There it was at once recognized as mine, and the thief was locked up."

His Number

TEACHER: "I'm surprised at you, Sammy Wicks, that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America! What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?"

SAMMY: "'Columbus—1492.'"

TEACHER: "Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you never see it before?"

SAMMY: "Yes'm, yes'm; but I always thought it was his telephone number."

Piscatorial

A NEW-ENGLANDER who is a great angler and whose fish stories are listened to most attentively by his eight-year-old son, recently became a father for the fifth time, another boy being brought by the stork.

The eight-year-old was told of the arrival of this new brother, and he was very curious to see him. The father took the first opportunity to gratify the lad's curiosity. The kiddie gazed at the bit of red humanity for quite a while, and then, with great gravity, he looked into his father's face and said:

"Dad, he'd make first-rate bait, wouldn't he?"

The Gymnastic Clock

THE little clock is friends with me;
It talks as plain as plain can be,
And says, each morning as it rises,
"Now don't forget your exercises!
Both hands above your head, you know,
Then lower them very slowly, so.
Ho, don't get tired and stop, that way!
I exercise like this, all day!"
Right in its face, then, I say, "Pooh!
I wouldn't boast of it, like you,
But I can swing my arms round, too!"
And so the clock just looks at me,
And I look back, and I and he
Each single morning, when we rise,
Just exercise and exercise!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

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Not a Native

A NEW YORK man took a run not long ago into Connecticut, to a town where he had lived as a boy.

On his native heath he accosted a venerable old chap of some eighty years, who proved to be the very person the Gothamite sought to answer certain inquiries concerning the place. As the conversation proceeded the New-Yorker said:

"I suppose you have always lived around here?"

"No," said the old man, "I was born two good miles from here."

Confusing

ELIZABETH was studying in her history about the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa.

"Well," said she, looking up from her history, "what I don't understand about this discovery business is, how Balboa knew it was the Pacific Ocean when he had never seen it before."



The Day After Christmas

"Boo-ho! I wisht you'd 'a' gave me a snow-storm—
I could have borrowed a sled!"

Always to Blame

THE Smith family, who resided in an interior city, had one of those maids of the invariably heavy hand. Not long ago the town experienced a slight shock of earthquake. Pictures were thrown down, furniture and crockery rattled about. During the tumult the mistress went to the head of the basement stairs and called out in a patient, forbearing tone:

"Well, Lizzie, what are you doing now?"

No Time to Waste

THERE is a little railroad down in south Georgia bearing the impressive title of "L., K. & W." Just what the initials originally stood for no one recalls, and the road is known locally as the "Look, Kuss & Wait" and the "Lord Knows When."

The train does not carry passengers as a rule, being operated by a lumber concern for the purpose of bringing logs from the woods to the newly built saw-mill.

One day, however, just as the train was leaving the woods, the conductor noticed an old negro mammy trudging along the road with a basket of clothes balanced on her head. The conductor politely invited the mammy to get aboard and ride down with them, thus saving a walk of several miles.

The old negress looked at him scornfully as she replied: "Go on, chile. Ih 'ain' got time fool wid dat train. Ih's in a hurry."

Anything for Peace

"WHAT is the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher in a night-school of Toledo, Ohio, of an elderly pupil, a man of most amiable tendencies.

"Round," replied the man.

"How do you know it's round?" persisted the teacher.

"All right," replied the man, "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it!"

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There are times when Nan and Billy wish generous Uncle Nimrod could be induced to give up his big-game hunting.

To Peterkin in Heaven

BY MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN

JOLLY playmate once you were,
Amber eyes and dark brown fur,
Flaunting tail and friendly spring,
Merry, tiny, living thing!
Two eyes lit with sulphur flames
Showed your hiding-place in games;
Like a lion's in a book
Sometimes gleamed your kitten's look.

Now that you that were so gay
Are dead, I lonely make a play,—
Playing that your silky ears
Hear the music of the spheres,
Or that destiny at dice
Has thrown you into paradise,
And St. Peter with a grin
Welcomed furry Peterkin.

Do you pat with puzzled paw
On the tables of the law,
Biting at the bell and gem
As they hang from Aaron's hem?
Perhaps you leap the flaming bars
To play at ball with wandering stars,
Running back at last to purr
While the angels pat your fur.

. . . . . .

So I fancy you above,
Poor dead kitten that I love;
So from my own thoughts I hide
How you looked the day you died.

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How to Find a Sheriff

A MINISTER who lives in a small town is noted for his sententiousness both in and out of the pulpit. As he was coming down the street one day a man accosted him with, "Sir, can you tell me how to find the sheriff's office?"

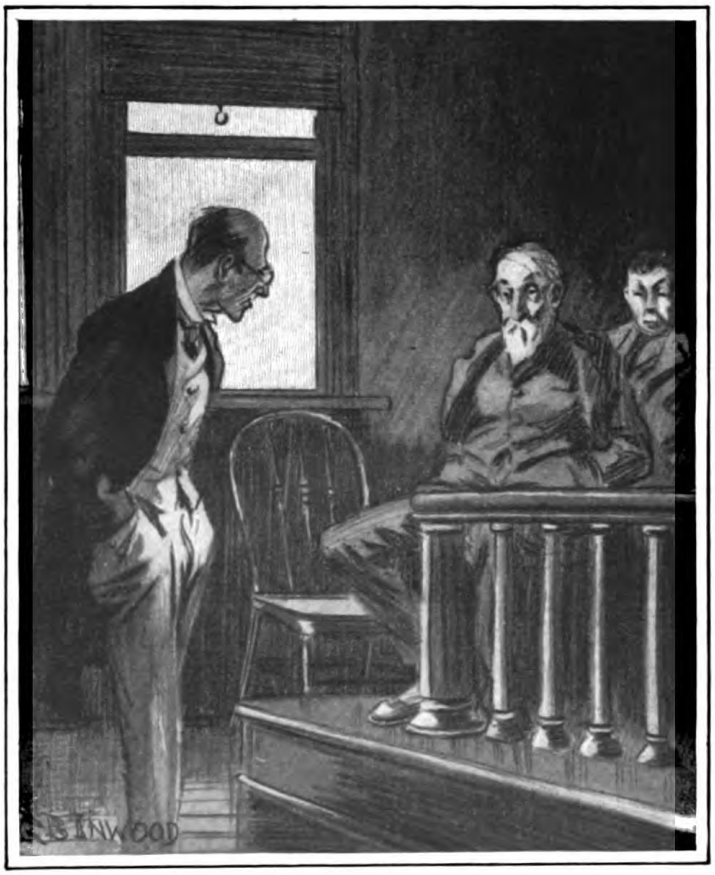
"Yes, sir," was the instant reply. "Every time you earn five dollars spend ten." And he walked on, leaving the astonished man gazing after him.

By Way of Celebration

AN old customer of a barber-shop in Cincinnati was astonished to find one morning that, instead of his usual barber, there had been assigned to him a mere apprentice, the son of the proprietor.

"What!" exclaimed the old patron, "are you going to let this boy shave me?"

"Oh, come," said the proprietor. "Let the boy have his fun for once. It's his birthday, sir."



PROSECUTOR (to talesman): "*Do you object to capital punishment?*"

TALESMAN: "*Wal, no. Not if it ain't too severe.*"

Children's Sayings

TWO ladies—each with her child—visited the Chicago Art Museum. As they passed the "Winged Victory" the little boy exclaimed:

"Huh! She 'ain't got no head."

"Sh!" the horrified little girl replied. "That's *Art*—she don't need none!"

The Coroner as a Linguist

THERE had been a fatal accident at the railway crossing in a town in Iowa, and the coroner, a pompous old chap, who magnified both his office and its incumbent, had impaneled a jury for the inquest.

There was only one witness of the accident, an illiterate Slav laborer who could understand no English. With him the coroner began to struggle.

"Can you speak English?" he asked.

The man shook his head.

"Can you speak German?"

Again the man shook his head.

"Can you speak Italian?"

The same response.

"Can you speak Russian? Can you speak Swedish?" were the next questions, to both of which the man signified in the negative.

"It's no use, gentlemen," said the coroner, turning to the jury. "We can't proceed with the case. I've spoken to this man in five different languages and can't make him understand me."

Suspicion Itself

A WALL STREET man was speaking of the cautiousness of a certain operator.

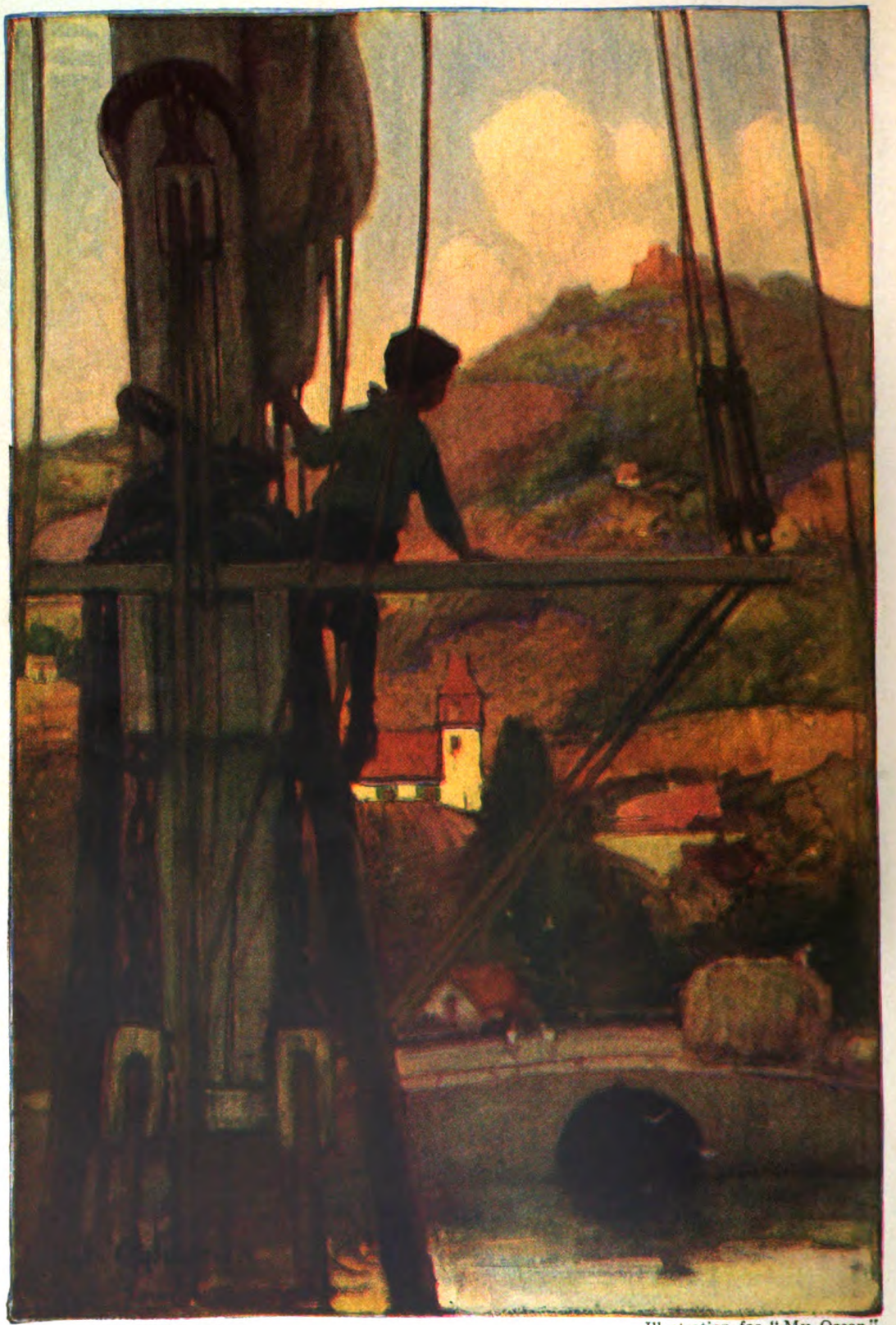
"No wonder," he said, "that man is so successful. He is the most careful, the most suspicious fellow I ever encountered. He reminds me of an old farmer I used to know. It was said of this farmer that, whenever he bought a new herd of sheep, he examined each sheep closely to make sure that it had no cotton in it."

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Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "My Ocean"

THIS WAS MY HARBOR, MY OCEAN, MY WORLD

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MY FANCY PEOPLED IT WITH ALL THE CRAFT ROMANCE COULD BRING TO MIND

My Ocean

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

TO me it was the ocean—great, undefined, reaching from the wharves of our town straight toward the unknown. My fancy peopled it with all the craft that a taste for romance and an intense appetite for reading could bring to mind. Upon it rested galleons, brigs, clipper-ships, junks, privateers, vessels immense in the majesty of square-rig from the tip of the bowsprit back to their high-set quarter-decks. On these craft rode the sailors of the world—Spaniards, Norsemen, Malays, even those who knew no nation and of whom one spoke in the softest of whispers—pirates!

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It really was not an ocean at all, but one of those great, unsalted bodies of fresh water called by the Indians "Brother-to-the-Sea." Yet to me it contained in its ample bosom all the glamour and the mystery of the Seven Seas. And even to-day no overpowering swell breaking with thundering crash on the rocky Maine coast has, in its tremendous might, more majesty than those frisky emerald rollers, marching in long regimental rows to break into flashing white as they tumbled in fragments of seething foam on a sunny beach of Lake Michigan.

Yet the shore of our lake was not always bathed in sunshine. I have a vision of stern old North Point, then well beyond the farthest houses of our town, which it guarded so carefully, and in that vision I see the headland, like a pointed finger and bearing upon its tip a lighthouse. Around about the lighthouse stood a protecting grove of pines, that hummed in gentle breezes and bowed and throbbed in the agony of a nor'easter at seventy miles an hour. How such a breeze would sway and whip those venerable trees! I could see it all from the window of my little room—the entire headland grown gray and vaguely outlined in a gale-driven mist. I used to fancy at such times that the lake was showing its teeth. I would shudder, and fancy that the gray gulls screaming in their diving circles were frightened at something they saw out there in the heaving waters—perhaps wet, bloated faces staring skyward. Then I would be glad that father was ashore.

The pleasant days along the shore of my ocean are the ones I best like to recall to memory—the days when the gulls were not gray, but gleamed snow-white against a deep-blue sky as they swooped in flocks in the wake of a fishing-smack to snatch from the green-tipped seas at the gurry tossed overboard by the fishermen cleaning the catch on the way home. And if the wind was from the north'ard and the fleet was due, the horizon would be



WE MADE FREQUENT EXPLORATIONS OF THE RIVER

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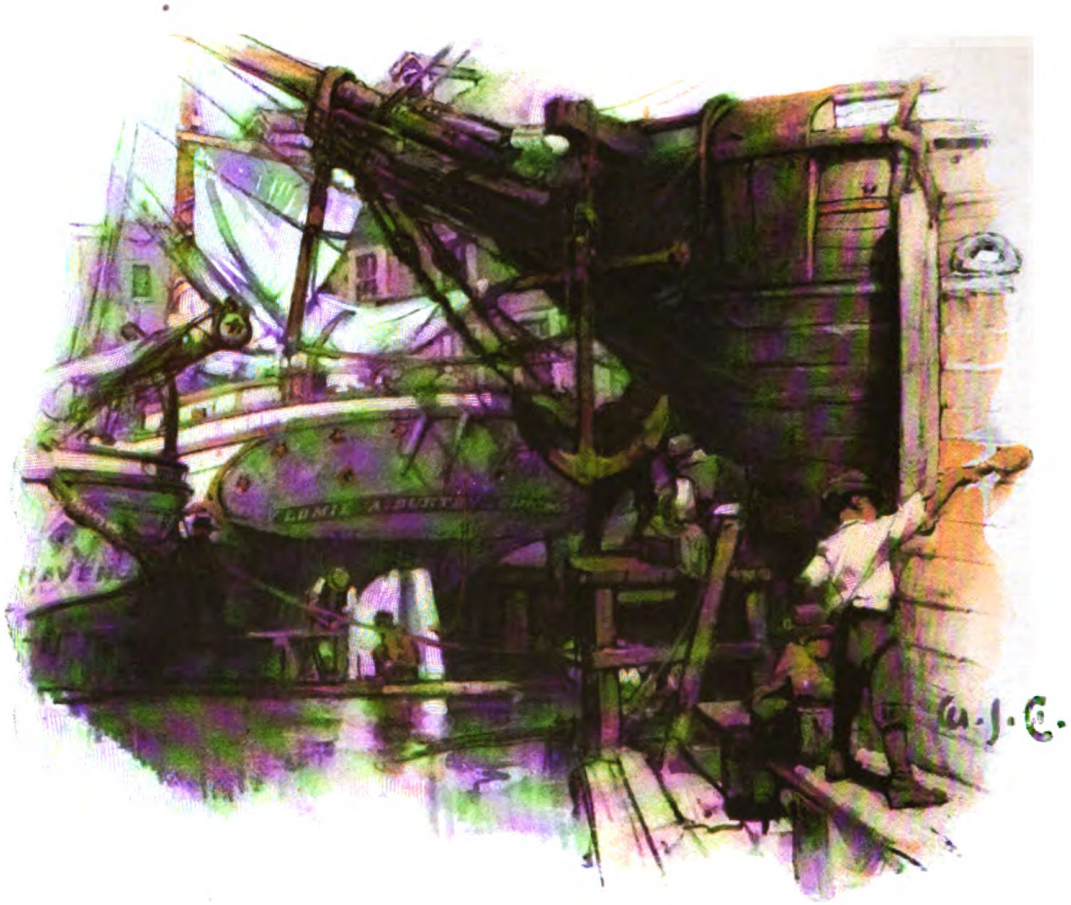
AN ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE WAS OUR FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS

dotted; presently this would grow into topsails and lowers above great deck-loads of deals and bark, or ties and posts, piled high on staggering hulls, that rolled and wallowed in the lumpy seas and dashed them into white foam and spray from their blunt bows.

They would come in a seemingly unending procession—schooners, two and three masters; fore'naft, raffey, or square topsail rig; black or white or green; big fellows bringing coal and ore, or little ones with lumber, lath, and shingles, for they still were lumbering up around Green Bay and in the upper peninsula. Out of the north they would come, and to the little group of truants on the beach, speculating as to what the next would be, the arrival of a Spanish galleon or a French lugger could hardly have been more fascinating than the coming of the *William Jones*, black and rakish, deep with coal, with her colors set beckoning the kindly assistance of a tug. It was between the arrivals of these craft that we began to speculate on the type of vessels that we should command when we should grow to man's estate; how we would paint them, the flags they should fly, and whether they would be ships or brigs, schooners, yachts, or frigates, or—best of all—privateers.

The sun would warm our faces, the fresh breeze cool them again, and all the while I rode straight on fancy, out, out into my ocean. I was sailing a ship of my own at last. I was an adventurer—a victorious adventurer, if you please. And my vessel was a ship of which even a victorious adventurer might be passing proud—with her shiny black topsides, her green water-line, her painted gun-ports, and her figurehead touched with gold which gleamed as brilliantly as the gold upon the sides of Barnum's half-

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FITTING-OUT TIME IN THE SHIP-YARDS

moon band-wagon. She was called the *Lady of the Lake*.

All this I came by honestly. For my father was a seafaring man, a mariner upon my ocean. He was my idol and my pride. I built many visions around about him. He was never less than "the commander" in my mind, although the vessels that he commanded and had also built were not great ships. For the most part they were schooners, designed for the quick loading and hauling of lumber. Once he built a steamer —that is, he fashioned her hull and purchased her engines from a factory somewhere "down east." But by the time she had been launched I was sixteen, and play-days upon my ocean were ended. There was not the romance about this stout steamer that there had been about the *Medusa*, a sturdy schooner of his building which he had commanded so many years. If I recognized the many defects of the *Medusa*, I promptly forgot them. And I was ready to defend her prowess in the school-yard or along the beach. And once I fought the biggest boy in our school because he had called her a hooker. When word of it came to my father, as word always travels of such things, he gave me a smooth extra half-dollar. He was a quiet man, but not unappreciative.

When the *Medusa* was out and off in the little-known regions of the north getting cargo, we had other places to go—excursions here and there around the harbor. We were fond of all these little trips. We counted the beach no journey whatsoever, a resort to be reached at any odd time. For real excursions we had more thrilling places. For instance, there was the trip up the river. One went through the heart of the town. For our town was large enough to have a heart. It was al-

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ready beginning to be a real city, although it gave no hint as yet of its metropolitanism of to-day. Still it had factories, a great many breweries, street-cars, pavements, docks, warehouses, and many miles of neat houses, fashioned almost uniformly of a cleanly, cream-colored brick. We were proud of it then. And my own pride in it has never ceased.

Our river was a busy place. Tall buildings rose flush from its edge; while man-made highways spanned it again and again, and again and again upon nervous bridges which rested ill at ease while hastening folk and grumbling trucks and jangling horse-cars—all the press of traffic in a crowded street—crossed and recrossed. Then a whistle would sound, bells ring, the hurrying traffic halt, while the bridge swung majestically open to let some arrogant little tug drawing a deep-laden lumber-scow make its amiable and leisurely progress through the heart of the town. Once past this crowded section our river widened again. Its banks were now devoted to wood-yards and sand-piles, together with occasional flour-mills. And finally it entered a vast region, practically given over to tanneries.

Here vessels were tethered in tiers along docks, crowded with great heaps of tan-bark, growing slowly day by day. The tan-yards were rather pleasant places—with their soft carpetings of powdered red bark underneath and their chimneys overhead pouring forth creamy, pungent smoke-plumes. They also were rather crowded places. Boys were for ever in the way of the plump horses drawing their great cartloads of brown bark away from the sides of the vessels. Yet the workmen rarely objected. They were an easy-going lot—mostly Teutons—and they accomplished their work leisurely—in a long day broken by frequent intermissions for lunch and liquid refreshment.

Above the tanneries navigation ended abruptly at what I considered a tre-



AN ANCIENT FLEET OF HULKS CONDEMNED TO AN INGLORIOUS END

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mendous bit of natural scenery second only to Niagara Falls, but which the town profanely called "the dam." There were still many miles of river above this place, of course, and boats, too—if you are pleased to designate skiffs and launches and canoes as boats—but it was no place for us seafarers who looked out upon our ocean. We referred to the boys whom Fate had destined to dwell thereabout and who bathed in the warm, yellow waters of "swimming-holes" as "river dogs." They had our full contempt.

Better by far was the trip to the light out there upon North Point. It was considerably more of an excursion than merely to go "up the river." If one was flush and the weather had not been so warm as to compel undue expenditures of pocket-money at soda-fountains and ice-cream "palaces," it was time-saving to take one of the small, yellow horse-cars that passed our corner up to the very end of the line—where the horse was unhitched and the car solemnly swung around on a turn-table like an iron plate, set squarely in the center of the highway and headed for town. Of course, if a fellow was hard up he could walk the entire distance. But that took time.

The light-keeper, a gentle old fellow who had been presented with a limp by a Confederate sharp-shooter at Antietam, was an unusually faithful and inspired servant of Uncle Sam. Once a year he would take us up to the light, and, gently removing the canvas hood under which it slept by day, would patiently explain its workings to us. He was very proud of the lamp and the mechanism which turned it unceasingly through the watches of the night. He kept it very clean indeed, and when we came into the lighthouse we had to wipe our feet carefully and take off our hats.

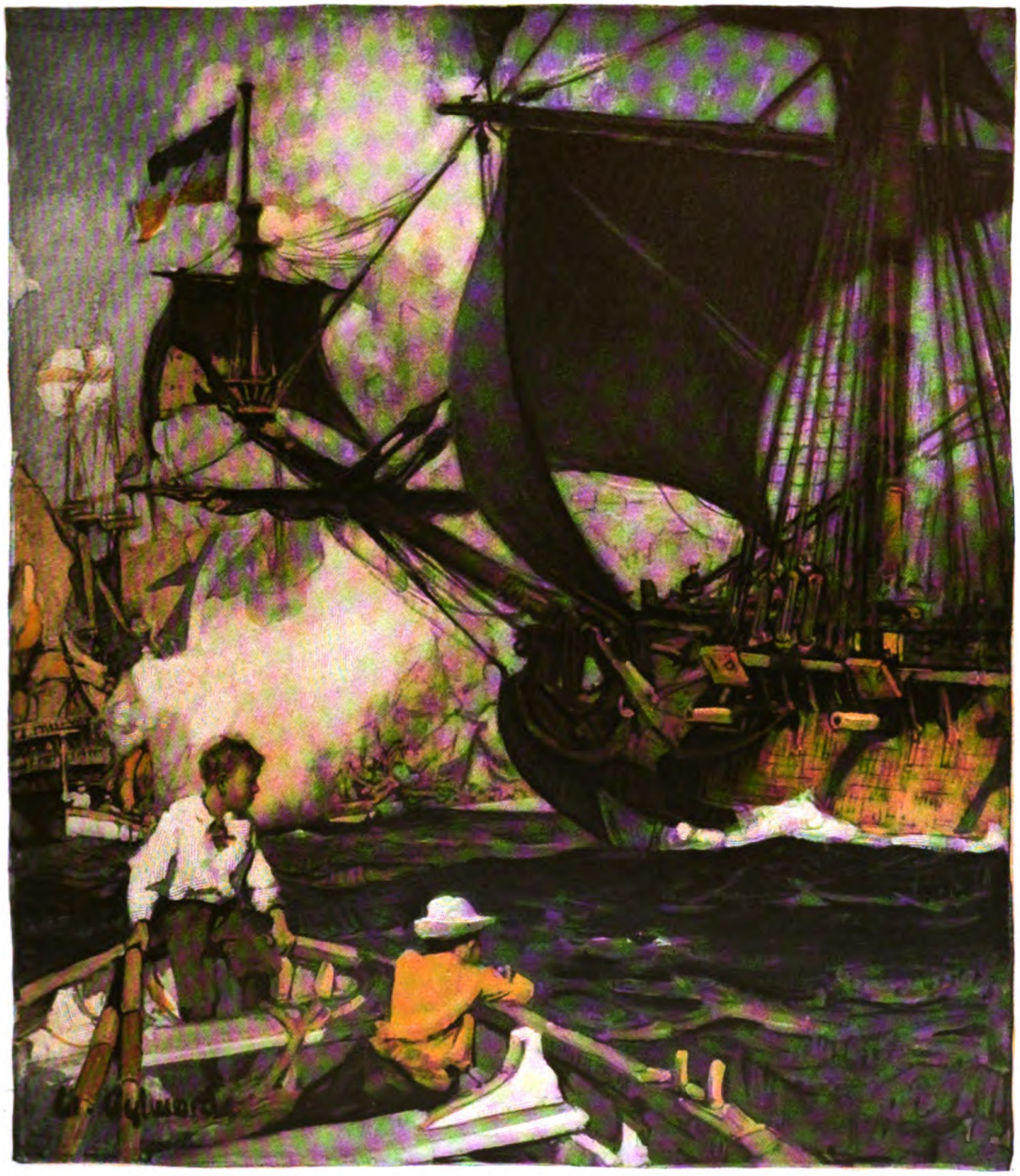
Our best excursion of all, however, was to "the island," a marshy and grass-grown place at the entrance of the harbor. For here were grouped ship-yards, the rambling little wharves where the fishermen landed their scaly cargoes, and the pier where the revenue-cutter rested when she was not out on duty. Here, lording it among the reeds and cattails, was an ancient fleet of hulks, all that was left of the old hookers who, for thirty years or more, had patiently brought the stuff of which our town was made. Now, finally condemned to an inglorious end, they peacefully slept in the mud while the busy life of the harbor swept by and sent now and then some contemptuous swell toward them to slap a little life in their mossy old sides.

Here was the mastless *Honest John*, and close by the ancient two-sticker, *Good Fellow*, now a sloop and careened low, with her bulwarks gone and her rail awash, her dark cabin filled with black water, in which the beetles held an unceasing swimming carnival. They were sad relics of the past. Almost fouling the *Good Fellow*, and bow on, as if for ever threatening to run her down, was the big scow *Green Oak*. This was our flag-ship, capable of wonderful manœuvers in naval action, for she had three yards askew and rotting on the fore. In our navy she rated a frigate, and she handled beautifully on going into action, for her rudderless wheel spun lightly to our touch.

These actions generally ended in a victory over the *Honest John*, which perhaps would already have captured the *Good Fellow* under the command of Captain Smith. My trusty first officer—a callow youth we knew as "Butch"—would shove off in the yawl to receive the chivalrous but defeated Smith, who would tender his untarnished wooden sword on coming on board, as well became a vanquished but gallant chief.

And upon one memorable time there was a fight that needed no tinge of romance to lend it glamour. Of course to a ship's company which had made a custom of compelling its captives to walk the plank, nothing short of a hanging at the yard-arm would ever complete the programme. We all but succeeded in carrying this punishment out literally by "Butch's" toppling off the rail with the noose of a rotting brace still round his neck. He swore he was shoved. There was nothing for it but to let the end go by the run, and plump went poor old "Butch" into the water. I can still see the expression in his blue eyes; they were big, and a little protruding as

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IN IMAGINATION THEY BECAME MIGHTY SHIPS OF WAR WHICH WE LED INTO ACTION

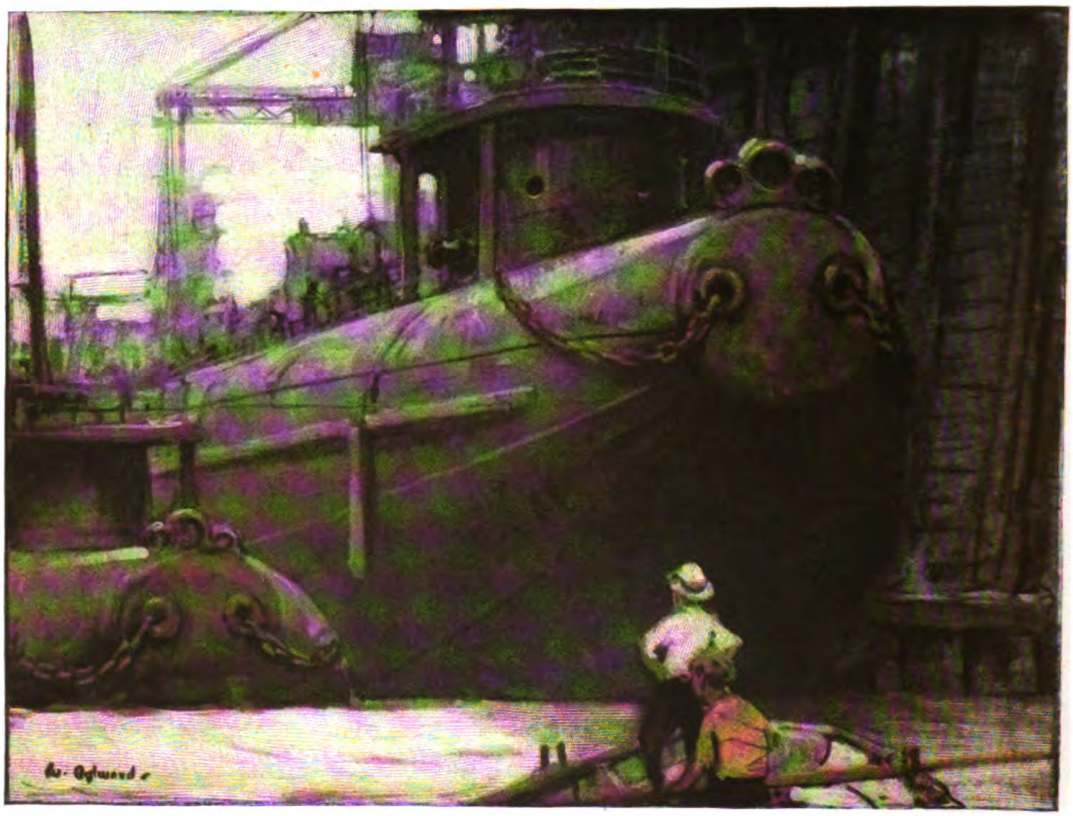
well. How furious he was! The very waters bubbled with his anger. As he floundered in the mud he voiced a coming revenge in a genuinely piratical fashion. And as for us, we took no chances. We put off from the other side of the ship in our trusty yawl and let him rave in dripping clothes and muddy boots until his anger cooled. Get off he could not, without the aid of a boat. We had the boat, and keeping a safe, offing, we made the terms.

There was a plenty of variety at the island. There were the ship-yards with their floating dry-docks, where familiar vessels were lifted bodily clear of the water and brazenly exposed to the world. It was a busy, cheerful place, full of the sound of band-saw, the cleek of the caulking-mallets, the rancid smell of fresh oak and burning pitch; above all of this, huge ships, gaunt of frame, loomed large against the sky and made the horses and men about them seem

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minute. My father knew the men who owned the ship-yard, and we had special privileges there, and could sharpen our knives and skates at the turning grindstone.

Beyond the ship-yard was a residence district—and such a residence district! When I gazed upon it I was filled with a sort of loathing for the quiet, conventional street in which we lived, merely dipping its feet in the lake and then running straight away toward the heart of the town. On the island, the lake confronted one at every turn. There was but one road there—a straggling sort of sandy path through which an occasional butcher's or grocer's cart made its leisurely way. And facing that sandy trail were the tiny cottages, weathered or painted, but cozy enough for any man. Leafy, sandy, smelly old island, with a thousand souls grouped on your tight little acres, what a pleasant place you were, after all, when the soft winds bent your budding poplars seaward! How I haunted you and loved your warm-colored smoke-houses, with the flavor of smoking herring wafting out to my nostrils. Best of all, you typified my ocean; you and the stout side-wheeled revenue-cutter — emblem of national authority in our parts, even if



A STRANGE LAND OF SEA-MONSTERS AND COAL-DOCKS

grown wheezy and decrepit in the service of the customs like a fat admiral upon shore duty become stiff and rheumatic. I shall not forget your open spaces where men dried their nets and rummaging boyish fingers might honestly acquire much real treasure in the form of bobbers and of cork-floats; the small docks where the smacks unloaded each day's catch; the stanch little fishing-craft themselves.

After all, the *Good Fellow* and the *Honest John* were but hulks, mud-bound and abandoned, the revenue-cutter for ever in the charge of a stern-faced deck officer—although I am frank to say that the only time he ever spoke to me was to say, "Good morning, sonny," in a

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very free and human fashion—but the fishing-sloops were trim and brisk, and, to a boy, wonderfully intimate. There were a dozen of them, all told, and we knew the personality of each. The *Sea Bird*, Captain Saul, master, was our favorite, and when we saw her come along under her big mainsail we would try and manage to be close by where she passed and give hail to her captain. He was a fine old chap, and with his tanned face and white beard and hair looked exactly like the old salts they use upon the labels of canned fish; and he always replied to our hail, saying, "Boys, there's a lump of a sea on outside," or perhaps complaining gently of a lack of wind or of a fog "thick as mush." And when she snuggled into the dock with lowered sails, and just enough way to bring her there, we would follow and watch the fine, big trout and strange things that she had caught up from the deep.

This, then, was my harbor, my ocean, my world. I loved it tremendously. I used it as a playground, as you have already seen, and I was wont to sit beside it and see it in activity—ships passing and repassing, the tireless turnings of the swing-bridges, the arrival of passenger steamers from Mackinac or Chicago or the Michigan points across the lake. Even the opening of a ferry-hull and the trails of dirty freight-cars emerging from it was not without interest. But the one thing most hoped for was that the afternoon sun would pick out the familiar details of the longed-for *Medusa*. The new mainsail in high relief and the band of new cloth along the head of her low-peaked foresail marked her to my eyes. Then the mellow gray mass of bellowing canvas became a friend, the tug ambling out to meet her gained in importance, and as one after the other the topsails came off, the jibs were stowed, and, passing the tow-line, the mainsail settled in great folds, I knew who it was that passed the word; that it was Julius who climbed a tiny speck aloft to furl those topsails, and Hans out there on the slender jib-boom, and Andrew who helped catch the heaving lines and pass the hawser aboard the tug. I would watch her enter and listen to the toots of the tug as she signaled the railroad bridge, and then her course up the crowded river. Already I could anticipate the thrill that I should have on the morrow when I crept out for the morning paper and read in the "Marine Intelligence" column, under "Arrivals," the coming of the "Schr. *Medusa* from Green Bay." And when the *Medusa* was actually in I would climb high in her ratlines and from that glorious point survey my harbor—the freighters, the tugs, the draws, the vessels from distant ports—and begin to speculate when I, too, should go out upon my ocean. Buffalo seemed as far distant as Liverpool, and once when a brand-new tug had slipped into our harbor overnight I noticed that she had come from Cleveland, and I saw with my own eyes the romance of such a trip.

These things worked within my mind. And once I made bold to go to my father in reference to them. He was a reticent man, little given to talk, but he was not the sort to deny an audience or comfort to his son. And so I talked freely with him. I knew that he was planning a new vessel—steam-driven—to replace the *Medusa*, which was beginning to grow old and rather creaky in the joints. I made bold to ask him if I could not become an officer upon the new steamer. He shook his head. I was tremendously in earnest, and I urged my request. I would go to New York and study in that marine school there. But still he shook his head. He was a man of fixed purpose. But of his deep affection for me I might never doubt. He sat down with me and told me what he thought of the future of the Lakes. The commerce was changing. The end of virgin timber along the shores was in sight. Yet, in his opinion, the traffic upon these inland seas would not cease when it had gone. For men had discovered seemingly inexhaustible fields of iron around the head of Superior. The iron would have to move down to the great steel-mills at Cleveland and south of there; and, wood now out of question as fuel, coal would move up the Lakes. Here was an unusual and a singularly happy balance of trade. My father said that the Lakes would some

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day have the largest traffic of any of the great waters of the world. But the trade would not rest in individual bottoms. It would move in great fleets, built and owned by the coal companies and the iron-masters. And almost every other form of traffic, save grain perhaps, would move by railroad.

My father was singularly prophetic. I wonder now that he did not apply his prophecy to his own good sense and save himself the rather unfortunate steamer investment. I took his advice. I had to. But the romance of my ocean was not yet driven out of my brain. And a little while later there came an incident into my life that drove it the more firmly home.

It was upon a particularly bleak night in December—a night or two after Christmas, if I remember rightly, and one when the east wind from the lake shook our house and made its timbers groan as if in great pain. The east wind bore snow upon its shoulders—not fine, dry snow such as came with January and made a fellow's thoughts turn toward his bob-sled, but a sleety, wet snow that spoiled clothing and dispositions impartially. And in the storm there walked into our house the Stranger. There was a ring at the bell, answered by my father, a little talk hardly above whispers in the entry-hall, finally the Stranger ushered into the center of our family.

There are many things about the man that I have now forgotten. I could not tell you whether he was bearded or clean-shaven, light or dark in his coloring. I dimly remember that he was tall and stoop-shouldered. And I recall distinctly that he wore no overcoat, and that his hands, hanging below cuffless sleeves, were long and slender, but red with cold. He had been admitted to the cheer of our home because he bore our name—and we were exceeding proud of our name and those who bore it. He had heard of my father and, being a seafaring man himself, had come to him there, a thousand miles or more from the salt sea. All this did not come out at first, of course. I only knew that we had a new member of the family—one more to sit at our table and to enjoy our generous fare.

But such a member! Liverpool and Calcutta and Hong-Kong had been as vague as Cleveland or Buffalo or Toronto. Now they became as real and as intimate as North Point. I began to know the harbor-front of Marseilles as I knew our own harbor. I was learning of the salt seas and measuring them by my own. You will recall that Andrew, father's mate upon the *Medusa*, had come from "blue-water." Andrew was filled with its traditions and its romance. But how could a boy pin large faith in a mate who played cruel tricks upon a cook, a man whose heart and generosity was never to be doubted?

Nor was the Stranger's skill confined to the spinning of romances. He could draw pictures! I took from my strong-box the money which I had been saving toward the purchase of an atlas and sextant, and invested it at his suggestion in India ink, drawing-pens, water-colors and brushes, a big drawing-board, and a ream of fine white paper. And he forthwith drew me many ships. One of them still hangs above my desk. It portrays San Francisco Harbor and an imaginary brig named the *Commodore Perry* making her way out to sea. The waters of the Golden Gate are strangely ruffled, yet upon the very crest of the waves swims a great turtle, and upon its back rides a jolly tar. He is saluting the ship—you can see the very words emerging from his lips. And in the distance are mermaids sitting on the rocks. All in all, it is a very triumph of a marine picture, and when I got it I was happier than a steel-king would be to-day in buying a Velasquez or a Murillo.

Beside this picture hangs another. It is the *Lady of the Lake*. I drew it, and I have never drawn another. For there came a day—when February was unusually soft and the full moon at night shone down upon my ice-filled ocean—that the Stranger stole silently away from us, wearing my father's new overcoat. He never returned—nor did the overcoat. And my father, with his fine pride in our name and those who bore it, chose to forget the incident. Yet I could not forget. For there at the big desk in my room were all the drawing instruments that had fitted so easily into the slender fingers of the gifted

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mariner. I seized them quickly. They were mine. I had paid for them. And then, slowly and laboriously, I sought to master them. For I had been given a superb idea.

For many years I had carried the fancy of the *Lady of the Lake* in my mind, making slight additions or changes from time to time in contour or in color, but never entirely changing the main theme. Now I sought to make her real—on paper at least. And so I fashioned her upon the paper—with her shiny black top-sides, her green water-line, and her painted gun-ports—running before the wind, with everything drawing beautifully, from courses to skysails. The bellying sails were very white and new, and of course I had the figurehead touched with gold. All her boats were there, and her ship's company was busily engaged on deck. A tug for use in calms accompanied this wonderful ship, which was clearing a green headland with a very tall lighthouse on its top, surmounting a village. She had an ensign at the peak, a house-flag at the fore, and, best of all, a long streamer flying in the teeth of the wind and bearing the legend *Lady of the Lake.*

When the picture was finally completed, after many false starts and carefully concealed erasures, I showed it to Smithy—the same Smithy who has since become one of the foremost marine architects of the land. He did not become enthusiastic over it. He said that sailing-ships were of no practical utility. He is a man of steam, this Smith, a man who dreams in cylinders and batteries of boilers, in walking-beams and in eccentric valves. Even as a boy his prosaic mind ran to steam.

But there was another who saw the picture and who understood. I came upon him one afternoon in my little room chuckling over my picture of the *Lady of the Lake.* My father did not laugh often, and if my little drawing lifted some of his worries, even for a little time, it must have served a very distinct purpose. But it did not serve to make me a seafaring man upon my ocean, for as he stood there in my little room he told me that in a few weeks I was to go East to a great preparatory school.

I went before the new steamer was launched, when my sister poured the bottle of champagne over her bow. Still there were compensations. They came to me on one of the drab autumn afternoons late in November with a telegram, short and curt, like my father, that told me that they had named the new steamer *Lady of the Lake.* I understood and I exulted. All of the days at the new school had not been pleasant ones. I had been thrown among fellows from the seaboard towns along the Atlantic—towns of which they were immensely proud. They had poked fun at the Lakes—my ocean. But I had not sat back idly. I had fought for their reputation as stoutly as once I had fought for the good name of the *Medusa.* And there was a tremendous satisfaction in a battle of that sort. Now can you imagine my exultation—my father had named his real ship after my fanciful one!

Last summer I returned to the old town. It has grown into a metropolitan city since I lived there twenty years ago. It has grown very dirty. The pleasant tan-yards are gone. In their place are square miles of rolling-mills and steel-works, or else huge power-houses where the unlovely lake-carriers of to-day are berthed alongside and emptied by derricks, which delve deep into their holds and snatch black cargoes aloft only to dump them noisily into little iron cars that run back from the water and empty themselves with a groan at monster coal-piles upon the shores.

I had been apart a long time from all of this. I had not seen my ocean. The *Lady of the Lake* was not a success, and my life in an inland city had had more prosaic turns than ships and all that with them goes. I was glad to get back to the old town. I forgot the changes that time had wrought upon it, even upon the fine old harbor. For, after all, the lake was unchanged, and unchanged it will remain. And I could find my way down to the sunshiny beach and there gaze once again out over the blue-green waters, carpeted with warning white-caps—there live once more in dreams beside my ocean.

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Cotton-Wool

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

HAROLD gradually accepted the fact that you could not tell Mollie anything sad. At first, in the joy of having a confidante in the crook of his arm, he had poured out everything as it came; but where he was sorry for some one—comfortably, reasonably sorry as a preliminary to doing what he could—Mollie bled and anguished and lay awake all night. And so Harold learned to mediate any bad news, making it sound as much like good news as possible. He would gladly have strained all speech that came near her, but with others this was not always easy, and his quick aside, "Don't speak of that before Mollie!" had an exasperating effect on Mollie's sturdy in-laws.

"Why on earth shouldn't Mollie know that Mrs. Hubbard's little boy has been run over?" his mother insisted. This was her first visit, and she had kept silence as long as flesh and blood could hold out.

A reminiscent smile hovered about Harold's kind eyes. "It was the night Mollie's kitten was run over that we got engaged," he said. "She wasn't hysterical or foolish; she simply was suffering more than any human being has a right to. All clenched up and tense. She could bear it, that's all. I'll tell her about Tommy in the morning, but she doesn't need to know just where and how much he was smashed, poor little kid! What's the use?"

Mrs. Torrance's protest had the energy of personal affront. "We can all get like that if we indulge ourselves," she said. "I was very sensitive myself as a girl. I remember one time when the cook cut her forefinger—clear through to the bone"—her son grimaced, running a thumb along his own sound forefinger—"it upset me for days. But if I had wrapped myself in cotton-wool and shirked knowing about it, I can tell you I'd never have been able to hold Mrs. Clark's little girl last week while the doctor—"

"Mother—Mollie is coming!" Harold was filially apologetic for the interruption, but firm. Mrs. Torrance's knitting-needles clicked out a suppressed comment, but the world's joke had taught her the dangers of her position, and she tried not to look too dryly on her daughter-in-law as the door opened.

A man's need to shield Mollie would have been explicable to any other man. She had the fragile grace of a young fern; her chin pointed out, like a fairy's; and her eyes, softly melancholy by nature, had been so sheltered all her twenty-three years that they had learned a confiding gaiety. She drooped over her husband a moment, smiling into his upturned face, then, in her abundant sweetness, kissed his mother. The needles relaxed their pace.

"Little Harold," she began—Harold was six feet two and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds—"dinner will be on the table in fifteen minutes. Where have you been?"

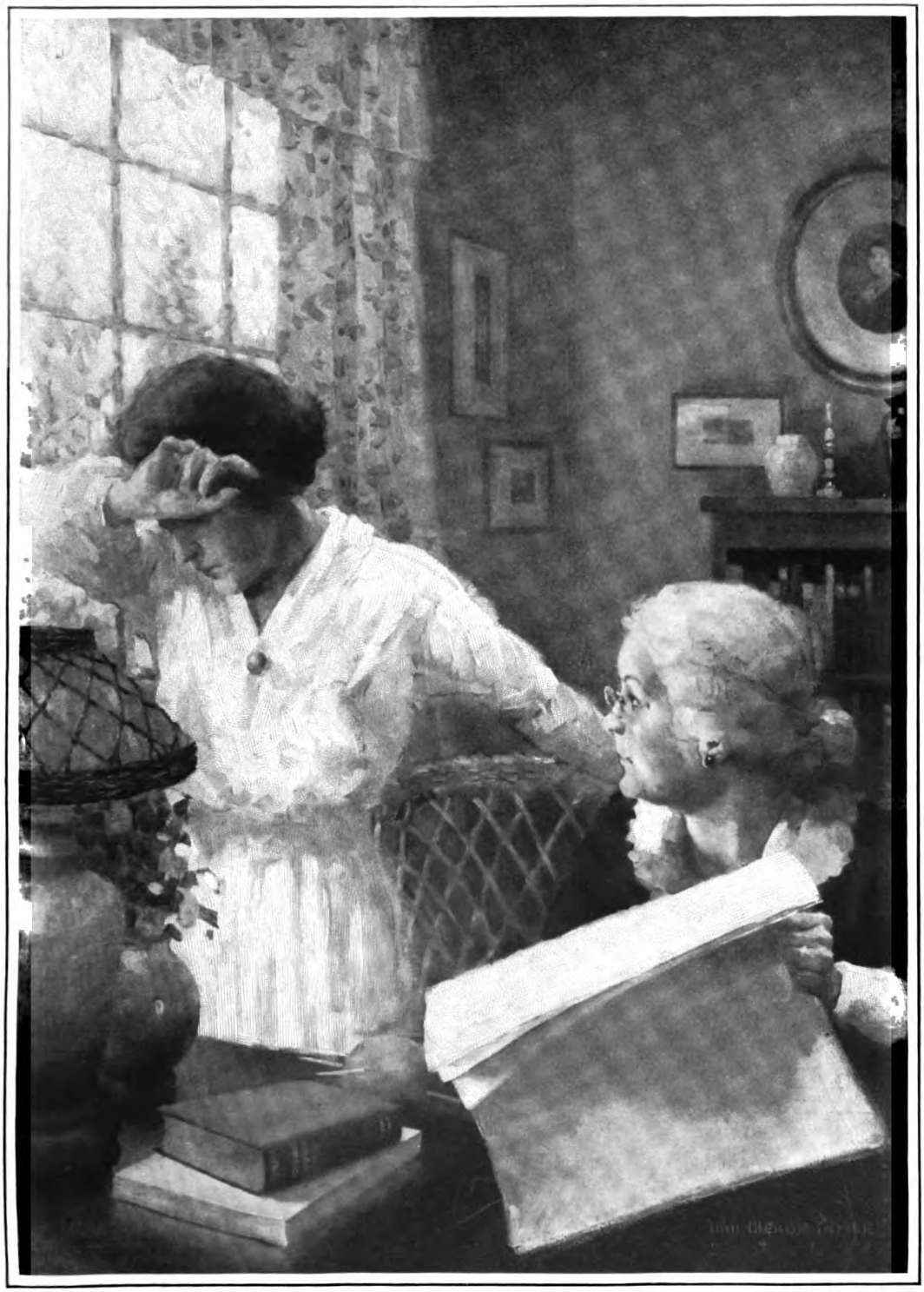
Harold dragged up his lazy length. "I ran over to the Hubbards' for a little while," he explained. What he told Mollie was always the truth, even if it was not the whole truth.

"I wish I had known you were going. I want to ask Mrs. Hubbard about a plant food she is trying." Mollie bent over the ferns in the window, stirring up their earth with a paper-knife. "The poor dears look anemic," she went on as Harold left the room. "I believe I'll call Mrs. Hubbard up."

The needles stopped. "Oh, I wouldn't!" Mrs. Torrance exclaimed. Then, seeing Mollie's surprise, she added a somewhat lame, "Won't she be at her dinner?"

"Not yet." Mollie had begun to question, and now there would be no

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Drawn by William Meade Prince Engraved by F. A. Pettit

"IT IS EVIDENT YOU'VE NEVER HAD ANY REAL TROUBLE"

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stopping her. "Why did Harold go over there? What is the matter?"

"Well, I'm sorry, Mollie." The brisk needles expressed that the thing couldn't be helped and that Mollie must make the best of it like anybody else. "Harold didn't want you to know, but their little boy was hurt this afternoon. An automobile— Well, it knocked him down."

"O—oh!" Mollie's clenched hand was driven against her cheek, her eyes were wide. "Oh, how horrible! Is he badly hurt?"

"Well, yes; but he'll pull through. They don't think he'll be lame. You see, it went over one leg, and—" The tale could not be stopped now. Mrs. Torrance had—physically *had* to tell just what had happened. Mollie listened so silently that she thought Harold had been fanciful about her, and went on to a most interesting case in her own experience, involving a permanent silver tube in the patient; but at the climax of the detail Harold's step fell chillingly on her enjoyment. "Well, and he had good health for a number of years," she concluded, rather feebly as her son filled the doorway.

Mollie went swiftly to him, lifting a strained face. "What can we do? Is he suffering dreadfully? Is Mrs. Hubbard nearly crazy?" Harold put a protecting arm about her, and his eyes were careful not to meet his mother's.

"I didn't tell her, Harold—I mean, I had to," Mrs. Torrance explained, with flustered dignity. "She was going to call up the child's mother about plant food."

"He isn't suffering in the least, because he's asleep with an opiate," Harold was saying. "Mrs. Hubbard's a trump — so glad he's alive that she doesn't mind a bone or two. She can't think of anything but her thankfulness."

Mollie clung to the respite. "Yes, of course. One would feel that, at first," she acknowledged, the hands on his arm relaxing. "I'll go there first thing in the morning." Then she shuddered behind dropped eyelids. "Oh, she saw it happen—his mother saw it happen!" she breathed.

She could not eat her dinner, though at Harold's every reminder she made a gallant effort. Harold was his calm, affectionate self to both women, but his mother maintained a defensive coolness.

"What Mollie needs is a husband who will tell her not to be a goose," was her private conclusion.

In the morning Mollie had a washed-out look. "I didn't worry; I didn't even think about it," she defended herself, though Harold had only smiled. "I said over long poems, dozens of them. It was just my body that wouldn't sleep; my mind was perfectly sensible."

"Well, I've been over to the Hubbards', and I saw the doctor, too." Harold's calm was reassuring. "The kid's got a broken leg and a few bruises, but they think he's not damaged inside, and they're all very happy and very sleepy. Better keep away. I gave them your love. Now, eat your breakfast, dear, if you're going to walk to the station with me."

"I wish you weren't going," Mollie exclaimed, but at his offer to call up the office and arrange to stay away she laughed at herself and refused to let him. "It was a joke," she said, brazenly, under his questioning look. "Nobody wants a husband about on Monday morning!"

She saw him off with unabated cheerfulness, but came back to the house with a shadowed reluctance. When she had prolonged her slight household tasks to their utmost limit, she took her sewing—the fine white work of a young and happy wife—and went bravely in search of Harold's mother. It is an unwritten household law that women, when they sit down, shall sit down together.

"We might read aloud," she suggested before conversation could be launched.

Mrs. Torrance was turning the morning paper. "Horrible thing, this fire," she said, luxuriously. "Fourteen deaths. One young woman who went back for her baby—"

"Oh, please!" Mollie's hands had sprung to her eyes. The silence that followed had an edge, but she was too distressed to notice. "Was the baby saved? Just tell me that," she asked, presently.

"Yes; a fireman carried it down. But the mother—"

"Ah, it was better that way; the baby

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won't suffer as she would have suffered," Mollie broke in.

"Well, considering that she leaves five other children and a lame husband—" Mrs. Torrance commented. "On the top floor there was an old German couple—"

Mollie started from her chair. "I do what I can," she said, incoherently. "I don't shirk where I can help. Truly! But when we can't help, must we be tortured by knowing? What is the use?"

Mrs. Torrance remembered with difficulty the dangers of the relationship. "Dear me, Mollie! it is evident you've never had any real trouble," she said, a resigned compromise on what she would have liked to say.

Mollie smiled apology and returned to her chair. "You don't have to suffer to know what it is like," she said, with a suppressed shiver. "Why don't we read some Trollope? And then this afternoon we'll take a drive."

"If it is a quiet horse," Mrs. Torrance stipulated. "I was run away with five years ago and pitched out. I won't tell you about it, however," she added, with an irrepressible lift of eyebrows.

She did tell it, of course, while they were driving between sunny fields. Mollie's lightning imagination translated the tale into a train accident to Harold. She felt the shock, heard the splintering and cries, saw him go down; now they were bringing him home—some one running on ahead to tell her; she was being cool and controlled and getting things ready for him, and then, when science had done all it could and everything was over—

"Mollie! What's the matter? Are you in pain?"

At the alarmed voice she came back to the present with a start and a deep flush. "Nothing—I just thought of something," she apologized.

"I declare, you frightened me." Mrs. Torrance rubbed her wrist. "I never felt such a grip. And you were white as a sheet. You mustn't let yourself get nervous, Mollie."

"I know. Of course not!" Mollie bent herself to cheerful conversation; but before they reached home she snatched another moment to revise the vision's ending, and by her devotion save Harold's life. She always had to do them over when they ended fatally to him.

Mrs. Torrance could stay only a week, for she had left an invalid sister; but the week had five days more to run. By Wednesday Mollie had a hunted look. She knew now about Mrs. Clark's little girl, whom Mrs. Torrance had held, and the knowledge set her shuddering and twisting in the night; she knew why the sister was an invalid, and at what cost Harold had been born, and how his father had died. Mrs. Torrance was not ghoulish; she did not gloat over these things; it was simply that accidents and operations were the only excitements that had ever come into the staid, middle-aged round of her life. She was offering her best to a somewhat alien and fidgety daughter-in-law.

Mollie made no complaint, but Thursday morning she was not equal to walking to the station, and all day the sudden clinging of her good-by haunted Harold; he felt as though he had left her shut up with some danger. He was closing the day's work preparatory to taking an early train home when Mollie herself came in.

"Why, hello! Mother with you?" he began; then, as he kissed her, he saw how tremulous she was beneath her brave smiling. "Ran away by yourself?" he added, smiling back as he closed the door behind her.

"Yes. I had—one or two—things to see to"—Mollie was affecting an interest in the articles on his desk—"so I asked Miss Lane to go driving with mother. She'll tell her all about her operation. You know she nearly died, and the surgeons had never seen a case like it. I truly think mother will have a nice afternoon, dear!" She was urging him not to disapprove. "They are to have tea and little fresh cakes when they come back. She didn't mind my going, honestly." Glancing up to see how he was taking it, she met a look so generous and understanding that she crumpled into his arms—hat, veil, and all—clinging to him against pursuing torments. "It's nothing—nothing," she gasped. "Don't mind. This is just my—my condition, isn't it, that makes me so silly? I'm not always—as bad as this—am I?"

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Drawn by William Meade Prince Engraved by H. Leinroth

"ALL THE SUFFERING IN THE WORLD PILES UP ON TOP OF ME EVERY NIGHT"

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He took off her hat and veil that he might properly comfort the burrowing head, and drew her down into the desk-chair.

"What was it, dear?" he presently asked.

"Oh, nothing, really. She had been so kind, and done such beautiful sewing on the little dresses—I can't begin to make such stitches, Harold. But she got to telling me this morning about—the babies—she lost; one—born dead, and the other three months old. I saw them so—those poor, tiny things. It—it just wasn't bearable. I don't mean to be cowardly, but it wasn't *bearable*." She lifted her strained face to insist on that. Then she broke down again. "I can't go back. I can't spend another day like these. All the suffering in the world piles up on top of me every night. Oh, no one has a right to tell me such things! Harold, I am not going back."

"You'll hurt her," he said, gently, after giving her a minute to reconsider.

"Yes." The voice was dogged.

Harold was a wise man for his years. "Very well, dear," he conceded. "I'll go out and do the best I can by the situation. I was planning to stay home tomorrow, anyway, as it's her last day. Now where should you like to stay?"

He looked up some imaginary query in the telephone-book while she wavered. Presently a long sigh marked her surrender.

"If you will stay home, I'll go back. But, Harold—I am sorry, and I know she's your mother, but I can't ask her again—ever. I cannot do it. I've gone through all I can stand."

"Well, dear!"

His patience brought her arms tightly about him. "Especially the little babies," she whispered. "Oh, how do people bear it—how do they live!"

He had no philosophy for her, but his love and steadiness gradually spread about her the soothing shelter in which she had always lived. When she was comforted, they went shopping, buying lace for Harold's mother and exotic fruits for her dinner, and Mollie was in gay spirits long before they reached home.

Mrs. Torrance had had a delightful afternoon, and she was touched by her present, yet there was some swallowed and undigested judgment on her mind. When Mollie had run up-stairs to dress, she put aside the lace collar with a sighing face.

"I don't know what is going to become of Mollie when she has to face life for herself," she said. "She's been kept in cotton-wool until if she hears the cat has chased a sparrow she's on the verge of hysterics. You're not doing right with her, Harold."

"Ah, wait till after November," he begged off.

"Well, she'll need a little more backbone before she's through with November," his mother warned him. "I know, when you were born—" He listened intently to the tale that followed, then carried a clouded face up-stairs.

"Poor little soul," he muttered; but it was not the real sufferer that he meant. Mollie in her room was singing.

The happy summer and autumn went by, and then suddenly it was a black, wild night in November, and Mollie was being summoned sharply out of sleep and shelter to face life for herself. She went gallantly, she who had anguished over a hurt kitten, and hour after hour the same report of fighting courage came out to her mother and husband who could no longer stand between her and pain. Day broke, and still the struggle went on. Noon ended the spirit's brave stand; after that there was only the martyred body. At six o'clock a baby boy was born, and, after some wavering, settled down to stay. Mollie, lying as though done with all earthly concerns, apparently knew nothing of him, and the exhausted household slept.

Harold stole in to her at intervals during the night. Mollie still lay blank and lifeless, but the nurse on duty nodded reassurance, and he had to believe her. At dawn he heard the nurse go down to the kitchen, and he came to watch. As he stood over her, Mollie's eyes suddenly opened — grave, living eyes, dark with experience.

"You came in before." Her voice was a tired murmur, but with his cheek against hers he heard it. "I knew, but I wasn't—ready, then. And I didn't want the nurse to tell me. So I've—"

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He said something about not talking, but just resting, and the break in his voice brought a weak hand into his. Presently the slow voice went on:

"I know, now. Know to the depths. I've had—the rack; everything. And, Harold"—her voice took a clearer note—"suffering *is* bearable. Oh, I didn't bear it, of course—I went all to pieces; but at the very worst it was never—what I have imagined. Not once. I've lived on the edge of a black hell—where others writhed; and then, when I—went down into it—torture, yes, but human, bearable! I've shrunk and twisted over some one's sprained ankle; but now I know—that was bearable. I can face—anything—for any one—after this. I've gone to the very end of pain. I *know*." Her eyes were very sad, very solemn over her initiation. When she spoke again, it was in a whisper, with her face turned away from him. "And I know that even—unspeakable grief—is bearable. Even little babies—not living. One's first. One's heart breaks, and yet it is all bearable. I needn't have—run away. Now tell me."

He had lifted a startled head. "Tell you what, darling?"

"I heard them," she said, steadily. "I was unconscious, yet I heard. 'It isn't living,' they said. I—"

She broke off, clutching him. Through the open door, from a distant room, came a faint "Wah! wah! wah!" that could have only one meaning—the son of the house greeting the new day. Harold's eyes, smiling the truth down into her, were suddenly blinded, but she pushed him away.

"My baby! It's my baby!" she cried. "Go and get my baby!"

Hours later, with the blankety cocoon in the curve of her arm, she looked up to smile greeting as Harold came back from a long sleep. Her mother, spent but always lovely, sat beside her; peace and joy fell on the room as healingly as the sunlight on the storm-scarred world outside. All the drawn look had been wiped out of Mollie's eyes—all memory of agony, memory of grief; yet in their clear shining the new knowledge lay distilled. She put back the blanket and they bent together over the little new face.

"He's you all over," Mollie announced. "Your mother must come soon; she's got to see him!"

Flames

BY SARA TEASDALE

I WATCHED a log in the fireplace burning,
  Wrapped in flame like a winding-sheet,
Giving again with splendid largesse
  The sun's long gift of treasured heat—

Giving again in the fire's low music
  The sound of wind on an autumn night,
And the gold of many a summer sunrise
  Garnered and given out in light.

I watched a log in the fireplace burning—
  Oh, if I, too, could only be
Sure to give back the love and laughter
  That life so freely gave to me.

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Adrianople Between Wars

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I am at this present writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my head at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral?—*Lady Mary Montagu to Alexander Pope.*

THERE is, luckily, no guide-book to Adrianople. Or at least we had laid hands on nothing later than Lady Mary. We were therefore free to take Adrianople as we found it. And that is a liberty beyond price in this day of red books and approbatory stars, which leave the explorer no room for his own opinions. I fear, however, that our opinion of Adrianople would not have passed the censor when the trim brown porter of the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens* bundled us shivering out of our compartment, at four or five o'clock of a wintry morning. We found Adrianople to consist, apparently, of fog, of one provisional wooden shed of a station, and of a towering black clump of—whether they were poplars or cypresses we could not make out. From the shadow of them sounded a milling of wheels and hoofs on gravel. Pursuing the sound, we entered into parley with a turbaned person in command of what looked rather like a toy prairie schooner. In this we proceeded to embark, not knowing whither we went, and were spirited away into an endless dark avenue of trees. The war had not hurt them, at any rate—or more than a few of them, whose stumps the turbaned one pointed out to us with pride.

Presently we came to a long stone bridge, guarded by spectral sentinels in hoods, who paid no more attention to us than if they had been ghosts of Hadrian's legionaries. As for us, we were more interested in the river below them, where a splintered morning star floated between black banks. For that river was the Maritza, which flows bloodily through the legends and the national hymn of Bulgaria, and which, as the Hebrus of old, bore the head of Orpheus plangent to the Ægean. On the farther shore another pair of sentries stood gray and muffled on guard. Then houses began to gather dimly beside the road, gradually displacing the trees as we clattered up a long hill of cobblestones. And at last we stopped before an archway, over which an oil lantern illuminated distinguishably enough this surprising legend: "*Hôtel d'Amérique.*" That is what you come to, nowadays, in towns that were named by Roman emperors and described in the letters of Lady Mary Montagu!

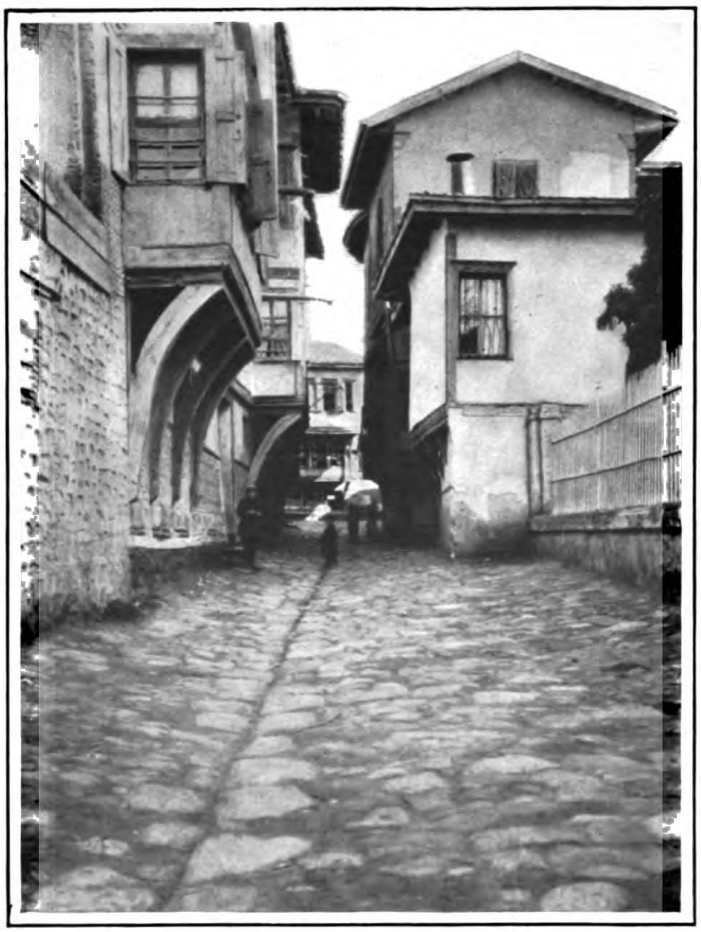
The Hotel of America seemed little expectant of guests at that unhallowed hour. Nor, when the shouts and poundings of our driver succeeded in rousing its dormant sense of hospitality, did we find in it very much to remind us of our native land. The room into which we were led by a half-dressed Greek contrived to be at once close and deadly cold. For furniture it contained as many iron beds as could be squeezed into it. Each bed was provided with a thick red quilt, to the under side of which a sheet was sewn, and with a solid-looking pillow whose slip, even by the light of the Greek's candle, caused us to exchange glances. But we had seen too many such rooms before to be frightened away. Moreover, we had brought coverings of our own, and there was no one but the Greek to prevent our closing the window into the corridor or opening the windows into the street. The outcries

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of that scandalized man we heeded not. And we devoutly gave thanks, as we dropped into a belated beauty sleep, that the season was one when the traveler in the Levant is least beset by foes unseen.

I am happy to report that under the high Thracian sun of a few hours later Adrianople presented itself to us in a more cheerful aspect. The Hotel of America, in particular, developed a genuine if somewhat tardy desire to please, discovering stores of fresh linen and hot water for the eccentric strangers within its gates. The strangers, for their part, were willing not to ask too much of the Hotel of America, finding in its rambling glass galleries and its irregular court a picturesque stage on the journey from the caravansary of the Arabian Nights to that of Fifth Avenue.

We could easily have spent much time in that court, where a fountain pattered gaily under the huge bare branches of a plane-tree, and where the archway of our arrival made the pleasantest frame for moving pictures of the street without. We could also have spent much time in a big low-ceiled room of the ground floor, that occupied a strategic position between the court and the street. This place of many windows, presided over by waiters in shirt-sleeves, and resorted to between meals by such persons as in a Turkish town are always ready to sit at a little table, rolling cigarettes and sipping thimblefuls of coffee, we discovered to contain the quintessence of Adrianople. In it we plunged at once into the liveliest local color, sitting down with Greek merchants and Hebrew, not to say Armenian, with magnificent Turkish officers, with certain mysterious young gentlemen of a semi-military accoutrement, whose mystery we were not too long unraveling, and with the Bulgarian members of a commission that was settling matters of moment to the two countries. These last we could not help regarding with special interest. It could not have been very easy for them to sit there, under so many curious or unfriendly eyes, where they had lately sat as conquerors. In appearance they were less imposing than the handsome Turkish officers with whom they conferred. Short, dark, stocky, there was not much grace or good looks among them. But there was much dignity, and a quiet air of competence that seemed to suit the reputation of their doughty little race.



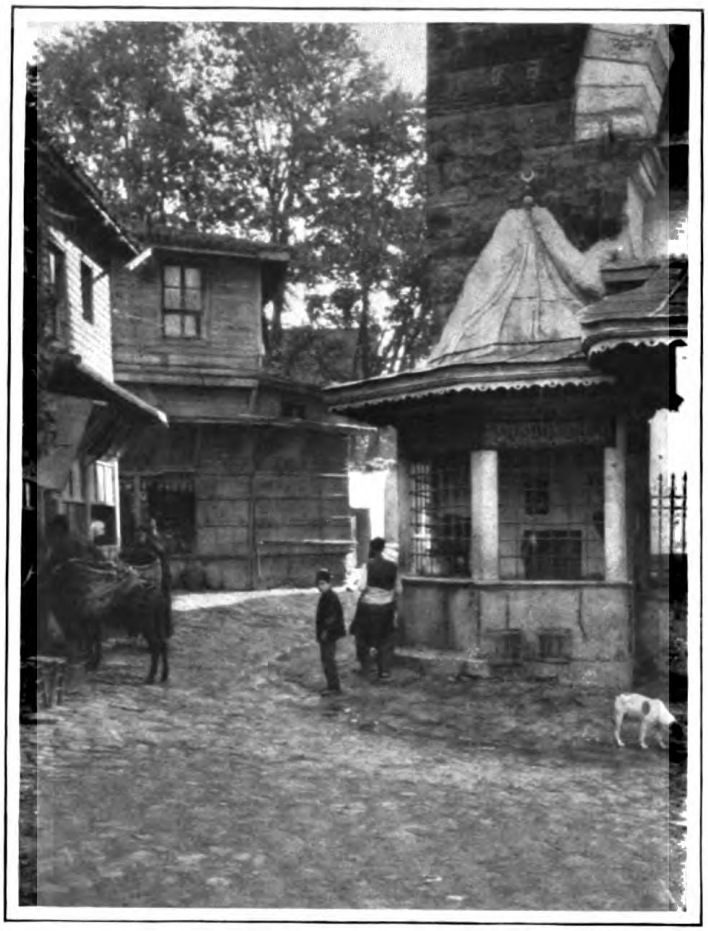
OLD HOUSES OF ADRIANOPLE

We could easily, as I say, have spent much time about the Hotel of America—and first and last we did. But what we saw through its arch

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and from its windows only whetted our desire for better acquaintance with the rest of Adrianople. A friend of mine, to whom I once began to sound the praises of Dresden, disposed of the subject by declaring that he did not care for one-street towns. Well, while there is not too much in common between Dresden and Adrianople, I might as well say first as last that the latter also turned out to be a one-street town. And for my part I think none the worse of Adrianople or of Dresden for being towns of their kind. On the contrary, we found in the Street of Adrianople, which passes the Hotel of America on its way through the town from east to west, enough to repay us for our trouble in reaching it and for the coldness of its first welcome.

The Street showed the wear and tear of time, I must confess, as one might very well expect of so venerable a thoroughfare. For it was in its day a Roman road, when the Emperor Hadrian first renamed after himself this remote Thracian settlement. It has evidently forgotten all about Hadrian, or his Byzantine successors. But we were rather surprised to find in it so little evidence of recent bombardments—and rather disappointed to note in it a weakness for Western fashions. I would have preferred, myself, more of those plastered or unpainted wooden houses, leaning out toward one another in the quaint old Turkish manner on timbers curved like the bow of a ship, and more of those picturesque little one-storied shops, whose wooden shutters swing from the tops of the windows and in business hours are hooked up to the eaves. Still, there were enough of them to make the Street different from Dresden, and to make certain smaller streets wandering away from it altogether perfect of their kind. And at the highest point of its long arc, which does not quite reach the top of Adrianople, the Street expands into a tilted square, overlooked by a grave mosque of four minarets, where flourish transient markets of an unexceptionable local color.



A PUBLIC DRINKING-FOUNTAIN

Of this a good part was contributed by the Man in the Street. It was hardly in keeping with the ideas of the East, you see, for his consort to give him much help. She veiled herself much more strictly than her sister of Stamboul, nor would she often so far depart from the convention of the black domino as to walk abroad in checks or stripes, or in a soul-satisfying green. Her lord it was who displayed that taste for colors and

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embroidery which is unhappily disappearing from Constantinople. The Man in the Street, however, was not always a Turk. A cap-like turban he sometimes wore, with an end dangling rakishly over one shoulder, and a certain broad girdle, both of a vivid orange, marked him for a Greek villager from the neighborhood of Kirk Kil'seh. The ubiquitous Albanian also stalked up and down the Street in his white skull-cap and tight white trousers braided with black. I noticed, too, the long furred robe of the Oriental Jew. And there were fair heads with fezzes, and blue eyes looking out from under turbans, that suggested more complicated problems of type and blood.

We should not, perhaps, have been surprised to observe how often the Man in the Street wore the hay-colored uniform of Young Turkey. Regiments of him marched back and forth all day long, sometimes behind bands, or idled about, it might be holding a comrade's hand, in the autumn sun. His hay-color was most picturesque, however, when it was cut in the manner preferred by the mysterious young gentlemen of the Hotel of America. This cut had a sporting rather than a warlike air. Yet with it so invariably went jaunty bandoliers and an omnipresent rifle that we could not help asking questions. We thus learned that the hay-colored huntsmen were *komitajis*—which, being interpreted, means committeemen.

Of the precise aims and methods of this committee it is hardly for a passing stranger to give an account. A number of them were ex-militiamen of the republic of Gümüljina, that briefly autonomous state of southwestern Thrace that swore to shed its last drop of blood rather than pass under Bulgarian rule. Gümüljina eventually thought better of its hasty vow. But its men-at-arms took not kindly to the prospect of sitting down and being disarmed by their new masters. They, therefore, in company with refugees from other districts which had recently passed out of the empire and certain adventurous spirits from Asia Minor, were banded together, with the approval of the government, to assist in guarding the frontiers—and, perchance, in widening them anew. In the mean time they speculated in the temporary postal issues of the disputed territories—a bandit-philatelist was a new type to me—and swaggered about Adrianople like chorus-men from "Carmen" and "Fra Diavolo."

We were happy enough to make acquaintance with a few of this gentry. One of them was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, Greek-speaking Turk from Chio, who had taken the somewhat roundabout way of Adrianople to express his sentiments with regard to the Greek occupation of his native island. Another was a temperamental Smyrniote, whom we first encountered as he was trying on a pair of hunting-boots that laced up to his knees. It was perfectly evident that he could never let them go, so much did he admire himself in them. Picking up his old shoes, which were a pair of the stout slippers of the country, turned in at the heel, he went to the door and presented them to the first passer-by who looked as if he needed them. But the most interesting of our moonshine friends was a British subject, as it happened, being a native of the island of Cyprus. And, like Byron's pirate of the Cyclades,

> he was the mildest-mannered man
> That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

A baker by profession, as he informed us, not more than twenty two or three, he looked more like a poet than a brigand, with his slight figure, his grave pale face, and his blue-gray eyes set far apart that had a look in them like a child's. Nevertheless, this bloodthirsty baker had volunteered with the Greek army, had been through both Balkan wars, and bore wounds to prove it; and, having seen too little of misery and death, had become a *komitaji* with the Turks, in the hope of meeting a Bulgarian again in mortal combat!

Amusing as we found our new friends —and we made others among officers and among civilians of various nationalities—we ended by getting a little tired of their sole topic of conversation. One lieutenant, to be sure, was original enough to take us one night to the movies—Franco-Turkish movies in the city of Hadrian! But no one failed to

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give his version of the recent siege, capture, and reoccupation of the town. Yet it was natural enough for Adrianople to be full of so memorable an event. Events there are not so numerous, we gathered, as to encourage much variety of conversation. What ruffled us was a universal attempt to enlist us on one side or the other of an interminable controversy as to rights and wrongs. And when we came to think about it we realized that Adrianople must long ago have formed a habit of talking about war. It has always been the outpost of the Thracian plain on the frontier of the Balkans. The emperor Valens marched there to his death against the Goths. Huns, Bulgars, and Crusaders forayed much about it. The Turks stormed it in 1361, and after that the janizaries always camped there on their way to and from the Danube. In the spring of 1717 Lady Mary Montagu found the country "full of the great spahis and their equipages, coming out of Asia to the war." And twice during the nineteenth century the Russians set the example which the Bulgarians followed in the twentieth.

A Turkish poet once wrote a book called *The Revolt of the City*, which describes an uprising no more perilous than that of the emotions of the visitor on beholding the beauties of Adrianople. For our part, I must confess that we felt in no danger of being overcome. While we were not offended with a town of such antiquity and of vicissitudes so various for a tendency it betrayed to look down at the heel, we could not help wondering why so many people had desired to possess it, or why the earlier sultans sojourned there so willingly. It is not ill-placed, to be sure, on a height at the confluence of three rivers. But that very modest height does not begin to compare with the romantic one of Broussa, which I hold with the Turks to be one of the most enchanting towns in the world. That the Turks ever looked upon Adrianople as their capital in any equal way, I refuse to believe—the historians to the contrary. In the early days the capital was where the sultan



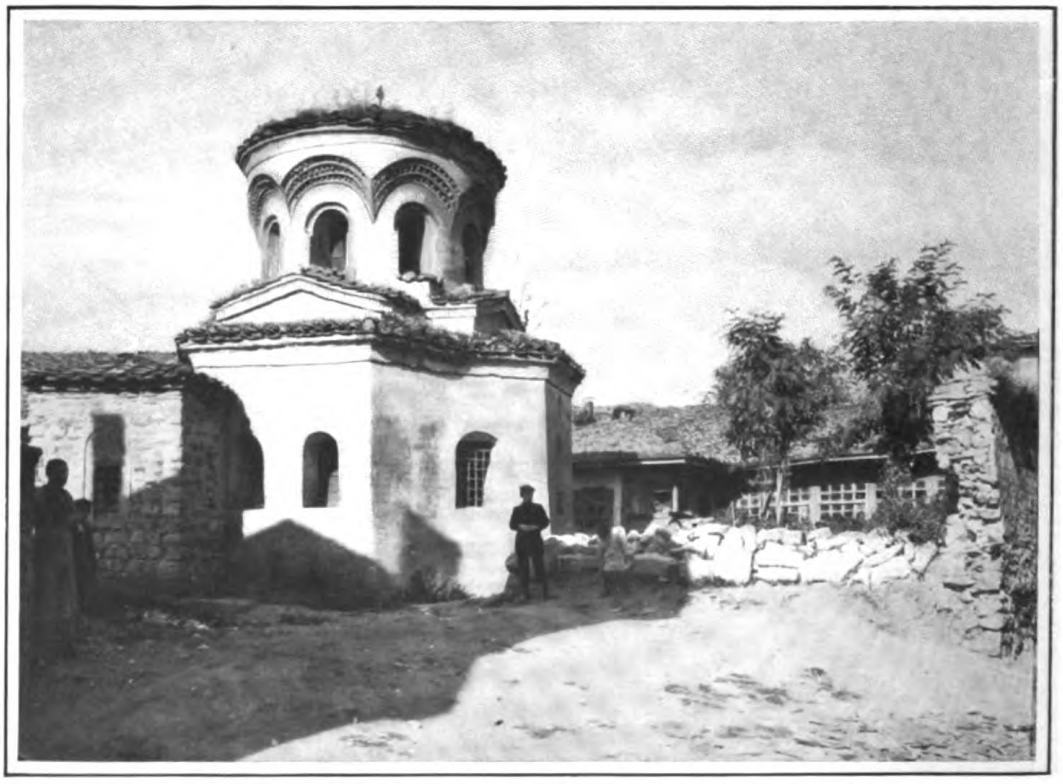
GREAT STONE CARAVANSARIES, WITH OPEN GALLERIES FACING A CENTRAL COURT

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pitched his tent. Until the capture of Constantinople, however, the sultans were always buried in Broussa — even the conqueror of Adrianople, Mourad I., who died under a Serb dagger on the battle-field of Kossova, much nearer Adrianople than Broussa— even his grandson, Mehmed I., who died in Adrianople itself. And his courtiers went through a ghastly pantomime of setting the dead sultan at a window, with a page behind him to move his arms in salute as the janizaries marched by, in order that his son might have time to reach Broussa to be proclaimed to the throne.

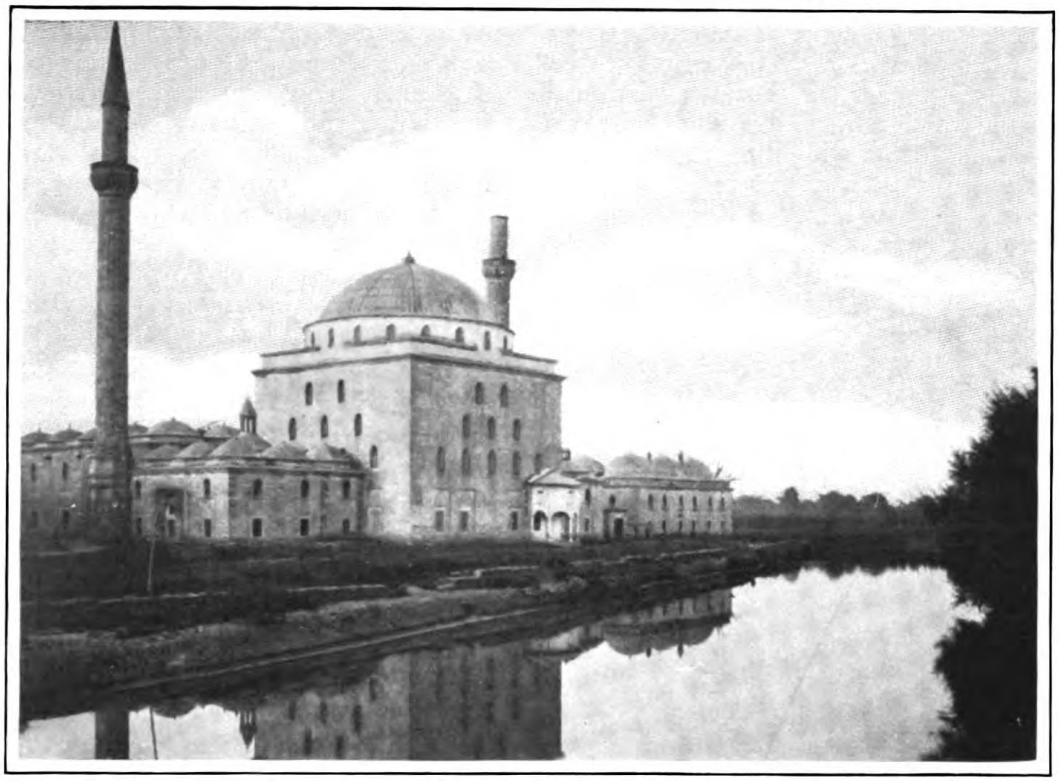
The importance of Adrianople for the Turks has largely been a strategic one —mingled with the sentiment they feel for it as the first city of any size they captured in Europe, and the seat of one of the most famous of their mosques. The author of *The Revolt of the City* was probably an Oriental forerunner of our own Western town boosters. Still, the fact remains that even after the fall of Constantinople the place continued to be a favorite resort of the sultans. Adrianople had something besides war to talk about in 1567, for instance, when the ambassadors of Austria, France, Persia, Poland, and Ragusa came to present the respects of their governments to the newly succeeded son of Süleïman the Magnificent. The Persian was the last to arrive. When he made his state entrance into the city he was met by the Turkish authorities and by the other ambassadors and their suites. He was astounded by the fact that these last took off their hats as he passed, it being a serious breach of etiquette for a Mohammedan to uncover his head in public, and he demanded an explanation of the extraordinary gesture. The master of ceremonies, a famous poet and wit of his time called Shemsi Pasha, told him that the Christian ambassadors thereby signified their willingness to leave their heads at the feet of Sultan Selim II.

The Persian's audience with the sultan took place a few days later. The ambassador went to it preceded by three hundred of his own guard, two hundred



A THIRD BYZANTINE CHURCH WE DISCOVERED TO BE STILL USED BY THE GREEKS

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IMARET JAMI—THE SOUP-KITCHEN MOSQUE

janizaries, and a number of other men-at-arms and grooms leading blooded horses. The ambassador himself. in a gilt turban and a scarlet robe embroidered with gold, rode in the middle of the procession on a white charger whose caparisons of gold and silver were studded with garnets and turquoises. After him clattered one hundred and forty Persian cavaliers, followed by fifty-three camels loaded with presents for the sultan. Among these were exquisitely written and illuminated copies of the Koran and the *Shahnameh* of Firdausi, bound in jeweled cloth of gold; also a fabulous balass ruby, two super-pearls, eight magic blue cups that would fly to pieces if poison were poured into them, and bales upon bales of precious Persian stuffs and carpets.

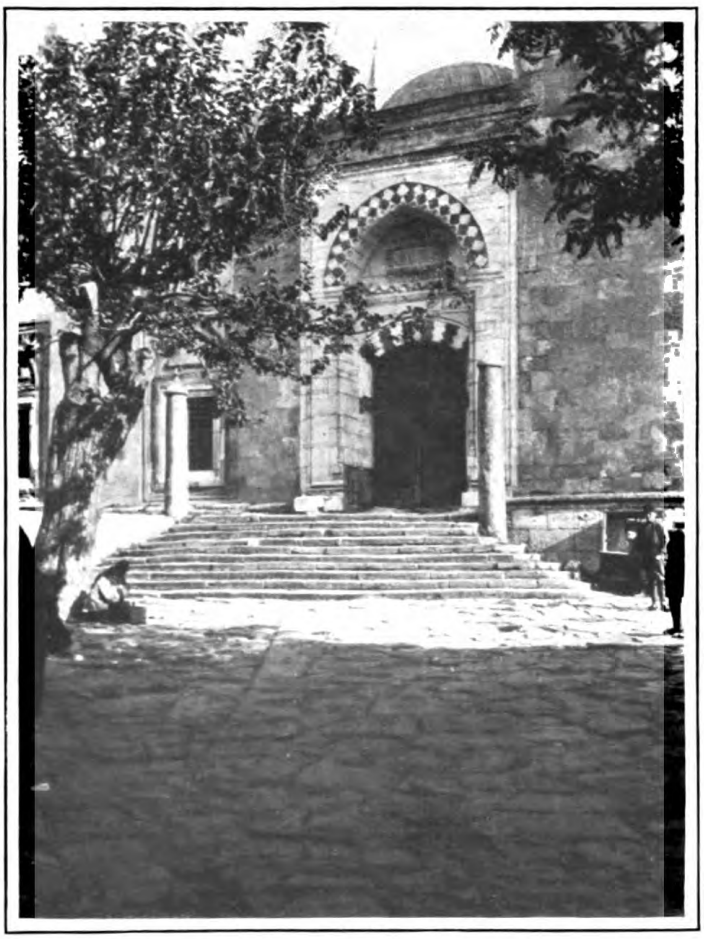
Another characteristically Oriental scene was witnessed in Adrianople in 1612, when the young Sultan Ahmed I. arrived there from the capital. The Street was strewn before him with newly minted gold and silver coins, which the populace were left to scramble after when the imperial cortège had passed. A later sultan, Mehmed IV., nicknamed "the Hunter," would have spent his entire reign in Adrianople if affairs of state had not occasionally called him away from the coverts of Thrace. His son, Ahmed III., that great lover of flowers and pageants, came to the throne there in 1703, and was the last of his line under whom the city enjoyed imperial favor. It was to this sultan that Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary Montagu were accredited. And it was in Adrianople that they found the court after their long winter journey across Europe by coach and sleigh.

Among Lady Mary's collected letters there are eleven from Adrianople. One of them is to her friend Mr. Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in which she does not fail to speak of Orpheus, Homer, Theocritus, and Ovid, besides Monsieur Boileau and Mr. Addison. She also gives her famous correspondent a translation of a Turkish poem, by a certain Ibrahim Pasha who afterward became famous himself, following it by a rather

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stilted version of her own in the rhymed couplets of the time. In another letter, to Miss Sarah Chiswell, she makes her first mention of the Turkish custom of vaccination, which she was later the means of introducing into England. The series gives a lively picture of the Adrianople of two hundred years ago. It does not appear, however, to have differed greatly from the Adrianople of today.

"I can give no reason for this partiality," writes Lady Mary of the love of Ahmed III. for Adrianople. "'Tis true the situation is fine, and the country all around very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the seraglio itself is not free from the ill effect of it. . . . There are some good houses in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great show. It is now very full of people; but they are most of them such as follow the court or the camp." Lady Mary amused herself by making some of her explorations on foot, disguised as a Turkish woman. Others she carried out in the company of the French ambassadress, "in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have summoned the people to see what they had never seen, nor ever would see again —two young Christian ambassadresses never yet having been in this country at the same time. . . . Your ladyship [the Countess of Bristol] may easily imagine that we drew a vast crowd of spectators, but all silent as death. If any one of them had taken the liberties of our mob upon any strange sight, our janizaries had made no scruple of falling on them with their scimitars."



DOORWAY OF THE UCH SHEREFELI MOSQUE

Lady Mary was mistaken in thinking that two young Christian ambassadresses would never be seen in the country again. For I who follow humbly in her footsteps have beheld that spectacle, nor considered it an uncommon one. But it is not likely that ambassadresses will ever be seen in Adrianople again—at least in pairs, driving about in open gilt chariots. We saw no sign of them, at all events, or of the other glittering sights I have mentioned. Yet to certain simple-minded persons, of whom I happen to be one, there is a charm in walking through streets where history has passed, however long ago. And we discovered in Adrianople more than one relic of that older time.

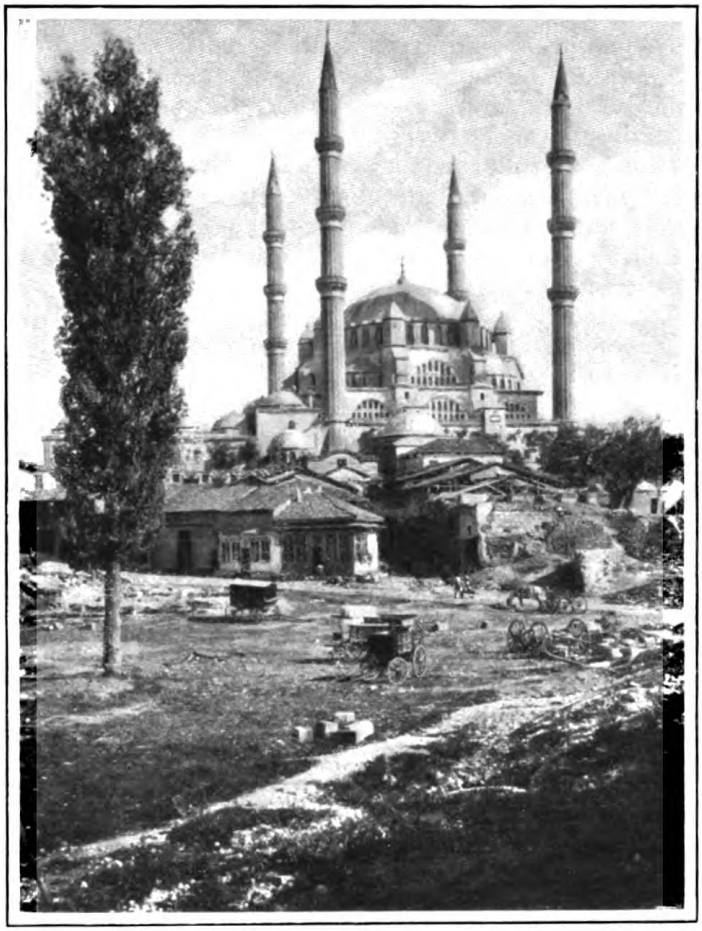
We were able to identify the three "exchanges" of which Lady Mary speaks, bazaars vaulted over like the famous one in Constantinople. We did not see in them the "rich goods" or the "horse furniture, . . . glittering

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everywhere with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels" of our epistolary guide, or even any of the products of the quaint arts and crafts for which Adrianople used to be celebrated—the minute lacquer work borrowed from the Persians, the stuffs dyed with the Adrianople or Turkey Red of our fathers. Most of what we did see in them had been made in England or Germany. But the bazaars none the less contained plenty of color and picturesqueness. We also chanced upon certain great stone caravansaries, the true prototypes of the Hotel of America, where tiers of open galleries looked into a square central court of trees and vines and ornamental water. One of them perpetuates the name of that Rüstem Pasha, son-in-law and grand vizier of Süleïman the Magnificent, who built and lined with flowered tiles a perfect little mosque in Constantinople.

Of the palace in which Ahmed III. lived, that old palace first erected by Mourad I. and enlarged by Süleïman the Magnificent and Mourad IV., almost nothing is left but the name Seraï Ichi—In the Palace—belonging to a meadow of great trees where the Adrianopolitans love to stroll on Friday afternoons or lounge on the grass admiring the prickly silhouette of their city. In and about this meadow, which confluent threads of river make an island of some size, are a ruined tower, fragments of masonry quays, a high-arched bridge or two, and a quaint little stone pavilion jutting out over the Tounja.

This rural westerly suburb of Adrianople must once have been more populous than it is now, for beyond Seraï Ichi what should we come across but two Byzantine churches. One of them is now used as a military magazine, and we forbore to examine it very closely lest our interest be suspected not altogether archæological. The other, however, we went into, as it is now a mosque. It bears the name of Sultan Baïezid I., the Thunderbolt, whose legend as a prisoner of Tamerlane has enjoyed so much success. The structure is a small and not very interesting one of two barrel vaults set crosswise. We wondered, though, if under the plaster and ugly blue color-wash of the walls might yet lie hidden some gold mosaic. A third Byzantine church, or a part of one, we discovered in the town itself, still used by the Greeks for its original purpose. It is apparently a trefoil church of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with a



THE SELIMIEH, LIFTING ITS FOUR GREAT MINARETS INTO THE SKY, IS THE PRIDE AND GLORY OF ADRIANOPLE

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high-drummed dome, of which the original nave and narthex no longer remain.

Nearer Seraï Ichi, standing alone in the fields by the river, at just the right point for you to admire its reflection from the neighboring bridge, is a big mosque of Sultan Baïezid II. His father it was who captured Constantinople, and he himself built in that city another mosque where tourists always go to feed the pigeons. His Adrianople mosque is not quite so successful, being of an experimental period, and looking rather gaunt and bare as you see it from the bridge, although not without a grave dignity. The real place to see it is from the front, where the domed dependencies grouped symmetrically about it help to make an imposing pile. From one of those dependencies it derives its name of Imaret Jami—Soup-Kitchen Mosque. But a day is coming when people will go to Adrianople on purpose to visit that solitary pile in the fields, and certain other mosques with which it forms an extremely interesting series. Nor will it be simply because they are the most visible and the most decorative monuments of an Adrianople that is no more. It will be because that rare bird, the student of Turkish architecture, will have more credit than he now enjoys, and because those monuments show, perhaps even more graphically than the mosques of Broussa, how the Arab mosque of several equal domes developed through the T form of Broussa and Adrianople into the single-domed mosque that makes the fortune of the sky-line of Stamboul. And while Adrianople is not happy enough to possess so lovely an example of the intermediate type as the Green Mosque of Broussa, it is able to boast what the greatest of Turkish architects considered his masterpiece.

This is not the place, nor am I the man, to go into any detailed account of so technical an evolution. But the authorities of Adrianople very kindly allowed us to ferret it out, camera in hand —at a time when photographers were not looked upon with too much sympathy—and I may say in brief that that evolution may be followed most distinctly through four imperial mosques. The oldest of them, half lost in a picturesque tangle of houses and shops and grape-vines, is Eski Jami—Old Mosque. Covered by nine domes, the central one being a little larger than the others, though springing from the same level, it resembles Oulou Jami in Broussa, which was finished by the same sultan, Mehmed I. He it was, known to the Turks as the Gentleman Prince, who died in Adrianople and who was carried to a tomb of precious tiles behind his adorable Green Mosque.

His son, Mourad II., was apparently the first to build in Adrianople a mosque of the T design so characteristic of Broussa, with three raised bays projecting from a square nave of higher dome. This ruinous fifteenth-century mosque particularly interested me because of its tiles. The *mihrab* is faced with that old molded and inlaid porcelain which was perhaps a double imitation of marble and mosaic, and which the Turks had all but discarded by the time they reached Constantinople. The rest of the central bay is wainscoted with tiles of a sort which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere, being hexagons of conventionalized blue flowers on a white ground. They have an oddly Chinese look. The spaces between the hexagons are filled with darker blue or turquoise triangles, in the manner of Broussa. And the wainscot is finished with a border of reciprocal trefoils, as they call them in rug books, which are supposed to be characteristic of the Caucasus designs—and which I also saw in red and white marble above the door of another old mosque in Adrianople.

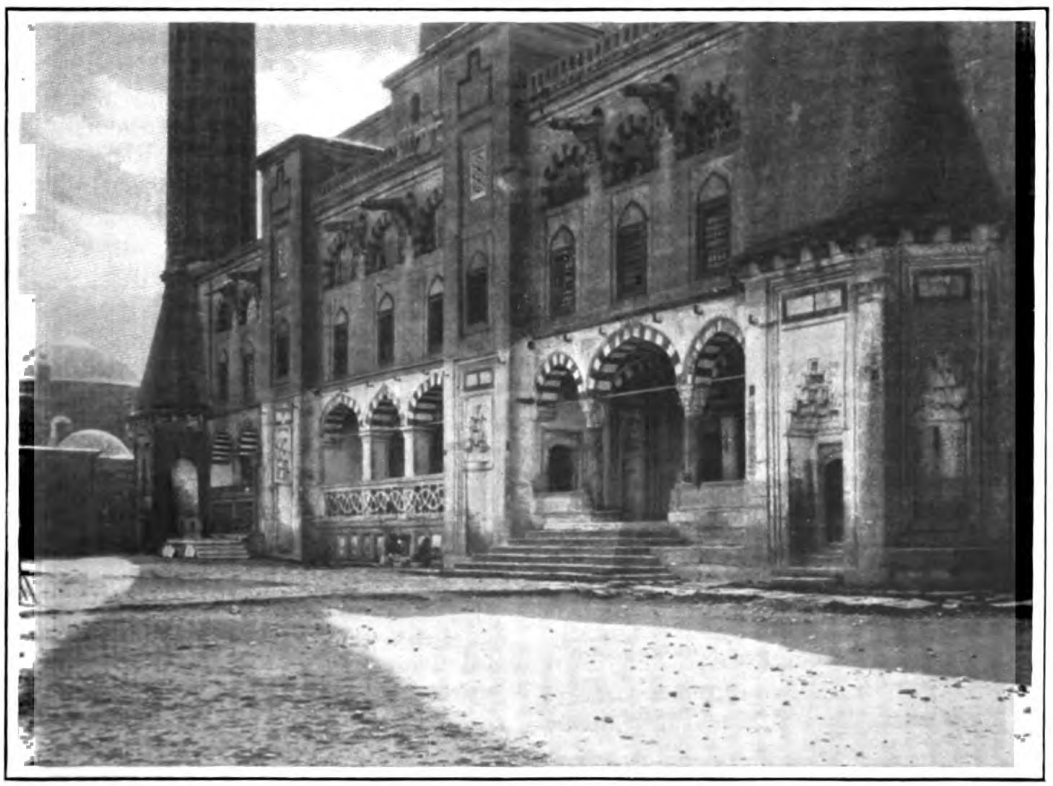
Of the third mosque in our series, the Imaret Jami already mentioned, I will say no more than that it is an early though noble attempt to do what was achieved a century later with perfect ease and distinction by the Selimieh. This pride and glory of Adrianople was not built, as Lady Mary Montagu affirmed and as many people still suppose, by the great sultan Selim I., conqueror of Egypt and the Califate. On the contrary, it is the work of his ignoble grandson, Selim II., to whom our Persian ambassador brought his fifty-three camel-loads of presents. Nevertheless, no one who wishes to know something

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about one of the greatest architects of the sixteenth century can afford to stay away from Adrianople and miss seeing how the Selimieh stands at the highest point of the town, lifting its four great minarets into the sky with the nobility of which the Turks have always had the secret.

The architect of the Selimieh, like so many great Turks of his time, was by birth a Christian, namely, a Greek of Asia Minor, whose destiny it was to be one of the tribute-boys annually taken by the lords of the land from their Christian subjects and brought up as Mohammedans. The handsomer and more intelligent boys became pages at the palace, and from them were long recruited all the higher officers of state except those of the cult. The more athletic and the less easy-mannered became janizaries. Sinan happened to be one of the latter. But his masters, discovering that this young soldier had an aptitude for building bridges, were discerning enough to recognize his genius and to give it scope. He became chief architect to Süleïman I., whom he long outlived. And the innumerable public works designed by Sinan are that monarch's chief justification for his European sobriquet of the Magnificent.

Sinan, as I have said, is reported to have considered the Selimieh his best work, saying that he designed the Shahzadeh in Constantinople when he was an apprentice, and the great mosque of Süleïman when he was a journeyman, but the Selimieh of Adrianople when he was a master-builder. For myself, I incline to differ with him. The dome of the Selimieh is perhaps more happily proportioned, and certain of its details more satisfactorily worked out. But to my mind it cannot compare with the Süleïmanieh, whose great pile so magnificently rides the crest of Stamboul. The disposition of the latter's minarets, in particular, set at the corners of the forecourt, with the front pair a little lower than the pair that parenthesize the main façade, seems to me incomparably more effective than the arrangement of the Selimieh, whose four min-



THE NORTH SIDE OF THE SELIMIEH

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arets encircle the dome at an equal height. Still it is a very beautiful mosque, and I do not wonder that Lady Mary Montagu thought it the noblest building she ever saw, "infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England."

The interior, I must say, is at first sight a little disappointing. The sweep of the nave is obstructed by a low and not very decorative singers' gallery planted directly beneath the great dome. The windows, too, have lost the jewelry of stained glass which they must once have contained. And the walls, like those of too many fine old mosques, have been unworthily stenciled by some restorer of baroque inclinations. Lady Mary saw them "inlaid with such very lively colors, in small flowers, I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. But going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect."

Some of that "japan china" perhaps now helps to enrich the ceramic collections of the Louvre and other wicked museums. From what I have noticed of Sinan, however, as well as of Lady Mary, I am inclined to doubt whether the entire interior of the Selimieh was ever tiled. But the walls of the apse and the spandrels of the arches holding up the opposite gallery are still faced with tiles. They interested me quite as much as those of the Mouradieh. In color and drawing they are very much like the lovely flowered tiles of the best Turkish period—that of Süleïman the Magnificent. But somehow they did not look to me quite the same. There seemed to be a hardness and coldness about them which is far from characteristic of the finest Constantinople tiles. Was it that the hands of the potters of Nicæa, who manufactured the latter, had in the time of Süleïman's son already begun to forget their cunning? Or were the tiles haply fired on the spot, by workmen brought from Nicæa or elsewhere—as the workmen of Nicæa had originally come from Persia—and does the result betray it by a difference in *pâte*—coarser and bluer than the perfect white Nicene glaze?

Who shall say, when the only man who can now devotes his undivided attention to the guns of the fortress of Toul—unless some whizzing bit of metal has for ever dispersed the knowledge he has not had time to put into print. I therefore go on to remark that the *mimber* of the Selimieh is the most intricately carved pulpit I ever saw, being nothing but a spider-web of perforated marble. How it came through a six-months' bombardment without being pounded into lime is a miracle. But it did, and the whole mosque it adorns—which naturally is the most perfect mark in Adrianople. Only one stray shell dropped through a window, making in the marble floor an inconsiderable dent which is still piously preserved. The verger was strongly inclined to make as much as he could out of this story. But we escaped the eternal subject by insisting that we must climb a minaret, whither we knew he was too fat to follow us.

In this we but followed, ourselves, in the familiar footsteps of Lady Mary, who writes to her friend the Abbé Conti: "There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired." Our friend the verger no doubt admired his contrivance for getting even with us, whereby he sent us up the stair that leads to the topmost gallery. He only made us a present, however, of a new and unforgetable picture of Adrianople. It was strange to find ourselves, although so high in the air, so neighborly to three other slender towers, their sixteenth-century marble ambered by many Thracian suns. It was strange, too, to hear how distinct and how intricate a rumor came up to us from the red-roofed city, that shelved down about us into a bare brown land. An Indian summer haze gilded it a little, making less apparent to us how the land curled up at the edges, into the ring of fortifications that cost Bulgaria so much. Bulgaria herself crouched dark and looming on the western horizon. And the three rivers cast a serpentine glitter about the town, shining southward in one greater coil where old Maritza made for the Ægean.

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Simeon Small, Compromise Candidate

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AFTER spending an evening in the society of Miss Edwina Comerford, at the home of Cedric Comerford, whose sister and guest she was, I became convinced that a man should choose as his mate one approximating his own tale of years. I took Miss Edwina to be sufficiently distant from her romantic girlhood to make her a safe repository for my affections. Younger women, I am frank to admit, have proven undependable, not to say erratic, in their behavior toward myself.

Miss Comerford, I was soon to learn, was much given to consideration of, and conversation upon, civic affairs. Indeed, she expressed a desire to participate in them in the rôle of voter. She made it clear to me, in a brief but cogent argument, that a woman, possessed of degrees from two universities, a descendant of one of the individuals known to our annals as Pilgrim Fathers, and who monthly contributed articles to the *Ethical and Cultural Review*, was not less qualified to cast an intelligent vote than a Hungarian individual whose education extended no further than to a comprehension of the uses of a pick-ax.

She aroused my interest. Soon we were deep in a discussion of the political institutions and methods of this country.

"I observed during our last election," said I, "that the selection of individuals to fill offices of public trust was carried on in an unbecoming, not to say distressing, manner."

She nodded her head in emphatic agreement, and I continued: "Addresses of a political nature appeared to me to contain more acrimony than logic. Indeed, on a certain occasion I heard one speaker refer to an opposing candidate as 'a pin-head plutocrat with a strip of lard for a spine.' I memorized the phrase as an example of quaint forensic eloquence. But, forcefully descriptive as it may have been, I was at a loss to perceive how it bore on the abstract principle of high or low import duties, supposedly under discussion."

"Exactly," said she. "Exactly. I can see no hope for a better day until our elections shall pass into the hands of men and women of culture and refinement—until some leader shall arise with powers and abilities to bring about a revolution. To such a man I could give my unqualified esteem."

"Miss Comerford," said I, "you have given me food for thought. I may say you have planted in my mind a seed which upon cultivation may germinate and bear fruit."

I hoped she would not regard this as too abrupt. To me it savored of a declaration. I admit to a hope that she would regard it as significant.

"What can you mean, Mr. Small?" she said.

"I mean," said I, "that I may be able to see my way clear to offer my services to the state in some political capacity; in short, that in my own person may begin the splendid task under discussion."

"Mr. Small," she replied, with more than ordinary earnestness in her voice, "I hope it may be so."

"And," said I, "no small part of my reward, in case of success, would be the esteem of which you spoke but a moment since."

That was indeed a pointed speech, but it seemed not to confuse her in the least degree. Presently the conversation became more general, and, if I may be permitted to express the opinion, more heterogeneous. In due time I took my departure. But I carried with me Miss Edwina's suggestion; nor did I retire until I had given it the most thorough analytical consideration of which I was capable.

As may be supposed, I did not shirk

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this duty when it was made plain to me. I determined to become a public officer at the next election. Just what office I should accept I did not determine, but left it to be decided later when a review of the situation should demonstrate where I could be of greatest service.

After considerable reflection I came to believe that my peculiar abilities would be more useful to the country in the legislative, rather than the executive. I had almost determined to act on this conclusion when I overheard a conversation which caused me to take quite the opposite view of the matter.

My chauffeur and gardener were talking.

"Hub Wilson's comin' out for sheriff," said the chauffeur.

"He'll give Ed McCarty the run of his life," said the gardener.

"Hub's been sore ever since McCarty beat him four years ago."

"It 'll be the nastiest fight this county ever saw. Both of 'em 'll be out for blood."

"We'll see politics this year," said the chauffeur, with delight which he was at no pains to conceal.

"It 'll make the war in Europe look like one of the boss's front-porch wrangles with a college professor over which came first—the egg or the hen."

This last was somewhat disrespectful to myself, but as it manifestly had not been intended for my ears I let it pass unnoticed. It was of slight importance in view of the disclosures the men had made to me—disclosures of an impending political condition even more deplorable than those of the last election. Here, apparently, was one man offering himself for office out of revenge. It was well-nigh incomprehensible to me. It was unthinkable, not to say unbearable. In that moment I determined not to remain supine, but to take action with my accustomed promptness. I resolved to intervene in the interests of logical self-government, and to become sheriff myself—in short, to become what is called in the slang of the day a compromise candidate.

I called for my car and directed the chauffeur to drive me to the sheriff's office—McCarty, I understood his name to be—and assuming a bearing at once diplomatic and firm, I requested admittance. The outer room was full of individuals who sat in undignified postures, smoking cigars and pipes. This was not as it should be, and I determined here should be my first reform.

The sheriff, when I was ushered into his presence, proved to be a large man with grizzled hair and a countenance of marked pugnacity. He was coatless, and his feet were on his desk among papers which might well have been of importance.

"Sheriff McCarty?" I asked, determined to remain complaisant and not to take the man to task, as was the right of a citizen and a taxpayer, for the conditions existing about him.

"That's me," said he, failing to lower his feet.

"My name," said I, "is Simeon Small."

I expected he would at once recognize the name because of the various philological brochures issued over my signature, but he appeared not to do so.

"What of it?" was his peculiar question.

"I am a resident and citizen of this county," said I.

"Nothin' peculiar about that. There's lots of 'em."

I confess I was at a loss how to proceed with the individual. He appeared a man of the greatest social limitations. However, I resolved to proceed as though he were one of my own class.

"I understand," said I, "that a person by the name of Wilson is about to contest the election with you."

"You can understand he's a person if you've a mind to, but I ain't admittin' it," said the sheriff.

"There exists, I am told, a certain modicum of acrimony between you."

"A which of what?" said he, straightening up and looking at me. Then he called aloud: "Hey, Jim! Come in here. Feller utterin' language. Need an interpreter." He turned to me and grinned—I use the word advisedly—grinned. "Jim's educated," said he. "You can tell it to him, and he'll break it to me gentle in words of one syllable."

"There is no need," said I, coldly. "What I meant to imply was that hard feeling exists."

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I TOOK MISS EDWINA TO BE SUFFICIENTLY DISTANT FROM HER ROMANTIC GIRLHOOD TO MAKE HER A SAFE REPOSITORY FOR MY AFFECTIONS

"Some," said he, drawlingly. "*Some.*"

"In which event," said I, "there will be an election vexed by riot and bickering. The voters will have no opportunity to decide calmly and thoughtfully between you."

"Not if I keep my strength, they won't," said he, viciously.

"It is a condition to which I give my whole-hearted disapproval," said I; "and my purpose in calling upon you was to avert its ill consequences."

He stared at me briefly while he chewed upon some morsel in his mouth. "And how do you figger to do it?" he asked.

"By becoming a compromise candidate," said I.

"*What?*" he exclaimed, vehemently.

"Exactly," said I.

He got up and looked out of the window at my car and the chauffeur, then he turned and asked, "Is that feller there workin' for you, or do they send him around with you to sort of keep watch of you?"

"He is my chauffeur," said I, deeming it best to answer courteously his pointless inquiry.

"You must be a sore trial to your folks," said he.

"I don't follow you," said I.

"No," said he, "you wouldn't."

"Do I understand," I asked, "that you do not accept my offer?"

"If you've got anythin' to understand with, and it's in workin' order today, that's what you understand."

"I advise you to reflect."

He got up, frowning savagely. "Young feller," said he, "if you calc'late to be jokin' with Ed McCarty in this here way you've got more nerve than judgment; if you're in earnest, it's a lucky thing your folks has got money enough to pay private keepers to drive you around in automobiles. Whichever is the case, the point has now arrived when you git out of here, and git quick. And don't stop to reflect any, either."

I deemed it best to withdraw, for the man seemed in a most unreasonable humor.

His opponent, Mr. Wilson, was no more amenable to reason. That left but one course open to me, namely, to enter the election against both of them—in short, to become a compromise candi-

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date without the consent or volition of either of the parties. I should see to it that the people of my county had an opportunity to choose for their chief officer a man not swayed by the baser passions of revenge or ambition or greed, but purely by a desire to be of service to the commonwealth.

With this matter settled in my mind, I at once wrote each candidate, announcing my intention, and in firmest language informing them of my disapproval of their self-centered and unpatriotic obstinacy. Also I dropped a brief but carefully worded note to Miss Edwina, stating the facts, and in no way attempting to conceal from her the important part her suggestion played in my determination.

I then settled myself for an hour's recreation, reading Dr. Heinrich Pfefferness's monograph on *The Quipus of the Natives of Ttahuantin-suyu and the Lessons to be Drawn Therefrom by the Speech Preservatives of European Civilization*. It was a delightful little study in what may be termed the doctor's lighter vein, and I arose from it refreshed.

Just how to take the initial steps toward obtaining the office I was now determined to have I did not know, but, judging my chauffeur to be informed concerning such details—from his conversation with the gardener—I sent for him.

"You will be interested," said I, "to learn that I am about to become sheriff of this county."

"*What?*" says he, forgetting in his manifest astonishment to add "sir."

I repeated my statement.

"Honest?" said he. "Honest Injun? D'you *mean* it?"

"I do," said I.

"Whoop!" he shouted, and executed a droll antic which I took to be indicative of delight. I was touched. Hitherto I had judged him a saturnine, self-contained individual with no feeling of affection toward me whatever. His manner had created that impression.



"YOU CAN TELL IT TO HIM, AND HE'LL BREAK IT TO ME IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE"

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But I saw how much I had wronged him. His unaffected pleasure at my announcement convinced me of the high opinion in which he held me.

"I am glad," I said, graciously, "if I have pleased you."

"Pleased!" said he. "Mr. Small, I'd rather watch you runnin' for sheriff against McCarty and Wilson than to have my wages doubled."

Now there, thought I, is loyalty—a species of loyalty I had believed to be long dead in the breasts of our modern retainers.

"I don't know how to go about the necessary preliminaries," said I, "and I fancied that you—mingling as you do with the populace—might be better informed."

"You want to know how to get into the scrimmage?"

"That is scarcely the expression I should make use of, but I believe it conveys, somewhat obliquely, my meaning."

"You need a campaign-manager," said he. "He'll look after things for you."

"Indeed," said I, "the idea seems a good one. Where can I discover a person of proper qualification?"

"I know a feller," said he, "who knows politics from votes to grand juries. Garrity's his name—and maybe, being who you are, you could get him to take hold of things for you."

"Then," said I, "I must see this Garrity person?"

He nodded.

"Take me to him," said I.

As we drove toward the village I formulated the so-called platform, or statement of principles and purposes, which I should present to the people in the announcement of my candidacy. Hastily I entered it in my note-book. It read as follows:

In offering myself as a candidate for the shrievalty of this county I deem it not only seemly, but necessary, that I declare the purposes which move me, my political principles, and a part at least of my plans, to be put in effect upon my election.

First: I declare myself as unqualifiedly opposed to any arbitrary change in our language or in the spelling thereof by legislation or executive order.

Second: I favor the sending of a governmental expedition to obtain phonographic records of the speech of the Patagonians and of the remoter Alaskan tribes, that illuminating comparisons may be made between them.

Third: I favor more studious, thoughtful, dignified methods of selecting candidates, and offer my own campaign as example.

Fourth: I am opposed to such conduct on



I SETTLED MYSELF FOR AN HOUR'S RECREATION

the part of the sheriff in his official capacity as sitting in his shirt-sleeves, so-called, elevating his feet to the top of the desk, and permitting his office to serve as refuge, lounging-place, or quasi-club rooms for individuals of dubious cleanliness, education, and standing in the community.

Fifth: I am in favor of the abolition of certain unimportant employments such as broom and chair making, etc., in our penal institutions, and the substitution therefor of various branches of higher education, to the end that the individuals therein incarcerated may upon their release be, by compulsion, possessed of a degree of culture which will insure against a repetition of their offensive conduct.

Sixth: I shall donate to our county jail a library of such books as I deem suitable for the reading of the inmates, and shall appoint as deputies only individuals of such training, both social and educational, as will command

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the respect of said inmates. It shall be the duty of such deputies to conduct systematic courses of selected reading; also to give individual instruction in the usages of society.

Lastly: I shall exert myself, and apply the weight of my official position as sheriff to this county, to influence the governments of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden to collect the myths, sagas, and folklore of their earliest period, that their relationship with tales and legends from the Sanskrit, and those of remote Aryan peoples may be settled for all time.

This declaration, I fancied, would be sufficient to demonstrate to the voters what manner of man was requesting their suffrages.

I stopped at the office of an acquaintance to have his young woman stenographer make a number of copies of my platform to be sent to New York and Boston papers.

Outside I found my chauffeur with a man whom he called Garrity and to whom he was talking vehemently.

"It 'll be just like pickin' it off a bush," said he. "Takin' candy off a baby would be a Chinese puzzle to this. Say, Garrity, he's got so much of it he walks lopsided—and easy! Man of man! Split fair, if I put you next?"

The man might as well have been speaking in the Choctaw tongue, so incomprehensible was he. I was interested. Here was a man speaking my own language. Indeed, he made use of no word not to be found in the dictionary, yet his use of them was such as to deprive them of all meaning to me. I determined to talk more with him and to make notes of his phrases, together with the translations, and to read a paper thereon at some future meeting of the Philological Society. It seemed to me I had inadvertently run upon a full-grown *patois*—a language within our language which presented points of amazing interest.

"Mr. Small," said he, "bein' interested in your campaign, I take the liberty of introducin' to you Mr. Garrity, a man who can give 'em all advice when it comes to politics."

"Indeed," said I, regarding Mr. Garrity with curiosity. "A specialist? Ah! Am I to understand it is your profession to act in an advisory capacity in the field of politics?"

"All of that," said he, "and then some."

"If you will accompany me to my home I should like to discuss the matter with you. I find I shall need instruction from time to time. But perhaps you have already been retained?"

"Not a string on me," he declared.

As a consequence of our conversation I retained this Mr. Garrity in the capacity of political adviser—campaign-manager was the term he used.

"Understand," I said, firmly, "there are to be no undignified methods. There is to be no effort to inflame the people. I wish them to approach this election coolly, calmly, with their minds functioning without obstruction. It is my purpose," I continued, "to make of this an ideal election—an example for this whole country from coast to coast."

"Sure, boss," said he. "This here campaign 'll be as peaceful as a convention of deef-and-dumb undertakers."

I considered myself now completely launched as a politician. I had, in a manner of speaking, crossed the Rubicon. The importance of the act warranted me, I believed, in calling on Miss Edwina to put her in possession of the facts, and, if I might find a way to do so without exciting her apprehension, advance myself somewhat further in her —shall I say affections?

"Mr. Small," she told me when we were seated together on the piazza, "I am delighted, immeasurably delighted. The more so that I—a mere woman, though perhaps not unworthy to stand comparison with some citizens enjoying full privileges—that I have had a part—a small, subordinate part, in this event." She was given, I noted, to over-long and somewhat involved sentences. I made a mental note that when we were something more than mere acquaintances—when we were on the rather more familiar footing of husband and wife—I should call the point to her attention, and remonstrate with her gently.

"Your part has not been subordinate," I hastened to assure her. "Indeed, it has been preponderating, if I may say so." Here I hesitated while I put into expressive, yet not tell-tale, form my next observation. "I venture to hope," said I, significantly, "that

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"MIND, NOW, NOTHING INDECOROUS OR SAVORING OF THE NATURE OF PERSONALITY"

your influence with myself will not cease utterly with the realm of politics." Upon hearing these words I stood somewhat aghast, for, spoken as I spoke them, they seemed weighted, not to say surcharged, with ardor.

"Mr. Small!" said she.

"Miss Comerford!" said I, and in the moment I felt we were not far apart; indeed, it seemed to me that, tacitly, as kindred minds are prone to do, we had reached an understanding.

I ventured to show her a copy of my platform. She read it with marked attention, and paid it no mean tribute when she informed me she considered it to be one of the most remarkable public documents extant in American political history—one destined to be handed down to generations yet to appear as an example. I admit I blushed somewhat at this. So pointed a reference to individuals not yet in being could have been made by few persons save Miss Comerford without some savor of impropriety.

I assured her I should keep her well informed of the progress of my campaign, and returned to my library, where I permitted myself an hour of relaxation, browsing through Dr. Leibhuntz's work on *The Probable Conformation of Brain Convolutions in Prognathous Man.*

That evening Mr. Garrity sought me out, seemingly bubbling with enthusiasm. He had caused several placards to be printed at what seemed to me to be an exorbitant cost. These bore legends of his composition, setting forth the spirit of my campaign. Though I could not give my whole-hearted approval of them, nevertheless he seemed to have comprehended my desires and to have stated, in the language of the people, my thoughts. The first of these placards said:

"Chase the rough-necks out of politics."

I remonstrated, but he pointed out to me that the word "rough-necks" was in common currency to denominate indi-

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viduals of objectionable characteristics, and that the whole signified my desire to exclude such persons from active participation in the process of elections.

Another placard said:

"Simeon Small for Sheriff. He'll teach the crooks not to eat with their knives."

This was unobjectionable. It was one of the things I had in mind—the instruction of lawbreakers in good breeding.

There were several others, worded uncouthly, it is true, but seemingly pointed and suited to the intelligence of those who would read them. Mr. Garrity made this clear to me.

"I've fixed up a meetin' in the Knights of Pleasure Hall," he informed me. "It's for Wednesday night. Git loaded with a speech that 'll skim the hair right off their heads."

"Impossible," said I. "On that evening I read before the society a paper on 'Our Convention System in Its Relation to the Custom of Selecting Head Men or Chieftains Among the Nomadic Tribes of the Kamchatkan Peninsula.'"

"Has that there society got votes? Or has them nomadic tribes got votes?"

"Not in this county, at any event," said I.

He shook his head, but presently his face assumed a look of relief. "Just as well," said he. "I'll get Megaphone Maloney to make the spiel. *He'll* give you a send-off, Mr. Small. When he's through alludin' to McCarty and Wilson, them lads 'll know they've been alluded to."

"Mind, now," said I, "nothing indecorous or savoring of the nature of personality."

"Trust Megaphone for that," he assured me. "He's as high-brow as they make 'em."

So it was arranged for this person, an orator of local note, to deliver the address. The matter, I found, was not unattended by expense. Indeed, I discovered that the exigencies of the campaign demanded considerable outlays at frequent intervals. I considered, however, that the money was contributed to a good cause—was, as a matter of fact, furthering the propaganda of civic purity.

I was to discover that day that metropolitan newspapers were not unmindful of my activities. Every New York paper to which I had sent a copy of my platform printed it in full, together with a photograph of myself, obtained I do not know how. There were editorial comments highly commendatory, I judged. I read one article to Mr. Garrity, who, in the midst of the reading, was seized by a sudden alarming fit of choking and was compelled to rush from the room. This article referred to me as, "A New Political What-Is-It." I could find no authority in the dictionary for hyphenating the last three words, but my chauffeur, whom I asked concerning it, informed me it was a cant, or *argot*, idiom signifying something novel, incomprehensible, and admirable.

It was that day, in an interview to the press, that I used the mild term "adscititious excrescences" to refer to a certain genus of politicians to which my opponents, McCarty and Wilson, belonged. It appeared later, to my distress, that both these gentlemen took umbrage at the expression; indeed, they accused me of what they called "mud-slinging," and went so far as to make threats of personal violence toward myself.

As every one is well aware, I sought to arouse no hard feelings. On the contrary, I desired to allay those already in being. That there was some slight miscarriage in my plans was proven next day when, as I was passing a number of individuals laboring on the road, certain of them, upon recognizing me, uttered savage shouts, and one fellow hurled a large rock so that it struck my car. I requested my chauffeur to stop that I might reason with them, but he declined.

That evening, in conversation with Miss Edwina, I narrated the regrettable circumstance as showing how the populace has been depraved until, when given an opportunity to redeem itself, habit has made it well-nigh impossible.

"True," she said; "too true. Mr. Small, it but magnifies the importance of your task, nor does it minimize the reward you will deserve."

Here was encouragement indeed. No woman of less poise, of less remarkable mentality, could have thus referred to the reward I hoped for without appearance of forwardness. In all respects I

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found Miss Edwina a remarkable and wholly admirable individual.

"Mr. Small," said she, after a moment's pause, "may I, from my experience, but nevertheless from an abounding enthusiasm, make a suggestion?"

"A suggestion from you, Miss Edwina," said I, using her Christian name for the first time, "would have the binding effect of a law of the Medes and Persians."

She bowed. "Then," said she, "might it not prove a solution of your problem to invite your opponents—uncultured and socially impossible though they may be—to meet you on a common platform in the presence of all factions, for a frank and friendly joint discussion of the issues involved in this election? You have high precedent in the Lincoln-Douglas debates."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. "There was the thought of no common intellect, the expression of no ordinary soul. Miss Edwina, you have overwhelmed me."

She blushed. Unreservedly and without fear of successful contradiction, I assert that she blushed. I was conscious of placing a finger on my pulse to note the rapid increase of my heart-beats per minute.

"I shall put your plan into execution immediately," said I, and hastened forth in search of Mr. Garrity, my exceedingly active campaign-manager.

When I broached the matter to Mr. Garrity, so great was his amazement at the splendor of the idea that he gaped at me open-mouthed.

"D'you *mean* it?" he whispered.

"Decidedly," said I.

He sank limply into a chair. "Perfessor," he said, "I figgered you'd gone the limit already, but this here plumb crowds the mourners out of the carriage."

Such was his language of admiration.

"We shall hire the new opera-house," said I.

"Might be better," said he, "to hire the armory and have the militia standin' ready."

"The opera-house will do," said I, repressively. "Please see to it, as well as to making the other necessary arrangements. You might also issue the invitations to our opponents, Messrs. McCarty and Wilson."



"THE ABYSMAL CRUDITIES OF OUR LOCAL ELECTION METHODS," I BEGAN

"I'll see to the arrangements, all right," said he, and there was a gleam in his eye I could not interpret. "Part of which will be Gatlin' guns if I can get 'em. Likewise I'll tip off McCarty and Wilson. It's goin' to be a pleasant party, Perfessor—one of the coziest little rinacaboos ever pulled."

I myself set about making the—shall I call them *social* arrangements?—for the affair. It was my plan to have chairs placed upon the stage to be appor-

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tioned among the friends of the three candidates. Immediately I despatched to Miss Edwina and her family an invitation to occupy places—which I was flattered to have accepted promptly. Thereupon I set about preparing my address for the evening—an evening destined, I hoped, to prove one of public triumph—and of private triumph as well. I admit without shame that my thoughts dwelt equally upon Miss Edwina and my great purpose.

In due time I called Mr. Garrity on the telephone to have his report of progress.

"They was both suspicious of a frame-up," he told me in his weird jargon, "and shied like a colt at a steam-roller. Wasn't goin' to come—not till I *dared* 'em. That fetched 'em."

I had not time to ask an explanation of his meaning. It sufficed that Messrs. McCarty and Wilson would be present. I was elated.

As the evening approached I found myself in a state of no inconsiderable excitement, and for an hour sat down to repose my nerves by a perusal of a recent report of the Ethnological Survey. I then summoned my chauffeur and was driven to the opera-house.

The event was exciting interest, for the street before the building was thronged. My chauffeur suggested we might gain free ingress through a rear entrance, and, happening upon Miss Edwina and her brother, I requested them to accompany me. As we entered I was greeted with a babel of sounds—a most encouraging welcome. Some individuals in their enthusiasm even attempted to imitate the meawing of cats.

The portion of the stage set aside for the friends of Messrs. McCarty and Wilson was filled to overflowing, but not with the gentler sex. Indeed, the occupants of the chairs seemed to me to be drawn from the ungentler portion of the male sex. Neither Mr. McCarty nor Mr. Wilson was present.



"WE'LL MAKE A ROAD FOR YOU TO BEAT IT"

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"It promises," said I to Miss Edwina, "to be a delightful occasion."

She looked about her curiously. "At any rate," said she, "the raw material to work on is present in sufficient quantity." Her tone seemed tinctured somewhat with acid.

I looked about the hall. Just below me in the center sat Mr. Garrity, surrounded by upward of twoscore persons in the roughest habiliments, many coatless, all moving their jaws rhythmically. He winked at me—an inexcusable liberty—and waved his hand over his companions to signify something, I did not catch what.

Then Mr. Wilson arrived. A part of the hall cheered, another part jeered. Presently Mr. McCarty appeared. The former jeerers cheered him, and *vice versa*. Both gentlemen looked at me with unfriendly eyes, and permitted a curt nod to serve the place of more extended amenities.

I arose and advanced to the front of the platform. "The abysmal crudities of our local election methods," I began, "have—" Here a perfect tornado of sound made my voice inaudible.

"Adscititious excrescence!" somebody yelled. There was general laughter, which I took to be a hopeful sign, and I was permitted to proceed.

"As men," said I, "I have no charges to bring against my opponents; as public characters, I find it my duty to arraign them in gentle, friendly, and admonitory terms. As candidates for high public position they do not fall short of a blight—a sort of pestilential manifestation of pyramided evils; in short, in their present rude and uncultured state they are no more fitted to receive the suffrages of this community than the hairy, anthropophagus cave-dweller out of the mists of antiquity."

Thus mildly did I strive to put before them my opinion. To my amazement both Messrs. Wilson and McCarty leaped to their feet and started, with evident bellicose intent, in my direction. Instantly Mr. Garrity uttered a species of war-cry, and his twoscore barbarians stormed the stage. I found myself the center of a seething, battering, rioting mob of such creatures as must have accompanied the descent of Attila and his Huns. I caught one glimpse of Miss Edwina's face. It was, to put it mildly, forbidding. My hope reached a low level. Garrity, a man of some prowess, I admit, fought his way to my side.

"We'll make a road for you to beat it," says he. "The sheriff's got a warrant for you for buyin' votes. This town hain't goin' to be healthy for us for a spell to come."

To my consternation these words were uttered close to Miss Edwina's chair. She heard. There can be little doubt that she heard—and that she credited the malign slander. I noted with admiration that even in the press of battle she remained self-confident and undismayed.

"I have bought no votes," I declared fearlessly, casting an imploring glance toward her.

"You boob!" shouted Mr. Garrity. "What d'you think all that money went for? Nursin'-bottles?"

"Have you," I demanded, "resorted to reprehensible methods in my behalf?"

"Perfessor," said he, "the only way you could git a vote in this county was to buy it—and then there wasn't any guaranteein' it would stick. Hey! duck quick while we've got a chance."

Miss Edwina's glance fairly seared me. She curled her lip and turned away her face. In that moment I knew she was lost to me. Blindly I followed Mr. Garrity, who placed me in my car. Together we whirled to the railroad station. Together we traveled to New York, where now, incognito, so to speak, I am secluded with him in an inconspicuous hotel awaiting the departure of the next vessel for South-American ports.

Innocent in act and deed, harboring the most lofty principles and intentions, I have fallen a victim to the abuses I sought to combat. Worst of all, like the Old Man of the Sea, Mr. Garrity, with his outlandish vocabulary, clings about my neck. That I shall be vindicated I know, but whether my own carefully nurtured use of our language will survive undefiled my daily, hourly association with this Garrity individual causes me most poignant apprehension.

As for Miss Edwina, she has, I fear, quite passed out of my life.

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London Recollections of Lowell

BY E. S. NADAL

THE first time I saw Mr. Lowell I dined with him at Longfellow's house in Cambridge. I had brought a letter to Longfellow from Mr. William Cullen Bryant. I was somewhat surprised by Longfellow's appearance. He was shorter than I had expected, and inclined to stoutness. But he was a handsome man, one of the most attractive that I have ever seen. That was what every one said of him. I remember particularly his voice, which was very musical. There was a certain agreeable deliberation in his way of speaking. Then the poet and scholar were so large a part of his nature, and he had such a feeling for the romance of knowledge and of literature. I remember the charming voice and manner in which he told me that the Italian wine which he gave me at dinner was, he believed, the Massic of Horace. The benignity and courtesy which were his characteristics bore, I fancy, some relation to his beauty. The world looks kindly upon a beautiful person, and it is natural that such a person should return the world's amiable regard. This beauty and grace were no doubt qualities which had always been Longfellow's. My old friend, George Ripley, the founder and head of Brook Farm, told me that he once saw Longfellow, then a young professor at Bowdoin, give some degrees to a class of young men at a Bowdoin Commencement, and how impressed he was with the grace, and especially with the good feeling, which he showed.

As I came into the drawing-room at Longfellow's house, when I went to dine with him, I saw a man sitting at one end of the room, whom I recognized as resembling the photographs of Lowell I had seen. He was a thick-set man, rather under middle height, with a heavy, red beard. Of course I knew the *Biglow Papers* almost by heart, as we all did in those days, and admired the introduction to the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and some of his shorter poems. But I could not like his prose things, especially his critical writings. They seemed to be statements of trite and generally accepted ideas, expressed with an air of novelty and with much affectation. Until you got to know him there was something of this self-consciousness and affectation in his appearance and manner. I never afterward saw him so affected as I thought he was at this dinner. That may have been because I was expecting something of the kind. I remember he said to one of Longfellow's daughters, "You should read Vergil; he's the sweet fellow!" in what seemed to me an affected and pedantic manner, although, of course, the advice and the sentiment were unexceptionable.

After dinner I went with Longfellow and Lowell into the smoking-room. Longfellow was most agreeable and entertaining. I remember his telling this story: His brother-in-law, Tom Appleton, was a spiritualist; he was rich, and I presume did a good deal for mediums and such persons, and was, as a consequence, highly regarded by them. Appleton had asked Longfellow to go to see a medium of whom he thought highly. Longfellow did go to see him, and was invited to put some questions to the man, which would test his ability as a medium. Longfellow asked him who was the author of a treatise written during the Middle Ages upon the capacity of spirits to move material objects, such as chairs and tables. It seems that such a treatise was written by Thomas Aquinas. As the medium was not very ready with his answer, Longfellow, in the goodness of his heart, tried to help him by pro-

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nouncing slowly the letters T-h-o-m-a-s A— "Tom Appleton!" said the man, eagerly.

Lowell had with him the poem which he was to read the next day at the Lexington Centennial, and which he had brought to read to Longfellow. He gave no intimation that he wished me to hear it; so I joined the ladies. In a little while Longfellow came in and said that Lowell had gone home, and that he had written a beautiful poem.

I fancy the somewhat affected manner which I observed in Lowell on first meeting him was to some extent his Cambridge manner, or rather his manner to strangers, especially to the young literary small-fry who came there as visitors. He was a good deal of a little god at Cambridge, I suppose. He knew but few people, and they were intimate friends or devoted admirers. He spent a great many of his evenings with these friends, meeting them several times a week for whist. I believe he scarcely went at all in Boston society.

The next time I saw Lowell was in Cincinnati at the Republican convention which met there in 1876. He was a delegate to the convention from Massachusetts, and I was one of half a dozen New York men, who were mugwumps, or what a few years later would have been called mugwumps, who had come to Cincinnati hoping to be of some assistance in the nomination of the reform candidate, Bristow. Mr. Lowell was in sympathy with us and came to our room. He had always been the friend of truth and of honest and just causes, and he was with us in our opposition to carpet-bag government in the South and in our hope for the reform of Civil Service. He had not the least bit of his Cambridge manner then, and showed himself to be just what he was, a friendly and kind-hearted man, who especially wished to be liked.

When Mr. Hayes became President, Lowell was appointed minister to Spain. At about the same time I was sent back as a secretary of the Legation at London. I saw more or less of him in London, when he was on his way to Madrid. In 1879 he was transferred from Madrid to London. I was under him for four or five years from this time. I would see him daily for several hours at the Legation, and was a great deal at his house. The Legation consisted of the minister and the two secretaries, Mr. W. J. Hoppin, the first secretary, and myself. Later Commander, now Admiral, Chadwick was sent out as naval attaché. Mrs. Lowell's health was not such as to permit her to go out in company, and about once a week Hoppin and myself dined with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell. I think Lowell's idea in having us was that it helped to entertain his wife. He had, however, the virtue of hospitality to a high degree. At these dinners Lowell did most of the talking and was extremely entertaining and charming.

When Mrs. Lowell's health improved, Lowell's spirits became brighter. In Spain he had been very unhappy, owing to his wife's illness. How much he must have suffered at that time I gathered from a remark he once let fall. On despatch days, when there was often a good deal of work to be done at the Legation, he and I would be together for three or four hours and would lunch together. At such times he would become very communicative. In speaking of his life in Madrid, he said there were many times when his feeling was that it would be very pleasant to be lying upon his back in some churchyard, looking up through eight feet of clean gravel.

After his wife's recovery the Lowells gave dinner-parties, mostly to his English friends. He would, however, often have two or three Americans who were going through London, and these were the evenings at his house which I most enjoyed, for if you live in a foreign country you crave the society of your own people when you can get it. I was so much younger than the other members of the Legation that, although a bachelor well on in the thirties, I think I must have represented youth to these older men. This incident, which I recall, will give an idea of the way they regarded me. A young lady from Boston had dined at Lowell's house, and I had taken her down to dinner. Hoppin and I were with Lowell in the hall with our overcoats on, waiting to go. A hansom had been called for the young lady. Lowell said, "Hoppin, who is going home with this girl?" Hoppin did not

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seem very keen about it, when Lowell, turning to me, said, "As for you, you rascal, *you* sha'n't go with her." I believe the young lady went home alone.

Mr. Lowell was a very indulgent chief. I remember being late at some of his dinners—once I think I had the meanness to lay it on the hansom—and got nothing worse than, "Well, we are glad to see you, anyway," which is considerably milder punishment than I now receive from my own relations for the same offense. Indeed, I scarcely ever knew him to make a complaint of any kind of either of his secretaries. Yes, I do recall this incident: He came into the Legation one morning and told us that the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII., had said to him the day before, "You give your secretaries a wigging." It seems that we had failed to tell him something which he could not have been expected to know, and which we should have told him. "So," said Lowell, "you are in receipt of a wigging."

Mr. Lowell had to the full that dependence upon the good opinion and the friendly sentiments of others which is characteristic of artists. I think this was one of his attractions. I remember once talking with Mr. Roden Noel, a poet and a very agreeable man, about him. We were comparing him with a certain universally admired English literary man. Mr. Noel thought that Lowell was much the more attractive—"winning" was the word he used—a quality which was in part the result of his wish to be liked. Lowell's friendships were chiefly with English literary men, between whom and himself there was that free-masonry which exists everywhere among scholars. I hardly think he had the same success in fashionable company. Lowell was a man of genius, and men of genius are rarely successful in that kind of society; they have not the power of suiting their behavior and their conversation to other people, which is a condition of success in that world. I don't think I ever knew one of them who seemed to have a real gift for that kind of life. Napoleon, when in Egypt, just before a great battle, noticed that the Egyptian cannon were mounted upon wooden stands so fixed that they could shoot only in one direction. So that all that Napoleon—whose guns were on wheels and could be pointed in any direction—had to do was to move his troops to one side and out of the range of Egyptian guns. Men of genius are like those Egyptians—their expressions have much more relation to their own conditions than to the conditions and locality of those at whom these expressions are directed. They shoot away, apparently quite careless whether they hit anything or not. It is different with practical men; lawyers wish to win verdicts and business men want to make money, and the pursuit of these external objects is in their natures. Besides, geniuses are too egotistical for general society, too keenly sensitive to the opinions of others regarding themselves.

Lowell, however, greatly enjoyed the position in London which his diplomatic appointment gave him. It was of great use to him. He was really shy and easily abashed, as it is the nature of poets and artists to be. He told me one morning that he had spoken the night before at the Savage Club—a club of literary men—adding: "They are critics, you know, and I was afraid of them. But I didn't let 'em see it." His official position helped to give him audacity. With the help of it I have known him now and then to do just a little bit of bluffing. He would in a whimsical manner, especially if he was feeling pretty well, express himself freely and confidently upon subjects of which he could not have known very much. An English acquaintance of mine told me that he had him one night to dinner, and that he had at the same time the celebrated authority upon classical antiquities, Sir Charles Newton. There was a difference of opinion between the two upon some point connected with this subject, upon which Sir Charles Newton was one of the greatest living experts. A discussion followed in which Lowell, who I dare say was feeling pretty well and in high spirits, went in and wiped the floor with Sir Charles Newton. I said to my friend that I did not suppose that Sir Charles Newton minded, that such an expert as he must of course have regarded Lowell's talk as that of an amateur. "Not a bit of it," said he; "I assure you poor old Newton was dreadfully disturbed." The

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other people there, knowing nothing about the subject, probably gave the victory to the smartest talker.

When Lowell was in good spirits and in sympathetic company, he was an admirable talker. Gladstone told an American of my acquaintance that he considered him the best talker in London. When Lowell spoke upon subjects of which he had real knowledge he was apt to speak modestly and with hesitation. I remember once asking him something about Dante, of which subject he knew a great deal, and he spoke with the caution with which a man usually speaks upon a subject of which he is master.

Many examples of his talk come to my mind, from which it is not easy to make a selection. These occur to me at random. I remember once asking him if he did not think the passages in Lucretius about falling particles queer material to make poetry out of. He began talking about Lucretius, and made some striking remarks about the opening invocation to Love, which he thought one of the finest passages in literature. Again, I remember his saying—and I thought his remark was meant for me—that one important condition of success in literature was the wish to succeed. "If any one really wants to do something," he said, "there may be a chance. But if you don't care, you won't do anything." Lowell was not himself the kind of writer to take his productions seriously. He was not like Tennyson, who could be made wretched by a disparaging remark about his poetry by a young girl. That is perhaps the way a poet ought to feel, however skilful he may be in concealing it. Lowell told me that a young Englishman, on being introduced to him in Madrid, said, "I never read your works," to which he had replied, "Well, I never regarded them as necessary to a liberal education."

One evening he and I dined with Hoppin at the latter's house. Mr. Henry James was with us. I had been reading Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*, the account which he wrote of his love-affair with the granddaughter of his landlady. Mrs. Procter, who was a friend of Hazlitt's, had told me that her husband, Barry Cornwall, the poet, had thought that Hazlitt was so much in love with the girl that he had better marry her, and had gone to see her to do what he could to help the matter along. But he found that she had been so frightened by Hazlitt's violence that she would have nothing more to do with him. I said that it was distressing to see a man of Hazlitt's talents make such an abject exhibition of himself. But Lowell thought differently. He said, and he spoke seriously and impressively: "There is no telling what any one of us" —meaning the four men at the table— "may yet become through a woman."

He had spent his life as a teacher, but he had not the way of talking of men who have followed that profession. He had not in the least that way of talking down to people which teachers sometimes have. Artists and poets are never prigs, and Lowell was not. But he had to some degree the vanity of omniscience, which is said to be a quality of teachers. He really did know a great deal, and knew about a great many things. He did not like to be told anything, and he was glad to have a chance to exhibit his knowledge. I remember once at some evening party he came to me in high dudgeon and told me that a few minutes before he had encountered a certain notorious old bore, whom nobody else would have minded, and that this person had told him that kickshaws came from *quelquechose*. Lowell was very indignant. He was delightful when he was in this mood.

I remember also an incident when his pride of knowledge betrayed him into an unfortunate remark. Who of us does not now and then make such mistakes, and worse? I introduced to him the late Chevalier Wykoff. There can be few now who remember anything about Wykoff. He was queer-looking enough, cross-eyed, clean-shaven, except for the little side whiskers of the pattern of two generations before, with an uncompromising black wig; and wearing the dress of a revived dandy of about 1820, a frock-coat with a high collar, a stock, and a silk hat with a broad brim very much rolled. He had a very deep voice—almost a growl. In theory he was an utter cynic, firmly persuaded that every man and woman had his or her price;

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but he was a good old fellow, with an excellent heart, and a practice entirely at variance with his philosophy. He had been made a chevalier by some Italian potentate, I believe, and he liked to be called by that title. I was very careful, however, to introduce him as "Mr. Wykoff." It would not have pleased Lowell if I had introduced him with a title. Lowell said, "Ah, Mr. Wykoff, I remember you in prison." Wykoff had been in the galleys in Italy. Now it was not at all a case of Paul and Silas in chains, or of Galileo in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He really had done something—just what, I don't know. Wykoff was surprised, but he was a very self-possessed person, and, seeing at once that Lowell did not mean to be unkind, said, "Yes, yes; so I was." Lowell happened to know that Wykoff had been in prison; indeed, Wykoff had told all about it in an autobiography, and Lowell was eager to show his knowledge of it.

Lowell was quite the youngest man I ever knew. This youthfulness seemed to be in part the result of several qualities. One of these was goodness, for good men keep their youth longer than men who are not good. He had always led a good life. He was a very honest man and a scrupulously honorable one. He was, I may say in passing, a very kind man, and a man of great charity. He was the least censorious and the least vindictive of men. It was very rare to hear him speak ill of anybody. If he did criticize, it was done in the gentlest manner. The only person of whom I remember to have heard him speak with any degree of asperity was the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and his complaint against him was on the score of refinement. He said that upon one occasion he had been seated next to Beecher at the latter's particular request. I can understand that Lowell might not have liked him. Beecher was a very powerful person, quite overwhelming, indeed, and might easily have offended the *amour propre* of Lowell. But not only was Lowell charitable of speech and opinion; he was a man of much practical kindness as well, and was very ready to do anybody a good turn. I may add that there is one kind of charity which an American diplomat abroad has many opportunities of exercising. He is often called upon to help his countrymen who are in need of financial assistance, and Lowell did more of this than his limited means justified.

One cause of his youthfulness was no doubt physical. He had rugged health and was a man of strong physique. He had that build which is said to be one of the best for strength and endurance—deep chest and broad shoulders set on short, stout legs. I think you see physical strength in his poetry, in the introduction to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," for instance. In a happy and hopeful period of time, take a high-minded young poet in the early enthusiasm of natural virtue and with something of the pride of that quality and in first-rate physical condition, turn him loose among the lilacs, buttercups, and bobolinks of the sudden, transient, and brilliant spring of Massachusetts, and let him sing, and you may have poetry something like this. You see the same quality in that vital poem "The Courtin'," a production which has the true madness and gladness of poetry and humor. It is perhaps the most like Lowell of anything he ever wrote. These two poems bid fair to live as long as our language lives.

During the period of my service under him he was in perfect health, although sixty to sixty-five years of age; he would do things you would scarcely expect of a man of that age. I recall this incident: We had been at one of the balls at Buckingham Palace. The dress in which we had to attend these parties was an ordinary dress-coat and waistcoat, with knee-breeches and silk stockings. On coming away from one of these balls at two or three o'clock in the morning, the carriage was not to be found, and we walked home, a distance of perhaps a mile, having nothing on from the knee downward but silk stockings and very thin pumps. I felt as if I were standing up to my knees in cold water. Lowell, on the contrary, did not seem to feel the cold in the least, but stepped along in the gayest of spirits.

During Mr. Lowell's term as minister, our government bought the Franklin manuscripts, which were in London. The State Department sent to the Lega-

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tion the catalogue of the manuscripts with the request that either Mr. Hoppin or I should go to the British Museum, where the manuscripts were stored, and examine them and compare them with the catalogue. I accordingly spent three or four hours daily at the Museum for nearly a month, examining the papers. What I had to do was to see that the government got what they had bought. It was most interesting work, particularly the examination of the papers relating to Franklin's residence in Paris. Franklin was in daily intercourse with the great characters of that great age of France and of the world. There were letters from them dated "Tuesday," "Monday," "March 12," "June 14," etc. I found myself keeping his engagement-book for him. "No, he can't dine with Vergennes on Thursday; he is engaged to Madame d'Houdetot for that day." I noticed some of the papers were in the form of collars, cuffs, sleeves, etc. On asking why this was, I was told that they were in the possession of a descendant of Franklin, who lived in London in lodgings in St. James Street, and died there. These lodgings were over a tailor-shop. The tailor took possession of the manuscripts and threw them on top of a chest, and, when he needed patterns, would have recourse to these papers.

After I had made my report on the papers, a day was fixed for their formal transfer to the United States Government. Mr. Lowell thought the occasion sufficiently dignified to go to the Museum in his own carriage, and I went with him. Out of his meager salary he could not have very much, but he could have a nice pair of bays and a good brougham, with which he made a rather smart appearance. I remember that drive very well. He was in boyish spirits, talked a great deal and was of course mighty good company. I remember, as I followed him into the room at the Museum in which the papers were kept, the somewhat grandiose expression of his back and shoulders. All there was to do was to see two or three people and to take over a few wooden boxes. It was a symptom of that incorrigible youthfulness and simplicity which were part of his character.

Since writing the above paragraph, I have been shown the following postscript to a letter from Lowell to R. W. Gilder, in which Lowell thus relates a supposititious anecdote of himself:

"As Lowell was passing along the Edgeware Road with a friend two years ago, their eyes were attracted by a sign with this inscription, 'Hospital for Incurable Children.' Turning to his companion with that genial smile for which he is remarkable, Lowell said, quietly, 'There's where they'll send me one of these days.'" A bit of self-knowledge which is perhaps unusual.

I should not omit to say that no one could have been much with Lowell without hearing him talk a great deal about Jews, on which subject he was exceedingly well informed. He believed that a strain of Hebrew blood would dominate all other strains of blood in a man. He saw Jews everywhere. He thought, for instance, that Gladstone was a Jew. I believe, indeed, that Gladstone was of Jewish descent; his brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, was extremely Jewish in appearance. Lowell's discovery of a Jewish descent in people, however, was not so much from an examination of their physiognomy as from their names. Vernon Harcourt he thought a Jew because he was from the Leveson-Gowers, Lord Granville's family, who were Jews because their name was Leveson. "There's where Harcourt gets his impudence," he would say. One day I was walking in the park with him when a man I knew passed. I said, "That's the new Russian secretary, Davidoff; he succeeds Bartholomai." Lowell answered, "Davidoff, Bartholomai—both Jews." He said that he himself was a Jew because he was descended from people named Russell—Russell being a Jewish name. He said that I was a Jew because my name means Christmas, though he admitted, grudgingly, "You haven't got the nose for it." The province of Natal was so named because it was discovered on Christmas day; the "t" is softened into "d" in Spanish and in the Venetian dialect of Italian. Lowell insisted that my earliest converted ancestor wanted to show how good he was and took the most Christian name he could find. When I reminded him that there was a family of my name

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who had been, from father to son, in the Gold Book of Venice since 1240, with their device—the star of Bethlehem on a blue field—and who claimed descent from one of the Magi, there was further chaff. I should explain that Lowell had no dislike of Jews, but a great interest in them. He had an abundance of curious and amusing information about them.

The last few years of Lowell's life—those which he spent in this country after leaving London—were, it appeared to me, sadder than they should have been. In the lives of some men there is toward the end a season like Indian summer; at any rate, so it is said in novels and romances. I have indeed known men of whom that was true. But it did not seem to come to Lowell. I don't see why he should not have had it. Until attacked by his last illness, he had been in fairly good health. He was comfortably off, I suppose. He had some private fortune, and he had other sources of income. He told me that his royalties brought him about twelve hundred dollars a year, which was a good deal to get from half a dozen volumes of poems and miscellaneous essays. He said that he could go back to his professorship whenever he wished, and do as much work as he liked. His position before the country, moreover, was a most enviable one. From the time of his return from London till his death he was, with the possible exception of Mr. Cleveland, perhaps the most distinguished man in the country.

But in spite of these advantages, his last years seemed rather desolate. It is our misfortune here that we have no great capital where every American may feel at home, as an Englishman may in London or a Frenchman in Paris. Of course, an American who lives in his own country must live in some place, and any place here is dull after London or Paris. Lowell returned to London once or twice after his connection with the Legation had ceased, but he was not happy there. A gentleman with whom he stayed after his return told me that he seemed to feel the loss of his old position. When I said that I should have thought that Lowell without an official position would have been better placed there than anybody else with one, my friend said, "So should I, but that was not his feeling."

I have said that Lowell was the youngest man I ever knew. It is also true that I never knew any other man who had a greater dread of growing old than he. He would sometimes say to me—I was twenty-five years the younger—"Oh, you'll begin to feel it pretty soon."

The last time I saw him he gave me a curious and somewhat pathetic indication of his interest in this subject. I happened to be in Boston for a day, and went out to see him in the teeth of a terrible March blizzard. I thought he seemed rather lonely. He told me that Hoppin had called upon him not long before. He said that he looked well and seemed to be in good health, but he noticed that when he went out he was a little awkward in getting down the front steps. When I left, Lowell came to the door with me and stood there, evidently waiting to see how I negotiated the front steps. At the age at which I then was, there was no reason why there should be anything the matter with my action. But the incident was characteristic of Lowell, and of his intense interest in the subject of youth and age.

Recently in London on a hot Sunday afternoon in September, the city very empty and the air having that deadness which characterizes London hot weather, I turned southward from Albert Gate and found myself in a long parallelogram with a narrow grass-plot in the middle, surrounded by an iron fence. I did not know it at first. "What is this?" I thought. "Why, of course it is Lowndes Square, and over there is Lowell's house." The house had the silence which belongs to places we have known well in the past and have ceased to know. The bright and manly figure of the former occupant stood before me in a peculiarly winning and kindly light—a man to be liked, admired, respected, and regretted.

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Her Tribal Enemy

BY MARIE MANNING

THE woman in the skimpy skirt — much too narrow and too long for prevailing styles — entered "The Glass of Fashion" and looked with unguarded wistfulness at the new models that were short, full, and almost as rotund in appearance as a raised umbrella. She had come in a misguided effort to abstract a little cheer from lovely things that were not for her, and to filch a few ideas for remodeling an old dress.

The shabby woman ought to have been a beauty, and the splendid Irish eyes almost made her one, but from the mouth with the disconsolate corners and the plaintive lift of the brows one got an impression of the muse of comedy impaled on a tragic fate. As she manœuvered for the door among the glass-eyed sirens of waxen perfection, the plunging clothes-mad patrons, the dashing saleswomen, more magnificent in appearance than either, she found herself confronted with a towering vision of red-haired splendor that blocked the way.

"Isn't, or wasn't your name Nora Fitz Gerald?"

"Yes, and you? Oh, I see now—you're Rose McDonaugh."

The black-taffeta duchess showed two rows of faultless teeth in acknowledgment of her identity. She was hatless, proclaiming thereby her vocation to "stand and wait," but was ever such magnificence hitched to such a pursuit? Royalty might have envied the way she wore her black-silk gown; the very ruffles at the wrists she invested with an insouciance quite her own. The shock of bright-red hair that in their schooldays had been prolific of many battles, tempting, as it did, the popular refrain, "Red-headed fox, tobacco-box, stole my grandma's worsted socks," was now tamed, marcelled, and generally brought to terms with an array of shell pins. But in that prehistoric period, when it hung wild, a reference to its color never failed to rouse the fighting blood of the McDonaughs to the point of frenzy.

Both women stood looking at each other for a silent moment or two, jerked back twenty years by the string of memory to the time when as north and south Irish they had fought the good fight, hating as Guelph and Ghibelline, yet sometimes condoning these racial crimes from pure loneliness. White flag and gauntlet, up and down the dingy stairs and noisome streets they fought, made up, and fought again, till, vanishing altogether from the orbit of tenement-house life, they failed to meet until to-day. But in the interval character and habit had stamped each as relentlessly as coin fashioned by the mint.

"Of course you're married." Miss McDonaugh's all-seeing eye, trained to recognize every degree of "appearances," had not swept the shabby garments of her old schoolmate in vain.

"Yes; my name is Waite. I married Horace Waite, a newspaper man." Without realizing it, Mrs. Waite was standing straighter and more erect; her skirt no longer dragged the floor. Not that she felt any pride in her husband, who drank and was almost always without a steady job, but because, unconsciously, she was reflecting some of Miss McDonaugh's magnificence. "And you—?" she questioned.

"As you see, I'm one of the leftovers." Miss McDonaugh was deprecating, unctuous, flattering. There wasn't anywhere visible in the black-taffeta duchess a hint of the little untamed Orange fury who was wont to fall on County Cork with such lust for battle.

Nora's mercurial temperament, sensitive as a barometer to influences, began to respond to the skill of her erstwhile enemy, who for the moment harbored a

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flash of curiosity regarding the Fitz Geralds. Attention, flattery—both were potent drugs to Nora. Not often had she found any one who seemed to take for granted her importance. As a telephone girl she had not been pampered exactly by a public impassive to everything but immediate service and merciless to a wrong number. As the wife of an intemperate newspaper man, who worked almost wholly on impulse, such talents as she boasted were more often employed in pacifying landladies and placating duns than in cultivating an atmosphere of happiness and making things about her attractive. Two minutes' administration of Miss McDonaugh's brand of lotus, and Nora was scaling the heights. Her husband was successful, and she could command—if she wanted to—the pretty things she felt to be her due.

"Is there something I could show you, Mrs. Waite?"

Never in Nora's wildest dreams of extravagance had she contemplated buying anything at "The Glass of Fashion"; the cost of its simplest garment would have kept her flat going for weeks. But strange atavistic influences were at work, influences, perhaps, that had their origin in Celtic border brawls that were old before this country was discovered. She had no more chance with Rose McDonaugh than a fly hovering close to fly-paper, and in a way she realized her danger; but the sophistry that she could save on the market-money sent her closer to the fatal zone, and the weakness of being unable "to cut a shabby figure before Rose McDonaugh" landed her, firmly planted, in debt.

"I had in mind a frock something like the one you have on," Nora prevaricated handsomely. "Did you ever see any one as disreputable? I've been traveling in the West with my husband, and I didn't want to get my things out there." The thought-waves engendered by Miss McDonaugh's slavish attentions were all tidal size; for the moment Nora Waite believed her own recitative. She had been West, but on the sordidly penniless errand of bringing home her husband from a "cure" after he had lost his position on a Kansas City paper. But, as she told of her travels, she saw herself in retrospect, flitting from the bepalmed, beplushed splendors of mid-Western hotels to hurtling banquets on dining-cars, and in between times rejecting with a critically metropolitan eye the spoils of Denver and Kansas City shops.

As Rose McDonaugh listened with the breathless attention reserved for the best trade, a laugh in readiness for the least hint of humor, she was not wholly skeptical of the implied prosperity of her old adversary. How often had she seen an indubitable roll of "yellow-backs" produced from an old petticoat; how often had she seen unquestioned elegance baited by a long envelope with requests to "remit." Appearances were too often the exception that disproved the rule. No woman could afford to look like Nora Fitz Gerald unless she had some sustaining trick or other up her sleeve. Besides, you could never tell about those south Irish.

In the mean time the taffeta duchess redoubled her efforts; she pulled from the glass cases the most tempting of imported models. She was dissatisfied with the shape of Nora's corsets—they were not modern; they didn't do justice to her really lovely figure. She had down the head *corsetière* of the establishment, who almost wept to see such a figure "in such chains." Nora, as she piled up obligation after obligation, was fully conscious of being a little mad. Perhaps it was like this with Horace when he drank—it took the razor-edge off things; it made you believe in yourself. For a moment she understood and sympathized with her husband's weakness; in the next the head *corsetière* with measuring-tape and pins had taken her in hand, and she forgot everything in the solicitous attentions of Rose McDonaugh.

Nora drank it all in—the atmosphere of adulation and beautiful things. Her pulses quickened. This was life; it represented also the increased cost of living! A terrible accounting awaited her, but at present she declined to concern herself with it. Why not lose her head gloriously, rapturously, for once? For an hour she'd play at being rich, important, happy. She was so tired of the long, dismal snuffing-out process.

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SHE PULLED FROM THE GLASS CASES THE MOST TEMPTING CHOICE OF MODELS

"Why do you call me Mrs. Waite. Why don't you call me Nora, as you did in the old days?"

"It's certainly most kind of you to ask me." The duchess deprecated, but she did not lose her head and get utterly swept away by things like Nora Fitz Gerald. She redoubled her attentions, but when occasion demanded a name, it was still Mrs. Waite. The duchess knew human nature too well. Perhaps there would be some "come back" to this sudden splurge on the part of the Green, and the Orange would have less retracting to do. And not a garment should leave "The Glass of Fashion," for all the fitting and trying on, unless she saw the color of the Fitz Gerald money.

However, Miss McDonaugh was destined to see the color of the Fitz Gerald money. At the end of the fitting orgies Nora produced a perfectly good hundred-dollar bill; her husband had given it to her that morning to purchase temporary immunity from the more resourceful of their creditors.

She decided to pay down seventy-five dollars on account, and have a bill for the remainder of the amount sent the first of the month. She offered her card, bearing an excellent address, and she gave the name of the paper with which her husband was connected. As Miss

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McDonaugh filled out the address slips she demanded of her inner consciousness if there was "such a thing as justice in this world." In the tenement the Fitz Geralds had been the byword for all that was thriftless and extravagant; they had lived from hand to mouth. And she who had never wasted a nickel in her life had spent her day dolling out Nora Fitz Gerald in imported models and according her the servility that is the purse-right of the best trade. Some things were hard to understand!

Nora completed her adventure by casually inviting her tribal enemy to dinner the following Saturday evening at eight o'clock. She knew her husband had an assignment for Saturday that would keep him away that night and part of the next day. She invited Rose as if dinner at this magnificent hour was habitual, and a guest or two extra made no difference to her domestic staff.

The taffeta duchess accepted in a frenzy of curiosity and carefully concealed resentment. Even as she thanked her prospective hostess she kept repeating to herself: "Nora Fitz Gerald dining at eight o'clock at night, and me standing on my feet all day till they're flat as banana-peels, fitting fools! This is the greatest merry-go-round ever."

Reaction had not set in when Nora walked out into the spring sunshine, nor yet when she made her way into a restaurant and ordered an excellent luncheon. All her married life she had been patient, saving, self-sacrificing; nothing had come of it but dingy failure. The sight of the McDonaugh girl had produced in her a passion of vindication; she'd spent the money for which ravening creditors snapped. Well, let the deluge break; anything was preferable to the patient grind with which she tried to make both ends meet and never quite succeeded.

This mood of supreme indifference to consequences had spent itself utterly on the morning of the day of the great tribal enemy banquet. Waite had come in from the morning paper that employed him, two hours late; that meant he had been drinking. She heard him fumblingly grope his way to bed in his room, which adjoined hers. She was torturingly awake now with a brain afire and the pitiless clarity of vision that is the gift of the day after. But of all the besieging demons of those gray, early morning hours, the most bitterly insistent was the looming dinner of to-night. Where should she get the money to replace the squandered hundred dollars, and the bills that the impending festivity released rose like the loosened genii in the Oriental tale.

She thought of Danny, her half-brother, the one prosperous member of the Fitz Gerald clan. Danny was a politician of the school which reformers call "corrupt"; he had made vast amounts of money out of politics, and even now, when the chill winds of reform had apparently blasted and destroyed the plums from the hardy perennial, Danny's word carried weight. But it was all over with Alderman Fitz Gerald and herself; he had "cut her dead" the last time they met. The breach had occurred through no fault of hers—Danny had been "shown up" in the paper on which her husband happened to be working, and Fitz Gerald and his wife had always held the shambling night-court reporter responsible, though he had had nothing to do with the exposure.

Nora got up, made herself a cup of coffee, and began to clean silver till the arrival of her fractional maid. She had no regular servant, but a woman came in and did odd chores for a couple of hours daily, and to Nora's whimsical fancy was known as "The Vulgar Fraction."

This piecemeal domestic was gifted with admirable if sporadic talents; she did everything well, if she stopped doing it in time. Her cooking was agreeably reminiscent of the chef to whom she had once acted as kitchen-maid. Her cleaning had the broad strokes of an impressionist portrait—she ignored detail. In selecting her to cook the banquet, by which County Cork was to shove down the throat of Donegal the amazing hoax of its prosperity, Nora had shown real genius. Like her part-mistress, the Fraction was a creature all fire and upstage emotions, and when she had been let into the great secret that she was to cook a dinner for the loathed North, as a Limerick woman she rose superbly. Her

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roasting, broiling, and frying became to her a species of "holy war," a baptism of fire undertaken for the confusion of the common enemy.

A half-witted daughter often accompanied the Fraction on her higher culinary flights. The daughter went as pantry-maid, buffer, and general shock-absorber; her price was fifty cents extra, but it saved the hostess from recriminations.

For the dinner itself, the great Bustard had been hired to act as butler. In the catering establishment on Sixth Avenue where the services of this genius could be commanded at five dollars an evening it was an open secret that in England he had served dukes. Of late this rumor had begun to take unto itself accretions; recent accounts had it that the late King Edward was unable to eat the smallest refreshment without Bustard at his elbow.

Clean-shaven and rosy, of a stout favor, six feet two in his stockings, Mr. Bustard could impart an air of opulence to any table. His manner of offering a dish—a blend of suavity and alertness impossible of duplication—was the envy and despair of his host of imitators. In catering circles it was said of him, "Bustard can pass turnips, but 'his way' makes 'um artichokes."

Why should the great Bustard be asked to wait on a dinner of two? Paderewski, invited to play duets with a young lady thought by her home town to have "remarkable musical ability," might have experienced a fraction of Mr. Bustard's Jovian wrath. He strode to the inner office of the firm and demanded the order-book for Saturday night. Running a spatulate finger down the line, he found:

Waite—The Chylesmere—part order for dinner, services of Alfred Bustard. Entrée, nut croquettes with tomato sauce. Salad, lobster. Dessert, chocolate plombière with marrons glacés, petits fours glacés. One half-pound of mixed salted nuts; one large bottle queen olives; one half-pound of green mint wafers, extra strong. Services of Mr. Bustard required at 7 P.M.

"Who took this order?"

"Guilty!" simpered a blond young woman with a pompadour like a cream-puff.

"And it was your intention to let an order like that go out of a house that employs *me?*"

The Pompadour displayed feeling. "All them entries is right in our 'C'rrect Dinners 'n' Dinner-Givin' '; I c'n show 'em to you."

Mr. Bustard waved a hand. "Decoys, girl, decoys—nut croquettes four-fifty a dozen. But your job is to raise patrons' standards. 'Oose this Mrs. Wight?"

The Pompadour was new; she could repeat the legend of Bustard and the late King Edward as glibly as the price of chicken croquettes, but the awful effulgence of Alfred's personality had never reached her consciousness. She even attempted argument.

He reduced her to a spouting fountain of tears. "I'll call on this Mrs. Wight. She'll change her menu or her butler for Saturday."

"A bad business, this dinner-givin' by the masses," Mr. Bustard had said to his fiancée later in the day. He was a widower, but was rapidly taking steps to repair his loss. "A dinner's like marriage, a thing not to be entered into lightly or without due consideration."

"Who's splurging now, Alfy, the miserly rich or the extravagant poor?"

His fiancée—tall, handsome, red-haired—was, like Mr. Bustard, growing prosperous on ministering to the weaknesses of the rich and those who try to keep pace with them. They spent long, happy hours in discussing the state of peonage in which living beyond their means kept the people they served so deferentially.

"No one of any consequence—party name of Wight, living in The Chylesmere."

Mr. Bustard was a trifle disconcerted by the peals of his fiancée's laughter. Was she inclined to be flighty? Mrs. Waite's original menu had undoubtedly constituted gastric murder in the first degree, but did that justify the affianced wife of an Englishman in indulging herself in hysterics?

In the mean time Nora gave herself up completely to those last frenzied hours of preparation. Further and further she allowed herself to be drawn into the current of headlong extravagance. Let the McDonaughs see that she not

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only knew how to live, but that she was no stranger to luxuries. She filled up the loaned apartment she called home—it belonged to a good-hearted newspaper man with the troops in France as a war-correspondent — with "second-day" roses; she unlocked the silver-chest and contrived an imposing display of plate on sideboard and serving-table; she rearranged the drawing-room furniture. Nothing was too costly or troublesome that promised for the moment to redound to the glory of the Fitz Geralds.

The buzz of the electric button finally announced the dinner guest. The Vulgar Fraction heard it in the kitchen, and thrashed harder the Irish potatoes she was fluffing; she whipped them as if they were North-of-Ireland potatoes. The Shock-Absorber now stopped dodging implements; if the maternal dynamo held out till the roast, she'd run for the rest of the meal. Nora clutched her "best-seller" with icy fingers. Even Mr. Bustard beneath his "marble exterior" was humanly conscious of a thrill of curiosity regarding the identity of this one, lone, lorn guest whose advent had been provocative of such cyclones. Automatically he raised a hand to the soapy scalp-lock, the object of his tenderest solicitude; it was in place; he tiptoed down the hall and opened the door.

The dinner guest was tall, handsome, and red-haired. It was Rose McDonaugh, his fiancée.

Alfred went choking angry, then his buttling ego rose superior to everything but the call of his craft. Rose McDonaugh did not exist for him, except as a guest for whom he opened the door.

She stood wavering on the threshold, tittering. The glance he dealt her—cold and professional — was like an icy shower.

"Oh, Alfy, I thought you'd enjoy the joke."



SHE HAD SEEN IT DONE JUST LIKE THAT ON THE STAGE

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"Do you tike me for a movie-waiter? Jokes ain't my 'all-mark. Pull yourself together, woman. Try 'n' be a diner-out."

"Whose a-dining yet?" A sly elbow lunge conveyed to Alfred that no quarter was to be expected, affectionately speaking.

Blank horror overcame him. Was she going to kiss him on duty, as if he were a chambermaid? Mr. Bustard determined to sell his favors dearly: "No; I'll be 'anged if you tike a liberty with me 'ere." He anticipated her tender impulse with what threatened to prove a most business-like right guard. Still she hesitated, but a quotation cowed her, "Or 'enceforth we're stryngers."

A second later he was announcing "Miss McDonaugh" in the drawing-room. She entered with her most distinguished "autumn opening" walk and manner. Nora, casting aside the "best-seller," arose with a "So good of you." She had seen it done just like that on the stage, in society plays.

The sporting blood of Alfred Bustard began to mount headily. Not since his last Derby Day—now a matter of ten years—had he been so keenly alive to a competitive trial of mettle as that now afforded by the Orange and the Green. Alfred knew if he were betting he'd put his money on the little black-haired Fenian from the south; if given her head, she'd have plenty of dash and go. Rose McDonaugh had reserve force, five thousand dollars' worth of it, saved in fifteen years spent in hypnotizing women into running up accounts. He had chosen Miss McDonaugh as a man selects a winter overcoat of durable material. In the mean time Nora Waite loomed as a devil-may-care check, inaccessible, but taking to the eye.

Mrs. Waite set the social pace at the table with the announcement that Mrs. Vanderpool was giving a dinner of twenty-four covers that evening. She did not follow up the subject, but the implication was that her own affair might have been larger but for this event.

Miss McDonaugh, to the secret fury of Alfred Bustard, failed to achieve this high social plane, and fell, clutching doggedly to the familiar shop. "Mrs. Vanderpool takes a very long skirt—forty-four inches; I've tried on her, many a time."

Mrs. Waite's eyebrows said, How interesting! but she declined to discuss Mrs. Vanderpool from the tape-measure standpoint. Alfred Bustard served soup and sherry, and consoled himself for Rose's shortcomings as a diner by remembering her thrift.

Strangely enough, the sane half of Nora's brain that knew the price she was paying for this bit of folly, and stood apart and took mocking notes, now reminded her that her present adventure was in a way but a replica of the old days when she and "Reddy" McDonaugh used to array themselves in old skirts of their mothers' and "play ladies" on the tenement stairs. Reddy had not been satisfactory at this game; her spirits never soared; she couldn't believe in the splendor that came so natural to Nora. But Reddy always got even by bragging of the two dollars in her little bank on the kitchen mantelpiece.

"Do you remember the Pfaffs—third floor front?" Miss McDonaugh, fearful of another Saga of the Four Hundred, came again to earth with an inquiry about their old neighbors.

"No."

Nora's negative was gracious, but final. She remembered the Pfaffs perfectly. Memory summed them up as: Father, ticket-chopper, Third Avenue "L"; Hennie, oldest son, addicted to cruelty to cornets; and a huddle of younger girls. The Fitz Geralds, with other descendants of Brian Boru, looked down on the Pfaffs as "Dutch," and why Rose McDonaugh should recall them while eating *chapon farci aux truffes*, that cost as much as a spring hat, her hostess could not imagine.

But Rose had her reasons. "In the first place, Nora Fitz Gerald was no society dame, even if she could afford to have Alfred hand round dizzy white hash with a French name. She'd pass away if she knew we were engaged."

The unknown engagement gave Rose a feeling of continually scoring. Furthermore, she had a story to tell.

"Well, as you don't remember the Pfaffs, you don't know that Effie, the

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youngest girl, has to have her age kep' back because none of the older ones are married. I suppose they thought as something ought to be done for Effie with her gettin' on, and so they giv' her a surprise party. They denied it positive, later, and accused the girls in the store with her of instigatin' it—but it was all traced right to the family. It was Effie's birthday, and she claimed to be twenty-two, an' every one was to bring twenty-two cents for to buy the refreshments. Then some one, for spite, poked round and found an old Bible, and there was Effie's age as twenty-seven. It made some of the girls real mad—Effie'd always acted the *ingenoo ad nauseam*, as the French say. Well, old Grandfather Pfaff, when some one had barked down his ear-trumpet to ask what the hard feelings was about, waved his hands and said, 'Vat's der matter mit you? If Effie is dwendy-seven, und you pays at der rate of dwendy-two—don't you save fife cent apiece by her youngness?'"

Nora's attention to the Pfaff recitative had been a trifle remote; she sought to inject a subtle rebuke into her apparently artless query, "Were you there?"

"Sure I was," affirmed Miss McDonaugh with great heartiness. "Tuesday I went to Pfaffs', and to-night I'm eating with the Fitz Geralds—and some say there's no neighborliness in New York!"

Alfred Bustard took occasion to replenish his fiancée's glass with sparkling Moselle and at the same time to steal a furtive glance at her. Was her remark prompted by a supreme stupidity or was "she landin' a narsty one in 'er 'ostess's solar plexus?" He returned the bottle to the sideboard with the silent reflection, "Women is cats."

Rose's knife-and-fork play had been marked by an almost terrible social rectitude, and in the matter of accepting and declining dishes her Ollendorf had been faultless; but a pitfall awaited her. In a moment of inadvertence she tripped and fell into the dinner usages of Avenue A. "Have a little more capon, do," Nora had begged hospitably.

"No, thank you, I wouldn't wish for any." This had been the polite response when the tenement had had enough. Alfred's back seemed to regard her accusingly from the sideboard. She sat staring at her hostess, horror-stricken, as if she had gazed on the Medusa.

"You were saying you had been to call on some people called Pfaff," Nora prompted, sweetly, almost too sweetly. But Miss McDonaugh would not again revert to Avenue A.

Alfred served the roast as if he were ministering to the late King Edward, while in imagination he nudged his ribs gleefully. "Serve 'er jolly well right, springin' a surprise sworry like this on me. First round—McDonaugh badly winded, Fitz Gerald in great form," was his silent commentary.

Miss McDonaugh welcomed the black coffee in the drawing-room as if it had been a respite from the gallows. She told no more stories; she became as fun-proof as a valedictory. After her break Rose lost her nerve; she became polite—polite to the verge of paroxysms.

Nora's was the winged temperament; given comradery, music, even a gleam of humor to light the long, blind alley of her life, and her spirits flew triumphantly to the blue. Her pagan satisfaction in this feast to her tribal enemy should have sent them soaring above the borrowed plate of the Edmonds, their flat, the hired glory of Alfred Bustard, the duns, the debts, the looming day of reckoning. Her sufficient-unto-the-moment temperament was proof against such trifles; but now something had cropped her wings; she was dismally conscious of sitting on an Edmonds chair opposite Rose, and finding it harder to "play ladies" with her than it had been on the landing of the tenement-house stairs twenty years ago.

"I suppose you're able to save a good deal, seeing how well fixed you are." Miss McDonaugh seemed to be awakening from her polite trance.

"Oh, you were always better at saving than I was."

"I have a tontine policy for five thousand dollars coming due next month; I'm in two building associations, and I'm paying down ten a month on a lot on Long Island." History was repeating itself; it was the tale of the little bank on the kitchen mantelpiece brought up to date.

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BUSTARD TOOK OCCASION TO REPLENISH HIS FIANCÉE'S GLASS

"I'm glad to know you," smiled Mrs. Waite.

There was a movement at the portière that covered the drawing-room door, and a second later the Shock-Absorber, half-witted offspring of the Vulgar Fraction, stood facing them.

"Me mother sez, if she had her dollar and a half that you owe her for cookin' the dinner she could go home and go to bed like a Christian."

The Fraction bore down upon the feeble-minded one. Like a submarine, she gave no quarter: "The Lord forgive the likes av her that's innocent in the head, Mrs. Waite, but I never said it for her to come here and repate ut."

Nora never really knew how the terrible "funeral-baked meats," as she came to regard the banquet to her tribal enemy, came to a close. She attempted to turn off the episode of the temporary cook humorously, and to be much diverted by the occurrence, but the fun rang false. Only one thing sustained her, Bustard had been magnificent, and undoubtedly Rose regarded him as her butler.

And now the deluge began. The squandered hundred-dollar bill, diverted from its legitimate channels, occasioned a series of small, irritating stoppages and overflows. The grocer became less civil, the butcher was not civil at all. "The Glass of Fashion" sent its bill regularly for three months, and then a personal note began to creep into its communications. It called her attention to the

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"DANNY, IT'S YOU, OR THE LAW-COURTS FOR NORA FITZ GERALD"

"account now long overdue, that had doubtless escaped her attention." The mockery of that, when she could not sleep nights for thinking of it.

As the situation grew more and more desperate and she realized that help could only come from some agency outside her husband's salary, the thought of the all-powerful half-brother began to take root in her subconscious mind. If Danny had a spark of humanity left he wouldn't let her be sued by "The Glass of Fashion" and have Rose McDonaugh called against her as a witness. It wouldn't be the sister he had quarreled with, however, unjustly, he'd be saving, but his own people, his father's name, his race.

She decided to go to her brother's down-town office, rather than risk a possible encounter with her sister-in-law, whom she felt to be at the bottom of the family feud. It had been five years since the quarrel, so that the office-boy who stood guard over the politician's inner office did not know her. She declined to give her name, merely sending word that a very old friend would like to speak to Alderman Fitz Gerald for a few minutes.

The aldermanic bulk lurched from the swivel chair, in deference to the unpaid-for black taffeta; it stood for the apple in the original sin of her extravagance, but it was a gown to command deference anywhere. When he saw it was his sis-

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ter that wore it he turned away without speaking. She recognized the old mannerism as a left-over of his boyhood; he wanted to make up, but his dignity called for a policy of consistent anger.

"Danny, Danny!" She swung around the bulky figure till he was obliged to look in her face. "Danny, it's you, or the law-courts for Nora Fitz Gerald!"

"Ah, 'tis throuble that's bringin' you. I thought as much." He had kept—nay, clung to and cultivated—his Irish accent as a valuable hall-mark; it carried weight with political grist in the raw; whole shiploads of potential voters accepted him on account of it. "Out with it, girrul. Is it that mixed-ale penholder av a husband that's got you into throuble?"

Then Nora, standing on tiptoe in her eagerness, poured out the tale of her extravagant folly without an extenuating plea. She must have been mad, utterly mad, that was the only explanation of the things she had done. In perfectly good faith she had gone to "The Glass of Fashion" to get a few ideas to make over an old dress, and there she had been confronted with Rose McDonaugh—did he remember the little red-headed imp that lived in the same house with them in Avenue A?

Did he remember? Did she flatter him by thinking he had softening of the brain to forget that crew of Donegal upstarts?

She indicated the black taffeta; she told of the organdies and the tea-gown; she told of the dinner-party—she must have gone raving crazy to do it, but life had been such a disappointment with Waite drinking and losing one job after another, and it had seemed at that mad moment if she could only prove to Rose McDonaugh that she was not the shambling failure she looked, nothing else mattered.

The alderman was silent for one terribly judicial moment, his brows puckered; he studied the guilty taffeta and the mobile, sensitive face above it, alternately paling and flushing. Then he gave his decision in the thunderous bass he was accustomed to employ on important political occasions. "And you done right not to demean yourself skulking off widout showin' your money to that Orange minx. 'Twas the noble blood av the Fitz G'rr-r'lds that took fire in ye when ye were confronted be her."

Nora clung to him, weeping.

"And 'twas the dress you've on your back, a couple av lawns, 'n' a useless, floor-swapin', dust-catchin' tay-gown ye bought to put her in her place. An' thin you had her in to dinner, and run up a bill at Mancinelli's, and had in that old English Buzzard to wait—and the grand schwindle is a matther av t'ree hundrud dollars. Cut out the worry. You made but one mistake."

"And what was that?"

"That auld bluff of an English Buzzard, with his lies about King Edward not bein' able to swallow unless he was there to clap him on the back, was your wan error in judgment; he's been engaged to that red-headed McDonaugh girl for years. I know all about him from a couple av me Tammany boys that work at Mancinelli's, and handin' him out to her as your butler was your wan break."

A white fury dried her tears. "To think of that—and the two of them engaged the whole time!" In an agony of shame she saw them meet, after the dinner, and with cruel laughter begin to pick the bones of her feast.

"Pshaw, now," her brother reassured her, "if you take things like that you'd never make a statesman or be a good poker-player. Do you mind, now. Go to that shop right off and pay your bill, spot cash—and say a worrud or two about the time you've let it run, such trifles bein' apt to escape your moind. And buy yoursilf a couple more gowns and pay spot cash. Thin say to your auld frind McDonaugh: 'Whin's the weddin' to be? You thought you fooled me that night at dinner, but I had the pair av yees there together to tist your nerve. Now the both av yees come as me gists."

"Oh, Danny, I don't wonder they call you the uncrowned king of New York, with your brains, but I don't want any more dresses; I want to save, like Rose."

"Well, begin to save if you like, but you're a Fitz G'rr-r'ld; you mustn't hope to practise the beggarly economies av a McDonaugh."

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The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER XXVI

"THOR, would you mind if I went away for a little while?"

He looked at her across the luncheon-table, but her eyes were downcast. Though she endeavored to maintain the non-committal attitude she had taken up at breakfast, she couldn't meet his gaze.

"If you went away!" he echoed, blankly. "Why should you do that?"

"I've been to see—" She found a difficulty in pronouncing the name—"I've been to see Rosie. She's rather—upset."

Under the swift lifting of her lids he betrayed his self-consciousness. "I suppose so." He kept to the most laconic form of speech in order to leave no opening to her penetration.

"And I thought if I could take her away—"

"Where should you go?"

"Oh, anywhere. That wouldn't matter. To New York, perhaps. That might interest her. But anywhere, so long as—"

He got out his consent while making an excuse for rising from the table. The conversation was too difficult to sustain. It was without looking at him that she said, as he was leaving the room:

"Then I'll go and ask her at once. I dare say she won't come—but I can try. It will give me an excuse for going back. I feel worried at having left her at all."

Between three and four that afternoon she entered her husband's office hurriedly. It was Mrs. Dearlove who received her. "Do you know where Dr. Masterman is? Do you know where he expected to call this afternoon?"

Mrs. Dearlove consulted a card hanging on the wall. "He was to 'ave seen Mrs. Gibbs, 'm — Number 10 Susan Street—some time through the day."

Lois made no secret of her agitation. "Have they a telephone?"

"Oh no, 'm; 'ardly. Only a poor charwoman."

"Was he going anywhere at all where they *could* have a telephone?"

Mrs. Dearlove having mentioned the possibilities, Lois rang up house after house. She left the same message everywhere: Thor was to be asked to come directly to his office where she was awaiting him. It was after four when he appeared.

She met him in the little entry and, taking him by the arm, drew him into the waiting-room. "Come in, Thor, dear, come in." She knew by his eyes that he suspected something of what she had to tell.

"Caught me at the Longyears'," he tried to say in a natural voice, but he could hardly force the words beyond his lips.

"It's Rosie, Thor," she said, instantly. "She's *all* right."

He dropped into a chair, supporting himself on the round table strewn with illustrated papers and magazines for the entertainment of waiting patients. His lips moved, but no sound passed them. Long, dark shadows streaked the pallor of his face.

She sat down beside him, covering his hands with her own. "She's all right, Thor, dear . . . now . . . and I don't think she'll be any the worse for it in the end. . . . She may be the better. . . . We can't tell yet. . . . But—but you haven't heard it in the village, have you?"

He shook his head, perhaps because he was dazed, perhaps because he didn't trust himself to speak.

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"That's good." She spoke breathlessly. "I was so afraid you might . . . I wanted to tell you myself . . . so that you wouldn't—you wouldn't get a shock. . . . There's no reason for a shock—not now, Thor. . . . It's only—it's only . . . just what I was afraid of—what I spoke of at lunch. . . . She—she—she did it."

He found strength to speak. "She did—what?"

Lois continued the same breathless way. "She threw herself into the Pond. . . . But she's all right. . . . Jim Breen and Robbie Willert were out in a boat—fishing. . . . They saw her. . . . They got to her just as she went down the second time. . . . Jim Breen dived after her and brought her up. . . . She wasn't unconscious very long . . . and fortunately Dr. Hill was close by—at old Mrs. Jukes's in Schoolhouse Lane. . . . So she's home now and all right, or nearly. . . . I arrived just as they were bringing her ashore. . . . She was breathing then. . . . I went on before them to the house. . . . I told Mrs. Fay . . . and Mr. Fay. . . . I saw them put her to bed. . . . She's all right. . . . And then I came here—to tell you, Thor—"

He struggled to his feet, throwing his head back and clenching his fists. I swear to God that if I ever see Claude again I'll—I'll kill him!"

Without rising she caught one of his hands and pulled him downward. "Sit down, Thor," she said, in a tone of command. "You mustn't take it like that. You mustn't make things worse than they are. They're bad enough as it is. They're so bad—or at least so hard for—for some of us—that we must do everything we can to make it possible to bear them."

He sat down at her bidding; but with elbows resting on the table he covered his face with his hands. She clasped her own and sat looking at him. That is, she sat looking at his strong knuckles and at the shock of dark hair that fell over the finger-tips where the nails dug into his forehead. She felt a great pity for him; but a pity that permitted her to sit there, watchful, detached, not as if it was Thor—but some one else.

There would be an end now to silences and concealments. She saw that already. He was making no further attempt to keep her in the dark. In the shock of the moment all the barricades he had built around his secret life had fallen like the walls of Jericho. She had nothing to do but walk upward and inward and take possession. All was open. There was neither shrine nor sanctuary any longer. It was no privilege to be admitted thus; anybody would have been admitted who sat beside him as she was sitting now.

But in the end the paroxysm passed and his hands came down.

"I know it's hard for you, Thor—" The eyes he turned on her were full of such unspeakable things that she stopped. She was obliged to wait till he looked away again before she could go on. "I know it's hard for you, Thor. It's hard for—for us all. But my point is that bitterness or violence will only make it worse. You must remember—I feel that I *must* remind you of it—that you're not the—not the only sufferer."

He bowed his head into his hands again, but without the mad anguish of a few minutes earlier.

"Where so much is intolerable," she pursued, "what we have to do—each one of us—is to see how tolerable we can make things for every one else."

He raised his head for one quick, reproachful glance. "Do you mean tolerable for—for Claude?"

"Yes, I do mean for Claude. *We* sha'n't have to punish him."

He gave her another look. "Then what have we got to do?"

"Nothing that isn't kind—and well thought out beforehand. That's really the important thing. When one can't move without hurting some one, isn't it better not to move at all?"

It was the old doctrine of tarrying the Lord's leisure against which his instincts were still in revolt. His indignation was such that he could partially turn and face her. "Do you mean to say that we should *let* him abandon her—*now?*"

She laid her hand on his arm. "Oh, Thor, dear, it isn't for us to let—or prevent—or anything. We can't drive other people—and it's only to a slight degree that we can lead them. Even I

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know that. What we can do best is to follow—and pick up the pieces."

He shook his head blankly. "I don't understand. What good would that do?"

She rose, saying quietly, "I shall have to let you think it out for yourself."

As he remained seated, his forehead resting on his hand, she passed behind him. With her arm thrown lightly across his shoulders she bent over him till her cheek touched his hair. "Thor, dear," she whispered, "we've got our own problems to solve, haven't we? We can't solve Claude's and Rosie's too. No one can do that but themselves. Whatever happens—whether he comes back and marries her, or whether he doesn't — no help would ever come of your interference or mine. If we'd only understood that before—"

"You mean, if I had."

"Well, Thor, darling, you haven't. You see, human beings are so terribly free. I say terribly, on purpose — because you can't compel them to be wise and prudent and safe, even when they're making the most obvious mistakes. We must let them make them—and suffer—and learn." She bent closer to his ear. "And it's what we must do, Thor, dear, you and I. We've made our mistakes already — though perhaps we didn't know it. Now we must have the suffering—and—and the learning."

She brushed her lips lightly across his hair and left him.

As she walked through the Square, and past the terminus of the tram-line, and on into the beginning of County Street, she was obliged to keep repeating her own words—"Nothing that isn't kind and well thought out beforehand." Having counseled him against bitterness and violence, she saw that her immediate task was not to swallow her own words. Bitterness was beyond suppression, and violence would have been so easy! "*Well thought out beforehand*," she emphasized. "Whatever I do I must keep to that. If *I* don't, God knows where we shall be."

In pursuance of this principle she turned in at her father-in-law's gate. He and Mrs. Masterman must also be warned. Rosie's rash act would touch them so closely that unless they were informed of it gently something regrettable might be said or done.

As to that, however, her fears proved groundless. Masterman himself opened the door for her as she went up the steps. "Saw you coming," he explained. "Just got out from town. Ena's been telling me the most distressing thing—the most damnably theatrical, idiotic thing. Perhaps you've heard of it."

"I know what you mean. I've been there. I was there when they brought her ashore. It may have been idiotic, as you say, but I don't think it was theatrical."

"You will when you know. Ena," he called up the stairs after they had entered the hall; "Lois is here. Come down."

Mrs. Masterman entered the library a minute later with both hands outstretched. "Oh, my dear, what a comedy this is!" It was not often that her manner forsook its ladylike suavity. "*What* a comedy! But of course you don't know. Nobody knows, thank God! But we must tell *you*." She turned to her husband. "Will you tell her, Archie, or shall I?"

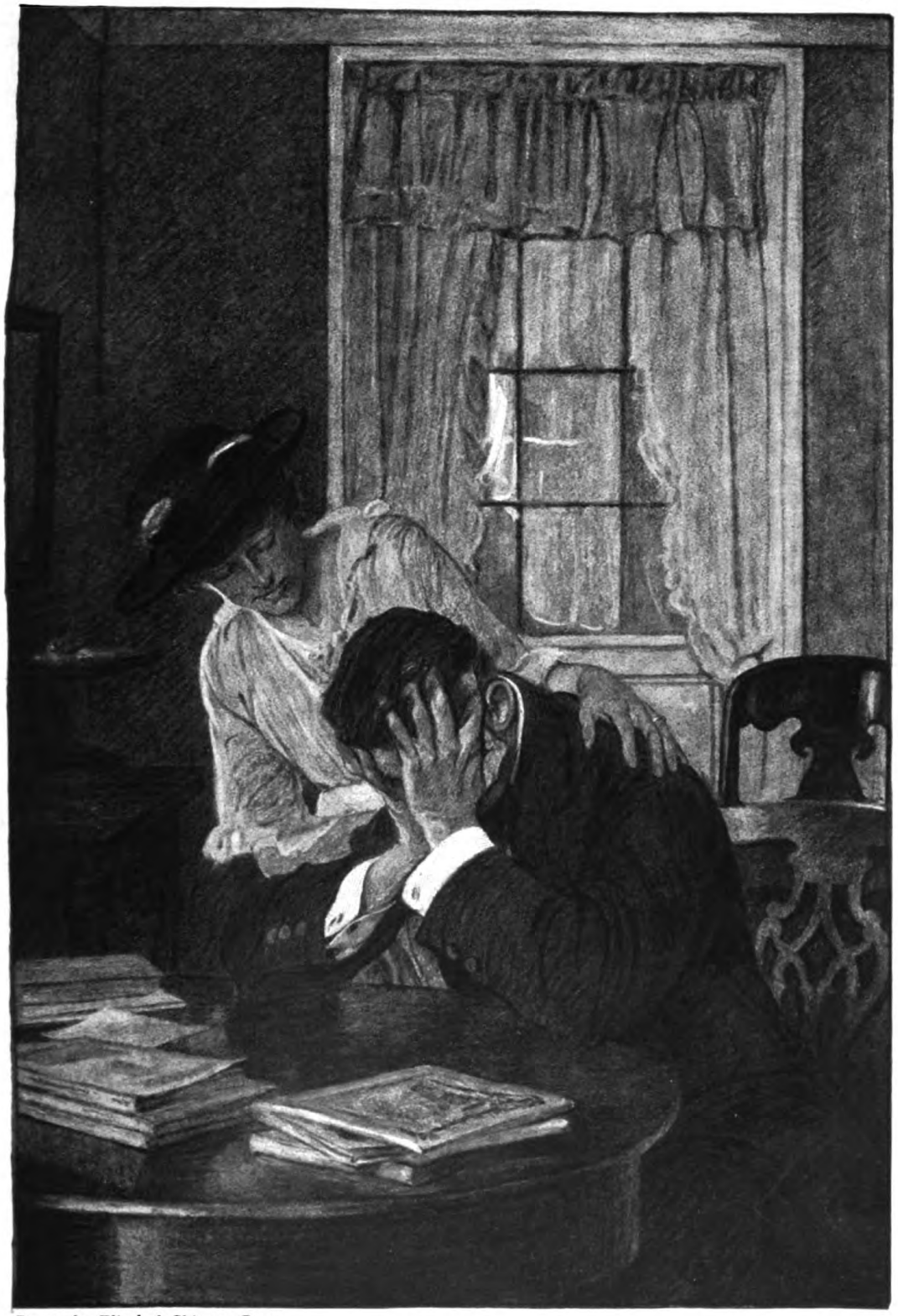
"If it's about Claude and Rosie Fay," Lois said, when they had got seated, "I know all that. Thor told me. He told me yesterday, because—well, because I'd been taking an interest in Rosie for some months past, and when I went to see her yesterday afternoon old Mr. Fay wouldn't let me. He said there'd been trouble—or something—between Claude and Rosie—"

"Oh, he's been so romantic, poor boy," Ena interrupted, "and so loyal. You'd hardly believe. He's been taken in completely. He *did* want to marry her. That's true. There's no use denying it. He told his father and he told me. Oh, you've no idea. We've been *so* worried. But he must have found her out—*simply* found her out."

Lois weighed the wisdom of asking questions or of learning more than Thor chose to tell her, but in the end it seemed reasonable to ask, "Found her out—how?"

Ena threw up her pretty hands. "Oh, well, with a girl of that sort what could you expect? Claude's been completely

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"WE'VE GOT OUR OWN PROBLEMS TO SOLVE, HAVEN'T WE?"

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taken in—or he was. He's so innocent, poor boy. He wouldn't believe—not even when I told him. I tried to stand by him—I really did. Didn't I, Archie? When he said he wanted to marry her I said, said I, 'If she's a good girl, Claude, and loves you, I'll accept her.' I really did, Lois—and you can imagine what it cost me. But I could see at once. Any one who wasn't infatuated as Claude was would have seen at a glance. The girl must be—well, something awful."

Lois spoke warmly. "Oh, I don't think that."

"My dear Lois, *I know*. What's more, Thor knows, too. And I must say I can't help blaming Thor. He's backed Claude up—and backed him up when all the while he's known what she was."

Lois felt obliged to speak. "I don't think he's known anything—anything to her discredit."

"Oh, but he has. I assure you he has. And what amazes me about Thor—simply amazes me—is that he shouldn't see it in the right light. Archie did, as soon as I told him. Didn't you, Archie? And I *didn't* tell him," Ena ran on, excitedly, "till I saw what trouble dear Claudie was in. When Claudie began to see for himself I betrayed his confidence to the extent of telling his father, but not before. You could hardly blame me for that, could you?—his own father. And when I did tell Archie—why, it was so plain that a child could have understood."

The question, "What was plain?" could not but come to Lois's lips, but she succeeded in withholding it. She even rose, with signs of going. It was Archie who responded to his wife, taking a man's view of that which seemed to her so damning.

"We must make allowances, of course, for it's being a cock-and-bull story to begin with. Girls like that never know how to tell the truth."

"We couldn't treat it as a cock-and-bull story so long as Claude believed it," the mother declared, in defense of her right to be anxious. "And Thor believed it, too. I know he did. And I *do* blame Thor for not telling Claude—a boy so inexperienced!—that a girl couldn't be getting money from some other man—and go on getting it after she was married—unless there'd been something wrong."

Lois felt as if her blood had been arrested at her heart. "Money from some other man?"

"Money from some other man," Mrs. Masterman repeated, firmly. "I told Claude at the time that no man in his senses would settle money on a girl like that unless there'd been a reason—and a very good reason, too. A very good reason, *too*, I said. But Claude's as ignorant of the world as if he was ten years old. He really is. She took him in completely."

Being too consciously a gentleman to say more in disparagement of a woman's character than he had permitted himself already, Masterman remained in the library while his wife accompanied Lois to the door. The latter had said good-by and was descending the steps when Ena cried out in a tone that was like a confession:

"Oh, Lois, you don't think that poor girl had any *reason* to throw herself into the pond, do you?"

At the foot of the steps Lois turned and looked upward. Ena was wringing her hands, but the daughter-in-law didn't notice it. As a matter of fact, Lois was too deeply sunk into thoughts of her own to have any attention to spare for other people's searchings of heart. Having heard the question, she could answer it, but absently, and as though it were a point of no pressing concern.

"She hadn't the reason you're thinking of. I feel very sure of that. I've asked her mother—and she says she knows it."

Mrs. Masterman was uttering some expression of relief, but Lois could listen to no more. In her heart there was room for only one consideration. "Money! Money!" she was saying to herself as she went down the avenue beneath the leafing elms. "He was going to give her—that."

But Ena returned to the threshold of the library, where her husband, standing with his back to the empty fireplace, was meditating moodily.

"Archie," she faltered, "you do think

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that girl was only seeking notoriety, don't you?"

He raised his head, which had been hanging pensively. "Certainly. Don't you?"

She tried to speak with conviction. "Oh yes; of—of course."

"That is," Archie analyzed, "she was going in for cheap tragedy in the hope that the sensation would reach Claude. That was her game—quite evidently. Dare say it was a put-up job between her and those two young men. Took very good care, at any rate, to have 'em 'longside."

"But if Claude should hear of it—"

"Must see that he doesn't. Wiring him to-night to go on to Japan, after he's seen California. Let him go to India, if he likes—round the world. Anything to keep him away—and you and I," he added, "had better hook it till the whole thing blows over."

She looked distressed. "Hook it, Archie?"

"Close the house up and go abroad. Haven't been abroad for three years now. Little motor trip through England—and back toward the end of the summer. Fortunately I've sold that confounded property. Good price, too. Hobson, of Hobson & Davies. Going to build for residence. Takes it from the expiration of the lease, which is up in July. He'll clear out the whole gang then, so that by the time we come back they'll be gone. What do you think? Might do Devonshire and Cornwall—always wanted to take that trip—with a few weeks in Paris before we come home."

The suggestion of going abroad came as such a pleasing surprise that Mrs. Masterman slipped into a chair to turn it over in her mind. "Then Claude *couldn't* come back, could he?" expressed the first of the advantages she foresaw. He'd have nowhere to go."

"Oh, he'll not be in a hurry to do that," Archie said, confidently.

"And I do want some things," she mused further. "I had nothing to wear for the Darlings' ball — nothing — and you know how long I've worn the dinner-dresses I have. I really couldn't put on the green again." She was silent for some minutes, when another of those queer little cries escaped her such as had broken from her lips when she stood at the door with Lois: "But, oh, Archie, I want to do what's right!—what's right, Archie!"

He looked at her from under his brows as his head again drooped moodily. "What's—*what?*"

"What's right, Archie. Latterly—Oh, I don't know!—but latterly—" She passed her hand across her brow. . . . "Sometimes I feel—I get to be afraid, Archie—as if we weren't—as if we hadn't—as if something were going to happen—to overtake us—"

Crossing the room, he bent back her pretty head and kissed her. "Nonsense," he smiled, unsteadily. "Nerves, dear. Don't wonder at it—with all we've been through—one way and another. But that's what we'll do. Close the house up and go abroad for three months. Inconvenient just now with the upset in the business—but we'll do it. Get out of the way. See something new. There, now, old girl," he coaxed, patting her on the shoulder, "brace up and shake it off. Nothing but nerves." He added, as he moved back toward his stand by the fireplace, "Get 'em myself."

"Do you, Archie? Like that? Like—like what I said?"

He had resumed his former attitude, his feet wide apart, his hands behind his back, his head hanging, when he muttered, "Like the devil."

She was not sure how much mental discomfort was indicated by the phrase, so she sat looking at him distressfully. Being unused to grappling with grave questions of right and wrong, she found the process difficult. It was like wandering through morasses in which she could neither sink nor swim, till she found herself emerging on solid, familiar ground again with the reconciling observation, "Well, I do need a few things."

CHAPTER XXVII

IT was not till Rosie was well enough to go listlessly back to work, and the Mastermans had sailed, that Lois found her own emotions ripe for speech. During the intervening fort-

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night she and Thor had lived their ordinary life together, but on a basis which each knew to be temporary. While he kept his office hours in the mornings and visited his patients in the afternoons, and she busied herself with household tasks or superintended the gardener in replanting the faded tulip-beds with phlox and sweet-peas and dahlias; while she sewed or did embroidery in the evenings and listened to him reading aloud, or—since the nights were growing warm—they sat silent on an upper balcony, or talked about the stars, each knew that the inner tension would never be relaxed till it was broken.

If there was any doubt of that it was on Thor's side. Because she said nothing, there were minutes when he hoped she had nothing to say. Unaware of a woman's capacity for keeping the surface unruffled while storm may be raging beneath, he beguiled himself at times into thinking that his fears of her acuteness had been false alarms. If so, he could only be thankful. He wanted to forget. If he had had a prayer to put up on the subject, it would have been that she would allow him to forget. So, as day followed day, regularly, peacefully, with an abstention on her part from comment that could give him pain, he began to indulge the hope—a hope which he knew in his heart to be baseless—that she had nothing to remember.

When he was called on at last to face the realities of the case the moment was as unexpected to him as it was to her. She had not meant to bring the subject up on that particular evening. She had made no programme—not because she was uncertain as to what she ought to say, but because the impulse to say it lagged. In the end it came to her without warning, surprising herself no less than him.

"Thor, were you going to give money to Rosie Fay?"

The croaking of frogs seemed part of the silence in which she waited for his answer. The warm air was heavy with the scents of lilac, honeysuckle, and syringa. As they stood by the railing of the balcony that connected the exterior of their two rooms, she erect, he leaning outward with an arm stretched toward the sky, a great white lilac, whose roots were in the early days of the Willoughby farm, threw up its tribute of blossom almost to their feet. The lights of the village being banked under verdure, the eye sought the stars.

Thor loved the stars. On moonless nights he spent hours in contemplation of their beckoning mystery. From Auriga and Taurus in January, he followed them round to Aries and Perseus in December, getting a beam on his inward way. Just now, with the aid of a pencil, he was tracing for his wife's benefit the lines of the rising Virgin. Lois could almost discern the graceful, recumbent figure, winged, noble, lying on the eastern horizon, Spica's sweet, silvery light a-tremble in her hand. She was actually thinking how white for a star was Spica's radiance, when the words slipped out: "Thor, were you going to give money to Rosie Fay?"

He suppressed the natural question concerning her sources of information in order to say, as quietly as he could, "If—if Claude had married her I was going to—to help them out."

She resented what she considered his evasiveness. "That isn't just what I asked."

"Even so, it tells you what you want to know. Doesn't it?"

"Not everything I want to know."

"Why should you want to know—everything?"

"Because—" It struck her that her reason could be best expressed by shifting her ground. "Thor, dear, exactly why did you want to marry me?"

The change in tactics troubled him. "I think I told you that at the time."

"You told me you came to me as to a—to a shelter."

"And as to a home. I said that, too, Lois."

"Yes," she agreed, slowly, "you said that, too." A brief interval gave emphasis to the succeeding words: "But did you think it was enough?"

"I couldn't judge of that. I could only say—what I had to say—truthfully."

"Oh, I know it was—truthfully. It's—it's just the trouble. You see, Thor," she went on, unsteadily, "I thought you

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were telling me only some of what was in your heart—and it was all."

"I'm not certain that I know what you mean by all. What I felt was—so much." He added, reproachfully, "It's surely a great deal when a man finds a woman his refuge from trouble."

"That's perfectly true, Thor; and there's no one in the world who wouldn't be touched by it. But in the case of a wife, she can hardly help thinking of the kind of trouble he's escaping from."

"But so long as he escapes from it—"

She interrupted quickly: "Yes; so long as he does. But when he doesn't? When, instead of leaving his trouble outside the refuge, he brings it in?"

He took an uneasy turn up and down the balcony. "Look here, Lois; have you any particular motive in bringing this up now?"

"Yes, Thor. It's the same motive I had a few weeks ago, only that I haven't been sure of it till to-night. I want you"—she hesitated, but urged herself on—"I want you—to let me go away."

"Go away?" he cried, sharply. "Go away where?"

"I don't know yet. Anywhere. There are one or two visits I might make—or I could find a place. That part of it doesn't matter."

"But when you wanted to go away a few weeks ago—"

"It was to—to take *her*. I shouldn't need to do that now, because she's better. In a way she's all right—all right, only changed."

It was to make a show of not being afraid to mention Rosie that he said, "Changed in what way?"

"Well, you'll see." She decided that for his own sake it was kindness to be cruel, and so added: "Changed to a healthier frame of mind. She's very much ashamed of what she tried to do, and wants to begin again on a—on a less foolish basis. So," she continued, reverting to her former point, "my going away wouldn't now have anything to do with her. It would be on my own account. I want to—to think."

"Think about what?"

"Well, chiefly about you."

He knew they were nearing the heart of the question, and so went up to it boldly. "To wonder—whether or not—I—love you? Is that it?"

"N-no; not exactly." She allowed a second to pass before letting slip the words: "Rather the other way."

"The other way—how?"

She spoke very softly. "Whether or not—I love *you*."

"Oh!" His tone was as soft as hers, but with the ejaculation he moved his big hands about his body like a man feeling for his wound. "I thought you did."

"Yes, I thought so, too—till—till lately. Perhaps I do, even now. I don't know. It's what I want to get away for—to think—to see. I can't do either when you're so near me. You—you overwhelm me—you crush me. I don't get the free use of my mind."

He turned again to pace the narrow limits of the balcony. "If you ever did love me, Lois," he said, in a voice she hardly recognized because of the new thrill in it, "I've done nothing to deserve the withdrawal of—of your affection."

She answered while still keeping her eyes absently on Spica's white effulgence. "I know you haven't, Thor, dear. But that's not the point. It's rather that I have to go back and—and revise everything—form new conceptions."

He paused, standing behind her. "I don't think I get your idea."

"No, probably not. You couldn't without knowing what it all used to mean to me."

"*Used* to mean?"

"Yes, Thor; used to mean in a way that it doesn't now, and never can any more."

There was pain in his voice as he said, "That's hard, Lois—damnably hard."

"I know, Thor, dear. I wouldn't say it if I hadn't made up my mind that I must—that I ought to. I've had a great shock—which has been in its way a great humiliation—but I could go on keeping it to myself if I hadn't come to the conclusion that it's best for you to know. Men are so slow to fathom what their wives are thinking of—"

"Well, then, tell me."

She turned slowly round from her contemplation of the stars, a hand on

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each side grasping the low rail against which she leaned. The spangles on a scarf over her bare shoulders glittered iridescently in the light streaming from her room. Of Thor she could discern little more than the whiteness of his face and of his evening shirt-front from the obscurity in which he kept himself. A minute or more elapsed before she went on.

"You see, Thor, I didn't fall in love with you first of all for your own sake; it was because—because I thought you'd fallen in love with me. That's a sort of confession, isn't it? It may be something I ought to be ashamed of, and perhaps I am—a little. But you'd understand how it could happen if you were to realize what it was to me that a man should fall in love with me at all."

He tried to interrupt her, but she insisted on going on in her own way. "I wasn't attractive. I never had been. During the years when I was going out I never received what people call attentions—not from any one. I don't say that I didn't suffer on account of it. I did—but I'd begun to take the suffering philosophically. I'd made up my mind that no one would ever care for me, and I was getting used to the idea—when —when you came."

Because her voice trembled she pressed her handkerchief against her lips, while Thor stood silent in the darkness of the far end of the balcony.

"And when you did come, Thor, dear, it couldn't but seem to me the most amazing thing that ever happened. I didn't allow myself to think that you were in love with me—I didn't dare—at first. It made me happy that you should think it worth while just to come and see me, to talk to me, to tell me some of the things you hoped to do. That in itself—"

She broke off again, losing something of her self-command. In the stress of physical agitation she drew the spangled scarf over her shoulders and stepped forward into the shaft of light that fell through the open French window of her room.

"But finally, Thor, I came to the conclusion that you must love me. I couldn't explain your kindness in any other way. Believe me, I didn't accept that way till—till it seemed the only one, but when I did; well, it wasn't merely pride and happiness that I felt—it was something more." A sob in her throat obliged her to interrupt herself again, while the croaking of frogs continued. "And so, Thor, dear, love came to me, too. It came because I thought you brought it; but now that I see you didn't bring it, you can understand why I should be in doubt as to—as to whether or not—it really did come."

Since he recognized the futility of making an immediate response, they stood confronting each other in silence.

She took another step nearer him. "But what I'm not in any doubt about at all is the scorn I feel for myself for ever having cherished the delusion. If I'd been a woman with—with more claim, let us say, to being loved—"

"Lois, for God's sake, don't say that!"

"But I must say it, Thor. It's at the bottom of all I mean. I was weak and foolish enough to think that in spite of the things I lacked a man had given me his heart—when he hadn't."

"Lois, I can't stand this. Please don't go on."

"But I have to stand it, Thor. I have to stand it day and night, without ever getting away from the thought of it. I have to go back and puzzle and wonder and speculate as to why you did what you've done to me. I see things this way, Thor: There was a time when you thought you might come to care for me. You really thought it. And then—something happened—and you were not so sure. Later, you felt that you couldn't—that you never would. But the something that happened happened the wrong way for you—and papa broke down as he did—and I was in danger of being poor—and you were kind and generous—and—you weren't very happy as things were—you told me so, didn't you? And—and—in short —you thought you might as well. You knew I expected it—or had expected it once—and so—so you did it. Tell me, Thor, dear; am I so very far wrong? Wasn't it like that?"

He raised his head defiantly. "And if I admitted that it was like that, what then?"

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"Oh, nothing. I should merely ask you the same thing — to let me go away."

"Away for how long?"

She reflected. "Till I could establish a new basis on which to come back."

"I don't know what you mean by a new basis."

"I dare say I don't mean anything very different from the compromise most people have to make—a little while after marriage; only that in my case the necessity comes more as—a shock. You see, Thor, you're not the man—not the man I thought you were. I must have a little while to get used to that."

He stirred uneasily. "You find I'm—I'm not so good a man."

"Oh, I don't say that. I don't say that at all. You're just as good. Only you're not—" She went up to him, laying her hands on his shoulders—"Oh, you don't understand. I loved the other Thor. I'm not sure that I love this one. I don't know. Perhaps I do. I can't tell till I get away from you. Let me go. It may not be for long."

She stepped back from him toward the window of her room through which she seemed about to pass. He was obliged to speak in order to retain her.

"Look here, Lois," he began, not knowing exactly how he meant to continue. She turned with a foot on the threshold, her hand on the knob of the open window-door. The pose, set off by the simplicity of the old black evening dress she was in the habit of wearing when they were alone, displayed the commanding beauty of her figure to a degree which he had never observed before. He remembered afterward that something shot through him, something he had associated hitherto only with memories of little Rosie Fay, but for the minute he was too intensely preoccupied for more than a subconscious attention. She was waiting and he must say something to justify his appeal to her. "It's all right," were the words he found. "I'm willing. That is, I'm willing in principle. Only"—he stammered on—"only I don't want you to go roaming the country by yourself. Why not let me go? I could go away for a while, and you could stay here." He warmed to the idea as soon as he began to express it. "This is your home, rather than mine. It's your father's house. You've lived in it for years. I couldn't stay here without you—while you're used to it without me. I'll go. I'll go—and I'll not come back till you tell me. There. Will that do?"

The advantages of the arrangement were evident. She answered slowly. "It—it might. But what about your patients?"

"Oh, Hill would look after them. He said he would if I wanted to attend the medical congress at Minneapolis. I told him I didn't, but—but"—he tapped the rail to emphasize the timeliness of the idea—"but, by George! I'll do it. You'd have three weeks at least—and as many more as you ask for."

She gave the suggestion a minute's thought. "Very well, Thor. Since the congress is going on—and your time wouldn't be altogether thrown away—You see, all I want is a little quiet—a little solitude perhaps—just to realize where I am—and to see how—to begin again—if we ever can."

She closed one side of the window, softly and slowly. Her hands were on the other *battant* when he uttered a little throaty cry. "Aren't you going to say good night?"

Standing on the low step of the window, she was sufficiently above him to be able to fold his head in her arms, to pillow it on her breast, while she imprinted a long kiss on the thick, dark mass of his hair. Having released him, she withdrew, closing the window gently and pulling down the blinds.

Outside in the darkness Thor turned once more to where the Virgin, recumbent, noble, outlined and crowned with stars, Spica the wheat-ear in the hand hanging by her side, rose slowly toward mid-heaven. Irrelevantly there came back to his memory something said months before by his uncle Sim, but which he had not recalled since the night he heard it. "You may make an awful fool of yourself, Thor, but you'll be on the side of the angels—and the angels will be on yours."

"Hmph!" he snorted to himself. "That's all very fine. But—where are

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the angels?" And again he sought the stars.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IT was Jim Breen who told Lois that Jasper Fay's tenancy of the land north of the Pond was definitely ended. "Want a nice fern-tree, Mrs. Masterman?" he had asked, briskly. "Two or three beauties for sale at Mr. Fay's place. Look dandy in the corner of a big room. Beat palms and rubber-plants like a rose 'll beat a bur. Get a nice cheap one at Mr. Fay's."

Lois wondered. "Is Mr. Fay selling off?"

"Well, not exactly. Father's selling what he don't want to cart over to our place. Didn't you know? Father's bought out Mr. Fay's stock. Mr. Fay's got to beat it by July ninth."

As Lois looked into the honest face she made the reflection with a little jealous pang that Rosie Fay was just the type that men like Jim Breen fell in love with. There was something in men like Jim Breen, in men like Thor Masterman—the big, generous, tender men—that impelled them toward piteous little creatures like Rosie Fay, driven probably by the protective yearning in themselves. It placed the tall women, the strong women, the women whose first impulse was to give to others rather than to get anything for themselves, at a disadvantage. In response to the information just received, she said, anxiously, "Why, Jim, tell me about it."

He drew from the wagon a wooden "flat" filled with zinnia plantlings, like so many little green rosettes. "Hadley B. Hobson owns that property now, Mrs. Masterman," he said, cheerily, depositing the "flat" on the ground. "Going to build. Didn't you know? Have a dandy place there. Had architects and landscape-gardeners prowling round for the last two weeks, and old man Fay won't allow one of them on the grounds. You'd die laughing to see him chasing them off with a spade or a rake or whatever he has in his hand. His property till July ninth, he says, and he wouldn't let so much as a crow fly over it if it belonged to Hadley B. Hobson. You'd die laughing."

"I don't see how you can laugh when he's in such trouble, poor man."

"Oh, well," Jim drawled optimistically, "he won't do so bad. He can always have a job with father. Father's mingled with him ever since the two of them were young. If Mr. Fay hadn't been so moonstruck he'd have had just the same chance as father had."

Lois chose a moment which seemed to be discreet in order to say: "I know Rosie quite well. I've seen a good deal of her during the past few months."

"Rosie's all right, Mrs. Masterman," Jim answered suddenly and a trifle aggressively. "I don't care what any one says—she's all right."

"I know she's all right, Jim. She's one of the most remarkable characters I've ever met. I often wish she'd let me help her more."

"Well, you hold on to her, Mrs. Masterman," he advised, with a curious, pleading quality in his voice. "You'll find she'll be worth it. And if ever a girl was up against it—she is."

"I will hold on to her, Jim."

"It's all rot what people are saying that she'd gone melancholy because she took that fool jump into the Pond. I know how she did it. She'd got to the point where she couldn't help it, where she just couldn't stand any more—with the business all gone to pieces and Matt coming out of jail, and everything else. Who wouldn't have done it? I'd have done it myself, if I'd been a girl. She'd got worked up, Mrs. Masterman, and when girls get worked up, why, they'll do anything. I believe the shock's done her good. Sort of cleared her mind like."

Lois tried to be tactful. "Then you see her?"

"We-ll—on and off." He grew appealing and confidential. "I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Masterman," he began, as if acknowledging an indiscretion; "I went with Rosie once. Went with her for over a year."

"Did you, Jim?"

He leaned nonchalantly against Maud's barrel-shaped body, his face taking on an expression of boyish regret. "And I'd have gone on going with her if—if Rosie hadn't—hadn't kind of dropped me."

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"Oh, but, Jim, why should she?"

"We-ll, I can understand it. Rosie's high-toned, you know, Mrs. Masterman, and she's got a magnificent education. I guess you wouldn't come across them more refined, not in the most tip-top families. Pretty! My Lord! pretty isn't the word for it. And I think she grows prettier. And work! Why, Mrs. Masterman, if that girl was at the head of a plant like ours there wouldn't be anything for father and me to do but sit in a chair and rock."

"I'm glad she's willing to see you," Lois ventured.

He sprang to his seat behind Maud. "Well, I guess she needs all the friends she's got."

Lois ventured still further. "I'm sure she needs friends like you, Jim."

There was a flare in his eye as he fumbled for the reins. "Well, she's only got to stoop and pick me up. Git along, Maud. Gee!" In obedience to his pull Maud arched her heavy neck and executed a sidewise movement uncertainly. "She knows I'm there," he continued, as the wagon creaked round. "Been there ever since she dropped me. Gee! Maud, gee! What you thinking of? I've never gone with any one else, Mrs. Masterman—not really *gone* with them. Rosie's been the only one so far. Well, good-by. And you *will* hold on to her, Mrs. Masterman, now, won't you?"

"Indeed I will, Jim—and—and you must do the same."

He threw her a rueful look over his shoulder, as Maud paced toward the gate. "Oh, I'm on the job every time."

The visit gave her a number of themes for thought, of which the most insistent was the power some women had of drawing out the love of men. For the rest of the day her gardening became no more than a mechanical directing of the setting out of seedlings, while she meditated on the problem of attractiveness.

How was it that women of small endowments could captivate men at sight, and that others of inexhaustible potentialities—she was not afraid to rank herself among them—went unrecognized and undesired? If Rosie Fay had been content with the honors of a local belle, she could have had her choice among half the young men in the village. What was her gift? What was the gift of that great sisterhood, comprising perhaps a third of the women in the world, to whom the majority of men turned instinctively, ignoring, or partially ignoring, the rest? Was it mere sheep-stupidity in men themselves that sent one where the others went, without capacity for individual discernment?—or was there a secret call that women like Rosie Fay could give which brought them too much of that for which other women were left famishing?

She put the question that evening to Dr. Sim Masterman, who had dropped in to see her, as he not infrequently did after his supper, now that Thor was away. Indeed, his visits were so regular as to make her afraid that with his curious social or spiritual second sight he suspected more in Thor's absence than zeal for the science of medicine.

"Why do men fall in love with inferior women?—become infatuated with them?"

He answered while sprawling before the library fire, his long legs apart, his fingers interlocked over his old tan waistcoat. "No use to discuss love with a woman. She can't get hold of it by the right end."

"Oh, but I thought that was just what she could do—one of the few capabilities universally conceded her."

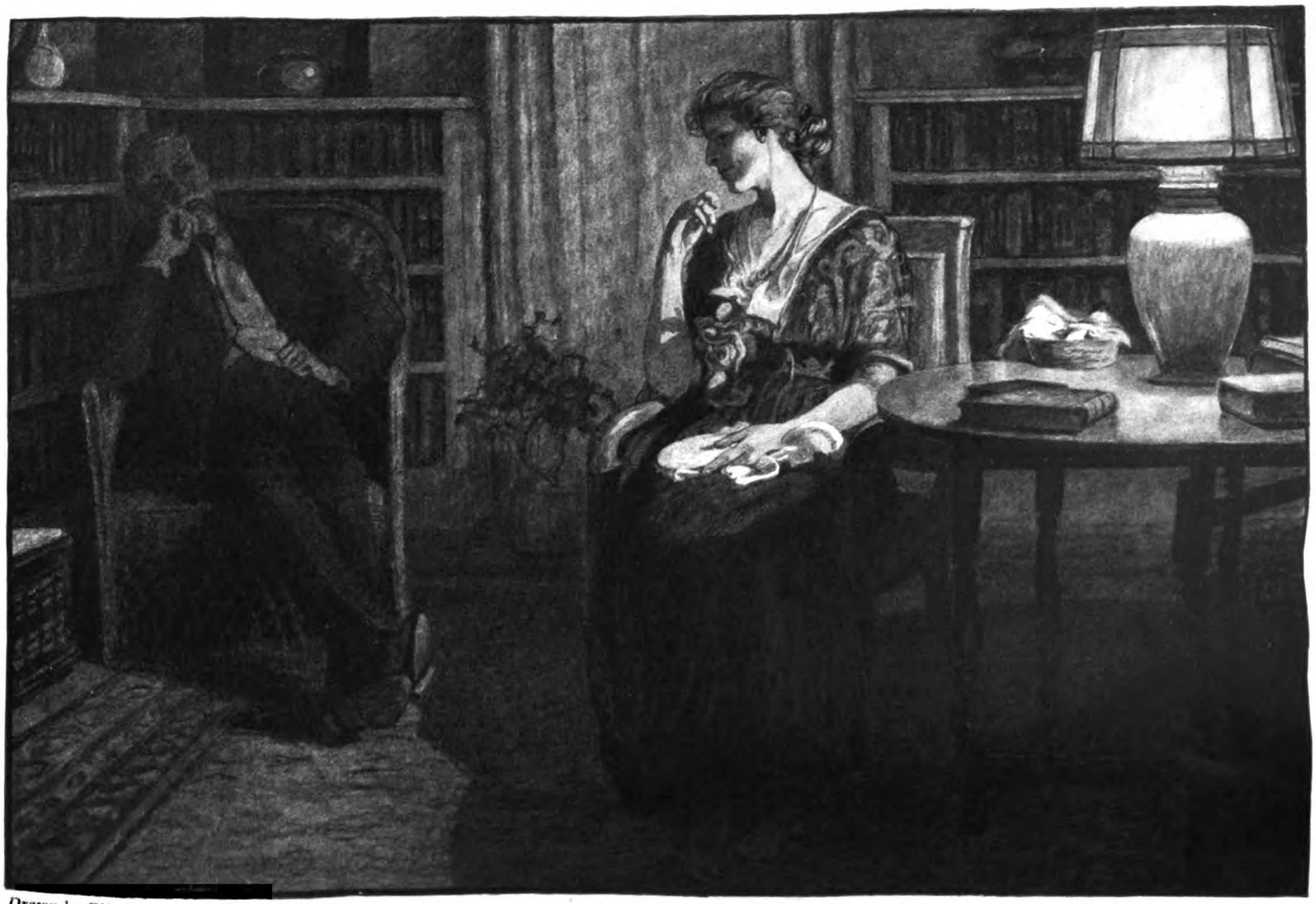
"All wrong, my dear. A man occasionally understands love, but a woman never—or so rarely that it hardly counts. Gets it backward—wrong end first—nine women out of ten."

She looked up from her sewing. "I do wish you'd tell me what you mean by that."

"Clear enough. Love is in the first place the instinct to love some one else, and only in the second place the desire to be loved in return. Ten to one, the woman puts the cart before the horse. She's thinking of the return before she's done anything to get it. She don't want to love half as much as to be *loved*—and so she finds herself left."

Lois went on with her sewing again, but she was uneasy. She thought of her confession to Thor. Could it be that there was something wrong with

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"DO YOU REALLY DISAPPROVE OF LOVE, UNCLE SIM?"

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her love as well as with his? It was to see what he had to say further that she asked, "Finds herself left in what way?"

"Make 'emselves too sentimental," he grumbled on. "In love with love. They like that expression, and it does 'em harm. Sets 'em to wool-gathering—with the heart. Makes 'em think love more important than it is."

"It's generally supposed to be rather important."

"Rather's the word. But it's not the only thing of which that can be said—and more. Women reason as if it was. Make their lives depend on it. Mistake. If you can get it, well and good; if not—there's compensation."

She lifted her head not less in amazement than in indignation. "Compensation for having to do without *love?*"

"Heaps."

"And may I ask what?"

"No use telling you. Wouldn't believe me. Be like telling a man who's fond of his wine that he'd be just as well off with water."

She said, musingly, "Yes; love *is* the wine of life, isn't it?"

"Wine that maketh glad the heart of man—and can also play the deuce with it."

She sat for some time smiling to herself with faint amusement. "Do you really disapprove of love, Uncle Sim?" she asked, at last.

He yawned loudly and stretched himself. "What 'd be the good of that? Don't disapprove of it any more than I disapprove of the circulation of the blood. Force in life—of course! Treasure to be valued and peril to be controlled. To play with it requires skill; to utilize it calls for wisdom."

She had again been smiling gently to herself when she said, "I doubt if *you* can ever have been in love."

"Got nothing to do with it. Not obliged to have been insane to understand insanity. As a matter of fact, best brain specialists have always kept their senses."

"Oh, then, you rate love with insanity."

"Depends on the kind. Some sorts not far from it. Obsession. Brain-storm. Super-normal excitement. Passing commotion of the senses. Comes as suddenly as a summer tempest—thunder and lightning and rain—and goes the same way."

"Oh, but would you call that love?"

"You bet I'd call it love. Love the poets write about. Grand passion. Whirls along like a tornado—makes a noise and kicks up dust—and all over in an afternoon. That's the real thing. If you can't love like that, you can't love at all—not in the grand manner. The going just as vital as the coming. Very essence of it that it shouldn't last. That's why Shakespeare kills his Romeo and his Juliet at the end of the play—and Wagner his Tristan and his Isolde. Nothing else to do with 'em. People of that kind go through just the same set of high jinks six or eight months later with some one else; and in poetry that wouldn't do. Romantic lovers love by crises, and never pass twice the same way. People who don't do that—and lots of 'em don't—needn't think they can be romantic. They ain't."

"But surely there *is* a love—"

"Of the nice, tame, house-keeping variety. Of course! And it bears the same relation to the other kind as a glass of milk to a bottle of champagne. Mind you, I like milk. I approve of it. In the long run it 'll beat champagne any day—especially where you expect babies. I'm only saying that it doesn't come of the same vintage as Veuve Cliquot. Women often wish it did; and when it doesn't they make things uncomfortable. No use. Can't make a Tristan out of good, honest, faithful William Dobbin nohow. The thing with the fizz is bound to go flat; and the thing that stands by you, to be relied on all through life, won't have any fizz."

Feeling at liberty to reject these vaporings as those of an eccentric old man who could know little or nothing on the subject, Lois reverted to the aspect of the question which had been in her mind when she started the theme. "You still haven't answered what I asked—as to why men fall in love with inferior women, and often with a kind of infatuation they hardly ever feel for the good ones."

He took longer than usual to reflect. "Part of man's dual nature. Paul knew

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a good deal about that. Puts the new man in contrast to the old man—the inner man in contrast to the outer man—the spiritual man in contrast to the carnal. The old, outer, carnal man falls in love with one kind of person, and the new, inner, spiritual man with another. Depends on which element is the stronger. The higher falls in love with the higher type; the lower with the lower."

"But suppose neither is stronger than the other?—that they're equally balanced—and—?"

"And in conflict. One of the commonest sights in life. Known fellows in love with two women at the same time—with a good wife at home, mother of the children, and all that—and another kind of woman somewhere else. True, in a way, to 'em both. Struggle of the two natures."

Lois was distressed. "Oh, but that kind of thing can't be love."

"Can't be? 'Tis. Ask any one who's ever felt it—who's been dragged by it both ways at once. He'll tell you whether it's love or not—and each kind the real thing—while it lasts."

It was the expression "while it lasts" that Lois most resented. It reduced love to a phase—to a passing experience that might be repeated on an indefinite number of occasions. It was more than a depreciation; it had the nature of a sacrilege. And yet no later than the following day she received a shock that showed her there was something to be said in its favor.

She had gone nominally to see Rosie, but really to verify for herself Jim Breen's report of the collapse of Jasper Fay's little industry. She found it hard to believe that after Claude's conduct toward Rosie her father-in-law could have the heart to bring further woe upon a family that had already had enough. Nothing but seeing for herself could coerce her incredulity.

She had seen for herself. Over the little place which had always been neat even when it was forlorn there was now the stamp of desolation. The beds which had been seeded or planted a month before, and which should now have been weeded, trimmed, and hoed, were growing with an untended recklessness that had all the proverbial resemblance to moral breakdown. In the cucumber-house the vines had become rusty and limp, sagging from the twines on which they climbed in debauched indifference to sightliness. The roof of the hothouse that had contained the flowers had a deep gash in the glass which it was no longer worth while to mend. There was no yellow-brown plume from the furnace chimney, and the very windows of the old house with the mansard roof had in their stare the glazed, unseeing expression of eyes in which there is death. Inside, Mrs. Fay was packing up. Battered old trunks that had long been stored in some moldy hiding-place stood agape; a packing-case held the place of honor in a forbidding "best room" into which Lois had never looked before. Mrs. Fay had little to say. Tears welled into her cold eyes with the attempt to say anything. Outside, Fay himself had nothing to say at all. Lois had accosted him, and though he had ceased to regard her as an enemy, he stood grimly silent as his only response to her words of consolation.

"I know things will come all right again, Mr. Fay. They must. They look dark now; but haven't you often noticed that after the worst times in our lives we're able to look back and see that the very thing that seemed most cruel was the turning-point at which a change for the better began? You must surely have noticed that—a man with so much experience as you."

He looked vaguely about him, standing in patience till she had said her say, but giving no indication that her words had anything to do with him. The change in his appearance shocked her. Everything in his face had taken on what was to her a terrible significance. The starry mysticism had vanished from the eyes to be replaced by a look that was at once hunted and searching, vindictive and yet woebegone. The mouth was sunken as the mouths of old men become from the loss of teeth, and the thin lips which used to be kindly and vacillating were drawn with a hard, unflinching tightness. The skin that had long been gray was now ghostly, with the shadowy, not quite earthly, hue of things about to disappear.

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She had talked to him for some minutes before he woke to animation. At sight of two young men—surveyor's clerks, perhaps—who had set up in the roadway what might have been a camera on a tripod, or more probably a theodolite, through which they were squinting over the buildings and the slope of the land, he left her abruptly. With a hoe in his hand, he crept forward, taking his place behind a clump of syringa that grew near the gate, ready to strike if either of the lads ventured to put foot on his property. It was the situation at which, according to light-hearted Jim Breen, you would have died laughing; but Lois had difficulty in keeping back her tears.

She found Rosie in the hothouse, of which the interior corresponded to the gash in the roof. All the smaller plants had been removed, disclosing the empty, ugly, earth-stained, water-stained wooden stagings. Only some half-dozen fern-trees remained of all the former beauty.

But even here Rosie was at work, sitting at the old desk, which, deprived of its sheltering greenery, was shabbier than ever, making out bills. There was still money owing to her father, and it was important that it should be collected. Over and over again she wrote her neat "Acct. rendered," while she added as a postscript in every case: "Please remit. Going out of business."

And yet, if there was anything on the dilapidated premises that could cheer or encourage it was Rosie. With the enforced rest and seclusion following on her fruitless dash to escape, her prettiness had become more delicate, less worn. Shame at her folly had put into her greenish eyes a pleading timidity which became a quivering, babyish tremble when it reached the lips. The contrast which the girl thus presented to her parents, as well as something that was visibly developing within her, enabled Lois to affirm that which hitherto she had only hoped or suspected, that the wild leap into the Pond had worked some mysterious good.

Like her father and mother, Rosie had little to say. The meeting was embarrassing. There were too many unuttered and unutterable thoughts on both sides to make intercourse easy or agreeable. All they could achieve was to be sorry for each other, in a measure to respect each other, and to make up by an enforced, slightly perfunctory, good will for what they lacked in the way of spontaneity.

Lois took the chair on which Rosie had been seated at the desk, while Rosie leaned against a corner of the empty staging. It furnished the latter with something to say to be able to tell the new plans of the family. Her father had taken a job with Mr. Breen. It wouldn't be like managing his own place, but it would be better than nothing. He had also rented a tenement in a "three-family" house on the Thorley estate, to which they would move as soon as possible. It was important to make the change, so as to be settled when Matt came out of jail. Both Rosie and her mother were glad that he wouldn't be free till the 10th of July, because the lease terminated on the 9th. He would return, therefore, to absolutely new conditions, and there would be no necessity of going over any of the old ground again. As far as they were concerned—Rosie and her mother—the sooner they went the better they would like it, since they had to go; but "poor father," Rosie said, with a catch in her voice, "won't leave till the last minute has struck. Even then," she added, "I think they'll have to drive him off. This place has been his life. I don't think he'll last long after he's had to leave it."

Having given sympathetic views on these points as they came up, Lois rose to depart. She had actually shaken hands and turned away when Rosie seemed to utter a little cry. That is, her words came out with the emotion of a cry. "Mrs. Masterman! I want to ask you something!"

Lois turned in surprise. "Yes, Rosie? What?"

With one hand Rosie clung to the staging for support. The back of the other hand was pressed against her lips. She could hardly speak. "Is—is Claude staying away on my account?" Before Lois could answer, Rosie added, "Because he—he needn't."

Lois wondered. "What do you mean by that, Rosie?"

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"Only that—that he needn't. I—I don't care whether he stays away or not."

Lois took a step back toward the girl. "You mean that it doesn't make any difference to you what he does?"

She shook her head. "No; not now; not—not any more."

"That is, you've given him up?"

Rosie sought for an explanation. "I haven't given him up. I only—*see*."

"You see what, Rosie?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's—it's like having had a dream—a strange, awful dream—and waking from it."

"Waking from it?"

Rosie nodded. She made a further effort to explain. "After I—I did—what I did—that day at Duck Rock—everything was different. I can't describe it. It was like dying—and coming back. It was like—like waking."

"Do you mean that what happened before seemed—unreal?"

She nodded again. "Yes, that's it. It was like a play." But she corrected herself quickly. "No; it wasn't like a play. It was more than that. It was like a dream—an awful dream—but a dream you like—a dream you'd go through again. No; you wouldn't go through it again—it would kill you." She grew incoherent. "Oh, I don't know—I don't know. It's gone—just gone. I don't say it wasn't real. It *was* real. It was a kind of frenzy. It got hold of me. It got hold of me body and soul. I couldn't think of anything else—while it lasted."

Lois was pained. "Oh, but, Rosie, love can't come and go like that."

"Can't it? Then it wasn't love." But she contradicted herself again. "Yes, it *was* love. It was love—while it lasted."

While it lasted! While it lasted! The phrase seemed to be on every one's lips. There was distress in Lois's voice as she said, "But if it was love, Rosie, it ought to have lasted."

And Rosie seemed to agree with her. "Yes, it ought to have. But it didn't. It went away. No, it didn't go away; it just—it just—*wasn't*." She wrung her hands, struggling with the difficulty she found in explaining herself. "After that day at Duck Rock it was like—it was like the breaking of a spell that was on me. Everything was different. It was like seeing through plain daylight again after looking through colored glass. I didn't want the things I'd been wanting. They were foolish to me—I *saw* they were foolish—and—and impossible. But it wasn't as if they had died; it was as if I had—and come back."

It was on behalf of love that Lois felt driven to make a protest. "And yet, Rosie, if you were to see Claude again—"

"No, no, no," the girl cried, excitedly; "I don't want to see him. He needn't stay away—not on my account—but I sha'n't see him if I can help it. It would be like dying the second time. All the same, he needn't be afraid of me; and his family needn't be afraid of me. I want to—to forget them all."

Enlightenment came slowly to Lois because of her unwillingness to be convinced of the heart's capriciousness. That love could be likened to brainstorm—obsession—the tornado whose rage dies out in an afternoon—was a wound to her tenderest beliefs. That the natural man must be taken into consideration as well as the spiritual also did violence to what she would have liked to make a serene, smooth theory of life. She stood looking long at the girl, studying her subconsciously, before she was able to say, calmly: "Very well, Rosie, dear. I'll let Claude know. I can get his address, and I'll write to him."

But another surprise was in store for her. She was near the door leading from the hothouse when she became aware that Rosie was behind her, and heard the same little gasping cry as before. "Mrs. Masterman! I want to ask you something!" Lois had hardly looked round when the girl went on again. "You know father and mother. They think the world of you—mother especially. Do you suppose they'd mind very much if I—if I turned?"

Lois was puzzled. "If you did what, Rosie?"

"If I turned; if I turned Catholic."

"Oh!"

The reformed tradition was strong in Lois. She was prepared to defend it by argument and with affection. For a

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minute she was almost on the point of stating the historical Protestant position when she was deterred by the thought of Dr. Sim. What would he have said to Rosie? She remembered suddenly something that he once did say: "If you can seize any one aspect of the Christian religion, do it—for the least of them all will save you."

Remembering this, Lois withheld her arguments, asking the noncommittal question, "Why should you think of doing that?"

Rosie flushed. "Oh, I don't know. I've been"—she hung her head—"I've been pretty bad, you know. I've told lies—and I—I tried to kill myself—and everything."

"And you think you'd get more help that way than any other?"

"Oh, I don't know. I went twice lately—not here—in town. It frightened me. I—I liked it."

Had Lois dared she would have asked if Jim Breen had inspired this sudden change, but she said, merely: "Oh, I don't believe your father and mother would feel badly in the end—not if it brought comfort to you, Rosie, dear. Is it that you want me to talk to them? —to help you out?"

Rosie nodded silently, and with face averted in a kind of shame.

"Very well, then, I will." She felt it due to her own convictions to add: "Perhaps I can do it all the better because—because my personal opinions are the other way. They'll see I'm only seeking whatever may make for your happiness." There was silence for a few seconds before she said, in conclusion, "And oh! Rosie, dear, I do hope you'll be happy, after all—all that's been so hard for you."

Rosie was too strong and self-contained to cry, but there was a mist in her eyes as they shook hands again and parted.

That night Lois wrote to her husband: "You ask me, dear Thor, if I see my way yet, and frankly I can't say that I do. I begin, however, to wonder if there is not a reason for my remaining puzzled and so long in the dark. I begin to ask if I know what love is—if anybody knows what it is. Do you? If so, what is it? Is it the same thing for every one? or does it differ with individuals? Is it a temporary thing?—or a permanent thing?—or does it matter? Is it one of the highest promptings we have?—or one of the lowest?—or is it that primary impulse of animate nature which when developed and perfected leads to God? Is there a spiritual man and a carnal man, each with a love that can conflict with the love of the other? Is the one man on the side of the angels, as Uncle Sim would say, and the other man on that of the flesh, till the stronger gains the victory? Or is there something in love of the nature of obsession? Does it come and go like the tornado—as violent in its passage, but as quickly passed? Thor, darling, I begin to be afraid of love. If we are to start again I want it to be on some other ground—a new ground—a ground we don't know anything about as yet, but which perhaps we shall discover."

CHAPTER XXIX

THORLEY MASTERMAN pondered on the words Lois had written him as he tramped along the bluffs above the Mississippi, with the towers and spires of Minneapolis looming like battlements through the haze of an afternoon at the end of June. He had left the conference on new methods of treating the thyroid gland which was being held in St. Paul in order to think his position out. Having motored over from his hotel in Minneapolis, he preferred to "tramp it" back. The glorious wooded way on the St. Paul side of the river was in itself an invitation to his strong, striding limbs, while the wine of Western air and the stimulus of Western energy quickened the savage outdoor impulse so ready to leap in his blood. The song of mating birds quickened it, too, and the romance of the river gliding through the gorge below, and the beauty of the cities eying each other like embattled queens from headland across to headland and through the splendor of the promise of a gold-and-purple sunset.

It was a great setting for great thoughts, inspiring ideas so large that

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when he reached his hotel he found them too big to reduce easily to paper.

"You ask me what love is, and say you don't know. I'm more daring than you in that I think I do know. I know two or three things about it, even if I don't know all.

"For one thing I know that no one can do more than say what love is for himself. You can't say what it is for me, or isn't, or must be, or ought to be. That's my secret. I can't always share it, or at any rate share it all, even with the person I love. But neither can I say what it is, or isn't, or should be, or must be, for you. You have your secret. No two people love in the same way, or get precisely the same kind of joy or sorrow from loving. Since love is the flower of personality, it has the same infinite variety that personalities possess. We give one thing and we get back another. Do not some of our irritations—I'm not speaking of you and me in particular—arise from the fact that, giving one thing, we expect to get the same thing back, when all the while no one else has that special quality to offer? The flower is different according to the plant that produces it. When the pine-tree loved the palm, there was more than the distance to make the one a mystery to the other.

"Of the two things essential to love, the first, so it seems to me, is that what one gives should be one's best—the very blossom of one's soul. It may have the hot luxuriance of the hibiscus, or the flame of the wild azalea in the woods, or no more than the mildly scented, flowerless bloom of the elm or the linden that falls like manna in the roadway. Each has its beauties and its limitations; but it is worth noticing that each serves its purpose in life's infinite profusion as nothing else could serve it to that particular end. The elm lends something to the hibiscus—the hibiscus to the elm. Neither can expect back what it gives to the other. Perfection is accomplished when each offers what it can.

"Which brings me to the remaining thing I know about love—that it exists in offering. Love is the desire to go outward, to pour forth, to express, to do, to contribute. It has no system of calculation and no yard-stick for the little more or the little less. It is spontaneous and irrepressible and overflowing, and loses the extraordinary essence that makes it truly love when it weighs and measures and inspects too closely the quality of its return. It is in the fact that love is its own sufficiency, its own joy, its own compensation for all its pain, that I find it divine. The one point on which I can fully accept your Christian theology is that your God is love. Given a God who is Love and a Love that is God, I can see Him as worthy to be worshiped. Call Him, then, by any name you please—Jehovah, Allah, Krishna, Christ—you still have the Essence, the *Thing*. Love to be love must feel itself infinite, or as nearly infinite as anything human can be. When I can't pour it out in that way—when I pause to reflect how far I can go, or reach a point beyond which I see that I cannot go any further—I do not truly love."

Having written this much, he laid down his pen and considered. He had said nothing personal, unless it was by implication. It was only after long meditation that he decided to leave the matter there. The prime question was no longer as to whether or not he loved her, but as to whether or not she loved him. That was for her to decide. It was for her to decide without his urging or tormenting. He began to feel not only too sensitive on the subject, but too proud to make appeals to which she would probably listen out of generosity. Since he had been in the wrong, it was for her to make the advances; and so he ended his letter and posted it.

The discussion continued throughout the correspondence that ensued while he migrated from Minneapolis to Milwaukee, from Milwaukee to Denver, and from Denver to Colorado Springs. It was partly from curiosity of travel that he zigzagged in this way across the country, and partly to make it plain to Lois without saying it that he awaited her permission to come home. That he should be obliged to return one day without her permission if not with it was a matter of course, but it would make the meeting easier if she summoned him. As a hint that she could do so and have no fear, he asked her in a

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postscript to one of his letters to tell him when she next wrote what was happening to Rosie Fay.

To this she replied as simply and straightforwardly as he had put the question, imparting all that Jim Breen had told her and whatever she had gleaned for herself, adding as a seeming afterthought in the letter she wrote next day:

"If Rosie *could* bring herself to marry Jim it would be the happiest of all solutions, and make things easier for Claude. I think she will. If so, it won't be so much because her heart will have been caught in the rebound as that the poor little thing is mentally and emotionally exhausted, and glad to creep into the arms of any strong, good man who will love her and take care of her. Just to be able to do that much will be enough for Jim. I see a good deal of him; so I know. Every time he brings an order of new plants we have a little talk — always about Rosie. His love is of the kind you wrote about the other day; it has no yard-stick for the little more or the little less in the return. Perhaps men can love like that more easily than women do. Uncle Sim seemed to hint one evening that there is generally a selfish strain in a woman's love, in that what it gets is more precious to it than what it gives. I wonder."

Thor received these two letters together on returning to Colorado Springs from a day's visit to that high wilderness in which John Hay sought freedom from interruption in writing his *Life of Lincoln*. He understood fully that Lois was deliberately being cruel in order to be kind. The very spacing out of her information over two separate days was meant to impress him and at the same time to spare. Things would be easier for Claude, she said, when she meant that they would be easier for him.

But for him it was a matter of indifference. That is, it was the same kind of matter of indifference that pain becomes in a limb that has grown benumbed. For reasons he could hardly explain, that part of his being to which Rosie Fay had made her pathetic appeal couldn't feel any more. It was like something atrophied from overstrain. There was the impulse to suffer, but no suffering. Moreover, he was sure that though these nerves might one day vibrate again, they could never do so otherwise than reminiscently. To the episode he felt as a mother might feel to the dead child she has never been able to acknowledge as her own. It was something buried, and yet sacred—sacred in spite of the fact that it never should have been. As an incident in his life it had brought keen joy and keener pain, but he had already outlived both. He had outlived them as apparently Rosie had outlived them herself—not by the passage of time, but by an intensity of experience which seemed to have covered years.

He came to this conclusion not instinctively, nor all at once, but by dint of reflection, as he sat on the broad terrace of the hotel, watching the transformation scene that takes place in the Rockies during the half-hour before sunset. His pipe was in his mouth; Lois's letters lay open on the little table he had drawn up beside his chair. Other tourists bore him company, scattered singly or in groups, smoking and drinking tea. A mild suggestion of Europe, a suggestion of Cap Martin or of Cannes, was blocked by the domes of the great range and by a shifting interplay of magic lights where his eye was impelled to look for the broad, still levels of Mediterranean blue.

There was a wonder in the moment which the yearning in his spirit was tempted to take as symbolic, and perhaps prophetic, of his future. Where all day long he had seen nothing but hard ridges packed against one another, without water, without snow, without perspective, without a shred of mist, without a hint of mystery, without anything to set the mind to wondering what was above them or beyond them, the dissolving views of late afternoon began to throw up a succession of lovely ranges, pierced by valleys, glens, and gorges. Where the eye had ached with the harsh red of the rocks spread with the harsh green of the scant vegetation, soft vapors rose insensibly—purple, pink, and orange—changing into nameless hues as they climbed into the great clefts and veiled the rolling domes and

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swathed the pinnacles and furrowed the deep passes and put the horizon infinitely far away. The transmutation from conditions in which Nature herself seemed for once to be barbaric, alien, hostile to civilized man, painted with Cheyenne war-paint and girdled with a belt of scalps, to this breaking up of glory into glory, of color into color, and of form into form, rising, mingling, melting, fading, rising and mingling again, melting again, fading again, passing swiftly in a last brief recrudescence from gold into green and from green into black, with the hurried eclipse and the sudden tranquillity of night—the transmutation which produced all this was to Thor hopeful and in its way inspiriting. In the last rays of light he drew out his fountain-pen and the scribbling-book he kept for notes by the way, writing quickly without preamble or formality.

"Thanks for telling me about Rosie. It is as it should be—as will be best. Jim saved her. Nothing so good could ever happen to her as to marry him.

"As for me, there are two things, Lois, that I can truthfully affirm. I can declare them the more emphatically because I have had time to think them over—to think you over, and myself. If I ever had a doubt about them I haven't now, because leisure and solitude have enabled me to see them clearly. The first is that I have given you my best; and the second, that I have given it without any restriction of which I have been aware. If there was anything I withheld from you, and which you think you should have had, I can only say that it was not of the nature of my best. What it was I make no attempt to say, nor would it do any good to try. Whatever it was, I wish neither to depreciate it nor to deny it. It was something that swept me—like the tornado of which one of your letters speaks—but it passed. It passed, leaving me tired and older—oh, very much older!—and with an intense desire to creep home. As a physicist I know nothing of a carnal man and a spiritual man, so that I cannot enter into your analysis; but I do know that there are higher and lower promptings in the human heart, and that in my case the higher turn to you. As compared with you I'm only as the ship compared to the haven in which it would take refuge. The ship is good for something, but it needs a port."

Again he decided to leave his appeal suspended here, and on the next morning began his preparations for gradually turning homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Prince's Ball

BY ALICE BROWN

IT was the spring of the year when Miss Annette Carson sprained her ankle. She was stepping off the veranda in her sprightly way, hardly less agile because of her sixty-five years, to shoo a cat stalking through her poppy-bed, and she slipped on a stone and fell. Miss Polly, her sister, slightly older than she, washing dishes at the kitchen window, heard the rustle of her fall, as she clutched at the syringa-bush, and came running out, towel in hand. Miss Annette had gained her feet at once and then sunk back again. There was a sharp pain in her twisted ankle, and she could not stand. So she sat there on the ground, a slender, gray-haired lady, strangely unfitted to such a posture, and looked piteously up at her sister; and Miss Polly, almost her counterpart, though a little grayer, a little more decided, looked down at her. Miss Polly recovered first.

"What under the sun be you down there for?" she inquired, sharply, out of the reproachfulness of anxiety. "Here, you take hold o' my hand and let me pull you up."

Miss Annette obeyed meekly, but the first pull increased the misery of the injured ankle, and she cried out to be let alone.

"I guess I've broke somethin'," she said, faintly. "You let me be, and mebbe I can crawl up the steps on my hands and knees."

Miss Polly, frowning in terror, threw her dish-towel aside and pushed and pulled as her sister bade her, and together they managed a toilsome progress into the house. There Miss Annette sat down in the big rocker by the kitchen window and at once grew faint, so that she had to be revived by camphor. And when she had control of herself again, Miss Polly tied on her hat and ran to the next neighbor's, and begged some one to go for the doctor.

For a few days after that, the neighborhood lived on the excitement of Miss Annette's fall and her sprained ankle. Nothing of equal importance had happened for a long time, and it was beyond belief that it should have come to the Carson sisters, so fixed in their habits of life, and certainly as likely to last for years, with the care they gave themselves, as any women of that age. People kept running in to see Miss Annette, who had been at once got up into the east chamber. It was a surprising event to find her with her foot up in a chair covered by the silk quilt from the fore-room bed; and her dignified endurance of her trial filled them with admiration, though they knew it was only what you might expect. And they were not tired of hearing that the ankle was tightly bound in surgeon's plaster, and that later it was to be showered with hot and cold water. Miss Polly rose to the drama of the situation, and ran up the stairs dozens of times a day with little delicacies her sister might fancy. She seemed to forget that Annette was only the victim of an accident, not a bodily illness, and told the neighbors, with a worried brow, that Annette had got to be built up. The neighbors agreed, and brought jellies and blanc-mange, and altogether it made the spring pass on swift, excited wings.

One afternoon when the event had been more or less accepted, and the two sisters were feeling the tranquillity of the day and the hopefulness of the doctor's advice that now Miss Annette should try her ankle a little, the minister's wife, who had been away on a visit, knocked at the front door. Polly, sewing by the window in Annette's room, dropped the sheet she was turning, and put her thimble on the sill.

"It's Mis' Treadwell, sister," said she. "I didn't know she'd got back."

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Annette gave a little rearranging twitch to the silk quilt. "I s'pose she'll expect to come right up here."

"Why, yes," said Polly, at the door. "That's what she come so quick for—you laid up an' all."

She hurried down the stairs and reached the front door before Mrs. Treadwell knocked again. As they stood at the open door facing each other, with only the screen between them, Miss Polly thought, with a pang of something innocently like envy, that Mrs. Treadwell was very well preserved, but that anybody might look more or less improved if they could dress so gay. Yet Mrs. Treadwell was not dressed unbecomingly for her forty-odd years. She wore a delicate gray that helped her pink face, crowned with its soft, gray hair, and there was a clever touch of color at her belt. Miss Polly's heart quickened at the sight of her, a pretty thing who knew how to make herself prettier than she was, and who was yet for use as well as beauty. All the neighborhood felt safer and happier when she was at home. She was putting down her parasol.

"How's Annette?" she asked.

"Well," said Miss Polly, opening the door, "she's doin' as well as can be expected. The doctor wants she should try her foot more'n she's be'n doin', and mebbe when she gets the courage she will. You go right up. She'll be terrible pleased to see you."

Mrs. Treadwell went up the stairs with her soft rustle, and Polly, behind her, put out a stealthy hand and took a pinch of her skirt between thumb and finger. It felt soft yet firm, and she concluded it must be nun's-veiling. Miss Annette, sitting there in an old wrapper with pink rosebuds on a white ground, looked very pretty. It was partly due to the wrapper, with its delicate dots of color. It was as old as Miss Annette's youth, but it had always been tenderly used and it could not be discarded for any more sober fabric. She and Polly lived too near the wind. Her eagerness, too, lent her eyes a spark unwonted in them. She was very glad to see Mrs. Treadwell.

"Mercy on us!" said the lady, going up to her and taking one of the thin hands in both her own. "How pretty you look!"

Miss Annette flushed the more. She looked even guilty, as if she ought not to accept the imputation. No one had said that to her for many years.

"I've got on this old thing—" she began, apologetically; but Mrs. Treadwell, seating herself near, stretched a caressing finger to the rosebud dress.

"Old thing!" she repeated. "It's as lovely as it can be. If you didn't know you'd had it a long time, or if you could say your grandfather 'd brought it home from India, you'd see how beautiful it is."

"Well, it's kinder gay, that's all," said Annette; and Miss Polly, who had been fluttering about the room assuring herself of its perfect order, added a confirming:

"Yes, it's kinder gay. For our time o' life, I mean."

Mrs. Treadwell laughed. She touched the bow of color at her belt. "Well," said she, "look at me."

"Oh," said Miss Annette, "you're younger'n we be."

"Yes," agreed Miss Polly. "Besides, some things are becomin' to one and some to another. Now that's a color that sets you off. Nettie and I ain't wore anything but dark clo'es for years, except up-chamber where nobody'd see us. I never felt as if mother'd want we should."

"No," said Miss Annette. "She wouldn't want we should."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Treadwell, "things have changed a great deal. Within a few years, I mean. My mother always wore black. Not mourning, you know, but just black. And she wasn't a day older than I am now. If she could see her daughter grown up and middle-aged and tricked out in dewdads"—she touched the colored beads about her neck—"well, I don't know what she'd say."

"Well," said Miss Polly, "your clo'es are always terrible becomin'. I'll say that for 'em. They set like a glove. But I guess Annette and I won't launch out, our time o' life. We shouldn't know how to carry it off."

"No," said Miss Annette. "We'll stick to old woman's colors, what time

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Painting by Walter Biggs

"YOU SNATCH THAT PICTURE RIGHT AWAY FROM HER, POLLY"

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we're here. 'Tain't so many years 'fore we take to caps."

"Caps!" cried Mrs. Treadwell. "Why, there aren't any caps nowadays, not real caps such as your mother wore."

Miss Polly got up and brought a photograph from the mantel. "That's mother's cap," said she. "This is her and grandmother. That's the kind they wore."

Mrs. Treadwell took the photograph and examined it through the lorgnon she carried in some clever recess of her lace corsage.

"That's the kind," she said. "I know 'em: dotted black net, rosettes of purple ribbon at the sides—and strings. My dear, you won't find such caps now for love or money. If you two are going to disguise yourselves in caps of that sort, you'll have to make them."

Miss Polly took back the photograph. She hardly knew whether mother's cap was being regarded lightly, and felt a little huffed. But Mrs. Treadwell put out a detaining hand.

"Let me see it again," she said. "Your mother was a very handsome woman, wasn't she?"

"Yes," said Miss Polly, instantly at ease. "In her prime, mother was said to be the handsomest woman that ever walked into the meetin'-house."

"And grandmother, too," continued Mrs. Treadwell. "What wonderful bright eyes! It's easy to tell where your mother got her looks. And you can see how really handsome they must have been to live down those caps."

"There!" said Miss Annette. She was more sprightly than her sister, more equal to a lively give-and-take. "You snatch that picture right away from her, Polly. I ain't goin' to hear anybody run down mother's caps."

But Mrs. Treadwell held the photograph. She laughed. "I'm trying to scare you two away from the idea of caps," she said. "If I can't, if I should come in here some day and find you done up in black lace and purple-satin ribbon, I won't be responsible for what I should do. No, no, Miss Polly, don't you snatch."

Miss Polly looked grieved at even the possibility that her insistent hand could be suspected of it. "I want to look at these little dights in the foreground. Of course they're you two sisters."

"Yes," said Miss Polly, "three generations."

"With curls!" said Mrs. Treadwell. "Rows of curls. And bare arms, and low necks. Aren't they darlings! Well, all I can say is that such children as those deserve to grow up to something prettier than black-lace caps."

Now she did give up the photograph, and Miss Polly set it on the mantel. Miss Annette was speaking, in rather a shamefaced way:

"Well, now we've got onto clo'es, I might as well ask, d'you see any old-fashioned chocolate calico while you were gone?"

"No," said Mrs. Treadwell. "But I'll tell you what I did see."

She launched into a thrilling exposition of fashion, and worked her topic up until the pageant moved before their eyes. Colors bloomed and fabrics waved. They could scarcely follow her, the spectacle flashed so fast. Miss Annette's cheeks took on a rosier pink, and her sister looked at her in a brief alarm. Annette seemed to be slightly feverish. But she herself was not a pace behind in interest. Ladies she had hardly thought of for years, floating beauties out of old magazines, moved before her in an alluring procession. They stood languidly about charming rooms of unimagined beauty; they stepped from carriages with an easy grace; they even trod the measures of a dance at that ball she resurrected from her covetous fancy, the Prince of Wales's ball. That was a ceremonious merrymaking that could not, she was persuaded, be equaled this side of Paradise. Sometimes in these her later days she got out the old newspapers where it was described, and she and Miss Annette would refresh their fancy by its splendor. But they never mentioned these excursions of the mind. Even to Mrs. Treadwell, who had so beguiling a sympathy with the vanities, they could not have given the key to these gay recesses of their hearts. Yet side by side with her exposition of sleeves and skirts hung the pictures of that older time. She spoke to them in terms of the present, and they translated, as they heard, into the fashions of the past.

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Her call concluded, still she lingered at the door. "Such a nice gossip!" she was saying. "And such a frivolous minister's wife! My husband says I am the giddiest person in the country. He doesn't mind, and I'm sure I don't. I'll get you some samples, Miss Polly, next time I go to town. And a skirt pattern, too."

Miss Polly followed her down the stairs. She was still a little agitated over her memories of the Prince's ball.

"Don't you bring me anything gay," she called after her visitor, half-way down the path. "If I should see anything such as you been talkin' about and 'twan't suitable I might have hard work givin' on't up."

"What's the use of giving it up?" Mrs. Treadwell called back, recklessly. "There are things enough we have to give up. I don't know why we should go in sackcloth—whatever that is. Look at that bird up there. There's a blue for you. If he can wear it, I don't know why we shouldn't take pattern. Crows aren't the only birds. Good-by, Miss Polly. I'll bring you a sleeve-pattern, too."

When Miss Polly turned about and went up the stairs again to her sister's chamber she was, as she expressed it to herself, as weak as a rag. Miss Annette looked anything but weak. She sat upright in her chair and watched the door with eager eyes. She hardly waited for her sister to cross the sill before she put her question:

"D' she say anything else?"

"What about?" Miss Polly asked. She knew quite well, and yet she thought it mysteriously best to weaken the force of what they both were feeling.

"Them mark-down silks. Or the little lace fronts they wear. What 'd she call 'em—gamps?"

Miss Polly seated herself by the window and took up her sewing. But her hands trembled, and she contented herself with running her thumb along the seam, to smooth it. She did not answer the question directly.

"Seems terrible foolish," said she, "to dwell so much on clo'es."

"As she does?"

When it came to the direct issue, Miss Polly was unwilling to say. She shrank from comment on the guest who had gone out of her house, and she felt an added impropriety in judging a minister's wife.

"I s'pose womenfolks do think a good deal o' dress. I dunno's it's any harm if you go a good deal."

"Well, if you don't go," said Miss Annette, bitterly, "you might as well throw your money into the brook as launch out into clo'es, and then lay 'em away to crease and mildew."

"There! there!" said Miss Polly. She had scarcely ever seen her sister so excited over what was, after all, a small matter. "I dunno but we go as much as we want to. We've always kep' pretty close to home, and so did mother before us."

"And think o' mother's clo'es," said Miss Annette, in a tiny passion of revolt—"her nice weddin' silk and the two she had before she was married, and the muslin! There they be up-attic in her hair-trunks. I wish we could feel she had some good out of 'em."

It was ever Miss Polly's task, as the elder, to guide her sister into contented ways of thought. She had begun sewing now. Her hands no longer trembled. She felt she had renounced the pomp of balls and floating fabrics.

"Mother never wanted to go. She liked to set down here by the winder, same's we do. And I dunno but she got more out of her dresses, feelin' she was savin' 'em for us, than she'd ha' done gaddin' round the neighborhood and showin' 'em."

Miss Annette's mind sprang back with her to the beloved past. She spoke tenderly, and her eyes, traveling across the apple-tree tops to the line of farther hills, took on a reminiscent softness.

"Wa'n't that just like mother," she said, "packin' 'em away in the two hair-trunks and savin' 'em for us, two for each."

"Just like her," agreed Miss Polly.

"I dunno where she ever thought we could wear 'em. We couldn't to meetin'. They ain't like anything folks wear now. Mebbe she thought we'd have 'em done over."

"Oh no," said Miss Polly, in a mild shock of surprise. "She couldn't ha' thought that."

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"No, I s'pose she couldn't, knowin' how we should feel. But some folks would. Mrs. Treadwell would, I bet a dollar."

Miss Polly could hardly take the bet, for she was ready to stake her dollar, too, on the same side. So she prudently changed the subject.

"You better get up and take a turn round the room," she said. "Here, I'll give you a pull, and you put your hand on my shoulder. Then I'll go up-attic and hunt out them old crutches. I meant to do it 'fore this."

When Miss Polly went up-attic it was early dusk and there were shadows under the eaves. She knew exactly where the crutches were, and drew them forth from an ordered assemblage of warming-pans, ancient canes, and shuttles from an old loom. While she stood there breathless, after her stooping and rearranging, she looked about her, and her eyes fell on the hair-trunks, two of them, one labeled with her name, in mother's fine and careful handwriting, the other for Annette. Miss Polly laid down the crutches, and went over to her trunk. She lifted the lid and the layer of tissue-paper on top. There it was, the wedding-dress—hers because she was the older. She lifted a corner of the full, ruffled skirt, a delicate gray sown with rose-buds, and saw the old rose underneath. Annette's legacy, a silk and a muslin, were, she knew, even more delicate, one blue and one white. Miss Polly stood for a moment thinking. The color ran into her face and she set her lips together tightly, as if temptation had assailed her and she would resist it if that were in woman's power. But suddenly, as if it were not to be withstood, she rapidly unhooked her dress, slipped it to her feet, and stepped out of it. She stood there a moment in her stout waist and petticoat and thought; but again, in haste, abandoning herself to the moment, she stooped and drew forth the wedding-dress and shook it free of its folds, with a pleasant rustle that finished her last scruple.

Miss Polly had kept a gaunt slenderness. She was used to describing herself as thin as a rail. But, in spite of that, she was surprised, when she had slipped her arms into the sleeves, to find it a shade too large. There was at least an inch to spare. Mother had been a little more plump than either of her daughters. She was shorter, too. As Miss Polly fastened the waist, the guilty color came more swiftly into her cheeks, and when she stood there, clad in silk from feet to chin, she was a sweet picture of old-time comeliness. But there was no glass to show her that, and she contented herself with taking a few steps across the end of the attic, cautiously, so that Annette should not hear her, and stroking the silk to feel its texture. She had walked into a dream of a sort. Her mother, too, seemed to be in the dream, and that was beautiful; but the chief charm of it, she guiltily knew, was that of finery, the things that women love. For the moment, she was not Polly Carson. She was young in an older time, and she was going to the Prince's ball.

"Polly!" called Annette. "Polly, where be you?"

The dream broke and she was herself again, her mind set on thrifty things. She hastily took off the dress, folded it with an anxious care, and laid it in the trunk. Then when she had shut it up in its accustomed nicety, she gave a last look to see whether the trunk was sitting in its exact place, and donned her dark-blue gingham, took the crutches, and went down-stairs. Annette, pushing a chair before her, had reached the door and stood there anxiously.

"You were gone so long," said she, "I didn't know but you'd fell."

"Mercy, no!" said Polly, briskly. "There's nothin' to fall over up there, everything's put away so handy. Don't you know when Mis' Treadwell went up to look at the swifts she said some folks' attics were as nice as a good many folks' forerooms?"

But Annette was not satisfied. "Anyways, I'm afraid you've got a headache," she said. "The blood's all run into your face, stoopin' down under the eaves."

Miss Polly, remembering her brief indulgence, felt her cheeks grow redder still, but she leaned the crutches against the chair, to take Annette's attention.

"Here, you try and see if you can't use these. I dunno's they're the right height, but if they ain't I guess I can saw 'em off."

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They did prove to be of a proper size, and Annette showed herself quite deft in the use of them. Miss Polly, getting the supper down-stairs, heard her tapping rapidly about the chamber and knew she would shortly be down-stairs again. And that night, at exactly eleven—for she heard the clock strike while she listened—she thought she heard the sound of the crutches in Annette's chamber across the hall.

"That you?" she called, but Annette did not answer, and Polly, sure she had been dreaming, turned over and went to sleep again.

But excellently as the crutches worked, Annette seemed to make brief use of them. She stayed in her chamber until the doctor, meeting Miss Polly in the road, on the way to a neighbor's, sent word to her that the time had come for her to strengthen her hurt muscles and get on her feet again. Miss Polly carried the message, but Annette made no direct answer. A little later in the day Miss Polly said to her:

"Don't you think you better move 'round a little?"

"I have moved 'round," said Annette.

"You ain't stepped outside the room. That's what the doctor wants you should do. He wants you should go down-stairs."

"I don't feel to," said Annette, quietly. "I guess I know full as much about how my ankle acts as anybody, and when it's strong enough to use I shall know it."

Miss Polly said no more, but she had a guilty consciousness that she did not want her sister to go down-stairs—not yet, at least. She much preferred to have her in her own room for a time. It was easier to know where she was. Then Miss Polly could creep softly up the attic stairs, needle and thread and thimble in her pocket, and, undetected, do the happy task she had set her heart on. For she had tried on the old-rose dress and found it also too large. It was slightly older than the wedding-dress, and mother must have been still plumper when it was made. And Miss Polly felt a desperate desire of making it fit. She thought about it after she had gone to bed at night, and wondered if she could take in the waist without ripping out the sleeves, and if a narrow facing under the ruffles would sufficiently change the skirt. As she went about her work she planned a clever way of folding in the neck so that she need not cut the silk. It seemed wrong to cut mother's silk. And at every stage of her task she was hampered by her lack of deftness with the needle. Sometimes, too, she could not escape Annette long enough to get up the attic stairs through the entire day. To disclose her purpose was impossible. Her sister would have every right to censure her. A woman of Miss Polly's age could be justly blamed, she knew, for the vanity of refitting a rose-colored silk she could never wear. Yet, while she inwardly acknowledged that, she knew she had to do it. Sometimes it seemed to her the longing for the rose-colored silk was stronger than any desire she had ever known.

"I guess you better stay up-chamber a spell longer," she said to Annette one day when she had found it impossible to get into the attic undetected, Annette had seemed so likely to call out to her whenever she came up-stairs at all. "It's no put-out to fetch your trays; and if you feel to stay up here, you do it."

Annette looked at her searchingly, she thought, and she felt the blood coming into her face. And the moment she had made the speech she was ashamed. It was the first time she had not been quite open with her sister. They had had no thoughts to conceal from each other. The current of their lives ran the same way, over the same snags and past the same inlets. But now there was something hidden, and Miss Polly was uneasy over it. She even felt they were, in an odd way, watching each other. Still she could forget it when the rose-colored silk was done and laid away again, she knew, if only Annette did not suspect her perfidy.

But Annette suspected something, and it was far more serious than the refitting of a rose-colored silk. It had come upon her in a flash one day that Polly did not want her down-stairs any more. At first she called herself to task for having fancied such a thing, but even then she knew it was true. She, too, remembered the closeness of their inti-

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macy. Never were two sisters so allied. And Polly, bringing up trays cheerfully, and urging her not to come down until it suited her, seemed mysteriously removed. They were still in outward intimacy, but the heartiness of it was gone. And one day they had words. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and Polly was coming down the attic stairs. This time she carried her shoes in her hand. Annette was standing in the hall, and she wore the air of listening. If Polly had known she was there she would assuredly not have taken that last step round the turn; but she did take it, and stood there in full view, her shoes in evidence.

"Why," said Annette, innocently, in her surprise, "what you got your shoes off for?"

Miss Polly sat down on a stair and began putting them on doggedly. She did not answer, and Annette continued:

"Your shoes hurt you?"

"No," said Polly, stolidly, "I dunno's they do."

"Then what you got 'em off for, goin' 'round in your stockin' feet?"

Some nervous tension broke. Polly afterward thought it felt as if something gave way in her head. She had her shoes on now, and she rose to her feet and stood there trembling. "I should like to know," said she, "if I 'ain't got a right to go 'round this house in my stockin' feet if I want to."

Annette was looking up at her in a frightened way. Polly read the fright in her eyes, and it angered her. It looked, she told herself, as if Annette were afraid of her. And Annette herself confirmed it.

"Why, Polly!" said she. Her lips were hardly parted as she breathed the words. "I never heard anybody speak so in this house, long as you and I've lived in it."

"You 'ain't?" said Polly, savagely. "Well, you hear it now. And you can go back into your chamber and I'll bring you up your supper."

"No," said Annette. "I don't want no supper."

But she did step back into her room and close the door. Polly, on her way down-stairs, thought she heard the clicking of the key. But that was hardly possible to believe. For a time she flew about the kitchen making hasty preparations for supper, as if it were an emergency to be assaulted. As she worked, her anger ebbed. By the time Annette's tray was ready, with its warm buns and steaming tea—the buns had meant a little extra treat to-day—her fury was quite spent, and she was cold with misery. She even asked herself what it was all about, and was finding no true answer. Her heart was very soft as she carried the tray up to the closed door, but when she had knocked and lifted the latch in vain a blank discouragement possessed her. They two had never had a quarrel in their lives, and now it began to seem as if Annette would hardly speak to her again.

"Here's your supper," she called, at length. Her voice was full of wretchedness, yet it was hoarse and hard. At first Annette did not answer, and Polly called again: "Don't you hear me? Here's your tray."

"You can set it down," her sister answered. "I'll wait a spell."

Polly did set it down and went back over the stairs, her mind all bitterness. Annette knew there were buns. She knew the value of hot tea. Yet she was wilfully letting her supper spoil. When Polly had eaten her own light meal, she stole up the stairs and saw the tray was gone. But the door was still shut, and she returned to her vigil till it should be time for bed. For an hour she sat on the front door-step listening for a sound from Annette's room, and nervously hating the summer noises that distracted her. And when she could ill bear the still suspense, she went in, locked up according to custom, and took her way to bed. And still Annette's door was closed. When Polly was once in bed, she pressed her hot cheek into the pillow and thought until her head throbbed with the tension of it. She and Annette were, according to their own accounting, old women, and this was their first quarrel. And really at this period she could not think what it was about. That, she concluded, was because her head ached so. In the morning she could think quite clearly, if morning would ever come. But now, so unmanageable was her head, she could only dwell upon Annette and herself more

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than fifty years ago, starting out for school with their little dinner-pails, sitting on the steps together making poppy dresses or live-for-ever pudding-bags. Or mother was sending them "on an errand" to a neighbor's, hand in hand always, because each was too shy to go alone. And always Annette had been sweet and never hateful as she was tonight. Then at last she must have slept, for she woke at the striking of the clock and her own unfamiliar misery. She counted the strokes—eleven. She rose in bed and sat a moment wondering whether Annette's door was still shut, or whether her sister would answer if she called. Sometimes they had done that, through this period of the sprained ankle. "Annette, you all right?" she had cried. And Annette had always answered cheerfully. But now she hardly dared to do it. If there should be no answer, it would be almost too dreadful to be borne.

As she sat there, a soft, unfamiliar sound arrested her. It was almost as if some one was stealing up the stairs. She stepped out of bed and stood there listening. Then she crept into the hall, to Annette's door. The sound had ceased. The door was open a crack, and she put her ear close to it and listened for her sister's breathing. There was no sound, and she turned away, to go to her own room. But a little gleam of light above drew her gaze up the attic stairs, and as she looked she heard a creaking board above. Some one had gone over those stairs and was up there with a light. Miss Polly felt only indignation, not a qualm of fear. It seemed to her outrageous that any one should have broken into the house and had the impudence to go up the attic stairs. Stealing softly along, she followed, and, avoiding the stair that always creaked, managed to reach the top in silence. What she could do to the interloper she did not know. Her immediate purpose was to find him. The attic, as she stepped into it, was a spacious gloom, filled with the velvet dark. But at the end, by the eaves, there was a circle of light cast by the candle sitting on a table there, and in the circle was a white-clad figure, bending at some absorbing task. Miss Polly felt her knees weak under her. For a moment she almost thought it was mother, back to set the sacred trunks in order. The figure turned slightly and she saw.

"Annette!" she cried. "What under the sun are you doin' up here?"

Annette faced her, but she did not speak. The garment she had been folding she held behind her, and Miss Polly, advancing into the candle-light, saw what it was.

"Why, Annette," said she, in wonder, "you been lookin' over mother's dresses?"

Annette began to cry. Her small hands were shaking, and in one of them was still the garment she concealed.

"Yes, I have," she said. "I never meddled with your trunk. I only opened mine. It's got my name on it."

Miss Polly was only thankful for any sort of talk between them.

"'Course it's your trunk," she said. "I guess you can open it if you're a mind to. I should laugh if you couldn't. What's that you've got behind you?"

Annette cried now like a shower. She brought forward what she held and dropped it on the open trunk. It was a blue-silk dress.

"You can laugh at me all you're a mind to," she said, "but I came up here that night after Mis' Treadwell was in and talked so much about the fashions, and I tried it on, and it 'most fitted me, and ever since I've come up a few minutes to a time and kind of altered it over."

Miss Polly looked at her blankly, and Annette continued, still more passionately:

"I knew you wouldn't understand doin' such a thing. I don't understand it myself. But I see now I hadn't ought to done it. It's made me keep things away from you. I told you I didn't want to come down-stairs, and 'twas a lie. But I thought if I stayed up-chamber I should get more chances to slip in here and take a stitch. But I got well paid for it. I stayed up-chamber so long you got used to my bein' there, and you didn't want me to come down at all."

Miss Polly's knees gave way. She sat down on an old milking-stool and began to laugh. She cried a little, too.

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Drawn by Walter Biggs

"I'M GOIN' TO SHET THE LID ON IT AND NEVER SET EYES ON IT AGAIN"

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"Oh, you can laugh," said Annette, bitterly. "You never'd be so childish as to run away and fix up an old silk dress you never expected to wear. But I be, and you might as well know it."

Miss Polly wiped her eyes. "Well," said she, "what you doin' with it now?"

"I'm puttin' it back in the trunk," said Annette, violently. "The dress ain't to blame, but some way or another it's upset everything. It's made me lie to my own sister, and it's made you get used to my livin' up-chamber, and I'm goin' to shet the lid on it and never set eyes on it again."

"Nettie," said her sister, "you look here a minute." She opened the lid of the trunk marked "Polly" and took out the pink-silk dress. "There!" said she. "I've just finished takin' this in a mite 'round the waist and lengthenin' down the skirt. And that's the reason I didn't encourage your comin' down-stairs. I thought mebbe I could slip away better if you wa'n't 'round the house."

The sisters stared at each other. Annette began to smile. Polly was laughing unrestrainedly.

"Where could we wear 'em?" asked Annette.

"I guess there's no place that's suitable, except up-attic," said Polly. "Folks would think we're as crazy's a loon."

"We could put 'em on afternoons once in a while when we're doin' some fine sewing," said Annette, hopefully.

"I dunno but we could."

"And set up-stairs."

"And fasten the doors below."

"And have our everyday dresses ready to slip on if anybody should come."

"Yes," they agreed, "we could do that."

It was a week or so after that Mrs. Treadwell called. She knocked several times at the front door and was about turning away when Miss Polly raised the screen and spoke out of the east-chamber window.

"Don't you go, Mis' Treadwell. We'll be right down."

When she did appear, Mrs. Treadwell said, admiringly, "My! what pink cheeks!"

"I guess I hurried a mite," said Miss Polly, sedately. "I was changin' my dress."

"When I found the door was fastened, I was afraid I ought not to have knocked for fear you were taking a nap," said Mrs. Treadwell. "How's your sister's ankle?"

"Oh, she's all over the house, lively as a cricket," said Miss Polly. "But we've took to settin' up-stairs lately. There she comes now."

Fireworks

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

THEY spill their splendor down the grateful sky
  Like the blown petals of a heavenly rose,
Utterly fair, because so soon to die,
  Perfect, because their charm no future knows.

No slow decline of beauty in decay,
  But like a soul birth-dumb which has been given
One hour articulate wherein to say
  All its stored wealth, so these cry up to Heaven.

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A Bit of Natural History

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

HOW interesting it is to come upon a fresh bit of natural history in the woods or fields, especially if one happens to be a lover and observer of the wild life around one! And if this bit of natural history clears up some point over which one has long been puzzled, so much keener an interest will he feel.

This has recently been my pleasure. A chipmunk came and dug his hole in broad daylight within a few yards of my bush camp under the apple-trees, and I have had daily opportunity to watch the proceedings.

I have never known any one who has been so fortunate in this respect, nor have I ever seen in print any account of the little rodent's proceedings on such an occasion. For several years I have been an observer and an investigator of their little mounds of freshly dug earth along the margin of the highways or the woody borders of the fields, but until now have never caught one of the little miners at work. I had fancied that the digging was done at night, and that the earth was carried out to the dumping-place in the cheek-pouches. But such is not the case. My little neighbor worked by day, and his cheek-pockets were never used in transporting the earth from his hole to the dumping-place. I had often found the pile of fresh earth two or three yards from the hole out of which it came, with never a grain of soil littering the grass between the two, and no sign of a trail. I had also been fairly bewildered by finding stones in the pile of fresh soil so large that they could not be forced back into the hole out of which I was sure they had come. On three occasions I had found such freshly dug stones, and they were all too big for the opening that led to the chipmunk's den. By what magic or sleight of hand had he got them out? From what I had seen one November, after the earth had been frozen and then thawed once or twice, I concluded that the little engineer had made a niche in the side of his hole just deep enough to make room for the passage of these broad, flat stones, and then had packed it full of earth again. In one case where a red squirrel had apparently been trying to force an entrance, such a niche was disclosed, as if the softer earth there had dropped out. But as I had found other holes the rims of which had evidently never been tampered with, and yet the dump of which held one or more stones larger than its diameter, I was hopelessly puzzled. I had found still other holes that had no dump at all—not a grain of fresh earth anywhere in their neighborhood. There is one by the roadside in front of Woodchuck Lodge now, eight feet from the stone fence, into which the chipmunk is daily carrying his winter stores, but which has not the slightest vestige of an earth-mound anywhere in its vicinity. If the squirrel ever carried the dirt away in his cheek-pockets, I might conclude he had scattered it along the roadway. This mystery of the holes that have no visible dumping-place I have not yet cleared up. Were there a woodchuck hole near any of them I might think that the loosened soil had been shot into that. As the problem stands with me now, it is an insoluble mystery. A friend suggests that, like the Irishman, he probably digs another hole to put the earth in! But the mystery of the large stones was soon made clear; they did not come out of the neat, round hole in the turf through which the squirrel enters or leaves his finished den, but out of the larger work hole through which the soil was removed, and which is finally stopped up and obliterated.

I happened to discover my chipmunk probably the second day after he had

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begun to dig. Some people were calling on me at my bush camp when, as they turned to go, one of them said, "See that chipmunk!" I looked and saw him sitting up amid a little fresh earth, washing his face. His face certainly needed washing; it was so soiled it looked comical. Presently I investigated the spot and found a rude hole a few inches deep, with the loosened earth in front of it. "Evidently a greenhorn," I said; "a pretty door-yard he will have by the time he finishes, with a hole big enough to admit a red squirrel!"

Next morning there was more fresh earth in front of the hole; indeed, the grass was full of it a foot or more away, and a dump-pile had just been begun. From the hole to this pile there was a deep, wide groove in the loose soil, which I soon saw was made by the squirrel shoving the loosened earth from the hole to the dump, using his nose as a shovel. Day after day, for nearly a week thereafter, I saw him at work, digging and pushing the soil up to the mouth of his hole, and then pushing it along this groove or channel to the dump-heap. His movements were so quick and energetic that, at the final stroke, the soil, a half-teaspoonful or more, would shoot from his nose four or five inches. As he turned back along his roadway he would rapidly paw the earth behind him, and then, before entering his hole, would take a quick look all around. He was never for a moment off guard, the sense of danger was ever present with him. As he entered his hole, a succession of quick jets of earth would shoot up behind him. Then all would be still for from three to four minutes, when he would again emerge, shoving the soil before him and continuing to butt it, quickly glancing right and left the while, till he shot it upon his dump.

This was his invariable procedure. Every motion was repeated like clockwork, the forward shoving, the retreating pawing, and the flying spray of earth as he disappeared in his hole.

I fancied him there underground loosening the soil with his paws, for two or three minutes, then either kicking it up toward the exit, or else shoving it in front of him. When at work he was intensely preoccupied; only one other feeling seemed to possess him—that of impending danger. One day while he was mining beneath the surface, I sprinkled some corn and pumpkin-seeds along his highway and in the mouth of his hole, but when he came to the surface with his burden of soil he heeded them not; he shoveled or pawed them along with his soil, and buried them beneath it. The incident reminded me of the hound I once intercepted, hot on the trail of a fox; I offered her my lunch and, holding her, even put it in her mouth, but she threw it disdainfully from her, and rushed on along that steaming trail. She had but one thought or sense at that moment—she was beside herself about that fox, and her attention could not be diverted from it. My chipmunk when at work was alike obsessed; he knew nothing but his work and the danger from his enemies.

Day by day the mound of fresh earth grew and spread back more and more toward the hole out of which it came, till it seemed about to cover it. At times the squirrel either worked at night or else very early in the morning before I was on the scene. But later he was not on his job till past mid-forenoon. For two or three days he promptly appeared at eleven o'clock. He would come leaping over the grass from some point behind my camp and quickly resume his excavating. When I had placed fresh peach-pits upon his mound, he would seize them one by one, nibble off any bits of flesh that were still clinging to them, then drop them and go back to his work. He usually knocked off work by or before two in the afternoon.

Evidently he has no partner and will spend the winter in his subterranean retreat alone. I think this is an established chipmunk custom, rendered necessary, it may be, by the scant supply of air in such close quarters, three feet underground, and maybe under three or more feet of snow in addition. At any rate, the chipmunk, male and female, is a hermit, and there is no co-operation or true sociability among them. They are wonderfully provident and industrious, beginning to store up their winter food in midsummer, or as early as the farmer does his. When the nut crop fails them, as it has this present season, they scour

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about the neighborhood, gathering all sorts of wild seeds and grains, and wild-cherry-pits, working almost as steadily as do the ants and the bees. In the mean time they feed on insects and berries and various green things, but only cured grains and nuts go into their winter stores.

The wild creatures rarely make an economic blunder. We are told on excellent authority that the coney or least hare in the Rocky Mountains spreads its newly cut grass and other green food on the rocks in the sun, and dries it as carefully as the farmer dries his hay before storing it up for winter use. I think we are safe in saying that it is not the coney's individual wisdom or experience that prompts him to do this, but the wisdom of something much older than he is. It is the wisdom of nature, inherent and active as instinct.

One day, when I paused before my little neighbor's mound of earth, I saw that the hole was nearly stopped up, and, while I was looking, the closure was completed from within. I saw the last stroke given. Loose earth was being shoved up from below and pressed into the opening; the movement of the soil could be seen. It flashed upon me at once that this was the tactics of the squirrel—he would obliterate that ugly and irregular work-hole and the littered door-yard, bury them beneath his mound of earth, and, working from within, would make a new and neater outlet somewhere through the turf near by. He was probably carrying out that scheme at that moment, and was disposing of the loose earth in the way I observed. The next day the mound of earth had been extended over the place where the hole had been, and the chipmunk was still active beneath it, pushing up fresh earth like a ground-mole. At intervals of a few moments, the fresh soil would slowly heave or boil up, as it does when a hidden crayfish or mole is at work. Twice while I looked the head of the digger came through the thin screen of earth, as if by accident; he winked and blinked as the dirt slid off his head and over his eyes, then ducked beneath it and proceeded with his work. I began to look in the turf around me for the new entrance which I knew would soon be, if it were not already, made. I did not that day find it, but the next morning there it was, not more than four inches from the edge of the dump-heap—a little, round shadow under the grass-blades and wild-strawberry-leaves, about half the size of the work-hole, with no stain of the soil about it, and having such a look of neatness and privacy as could not have been given to it if it had been made from without. How furtive and secretive it looked! Still the little miner kept at work, still the fresh earth boiled up above the old entrance. He is excavating his chamber, I thought; he requires a den or vault down there, of several quarts' capacity, in which to build his nest and store his food. Whether or not he was then excavating his chamber and store-room, the next day I found two more new holes in the turf, one a foot or more from the first one, and the other three or more feet away in another direction—both of them having the same shy, elusive character. Why all these extra holes? I asked. I have never before known of a chipmunk's den with so many back or front doors. Are they only for means of escape if robbers or murderers gain an entrance? If so, they afford another proof of the provident cunning of our little striped friend. It happened in this case that the squirrel brought to the surface no stones too large for the new entrance, but his work-hole was so large and irregular that he might easily have done so.

My chipmunk was engaged for nearly three weeks in his excavations. I knew when he had finished by his boldly coming into my camp one morning, a minute or two after he had seen me enter it. Looking intently up in my face for a few seconds, he proceeded to stuff his mouth with the dry leaves, most to his liking, that my bushy walls afforded. He did not try to pack the leaves in his cheek-pouches, but crammed four or five into his mouth and then made off to his den. He was furnishing his house. His bedroom is his granary.

In my walks I have many times come across chipmunk holes with a pile of earth before them and a general look of carelessness and disorder all about, and I have said, "That squirrel is a bungler;

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he is not equal to his task." The present season I have seen three such holes while walking less than a mile along the highway. They appeared to have been abandoned. Now I know they were only beginnings, and that had the owners finished their mansions they would have presented a far different appearance. That ugly work-hole, with its belittered door-yard, would have been completely covered up, and the real entrance deftly concealed.

It is highly improbable that every individual chipmunk has a way peculiar to himself, as we humans so often have. Their dens and modes of procedure in digging them are as near alike as two peas, or as two chipmunks themselves. Yet here remains the mystery of an occasional hole without any pile of earth anywhere in sight. I find several such each season, and I can offer no plausible explanation of them.

I have found two weasels' dens on the margin of a muck swamp in the woods that presented the same insoluble problem—what has become of the bushel or more of earth that must have been brought to the surface? Both the weasel and the chipmunk have several galleries and one or more large chambers or dining-halls, and how each manages to hide or obliterate all the loose soil that must have been removed is a question which has long puzzled me. If we had an American Fabre, or a man who would give himself up to the study of the life-histories of our rodents with the same patience and enthusiasm that the wonderful Frenchman has shown concerning the life-histories of the insects, he would doubtless soon solve the mystery.

As I have above stated, I used to think that the chipmunk carried away the soil in his cheek-pockets, and have so declared in one of my books, but I am now very certain that he does not—only his food stores are thus carried. In the present case I measured the excavated earth and found it a plump bushel.

From the point of view of modern scientific philosophy—namely, that the needs of the organism beget the organ, and a change of use modifies it—it is interesting to note to what novel use the chipmunk puts his nose in digging his den, apparently without changing or impairing it as an organ of smell. If he has been doing this through biological ages, using it as a kind of scoop and pusher, is it not remarkable that it has not undergone some modification that would make it better suited for these purposes? Note the shovel-footed mole, with his huge, muscular forepaws with which he forces his way through the soil and heaves it up to the surface, or the pig with his nose so well adapted to rooting. The nose of the chipmunk does not perceptibly differ from that of the other squirrels which do no underground work. Are we not forced to the conclusion that the life-habits of the chipmunk have been much changed since the country has been so largely denuded of its forests, thus forcing him to become a dweller in the open? In the primitive woods, with the thick coating of leaves and of snow upon the ground, he would not have needed to penetrate the earth so deeply. The wood frogs barely go a few inches under the leaves and leaf-mold, where they remain unfrozen all winter. Our beech-woods today, when there is a crop of nuts, fairly swarm with chipmunks, and all of them have holes, but rarely is there any sign of freshly dug earth.

None of our wild creatures have as yet become much modified, either in form or color, as a result of the change in their environment by the disappearance of the forests. They have changed in habits, but the habits have not as yet set their stamp upon the organism. Is it not probable that if the chipmunk goes on scooping and packing soil with his nose for long ages, his anatomy will in time become better adapted to this new use?

I fancy that in time the woodchuck, which from a wood-dweller has now so commonly become a denizen of the fields, will change in color, at least. As a wood-dweller his colors were assimilative and therefore protective, but now they advertise him to every enemy in the landscape. In the course of ages he should become a much lighter brown or gray. Undoubtedly use and wont as well as environment do in time leave their stamp upon every living creature.

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Ransom

BY ELIZABETH FRAZER

"I'M not goin' to the ole Sunday-school any more!" asserted Harold Cowperwood Aldrich, with bold finality.

"You're not, eh? Who said so?"

The newspaper opposite him at the table—it was Saturday morning breakfast—was very unexpectedly lowered, and his father, looking up from his perusal of the stock-market, fixed his small son with a quizzical, sardonic eye.

Harold squirmed and reddened under the steady, whimsical gaze. His remark, intended to impress his younger sister, had not been meant to carry across to the parental ear.

"Who said you weren't going to the ole Sunday-school any more?" insisted his father, who could not forbear upon occasion from teasing his little freckle-faced, snub-nosed son. "I suppose you think you've graduated, eh?"

"No, sir," mumbled the boy, in embarrassment, "but that Miss Gurney, she don't know anything. She don't know the least little bit about anything!" he emphasized, contemptuously. Miss Gurney was the martyr who conducted his Sunday-school class.

"She's a very sweet and patient young woman," reproved Mrs. Aldrich. "I hope you're polite to her, dear."

Her son's pliant brows shot up in an expression very like his father's when the latter was taking an exception to a patently idiotic decision of his Honor, the judge. They conveyed scorn, irritation, and open contempt of court; they hooted in silent derision. But, "Yes'm," he replied briefly, aloud.

His father concealed a smile with difficulty. "Apparently, it is not for her distinguished sweetness, nor yet for her indubitable patience that Miss Gurney is being arraigned before the high bar of justice," he explained, gravely, though the spark of teasing mirth still lurked in the depths of his eye, "but for her deplorable lack of intellectual attainments. What's the matter with Miss Gurney, son?"

Harold perceived he was being laughed at, and his proud young spirit began to chafe and feel exceedingly aggrieved. He stared in morose silence down his nose, as was his wont on such occasions, and did not deign a reply.

"What's the matter with Miss Gurney, son?" repeated Mr. Aldrich, and this time Harold did not judge it advisable to disregard the subtle ring of command in the quiet tones.

"Well, well," he began, stammering a little in the hostile atmosphere, "she says, Miss Gurney says it's wicked to kill Indians. I heard her say so myself last Sunday, right out in class.

"Well," said his father, judicially, "that was rather a large order on Miss Gurney's part. Sometimes it's wicked, and then, again, sometimes it's not. All depends." He concluded, with a return to his jesting manner, "But who was killing Indians on Sunday in Sunday-school?"

"Aw," said Harold, hunching an embarrassed shoulder, "it was only Limpy and me. The rest of the class was helpin' Miss Gurney pick out a closin' hymn—all but Limpy and me. We was sittin' off in a corner and talkin' about the Si-ox Indians. You know about the Si-oxes, papa," he broke off eagerly, to explain. They're the worst—"

"I know," nodded his parent, grimly. "Savage, fierce, implacable, bloodthirsty devils, cruel and relentless as the grave. Isn't that about the idea?"

"That's right," cried Harold, astonished at the accuracy of his father's knowledge. "That's the little ole tribe of Si-oxes all right. They cut your dead heart out and hang it onto their scalpin'- belts."

"By Jove! so they do. I forgot that small detail. But how did you and

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"GEE! WHAT ON EARTH DOES A GIRL WANT, ANYHOW?"

Limpy get mixed up with them? I trust you were well heeled?"

"We was," stated Harold, simply. "You see, it was after the Bible cards had been distributed, and Limpy he come over and sat down by me, and he said, supposin', just supposin' that we wasn't in church right now, but 'way off in some desert place, and then supposin' we was to come up over the top of the hill and all of a sudden ketch sight of a band of Si-oxes sittin' still on their ponies, all bunched up together, and starin' off over the sands in the opposite direction from where we was standin'."

"I hope you and Limpy dodged down before the red gentlemen could turn their heads. They are reputed to have a tolerably keen vision."

"That's just what I told Limpy!" cried Harold, kindling. In his mounting excitement, he had risen and was regarding his father with wide-open, shining eyes. "I told Limpy," he continued, eagerly, "that what we'd better do was to squat down out of sight, run for all we was worth down-hill, and then crawl on our hands and knees in a big circle round through the bushes and rocks and things till we got right clost up behind their backs, and then — bing! bang! bing!"

Using his grubby forefinger and thumb as a lethal weapon, he despatched the savages with unerring accuracy, and turned for approval to his parent, who nodded thoughtfully in reply.

"That wasn't a bad manœuver," he admitted, "holding off, and then stealing up on their rear. But what was

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Limpy's idea? To stand up boldly on top of the hill, I suppose, and pot them coolly, one by one?"

"Yes, sir—that's just what he wanted to do! But we was too far off, papa! I *told* Limpy we was too far off to get the range, and he laughed and said he guessed *he* wasn't too far off to get the range of the ole Si-oxes all right; he guessed *he* could hit 'em all right. And I said you couldn't hit a Si-ox nor nothin' else if you was too far off, and Limpy said, well he wasn't too far off; and I said, well, he was; and he said, well, he wasn't either, and anyhow he guessed he could shoot the way he wanted to, and I wasn't his boss; and I said, aw, well, if he didn't care about hittin' the Si-oxes, if he just wanted to waste his bullets, and—and right there Miss Gurney come up and she said, 'Boys, boys! what are you quarreling about?' And then Limpy went and told her that I wouldn't let him shoot the way he wanted to when he'd found the Si-oxes first, and after that Miss Gurney said it was wicked to kill poor Indians. Poor Indians! Huh!"

He rested his case, and stood awaiting his father's decision. It was apparent, however, that his own convictions concerning the intelligence of his teacher were fixed and unalterable.

His father rose, laughing. "Miss Gurney didn't quite size up the situation, I'll admit, son," he said. "You see, she didn't know that you and Limpy were standing on that hill-top in deadly peril of your lives while on the plain below was a bunch of savage redskins thirsting for your blood. I'll have to have a talk with that young lady some day concerning the historic instinct in boys." His hand fell on the shoulder of his son, and he continued, banteringly, "I suppose that you and Limpy are planning to go West some of these days and exterminate the rest of the aborigines."

Harold's jaw dropped. He stared upward completely confounded. How did his father know? No longer than three days ago he and Limpy had met in solemn conclave and discussed that very project in the secret solitude of a damp and drippy cave, having first ascertained by stealthy reconnoiterings, by wig-waggings, signs, and other high ritual, that no cunning foe was lurking about who might overhear and report their fell design. And now it was evident that some enemy had crept up, after all, unheard and unseen, listened shamelessly, and then bruited the whole affair abroad.

The crestfallen young countenance appeared to amuse Mr. Aldrich, who laughed immoderately and nodded across to his wife.

"See how the human race repeats itself," he murmured.

"I wish, though, you wouldn't encourage his imagination," protested his wife, rising, and speaking in lowered tones close to his ear. "He actually believes all that stuff about the Indians. I can't get it out of his head, though I've explained over and over that they're all good government subjects now and have settled down peacefully to raising corn and hay. He simply doesn't believe a word I say! And now, you see, he's placed Miss Gurney under the ban. I do wish you'd put your foot down once for all on that extermination business. He and Limpy consult about it every day!"

Mr. Aldrich chuckled. "I'll fix him," he promised. He turned back to his son. "Harold," he said, "I think you and Limpy had better postpone that trip West for a while. Those Si-oxes will keep. They're a long-lived race, I understand. The fact is, you owe something to your mother and me. We've invested quite a bit of money in you—food, clothes, education, laundry. Are we to get no returns on all that? You don't quite belong to yourself, you see. You're a sort of investment on our part. Now I shouldn't think it fair of you to go off and fight the savage Si-oxes without making some repayment first of what we've spent on you — a thousand dollars, let us say."

Harold stared up at him, paralyzed. "A—a thou-thousand dollars?" he stuttered, dazedly. The sum foundered his imagination. For the past three weeks, by the most herculean economies, he and Limpy had been pooling their resources for the secret purchase of a gun-barrel belonging to the preacher's son (only seventeen cents were still lacking), after which the tame environs of their

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birthplace should know them no more. But a thousand dollars! "Can't I go for less 'n that?" he begged, in dismay. "Or else"—his face brightened—"can't I pay part now, and the rest part after I come back?"

"No," said his father, firmly. "I'm afraid it 'll have to be cash down." And he frowned implacably and with design.

Harold did not argue the case. But he made a mute, eloquent protest against such rank injustice by slumping gloomily into his chair and staring into his plate with fierce, black-browed mutiny, while his little sister regarded him in frank, blue-eyed awe. In a few minutes he raised himself with frigid dignity and stalked forth moodily from the room. His father watched the exit from the tail of a humorous eye.

"You shouldn't tease him so, dear," remonstrated his wife. "He'll fret himself to death over raising that money."

"Pooh!" he laughed. "It's good for the lad to learn some responsibility. However"—he bent down to brush her lips with a good-by kiss—"I'll have a talk with him to-night about the Indians, and discharge that mighty debt!"

That promise was not fulfilled. A baffling legal case ensued, which for the following week held the lawyer late in town by day and immured him in his library by night.

Harold felt stung and outraged at the unjust tax imposed on his very existence.

"Gee!" he thought, despairingly, "I'll be years diggin' up his ole money. What did he wanta go and spend so much on me for? I'm derned if I see where it all went! That doctor, mebbe—" He recalled a recent severe attack of measles. He resolved to stay well in the future, and turned to face a universe evidently supplied to the saturation point with labor of every description.

Presently, however, he succeeded in selling the family cat to a local furniture-dealer, but the animal refused to stay bought, and he was finally compelled to disgorge the profits of his enterprise. An unseasonable owl's egg, found in a hollow tree on the premises, brought the sum of ten cents and swift protests when its purchaser attempted to blow his



"SH!" HE MUTTERED MYSTERIOUSLY. "DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE"

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specimen. Followed a windfall of eighty-four cents, earned by picking strawberries at two cents a quart for Farmer Lewis. Then for several days he found his services the traditional glut on the market. His hoard was still on the lonesome side of three dollars. Sterner measures were patently indicated. To desperate ills belong desperate remedies, and his mind still smoldered resentfully at being held a prisoner for ransom, as it were, and by his own father. A conversation at table one evening, listened to at first indifferently, and later with consuming eagerness, gave him finally a workable idea.

The Lorimers, living next door, had an only child, a pretty little girl of five called Dorothy, who was allowed to roam about in the large, grassy back yard of her parents' premises. One late forenoon found her there, pretending to an incredulous doll that a garden-toad was a lion.

Harold crawled to the fence under cover of its wide border of shrubbery. He knew where a picket was loose; drawing it aside, he craned cautiously through. His unconscious victim was still busied in explanations.

"See, 'Melia," she insisted. "It growls. It has long, white teeth!"

"Say, Dorothy," whispered the guileful tempter, "do you want to see a pig's bladder all blown up?"

Dorothy shook her fair curls with vigor.

"Well, then, a whale's tooth—a big whale's tooth?"

This offer was even more energetically refused. "Whales bite!" warned Dorothy.

"Gee!" muttered Harold, disgustedly. "What on earth does a girl want, anyhow?"

"Buttons," replied Dorothy, promptly. "Red, 'ellow, an' sossige-colored buttons."

"Ho! Is that all you want?" exclaimed Harold. "You just wait a second. Sit right there where you are, and don't move." The freckled face vanished.

Dorothy, accepting his warning in literal terms, remained almost motionless, gazing down at the torpid, unblinking toad. A few minutes later a low, sibilant hiss was in her ears; she looked up, and Harold was again beside her, this time with his cap half full of buttons, though most of them were white or black.

"Here they are," he said, with a false smile; "all kinds of pretty buttons. We'll string 'em onto a nice long string. But come on where nobody can see us. Sh! Sh!" he muttered, mysteriously. "Don't make no noise."

Dorothy, giggling delightedly, bent to the lure.

He led her through the shrubbery, down the long and narrow tunnel it made along the fence, and all at once, after an abrupt turn to the right, they emerged from the tangled confusion of twigs and leaves into a wide, clear circle set about with ancient trees. They were now in the extensive rear grounds of the Aldriches.

Harold proceeded to the center of the grassy plot, whipped aside what was apparently a bed of dead, cobwebby leaves, and revealed a pit.

"Come on!" he urged.

Dorothy bent forward timidly to the edge of the hole. After all, it wasn't so deep—only a little over her own height. It was, in fact, the arsenal in which Harold had installed temporarily his instruments of death. These consisted of a castaway catcher's mask (useful in turning the blow of a tomahawk), a shotgun cartridge which had failed in its mission to explode, and the foot-long point of a broken scythe. The pit which concealed these lethal weapons Harold had covered, for greater secrecy, with a piece of burlap pegged down with sharpened sticks, which in turn he sprinkled thick with the leaves of past autumns.

Harold dumped upon the bottom of the pit the contents of his cap and jumped in after the spoils. "Now we'll go down and search for all the buttons," he announced, artfully. He turned to her and held up his arms. Dorothy permitted him to lower her gently to the bottom. He then promptly pulled himself back to the surface, and, folding his arms Napoleonically across his chest, stood looking down on her with a menacing, high-voltage glare.

"You're down there, and down there

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"YOU'RE DOWN THERE, AND DOWN THERE YOU'RE GOIN' TO REMAIN"

you're goin' to remain. You're a—a female horstage now!"

Dorothy, mistaking the epithet, broke abruptly into loud wails. "I ain't no fenail —I ain't neither that word!" she sobbed. "I want to go home." She reached up to the edge of the hole, but her chubby little arms could not compass quite that distance. Her wails increased in pitch and intensity, and the tender heart of Harold melted within him. He jumped back hastily into the pit.

"Here, Dorothy, stop cryin'!" he commanded. "Sh! I was only foolin'. Come, we'll pick up all the pretty buttons and you can take 'em home."

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He endeavored to wipe away her tears with the doll, a proceeding which fortunately turned weeping into wrath, yet resulted in final peace. But Dorothy had lost all interest in the buttons.

"I want to go home," she reiterated.

"No, Dorothy; no, you don't," said Harold, improvising brilliantly as he went along. "If you go home they'll wash your face. You come along with me, and I'll show you somethin' awful nice. We'll have lotsa fun!"

The credulous Dorothy consented to be lifted from the cave, and, sweetly trustful, took his hand. As the soft fingers curled close round his own, Harold felt a pleasant thrill of protection. Also, and even more pleasant, he felt the thrill of a new idea.

"Hst!" he breathed in low, guttural tones. "Don't move. I hear somethin'." Shading his eyes with his free hand, he peered through the ancient elms, dappled with bright sunlight.

"What is it?" queried Dorothy, apprehensively, clutching his hand. "Cows?"

"Cows, nothin'!" retorted Harold, slightly dashed by the prosaic suggestion. "Si-oxes! A whole band of crool and deadly Si-oxes campin' on our trail."

"Will—will they hurt us?" she quavered. Her grip tightened nervously, she pressed closer, and her tears began to flow afresh.

"Aw, you don't have to cry all the time, do you?" demanded the goaded leader in exasperation. "You don't see *me* cryin', do you?"

She ceased her occupation long enough to look up into his face, and shook her head.

"Well, then," he said, triumphantly, "you just stick to me, and I'll take care of you. 'N' if any ole Si-ox comes up and says, 'Where's that little girl called Dorothy we been lookin' for?' I'll just haul off and land him one. Like this. See?" The dauntless, strong-armed hero disengaged himself, doubled up his fist, made a mighty spring through the atmosphere, grappled with an airy antagonist, and a moment later, breathing heavily, had brought him low. "That's somethin' like what I'd do," he explained, beaming modestly upon her. "I'd fix him! Wouldn't be much left to him when *I* got through!"

Dorothy gleamed at him admiringly through her tears. "And you—you wouldn't let him hurt me, would you, Harold?" she insisted.

"Not muchee I wouldn't!" he promised her, confidently. "But come on. Scrooge down. We gotta dodge from tree to tree so's the ole Si-oxes won't see us."

"I don't see no ole Si—Si—those things, Harold," she faltered, gazing fearfully about her.

"'Course not!" he snorted, impatiently. Like any artist, he hated to have to explain every minute detail of his creation to a lower intelligence. "'Course you don't see no ole Si-oxes!" he jeered. "And you won't see no ole Si-oxes neither, not till they get ready for you to see 'em, and then you'll see 'em good and plenty. It 'll be—whooparee!"

Again Harold gave a vivid and dramatic impersonation of the whirlwind attack of a band of redskins, brandishing a stick wildly over his head, convulsing his features into a grimace of appalling ferocity, squawking and howling like a demented dervish, and hopping madly about on one leg. He paused to repair his breath and mop his perspiring face. "That's the way they'll ack," he panted.

Dorothy was distinctly impressed and thrilled. "I—I don't think I want 'em to come," she murmured. And again she possessed herself of his hand.

"Aw, shucks!" muttered Harold, giving way to depression. "Didn't I tell you to fear nothin'? Can't you *hear* what I say? Come on, now; we gotta get outa this!" He bent down and spoke huskily at her ear. "Easy now. No noise."

Again he led her forward, crouching low, moving with the stealth of a stalking tiger, peering about on all sides. Now and again he halted behind a mossy old tree-bole, and, dropping on one knee, laid a listening ear to the ground, or, shading his eyes with a cupped palm, threw a stern, searching gaze over the landscape. But no signs of activity rewarded him save the soft rustle of wind-turned leaves and the pessimistic call of a near-by cat-bird. Whatever hostile Indians were lurking off in the perspective had the good sense and discretion not to appear.

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Once, as they stole forward, Dorothy unwittingly trod on a twig which snapped sharply under her weight. Instantly Harold whirled upon her.

"Down! Down on your stummick!" he croaked in a voice so hoarse, so pregnant with deadly peril, that the pupils of Dorothy's eyes dilated with terror, and she quaked in her dusty little boots. Obediently she flung herself flat on the leaves, but still freezing fast to his hand. Dimly she began to perceive the highlights of the situation—that so long as she clung to Harold and obeyed him implicitly none of the lively horrors he evoked could touch her. This established, she abandoned herself contentedly to his resistless will.

"They 'ain't spotted us yet," he muttered after a moment, letting her up. "And now we gotta make a breakaway. And, sh! Sh! I tell you," he growled sternly, for Dorothy was giggling softly as she peeled the plastered, cobwebby leaves from cheek and brow. "Now I'm goin' to walk backwards, and you step inside my tracks, and we'll just good and fix those old Si-oxes. We'll get 'em so mixed up they won't know a little girl's been out walking in—"

He broke off short and glanced swiftly around. The burble of approaching voices smote his alert ear. In their flight from the Indians the fugitives had reached the edge of the extensive rear grounds, and the intersection of two cross-streets had come into view. He stooped down, took a few rapid, dodging steps backward, and threw himself prone beneath a ragged syringa-bush, drawing Dorothy down beside him. And not a minute too soon.



"NO, IT AIN'T YOUR MAMMA. IT'S OLE SQUAW RAIN-FACE"

A slim, elegant vision, all in summery white and bearing aloft a rose-colored sunshade over a well-poised golden head, appeared and passed along the pavement not ten feet away.

"It's mamma," gurgled Dorothy, wriggling delightedly. "She don't know we're here, does she, Harold?"

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"No, no! It ain't either your mamma," amended Harold, with a quailing glance. "It's ole squaw Rain-face, that's who it is, and she—she just kinda looks like your mamma far off. But when you get her up clost to"—he held Dorothy with a firm, unwavering gaze—"why then she's nothin' but an old red Si-ox squaw."

Dorothy gazed in pop-eyed astonishment after the slim, graceful figure which, after greeting a neighbor, was proceeding down the shady vista of the street.

"It looks awful like mamma," she demurred, quenched but not cowed.

"Well, it ain't," alleged Harold, ruggedly. "It's ole Rain-face, and you wanta look out for her, too!"

After which sinister comment he began to scuttle rapidly on all-fours off in the opposite direction like an excited hermit-crab, mutely signing Dorothy to follow. As a matter of crude fact, and on another plane of his mentality, so to speak, he had recognized both his mother and Mrs. Lorimer off in the middle distance, but it was not to his interest to be discovered just then in company with Dorothy, lest it should give away to the elders his plan. After a few rods he erected himself once again and retraced the way back through the shrubbery, arriving finally at a spot not far from one of the rear entrances to the old Aldrich mansion.

At this precise point Harold's major plot really began. All which preceded had been simply a curtain-raiser, so to speak, with liberal splashes of local color, in order to screw up Dorothy to the sticking-point. He left her now for several minutes while he reconnoitered. But his suspicions were soon allayed. The cook and the maid could be heard volubly in the front of the house; the coast, for the time, was clear. Returning, he took his small charge by the hand.

"We gotta run now, quick!" he admonished her. "While nobody's lookin'. And you wanta be awful quiet." He glared at her with mysterious menace, and Dorothy giggled with suppressed excitement. She snuggled close, shuddering deliciously while they mounted a rear stairway, steep, narrow, and dark, and crept tiptoe down a long twilight passage. At its end Harold turned a knob and ushered her into a large, sunny bedchamber.

"There," he said; "we're safe at last. This is my room—no, it ain't, either," he corrected himself hastily; "it's a great, big, cool cave—"

Through the open window a long-drawn cry broke on their young ears: "Dorothy! Oh, Miss Dorothy!"

"That's the cook. We're havin' fun with her, ain't we?" She smiled up at him seraphically.

"The cook! Little you know!" exclaimed Harold, darkly. That's ole Big Knife, chief of the Si-oxes. They're after us, all right. I guess they found our trail."

Dorothy retreated precipitately from the window, a little pale. "But how did he know my name?" she persisted in an awed whisper.

"He's a wise guy, I tell you," nodded Harold, gloomily. "I reckon he wants to hold you for a ransom. He'll steal you and cut off your ears, one by one, and keep sendin' um to your folks. Then, after a while, your father he'll get scart and cough up a thousand dollars to get you off—what's left of you."

Unconsciously, Dorothy had laid both hands over the small, rosy members in question.

"And will mamma take good care of all my pieces of ears until I come back?"

"Yes," admitted Harold; "but like as not some of 'em 'll spoil. Probably they'll come by slow freight. My father says the railroads oughta be lynched."

At this juncture the air was again rent by cries for an errant daughter, and this time the voice of a mother was added to the appeal. Harold moved uneasily.

"I guess I better go out and see what they're up to," he muttered, turning away to the door.

"Lemme come, too," pleaded Dorothy. "That sounds awful like mamma."

"Huh!" scoffed Harold. "That's ole Rain-face, I tell you, just pertendin' she's your mamma till she can come up near so's she can lay her mitts on you. And when she does—whiz!" He threw up his arms dramatically, to signify a swift and violent end.

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Dorothy retreated promptly to the bed, crawled in and drew up the coverlet as far as her large, blue eyes, which stared trustfully at her gallant preserver.

"All right," she murmured, placidly. "You go right out an' kill her, then—unless she's mamma."

Exultant, Harold tiptoed from the room. He crept along the squeaky corridors of the rambling old mansion, down-stairs no less audible, and emerged into the outer radiance. Mrs. Lorimer, the cook, and the chauffeur were carefully exploring all the nooks of the Lorimer premises. From leafy distances a deep-voiced bell proclaimed the hour of noon. Harold approached casually, leaned his arms over the low fence which separated the two yards, and, taking a quarterly from his pocket, began conning over his golden-text.

Soon the cook noted the studious figure and came forward. "Ye'll not have been seein' Miss Dorothy?" she inquired.

"Ma'am?" he asked, politely, raising absorbed eyes. Both face and tones expressed bland cherubic innocence.

"Shure, the little rogue's run clane away," the cook explained. "I was wonderin' had ye seen her?"

Then Romance spread flaming and intrepid wings in the soul of Harold. "She didn't run away," he said. "She just walked away. I saw her myself. I saw her walkin' down the street, hand in hand with a tall, dark man who was talking to her, and Dorothy she was lookin' up at him and laughin'. He—"

But further details were cut short by the wail that burst from the mouth of the cook. "Did ye hear that, now? Oh, Mrs. Lorimer! Oh, the big, black divvle! Shure, an' they've kidnapped the little darlin'. She's gone. We won't niver see the little rogue no more. Ring up the cops, quick! Oh, the big, black divvle!"

The Lorimer group dashed at once within doors in a hubbub of shrieks and exclamations, leaving Harold leaning over the fence in gentle, pensive meditation. But presently he returned by the rear entrance, still unnoticed by any member of his household, stole up to the captive maiden, and found her fast asleep.

"Good!" murmured Harold, relievedly. Her slumbers gave him a free hand. Closing the door quietly, he descended to the deserted library and locked himself in.

The police of the fashionable and thriving suburb had seldom handled a more baffling case. It seemed that an exceptionally dark man, well over six feet in height, leading a plump, golden-haired maid of five summers, had slowly traversed one of the most important streets of the place, and then vanished like a bubble into thin air. Apparently, the abductor had not left town by train, automobile, or other vehicle. He could be discovered neither at hotels nor lodging-houses. Mr. Lorimer, summoned at once by telephone from the city, had thrown himself frantically into the search, and engaged the additional services of a private detective agency. The town hummed with excited and zealous volunteers, beating up unfrequented alleys and by-paths. At about three o'clock the electrifying discovery was made that the tall, dark man had a confederate in the plot—some false villain who might even then be pretending an interest in the search.

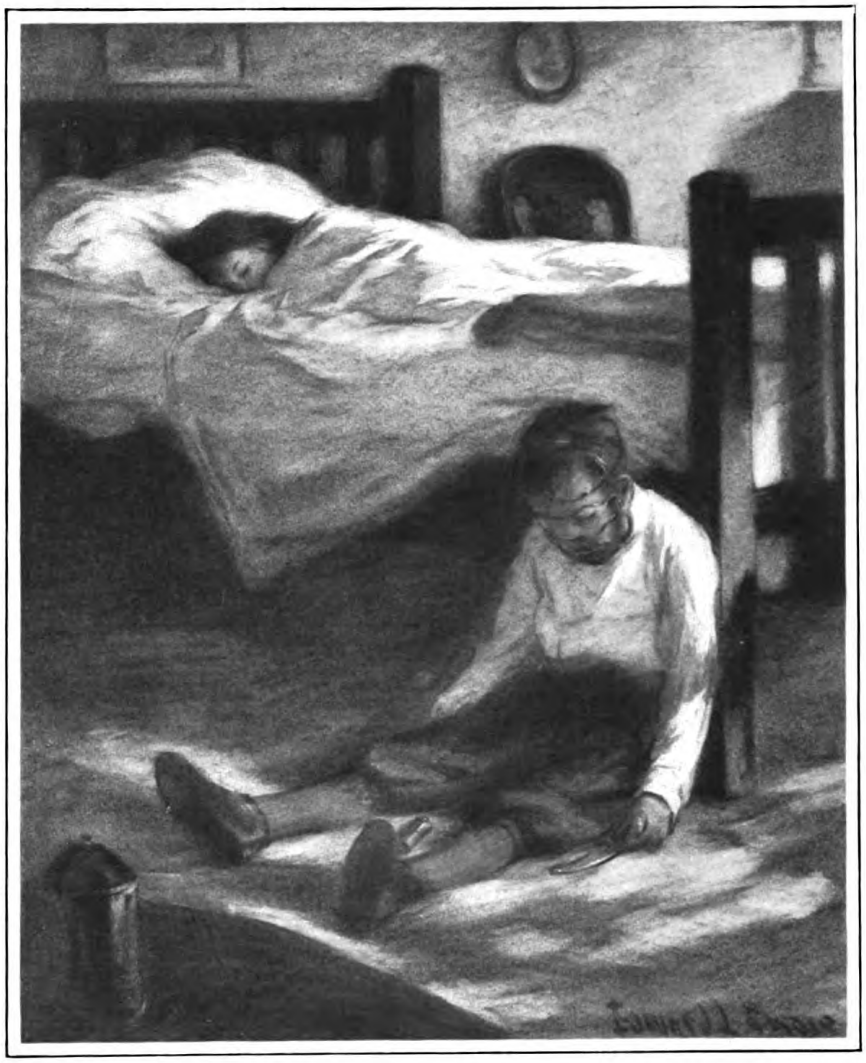
Mrs. Gayley, an intimate friend of the stricken parents, did not hear of the kidnapping until her return from a motor-trip to a neighboring town. Apprized of the catastrophe, she had immediately hastened over, and, while awaiting admission to the Lorimer home, had noticed the end of a piece of note-paper protruding from beneath the door-mat. On the maid's opening the door, she called attention to the possible missive, and it was brought, still folded, to the almost hysterical mother. It was neatly printed, in words that ran as follows:

RANSOM ! ! !

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN YOU PUT A (1) THOUSAND DOLLERS IN THE OLD HIGH HOLE OF THE TREE IN URLYS BACK LOT OR ILE SEND YOU ONE OF DORRATHYS EARS. PUT IT THERE AT MIDNIGHT AND KEEP AWAY THE NEXT MORNING. AN EAR, BY PARSULS POST. OTHER PEACES TO FOLLOW. I AM OUT FOR THE STUFF.

SINED YOUL NEVER KNOW WHO.

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HAROLD, ALSO ASLEEP, WAS WEARING A CATCHER'S MASK

Above this document the perplexed chief of police bent with unfeigned interest. While he was examining it Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich came hurrying in to offer their assistance. A moment later the two women were weeping in each other's arms.

"He — he says we'll get her back soon," sobbed Mrs. Lorimer. "But I'm afraid. It says in that awful note—it says—her ears! Her ears b-by parcels' post! O—oh!" And, with a still wilder sob, she collapsed upon the sofa.

"Ear—by parcels' post!" echoed the astounded friend. "What note? Let me see!"

The truculent missive was placed in her hands. She glanced inclusively at its contents, noted the quality of the paper, and then suddenly turned pale and gasped.

"That boy!" she cried. "That awful boy!"

She rushed for the door, followed by a suddenly suspicious husband, and in a few minutes was back in her own hall.

"No, ma'am," replied the excited maid. "I've not seen him for over an hour. And I've called him several times."

"He can't be in the house, then," commented Mrs. Aldrich. "And yet—"

She moved toward the stairway, her husband ominously following as before. Together they ascended the broad flight of stairs, stole down the long corridor,

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and paused before a closed door. No sound came from within the portal. She turned the knob gently, and as gently swung it wide.

The declining sun laid an oblong of imperceptibly shifting radiance on the tranquil floor. Dorothy still slumbered peacefully. Harold, also asleep, his back propped against the bed, was wearing a catcher's mask, and between his knees rested an unexploded cartridge and the rusty fragment of a broken scythe.

He promptly awoke under their concerted stare, batted his eyes rapidly, and then rose to a standing posture.

"You wretched boy!" began his mother. "What do you mean by bringing all this misery on Mrs. Lorimer? Do you want to be sent to jail?"

"Aw, gee!" explained her son with embarrassment. "'Twasn't nothin'. We —Dorothy and me—we was just pertendin' to fool the ole Si-oxes. They got onto our trail and so we hid in this here cool cave, and I—I was guardin' her."

Still flustered by the grim, silent figure behind his mother, he fumbled with the mask, unloosed it, and dropped it to the floor. His uneasy, roving eye caught his father's fixed on him with a peculiar, steady stare. Harold's throat constricted oddly. He began to perspire.

"I—I was just guardin' her," he explained again, rather huskily.

"And what about that note?" queried Mrs. Aldrich, relentlessly. "That terrible letter you sent to Mrs. Lorimer?"

"Aw, gee!" expostulated her son, aggrievedly. "I had to get that ole thousand somehow, didn't I? Or else let Limpy kill off all the redskins by hisself. And you said—"

"That's enough, young man," sternly interrupted his father, to whom the mention of the thousand dollars was as darkness. "We'll have no more excuses. You're carrying altogether too much sail. You've roused the whole town with your deviltry, and now you'll pay the bill."

He grasped his son by a wrist grown suddenly limp, and started toward the door. Mrs. Aldrich gathered up the still sleeping Dorothy in joyous and tender arms and followed. Again the procession descended the stairs. At the foot Mrs. Aldrich paused with her sweet, slumbering burden, and gazed pleadingly into her husband's eye.

"Not too hard," she implored, softly.

But that arbiter of authority only shook his head and led the way to the woodshed. And presently the circumambient atmosphere was rent by appalling sounds which might well have issued from the brazen throat of a Sioux warrior on the blood-trail.

That night, lying on his stomach, which was the only position that afforded him the least degree of comfort, Harold talked with his father, who sat by his bed. After the fashion of elders, punishing first and listening afterward to explanations, he had learned that it was his own unjust decree concerning the thousand dollars which had really lighted the fuse that resulted in the day's explosion.

"Well," he admitted, "to tell you the truth, I forgot all about that business. I'm sorry. But your mother and I are thinking of going out to the Fair next month in company with Limpy's father and mother. How would it be if we took you two boys with us and stopped off at Yuma in order to visit one of the Indian reservations? You might take your catcher's mask along, in case of an uprising. Would you like that, eh?"

And Harold joyously acquiesced.

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The Eighty-Third

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

HAVING at last reached a provincial city of a neutral country (not my own, though mine, too, still calls itself neutral), and being provided for the first time in many months with the ordinary comforts of life, I feel it my duty to set down certain facts that have recently come to my notice. They cannot possibly be printed until the war is over, and I question very much whether they can be printed then. There will be, if I mistake not, a very strict censorship exercised by the conquerors. Indeed, the mere fact that a neutral press has not yet got hold of the details I have to relate—or dared to print them if it has a hint—shows what the fear of the invaders already is. Besides, this is not a gossipy time. We do not glory in our neutrality; we cling to it as a drowning man to a tiny splinter of his wrecked ship; we are terribly afraid of saying the least thing, publicly or privately, that may draw attention to us. Nothing but a happy series of accidents can keep us out of the conflict, and, indeed, when it is all settled, we shall have scarce more shrift than the conquered belligerents. I do not even dare name the army to which the 83d regiment belongs. By the time this document comes to light—if it ever does—it will be easy enough to guess.

When what, in my youth, was known as the "Great War" or the "World War" was going on—the war that began in August, 1914—I had a mighty desire to see something of its terrors. I was completing my education, and I had no great taste for learning. I thought I should do much better flying above a battle-field than acquiring knowledge — since all knowledge, I thought, was destined to be presently superseded. My family would not hear of it, however—they had always frowned on my aviator's ambitions. So I never got in on the "Great War" at all; and, like most other people, I thought it meant my last chance. Obviously, there was never going to be another big armed conflict. This was a madness; the world for ever after would be sane. We were very innocent in those days. Certainly, when I sulked at being kept at home, it was honest sulking with real provocation. I never dreamed that when I had reached the prime of life I should see a struggle that would throw the whole world into terror—not merely half of it. We were all proud of the Congress of 1917, you know—I speak as a man old before my time, to generations yet unborn. There won't, I think, be even a fiction of a Congress after this war. It will be more like a gigantic peace palaver in a reeking jungle. But I am not concerned to prophesy, for to deal with that future we shall need vast and exotic vocabularies. Small use the Oxford dictionary will be, alas! to our children—or Esperanto, either.

I have double-locked my doors; I have shuttered the lower half of my windows; and I have looked quizzically at my fountain-pen, as if it were an object that might sometime be dug up to bear witness to a lost civilization. All the little things of every day have a trick now of seeming vitally important—they may pass so soon, with us to whom they belonged.

Outside in the street it is very quiet. Even in this remote little neutral town there is no pretense of "business as usual." Business will never be "as usual" again; it will be different. But this is as near as I can get, at present, to the atmosphere in which I was bred, and I will try to write as a plain man writes.

I have been for some months previous to this in a corner of the war-zone. That is, as I intended it should be, a vague statement. Most of the planet is,

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if not part of the war-zone, at least belligerent territory. I am a good linguist, owing to experiences of my childhood and early youth; I speak, fairly well, a lot of languages that in my day were not considered part of one's education. My parents were wanderers, and I had the oddest collection of nurses and attendants that any child ever had. Luckily, their talk stuck by me—I never forgot any idiom I had learned. So I got on better than most would have done when I was caught by the war in a foreign country. I had luck, too, in my country; I could actually, thanks to a nurse I had once had for a year, talk with the peasants.

I cannot say that I had any plan when the war broke out. Every one knew that, once started, it would work as it did—spreading like a forest fire with a gale to aid it. Nation by nation, tribe by tribe, race by race came into it; and all a neutral could do was to edge along, little stage by little stage, to some extraordinary spot that by accident was not technically involved. Practically and commercially, of course, everything and every one is involved.

I have had, naturally, a good many hairbreadth escapes. Neutrals are so few that no one considers them of the slightest importance; and I have found that if you have a passport you are likely to be arrested as a spy. I destroyed my passport early in the game for fear it should get me into trouble. I lived like an animal, where I could—suspecting everything and every one, and never dreaming of depending on any habitation for more than a night. After three months of the war, as I was "inching" along to a neutral frontier, I began to hear on the timid lips of non-combatants constant reference to a terrible regiment belonging to one of the allied groups. I will not be more definite than that. I never asked questions, but I stored away what I heard. Eventually I learned the facts.

You must understand that I traveled as light as a hobo. I had a certain amount of money secreted about my person, but wherever it was possible I paid in physical labor for my plate of food or my bit of cottage floor. My familiarity with the language stood me in good stead. Without it, every man's hand would have been against me, for I was obviously not a native, and might have been, to the peasants' inexperienced imaginations, anything. I always put my cards on the table—not merely my own hand, you might say, but the whole pack. I made no indiscreet inquiries; I helped the people when and as I could; and I told them of myself frankly that I was trying to work my way to a neutral country. My poverty of aspect robbed me, to begin with, of any too unwelcome importance. I told them directly that I had no political sympathies, but that I loathed all slaughter and cruelty, and wanted, as my own country was not at war, to get out of the way of any army whatsoever—being (this I tried to show) meanwhile, *en route*, a decent person. Often I took the man of the house—when there was one—aside, gave my pistol to him for the night, and half stripped myself to show him I was concealing no other weapons. The knowledge of my money-belt I kept to myself; though, in the morning, I gave the people a coin or two if it seemed that currency would be of any use to them.

This, roughly, was the mode of my existence for three months following the outbreak of the conflagration. If my progress towards safety and comfort (both of which can be only comparative—and temporary, even more than comparative) seems incredibly slow, I can only point out the fact that every step I took was precarious and that a snail's pace was inevitable. I had to dodge both the invading and defending armies; all means of transportation, down to the most aged donkey, were commandeered; the fighting radius of any given corps was immensely extended by scouts; the non-combatants were suspicious of every human creature not personally known to them. Remember that every one except the young people had been eye-witnesses of an earlier war which was supposed to surpass in horror everything hitherto known to history. This is a grave generation, all over the world; and the particular nation in whose territory I found myself has been played with after a fashion that no one—least of all itself—can understand. I had to

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make wide detours, and sometimes judged it best to skulk out of a village almost before I had taken stock of it. But a number of the peasants were unbelievably humane; and a hurried clasp of the hand in the dawn was sometimes an almost intolerable parting. At such a time a human relation becomes historic in twenty-four hours.

It was in the village of V—— that I first heard anything definite about the mysterious regiment. The one-armed son of the blacksmith had returned from the nearest town, full of tales. I listened, not too credulous, for the tales were wild. The opposing armies, as every one knows, are a medley of races; and one hint of the exotic will breed hideous anecdote. I was welcome that night at the little public-house — I know not what else to call it, for it was scarcely an inn. The villagers gathered and drank, men and women together, a villainous local wine—moderately, in no spirit of orgy, though here and there the fantastic costume of some refugee goatherd from the hills seemed to make the scene dance before my eyes.

The gist of the report brought by the blacksmith's son was that the 83d regiment was in the field, and that they might look for heavier trouble than was yet upon them. Every week men were hurried off to camp from this or that village. Officials would descend to prod and poke peasants supposed exempt. Unless you had lost an arm or a leg, no chronic ailment, no guarantee of over or under age, availed you. Presently there would be only women, cripples, and imbeciles left. I could vouch, myself, for the truth of that; with my own eyes I had seen the little population of non-combatants dwindle terrifically in the province. Then would come the turn of the 83d regiment. It skulked behind the others and did its trick, apparently, after the fighting was done and towns lay waste and helpless. They were on no army list, mind you. Officially, there was no 83d regiment; but its name was in every one's mouth—at least, in such mouths as dared to speak in a whisper among tried companions.

"But what do they do?" I asked—my first leading question in many weeks. "Do they massacre and plunder — jackals following their fighting brothers?"

"Some folk say they are not human at all." This was the sulky reply of the blacksmith's son.

The women crossed themselves, and I began to disbelieve the tale, root and branch—though I had heard of the 83d before. Still: demons—we had not come to that.

"They pass in the night—in the night; and they speak no tongue that mortal has ever heard." An old woman crooned this in her corner, then covered her face with her dirty, gaudy shawl.

"Demons!" The word ran like a flame round the room, and presently they were all crossing themselves and swaying back and forth in a gloomy ecstasy of terror.

"Who has seen them?" The question was asked directly of the crippled messenger by a woman with a harsh voice. I judged from the attitude of the rest that only the common danger permitted her to be of their company. But the mutter of "Demons! demons!" drowned the sneer with which she followed up her question. Children, waking, stuck their heads out of their mothers' shawls, and their whimpering had to be quieted before the blacksmith's son could reply.

"The bellows-mender's wife in W——. She saw them and ran all night through swamps and woods to reach her own place. She had taken the journey in hope of news of her husband and son. Aie! but she came running back when she had a glimpse by moonlight of the 83d. She is half crazed, and the other womenfolk told me. She wrings her hands and tears her coif. W—— buzzes with the tale."

"Half crazed, indeed! Who needs demons when men can be so like them?" This from the harsh-voiced woman outcast.

The rising murmur of anger was checked by the village priest, and the woman on her three-legged stool finally fell silent.

"I don't say they are demons," returned the blacksmith's son. "All that is foolishness." He assumed a jauntier air. "But they are not like other men.

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They do not march like other men. Some are carried in litters."

"Oh—oh!" There was a common protest. "Regiments do not carry their wounded on the march. And if they are demons, they cannot be wounded. You have drunk the moonlight, brother."

"I do not know the truth. Some say they are demons, I tell you. That is foolishness. Some say they are cannibals that feast as they go. And some say they are great gray apes from Africa. But all say that it is better to be shot than to meet the 83d after a battle. They are not as other men. Now I have no more to say."

I have recorded this as accurately as I can, because it was the longest conversation I ever heard on the subject. After that night I met the tale everywhere, but never with such wealth of hypothesis. The rumor of the regiment ran like wildfire about the country. It was a terror too great for telling: "the 83d"—and then talk stopped, save perhaps for a phrase of vague and desperate fear. Speech dried on their starved lips. At first I wondered at it; but came to the conclusion after many a chilled night in a rickety grange that they positively feared lest explicit discussion should, like an incantation, raise the object of their terrors bodily before them. There was trouble enough and to spare, without the 83d. Death by wounds and exposure can scarcely be so bad as this more lingering dissolution to which non-combatants are presently destined. For there is no hope in this war—none. The melting-pot we used to talk of so glibly in times of peace is seething over a planet-wide fire; all races are thrust in, and are steeping in the poisons of Africa and Asia. No man knows what will come of it—but the 83d is trying to tell.

There is good reason why a document that must lie for a long time in an inside pocket should not be too bulky, so I will not describe further the months of my flight. I was trying all the time for a certain point on the frontier of the little nation which at present is offering me such scant protection as "neutrality" affords; but I had to take a zigzag course, often actually doubling back on my tracks. Almost every one knows something about this war at first hand, so I will not describe the prolonged despair of existence in a stricken country. I never really got hardened to it, because there has never been a single relieved moment when one could look forward with hope. You face every horror; and there are vaster horrors behind, like a rear-guard stretching from pole to pole. The devil has been in their counsels; and he has proved himself, once again, a medievalist. Bloodshed is healthy compared with his subtleties. Ah, why talk of the devil, when we may all, before we die, have fetich officially thrust upon us? To what future am I addressing myself? And what difference can a detail like this I have knowledge of make to a posterity that comes out of such a melting-pot? Still, I was born in the nineteenth century, and some archaic notions stick—the respect for curious documents, for example—the respect for data and for historians!

I had come to the village of Z—— on the last lap of my flight. My money was running low—going faster, in point of fact, near the frontier, since there was some hope of getting across and making purchases. I always gave money, as I said, when I thought it could help. I was determined to save some, and not be absolutely penniless when I myself reached a neutral state. So for some weeks previous to actual escape I went at a cripple's pace. I took no doubtful short cuts and put up at no inns; I no longer sought out the biggest farm in the village, or asked for meat or beer. I crawled very close to the earth; I lived like a slug. When I reached Z——, I walked round the little settlement—skirted it in search of the feeblest building that could call itself a shelter. I begged some porridge, towards twilight, from a farm-wench, and some rods beyond I found a building just to my purpose — a tumble-down grange, all chinks and falling rubble, which was evidently wholly disused. It was essential that I should be alone, that my presence should be unsuspected. The tide of actual conflict was rolling towards the confines of the little state, and suspicion rode on the spray of the bloody waves. Only in the dusk should I have dared to beg my porridge, trusting to

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the mere whisper of familiar words; for though I was browned and dirty and limping, my features were not of the country and would have belied my accent. All day I had heard cannonading, as I crept from covert to covert and rock to rock. Perhaps, I thought, as I huddled under the densest bit of thatch I could find, I should not reach neutrality, after all — should roll over in an ignominious heap on the bristling verge of safety.

I cannot say how long I slept—for sleep I did: a dogged sleep of the body which the mind was powerless to prevent. When I woke, the moon-rays were falling crazily through the jagged holes in the roof, making little idiotic pools of light on the floor. The atmosphere was thick with sound. At first I could distinguish nothing, though I knew physically, from head to foot, that the noise was sinister. Then something woke me out of my doze—a shadowy stirring in the opposite corner of my den. That was near, was concrete, was imminent; and I got my pistol into position. It was not a soldier, I felt sure; one soldier would scarcely be hiding in such a place. I whispered a sharp query in the native tongue; and very slowly the dark huddle shaped itself into a woman's form. Well—I was not yet afraid of a woman; and I put the pistol into my pocket, though I kept my hand on it.

As she came out into one of the rays of light, I saw that she was a mere peasant-girl, barefoot, in ragged clothes, her terrified mind as ragged as her garb. We looked each other over in silence; and presently, to judge from the evidence of her features, her wits began to reassemble themselves. I ventured to question her. How could we two miserable creatures be foes?

"What is it?" There was no need of being more definite than that. The thick, disturbed volume of sound outside called for explanation; if you could have heard it from Mars, you would have known it stood for danger. Yet it was a mere faint thrumming on the strings of peril—no explosions, no sharp reports, no shouting. The elements of noise were soft and stealthy—gentle thuddings on the worn earth, faint creakings, hoarse whispers; as it were, a death-rattle filling the whole atmosphere. I cannot describe it, but it made shrapnel seem healthy—something to which a man would bare his breast gladly. This sounded rather like the nether slime of danger. The very fear it caused was unhealthy—a crooked trail of paralysis through the nerve-paths. My hand was steady, but my legs shook beneath me; my blood was warm, but things mopped and mowed in my brain. As yet, I had not stirred to look; but, as if my ears had not told me enough, my nostrils began to detect a faint, sickening smell. It was as if the dead had risen out of their trenches, with a little clatter of corrupted bones and weak motions of decomposing flesh. A terror that you could hear and smell, but as yet nameless and invisible.

"What is it?" I repeated my raucous whisper.

"The Eighty-third!" The girl gasped it out, then keeled over on the floor.

A sane little current of curiosity began to wind through my veins. If this was the 83d, I would behold it. I stepped over the girl's body, touching her slightly in the movement. She had fainted, apparently, and it was safer so. I went to the slit of a window. Luckily the overhanging thatch kept my face in the shadow; I was safe from the 83d until they began to search. I looked in silence, guarding my very breath. It was not a time to bear witness to one's own existence.

I do not know how long I crouched there, watching. For crouch I did; mere leaning against the wall would not have sufficed. I needed support from every direction; my hands as well as my feet demanded the close proximity of something solid. I could not count on any inward strength to hold myself upright, could not count on muscles to do their duty at any distance from a firm basis.

Can I ever describe, for cold information to those who may read this document, what I became aware of during the next quarter of an hour? I say "became aware of" advisedly; for though now, in the half-obscurity, I saw, the facts seemed at first to beat even more heavily on other senses than that of vision. Sight, at all events, did not utterly replace sound and smell, even

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though I was all a-stare in my shadowed recess. And it cannot have been for more than a quarter of an hour that I looked. As soon as I understood, I dropped back into my ruinous shelter and let the 83d go on without my witness. Yes, it must have taken me just about that time to get through my head the *quis* and *qualis* of the 83d.

And, after all, all I have to do is to set down those unassailable facts. I have only to announce, in one careful sentence, the particular business of the 83d. Yet the necessary few firm words seem to rot and drop away under my pen. Moreover, since mine is evidence that must tip the scales against a monumental incredibility, perhaps I had best be chronological—so far as I can. I will be brief—I must be.

Shreds of the talk already recorded came back to me in the first moments. "They pass in the night—in the night; they speak no tongue that mortal has ever heard; they do not march like other men; some are carried in litters; some say they are great gray apes from Africa. . . ." I remembered, and I bore witness. They did not march like other men; the litters were there. . . .

The few males of the depopulated village must have been shot or otherwise disposed of when the regiment first entered. From beginning to end I saw, of the village inhabitants, only women; yet from beginning to end I did not hear one scream. The horror that denied to me the comforting heat of anger and left me shivering must have stifled their voices in their throats. Sheer loss of sense and wits, I hope, came to the victims; but if madness blessed them, it was a dumb madness. At least, near though I was in my low-pitched upper chamber, I heard no voice rise above the hoarse mutter of the soldiers. Soldiers! Well, any human creature that goes out to destroy an enemy may be called a soldier. And, worst of all, there were men there who looked like other men—a few Europeans in uniform to command that monstrous company.

Though the purpose of the invaders soon became tragically clear to me—women only were the picked and chosen prey, and even with shut eyes I should have known—I still marveled a little. This was no orgy of inflamed soldiery. The 83d shuffled and shambled about its business, under orders from its few commanders. They burned no cottages; I saw no attempt to loot even food or drink. The very stillness of the scene made it more devilish; here was no spontaneous glutting of appetite—bestial, but natural like all bestial things. In some human brain all this had been coldly conceived, and by human beings it was being coldly carried out. I saw a misshapen man drag a girl across the road; they disappeared among the tall rows of the standing wheat. Even then I had not the key of the enigma. Only when I saw a man in uniform light a match and look at his watch, then make a signal, did understanding begin to come. At his gesture the litters were flung down, and things rose out of them. I thought I was going mad; that I was not really seeing what I thought I saw—the ghosts of misbegotten creatures in a *macabre* group, proceeding with motions unspeakably grotesque and vile to a sinister Sabbath. I could not believe it; the one illuminating word did not come to focus my bewilderment. I saw women disappearing by handfuls in the midst of loathsome groups—parodies of the human body that had been garbed in a nightmare. And still the word did not come.

Then from a little close beneath my shadowed window a figure—legless, armless—became evident to me. The moon by a special act of grace showed me the face clear—white as ice, with a fixed, mutilated grin; apishly conceived, and wrought in some stuff not like flesh. Yet in that all but decomposing medium something stood for envy. . . . The word had come. I knew; and I fell back, crouched on guard over the fainting woman beside me. That I could, at need, kill her where she lay, was the one hint of God in the universe.

Half stupefied, I stayed there beside her for I do not know how long. I nursed my pistol with loving slyness, and watched her face, on which one ray of moonlight fell through the gaping thatch. This heavy-featured farm-wench seemed to me the purest thing in the world. Why? Because, I suppose, I had a cartridge there for her; because

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it was absolutely in my power to preserve her as she was. She might have been maid, wife, or widow; she was absolutely saved from the 83d. They might suspect the ruin in which we were lying hid, might search it, but I could reach her first. I was so close to her that I touched her; my hand would have to move only a few inches to reach a vital spot. Whatever happened, it would have time to make that journey. She seemed to me sacred, as I bent over her; she was like a miraculous image of Diana saved from the sack of a town. If she had been steeped in all uncleanness before she took shelter in that disrupted pile of thatch and rubble, she would still now, by contrast to what she might have been, appear the purest of the pure. For one forgot latitude and longitude; this village seemed the world —no less; and she of all living women was spared the horror of that night. Would not her coarse comeliness become a legend, and she the saint of a new cult?

I set down these wanderings of my thought to show that it was in the power of the 83d to divorce a man from reason. I knew, of course, that at any moment they might think it worth while to enter, to climb up the worm-eaten ladder and make a few bayonet-passes in the dark. But I had no sense of danger; death was no peril to face, and from the things that really looked like peril I had the means to deliver us both. They could not take from me the freedom of my right hand—they would not have time. I was glad of that swoon, prolonging itself beside me. If she had come out of it to babble, I should have had to shoot at once. I felt a childish eagerness in having her preserved. I was all given over to my myth. If I had been a woman, I should have gone mad there in the checkered obscurity; mere consciousness of my sex saved me to this temporary light-headedness. And the possession of a pistol in working order seemed a miracle; I recognized in it the interposing finger of Jehovah. I remember once wondering dizzily why I was chosen, as minor prophets must have wondered why they were rapt from their herds and tribes-fellows.

Gradually, as the moon set and the night wore on, the 83d girded up its smitten loins for departure. It was true, they passed "in the night—in the night"; and no man knew what or whence they were. No man save me; and still, after these harrowed weeks, I bear about me the sense of a peculiar destiny, in that I have it in my power to give this testimony. My giddiness began and passed with that hour, and though I left my shelter before dawn and made my way westward, what I saw and heard, even as I fled from it—writhing shapes of women and guttural moans and stricken whispers from cottage windows — confirmed what my steady gaze from under the deep eaves had earlier told me. Hatred, with other normal powers, came back to me then; I developed at least a feeble, white man's hatred of my own with which to meet inadequately the hatred that had taken shape and action before my eyes that night.

For in the idea that created the 83d there was nothing so decent, because nothing so spontaneous, as lust of blood or lust of the flesh. Probably the plan was never committed to writing or to formal speech; but the black hint must have sped southward, eastward, through a hundred minds, before the 83d could be recruited—creatures that were polluted to the marrow in rare and horrible ways; gathered from sun-infested lands and brought overseas to furnish the last argument of hate. This was the plan: that those who did not go the clean, cruel way of death should be defiled past hope. The fountain of life should be fouled. No surviving enemy should rear fighting men and clean women. The 83d would take away all hope—even the winded, rickety hopes that look timidly forward to a future some ages off. The conquerors would not even mate with their victims. The rebellious seed should die utterly, and it should not have even a mongrel's claim to a pedigree. Atavism should not have a chance with sports and mutations. . . . The victors would then people the world from the yellow, the black, and the brown; from tradition-less creatures of whom they could be sure because they were stuff of their own souls. Did those who slew so gallantly in our youth, with shibboleths upon

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their lips, think of this—a war without shibboleths, where no man calls even blasphemously upon the name of God, though here and there a turban may be knotted in orthodox folds, or a juju be tucked away in a loin-cloth? No man fights now for "democracy" or any other windy word; white or black, he fights only for his personal right to live. Peace and poverty, twin-born of our last war, have brought us to this one almost unarmed; and what can the little ammunition we have garnered do against the spawn of a whole hemisphere? Moreover, the flower of the Western world went then, and there has scarce been time for a second blooming. It seems hard to believe that there were ever mild creatures like Crusaders or Jacobites on our planet. For the end is not yet; and though a few countries are allowed still to play at neutrality like children, their toy will be taken from them whenever the strong men think it time. The East has grimaced in front of the Western mirror until it has learned the little it wants of us. But now it is all too clear that with whichever of the polyglot alliances the white man fights, his preservation is not really desired. Small chance of this ever getting to the light! So why waste words?

I left the girl on the floor of the grange that had sheltered us both. She had recovered from unconsciousness only to pant thickly and, when I bade her be quiet, to fall asleep. Comparative stillness shrouded the village during those few moments when she breathed so hard and muttered her questions. She could well believe that I told her—as I did—the truth in saying that the 83d had gone. Some deep, bewildered exhaustion claimed her, for she asked no questions about what had happened while she lay there. I left her, as I say. It was the only thing I could do. She was safe from the pestilence that had walked in the darkness. Her life had at least been touched by a miracle; she would have to face the horror of waking as best she could. My exalted mood had passed with the passing of the stench and sound—all that faint and filthy clamor—and I no longer idealized her. I was simply very pityingly glad that to one human being something had been spared. I preserved, in my flight, no illusions about her. I was bent doggedly on my own salvation, for the situation was such that I could not hope to save others. Perhaps I was deceived as to the value of my own life; but I struggled for it because it seemed to me that my knowledge gave me some worth. Otherwise, I grant you, it would have been more decent not to save a single cartridge.

The story of my progress to the place where I now am does not much matter. The 83d—or that detachment of it which I had seen—was very near the border; and I had not far to go. Yet it was a hard and haunted path that I took, for I knew this enemy would take cover in the daytime, and the deep reaches of woods which I had hitherto counted most friendly were likely to hold a poisonous encampment. I steered in the open by the distant sound of cannonading, veering hither and yon like an irresponsible breeze. In two days I was clear of any possible route of theirs. They are not fighters, the 83d; they are not (what is the old phrase we used to utter with perfect seriousness?) medically fit. That is it: they are not medically fit. Led by a few competents, they skulk in the safe desolation created for them by the fighting men. Even if one were given to irony, one could scarcely recommend the Red Cross to follow in the wake of the 83d. Besides, the Red Cross is said to have died an early death in this war. The bulk of the combatants do not understand conventions, and the notion of immunity has never got inside their skulls.

Here, this afternoon, as I write, I am glad of only one thing: that I can still feel a good, old-fashioned anger with a spice of chivalry in it. We have all been unutterably foolish, I think—though I speak only as a survivor—in the generations immediately past. We praised peace; then we leaped to the sword. War depleted and enfeebled us, then turned us callous to its own horrors. We had not the strength either to be ruthless or effectually to loathe ruthlessness. With our love of little states and our distrust of big ones, we drew, ourselves, the few remaining teeth we had.

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The half of the world that had not mulcted itself of its youth saw its chance. They have no need of justifying formulas; the loose and convenient solidarity of hate serves their turn. For the white men who are fighting, on this side and on that, mark my words, are negligible. They are to be used and flung aside. The strong and secret bond is among all those who are not white. I think perhaps in the beginning the missionaries were to blame—or rather the nations back of them who would not live up to the professions of their emissaries. In giving the lower races license, by our example, to fight, we did not inevitably impose upon them our rules of warfare. As might have been expected, they took the fact and let the method go. And the cure for war is *not* more war. Animals all! and tooth and claw will have their way at the last. Britons —and others—never would be slaves, I remember. Well, you cannot tame a zebra, I believe. His individuality resists all hints. But you can kill him. Kill! Kill! . . . We let ourselves in for it; and, so far as I can see, we are to be thrust back to the spawning chaos of pre-Promethean myth. How far away they sound—those tinkling, sweet philosophies!

I have finished. I should never have permitted myself these musings, for I have never been what in my time was called a thinking man. I lack the learning a publicist needs. But so definitely do I feel myself on the dizzy verge—and alone on that verge—of all that we used glibly to call "life," that there is a kind of solemnity even in seeing my pen trace the familiar characters on the page. Any cry out of the old time is justified, though the ghosts of our ancestors writhe in disapprobation. Had I had more hope of this document's surviving, I should have held (if possible) to a colder tone; to the unmalleable idiom of the perfect testimony. As it is, it is—almost—only for Heaven that I write. But I swear before that invisible witness that, so far as lay in my verbal power, I have spoken sheer truth. And it is not fitting that a man who has seen the 83d should perish in silence. My pessimism may be unjustified, and then my facts will serve a purpose; whereas, if I am right in my saddest conjectures, it will not matter—nothing on this planet will matter, again, for an age or two.

Oriole and Poet

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

LITTLE bird of the bruisèd wing,
Swept to the shelter of my door,
Torn is thy nest in the willow swing.
Hast thou forgotten how to sing?
Shall thy flash be seen in the green no more?

Come, let me bind up the bruisèd wing.
At my open cage-door linger long.
And if for a while near the willow swing
There be one bird less, there'll be no less song:
Thy sorrow shall teach me how to sing.

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The City's Ragged Edges

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

WHEN the suburban real-estate man gets down on his prayer-rug in the morning, he turns to Herald Square. He turns to it in his daily prayers in the advertising columns, and he measures time and distance from it. They are not long, painful miles such as the foot-sore pilgrim counts to Mecca, but trifling quarters of an hour, half-hours, forty-five minutes at most, by express-trains that are always on time, that are never missed by the most dilatory of commuters, that always stop at stations a stone's-throw from the remotest home site on the real-estate man's particular "development."

It is puzzling. What, at first sight, can be the appeal of Herald Square to the ordinary possible purchaser of a semi-detached, two-family brick, 20 by 100, on terms less than paying rent? If the real-estate man said thirty-five minutes from City Hall, you can see how that would appeal to the army of clerks in the down-town offices. If he said thirty-five minutes from Madison Square, it would be an argument addressed to the army of workers in the lofts and factories of the lower Fifth Avenue region. If he said thirty-five minutes from Chambers Street, the call would be to the marketmen, the clerks, the small traders of the lower West Side. But what special lure is there in Herald Square for the humble folk who balance their small city rents against the joys and responsibilities of ownership in a two-family brick, 20 by 100?

The appeal, of course, is directed to the lust for social ease and power which is supposed to animate the great American buying public. Consider the ready-made suit at $18 to $25. The clothing manufacturer invariably visualizes his prospective customers amidst surroundings of extreme luxury. People always wear the $18 suit at Palm Beach, at Meadow Brook, at the Ritz, at the clubs. They dally with golf-sticks and tennis-racquets. They gaze out over the Sierras from the tonneaus of splendid machines. They navigate rakish motor-boats over cool waves. None of these accessories is actually furnished with the $18 garment, but always there is the implication that the act of putting on one of these suits endows the wearer with the ease, the spacious sense of power, which is the portion of the idlers of the world.

So it is with Herald Square, the lower terminus of the Great White Way, the entrance-gate to the realm of frivolity and the land of ready spending. To be only a certain distance from Herald Square is an assurance to the purchaser of a two-family, semi-detached brick on easier terms than rent, that in moving out of town he need not give up the Opera, or the Broadway restaurants, that he may in the course of a few years pay off the second mortgage on his home without divorcing himself from the Lambs, the Friars, or his reserved table on Election night and New Year's Eve. There is thus a true as well as a subtle psychology in these real-estate advertisements timed from Herald Square. They actually do convey the sense of a large command of life at the end of a thirty-five-minute ride. It does not matter that the plain apartment-dweller in the city never thinks of these pleasures as within his reach or desires. They become very real, attainable, as soon as he imagines himself in the suburbs. They are almost a part of the bargain, thrown in with the liberal instalment plan and the free title insurance.

A metropolis grows up in two ways. At first it expands legitimately, adding furlong to furlong of growth. Then it leaps forward and seizes a large area overnight by act of Legislature or Par-

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liament, sweeping into its net a score of villages and settlements. Then it proceeds to consolidate its position, as General Joffre might say, by filling up the intervening spaces. In European cities they have an inner ring, which is the old city, and an outer ring, which may be anything. New York, Chicago, Boston, Seattle, have their inner rings which are the legitimate city, and the outer ring which came by the get-big-quick method. New York succumbed to the promoter's fever in 1898. In that year the city absorbed large areas of virgin soil and a chain of independent villages, some of them nearly as old as Manhattan itself. From the Sound to the Atlantic they stretch across the backbone of Long Island and the lower harbor to Staten Island, where the local tradition, in spite of municipal ferries and promised tunnels, has remained at its strongest.

Such frenzied expansion is the reason why the traveler in the nearer suburbs of a great city will often come across a city line which is no longer the city line. As you near the old city line from the heart of population the solid blocks of apartments and flats thin out. There follow stretches of waste land, market-gardens, cemeteries. It is across this zone between the old and the new city lines that the transit railways throw their surface lines and elevated "extensions," and close behind them are the builders, crisscrossing the raw acres with their long lines of "frame" and brick.

These are the raw edges I have in mind—the large spaces within the periphery of the city, toward which the population is being rolled out in thinning layers like a lump of dough under the rolling-pin of the housewife. The rolling-pin does not operate with precision. The raw material does not spread out to a uniform thinness of small dwellings with garden space. Here and there it cakes and congeals into centers of congestion. Little Ghettoes, Little Italys spring up in the bare spaces. These are the "Harlem conditions" so close to the heart of the real-estate promoter. His ambition is to skip the intermediate state of development from raw acreage through the small home to overcrowding, and to create congestion on the virgin soil from the start. The profits, of course, are larger than from home development proper, and though the real-estate promoter, as we shall see, has his sentimental side, it does not run to the building of cottages where "flats" are possible. He does not always have his way. The older home ideal persists, partly because the rapid-transit facilities are not sufficient to carry a population under Harlem conditions, but undoubtedly, too, because of the persistence of an ideal. A porch in front and a bit of garden space behind, even if it has to be shared with a tenant in the upper half of the two-family house, answers to an indestructible instinct in humanity.

The heart of the city broods around its ancient town-halls. Its tentacles go everywhere—spindle-legged trestles of the new "L" or Subway roads, lines of traffic still in the making, with their girders in a brilliant carmine before taking on the final layer of gray paint soon to turn to grime. Radiating from these arteries are the new-cut streets with monotonous rows of two-story dwellings in wood, in red and yellow brick. The design is uniform enough to please the German general staff, with tiny porches and flat roofs and rectangular back yards. More ambitious are the tapestry brick effects with a bit of cornice or scroll-work thrown up by the builder to break the long roof-line and so appeal to individuality at a slight increase on the monthly payment. The streets are as new as the houses, newer in many cases, where the contractor has driven his foundations across the greensward of a lawn or a line of vegetable-gardens and left the street to be put in. If you catch the builder in the midst of his work, you may discern here or there the weather-beaten ruin of what was the old manor-house before an estate turned into "acreage." It stands square, aloof, unreconciled, with the ugliest conceivable little tower or observatory, to recall the time when it looked out on its own great spaces.

The nearer these new streets lie to the heart of congestion, the humbler are the new rows of houses, brick or frame. They are working-class homes for people who, with the best of rapid transit, cannot afford to get away far from

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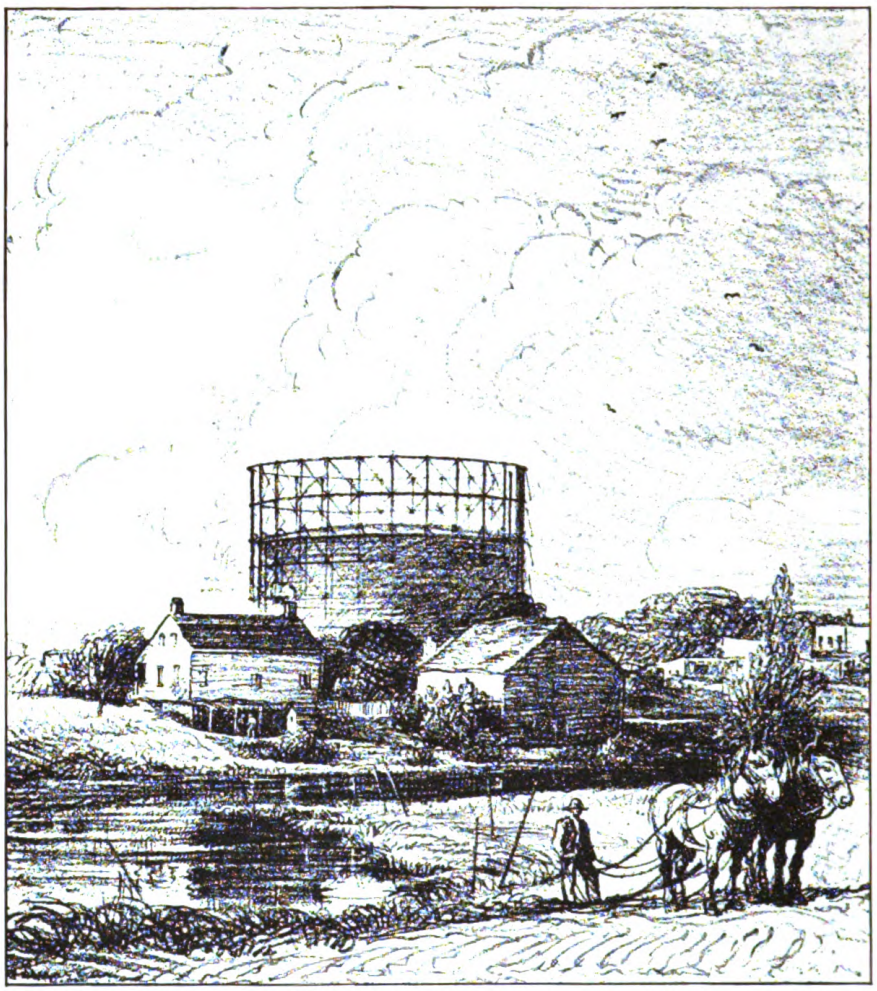


PRIMITIVE VISTAS SOON TO GIVE PLACE TO CITY STREETS

their places of employment. The more ambitious lower middle class gravitates to the remoter edges of the city. For the present we are in the single-fare area. An artist would call these new streets mean. They are, surely enough, mean in their squat, boxlike construction, which even a furlong of porches does not relieve from monotony, a furlong of porches all exactly alike. They are mean, raw, with their diminutive gardens, their microscopic grass-plots, the embryo trees in their iron perambulators, which may some day attain dignity and shade, provided the march of population does not wipe out the individual homes before the trees have attained growth and piled up flats on their site.

But the sociologist, as against the artist, finds a certain compensating beauty in these dull rows of new brick. They speak for the survival of a very old prejudice, the home with its own chimney and its own front steps. This may be all superstition. There is nothing in the eternal scheme which decrees that the perfect home must have its own grass-plot. There is every reason to suppose that love and fidelity may thrive in an elevator apartment. But still the old tradition is there, so that, after all, the sociologist who takes satisfaction in the long line of individual

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A LONG ISLAND OUTPOST OF INDUSTRY

chimneys is something of an artist in his affection for the traditional. He is once more on social ground when he thinks of children. Those drear rows of little porches mean a higher average daily amount of sunlight for the baby-carriage population, and directly, too, a freer day for the mothers in the kitchens. So that really a great deal of human value attaches itself to the mean contractors' dreams in cheap brick and lawns, soon to be fenced, alas! with large, white clam-shells.

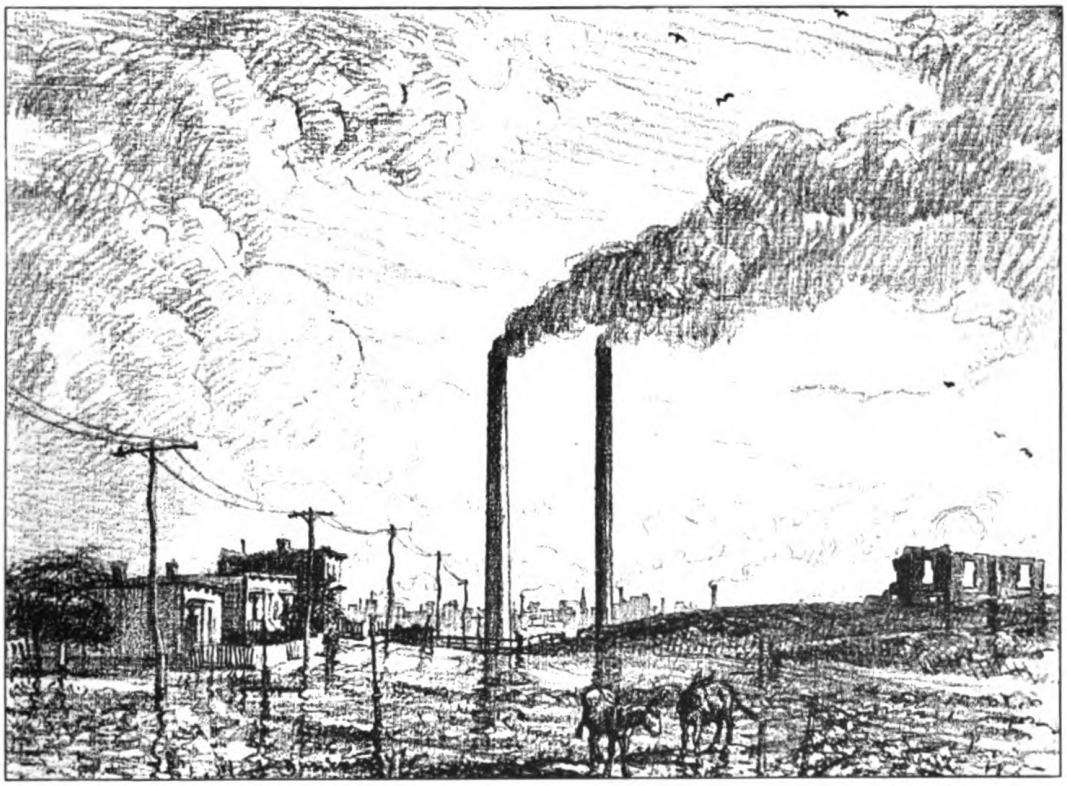
While the old city is growing out into the twilight zone from its congested center, the communities on the outer fringe are reaching forward in their turn to bridge the gap. Because he has more elbow-room, the builder in the farther suburbs operates on a large scale. He thinks in terms of entire "developments." He plans sections, "home parks," and his ideal is not the solid block of houses attached or semi-detached, but the strictly individual home on its minimum of 50 by 100. Ornamental pillars mark the boundaries of these home parks. There are ambitious boulevards, miniature Champs Élysées, with their central plots of trees, shrubbery, and flowers. Where natural water is at hand in the shape of an ancient pond, it is utilized. If there is an inlet, or the shore itself is near, there arise harbor developments. Piers are built, anchorages, a club-house for community use. These are homes intended for the fairly prosperous, and there is a corresponding stress on social and recreational opportunities. The real-estate

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operator here works as a city builder, and in the club-house, whether for water sports or golf and tennis, he supplies a nucleus for community life. He has his speculator's luck. Sometimes his home parks fill up and attach themselves as new suburbs to the old villages which the metropolis has annexed. Often he has miscalculated his market, and the outer fringes of the city are dotted with home parks that have everything but homes. Between the stone pillars at one end of the park and the stone pillars at the other end, the boulevard with its young trees and shrubbery runs empty of houses, except for the solitary mansion which the contractor has put up to break the monotony of the waste spaces and as an incentive to home-builders.

Walking in the outer suburbs is a fascinating exercise because of the real-estate operator who has filled the landscape with surprises. You have reached the outskirts of the city. Before you lies a primitive vista, fields as far as the eye can reach, a good deal of marsh, some old trees in the foreground, and perhaps a bit of water large enough for skating in winter. Or there may be a tangle of dwarf timber and scrub running clear to the horizon, unbroken by those deadly enemies of rural beauty, the factory chimney and the gas-tank. Looking across the waste of brush and fallow, one might imagine it melting into the prairies of the West, and so on to the Pacific. You scent the genuine primitive, the real thing, at the farthest pole from the suburban. To your right, a path, a real country path, leads through a grove. So you follow it, prepared for adventure, feeling something like Stanley or Captain Scott.

In two minutes you are through the grove and slap up against a steam-shovel. Across the field runs a gash a quarter of a mile long, and it is crossed by five similar scars. They are new streets. The sign-posts are up, though the street is only in the making—Jefferson Avenue, Franklin Avenue, Clinton Avenue—our revolutionary period being the most prolific source of nomenclature for the suburban builder. The steam-shovel strikes the motive in a symphony of raw matter and ugly tools.

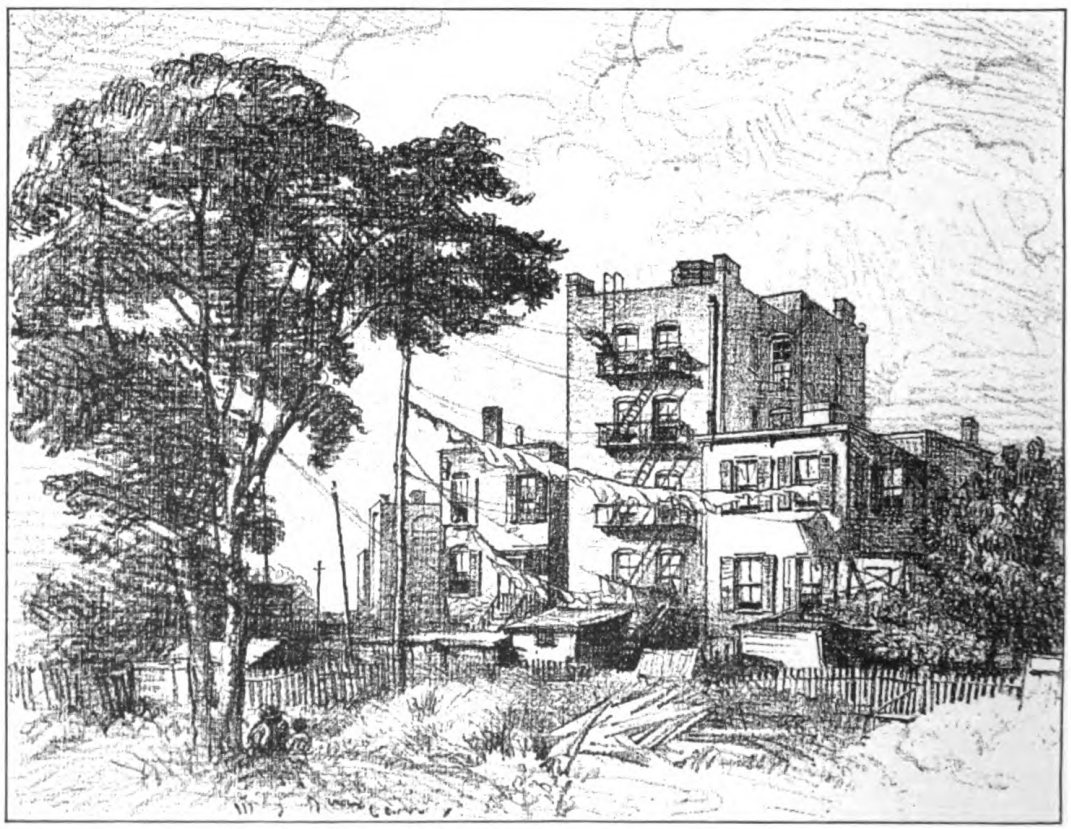


FACTORIES AND HOMES CONTEST THE WASTE SPACES

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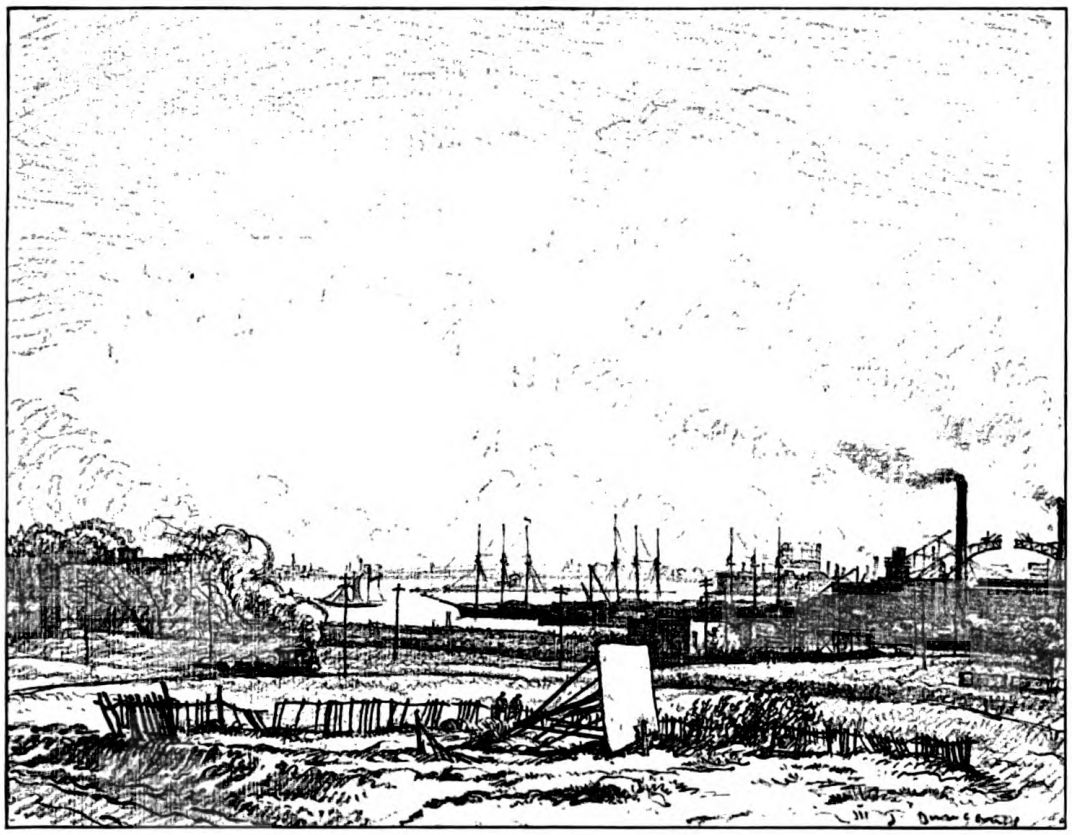
You turn the corner from the primitive, and land in a litter of clay, pitch, crushed stone, lime, sand, earthen and iron piping of all dimensions, from sewer-mains to electric conduits, a desolation of barrels, planking, staves, sieves. Here is the primitive sod with the field flowers still clinging close, and close by the mortar-troughs are steaming. Behind you is green forest patch, and before you a road-machine crunching away at its meal of broken stone. In the short space of a city block there are all the geological strata of the modern street in the making—the original yellow soil, the layer of broken stone, the same stone subdued and powdered, the same stone wearing its black asphalt coat, the black of the asphalt wearing its ceremonial frosting of white sand. At one end of the block Sicilian laborers sweat over their spades; in the middle of the block negro laborers sweat in the fume of the asphalt-kettle; at the other end of the block Sicilians again are thumping out the last roughnesses in the completed pavement of a model street in a model home development. Walking in the suburbs always has these little surprises in store. They are not what an artist would enjoy emerging suddenly from the dank freshness of marsh and woodland. It is only the rising urban tide lapping up the wilderness.

But even the artist, I imagine, would find compensation in the raw scene if his eye rests, as it is bound to do, on the human figures in the ugly setting. Two hundred years from now, when the descendants of the Italian immigrant wish to honor their pioneer forefathers in America, after the manner of the *Mayflower*, they will have the model for their commemorative monument predetermined. For the Puritan father, with his musket, they will have the Sicilian with his pickax or spade, and the name inscribed on the monument base will be "The Builders." In the course of a vast amount of generalization about our old immigration and our new immigration and the effects on the physical type



WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET

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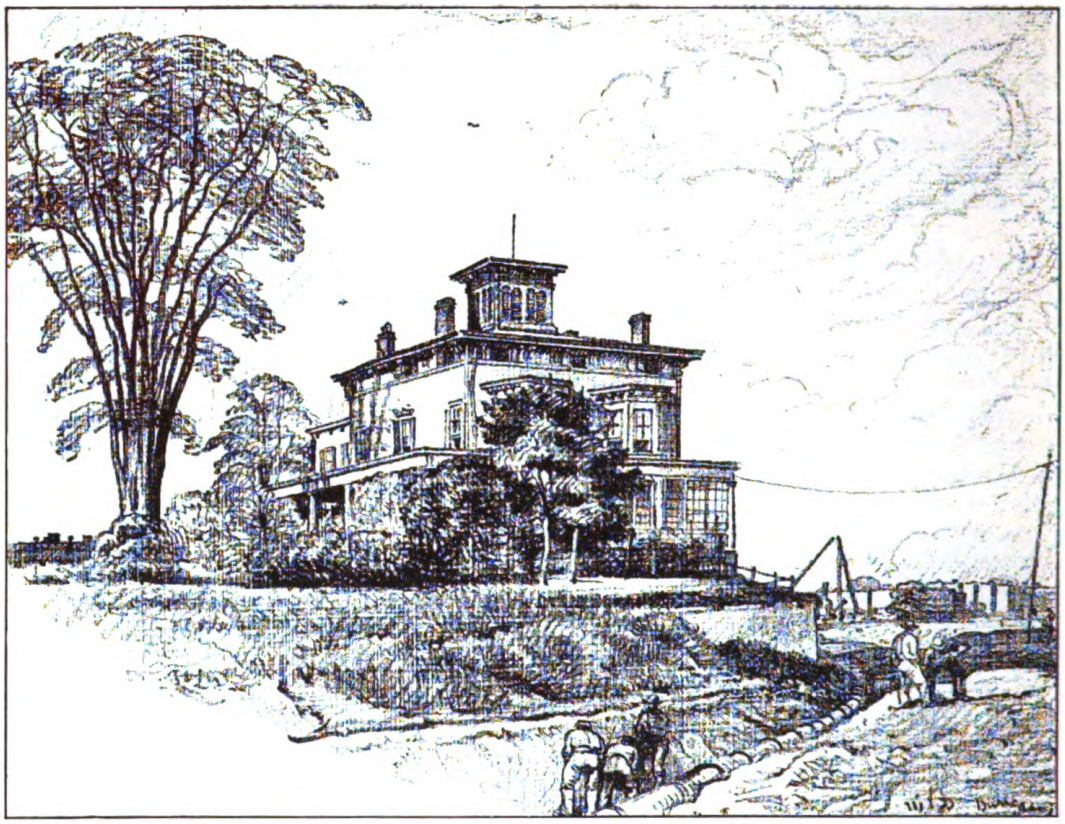


LONG ISLAND SOUND, NEAR HELL GATE

of the new American, there has grown up the foolish idea of this country as overrun by hordes of physical mongrels, ignoble of feature, squat, uncouth, a reversion to primitive anthropology. It is a notion built up largely on externals or on the pictures of the immigrant as he leaves Ellis Island, in his original garb and with his original baggage. Or else it is a picture largely drawn from the market crowds of the East Side.

I venture my own opinion that the Italian laborer, as you find him in the city ditches, or, better still, building roads and foundations for suburban homes, is as attractive a type as we have in our great population mass. This is not true of the Sicilian women, who undoubtedly wither and age in our slums faster even than in their native olive-groves. But the men, at work, are splendid. They are not a tall race, but they have magnificent chests under their cotton shirts. Their arms suggest both the texture as well as the color of bronze, and their faces, for the most part, are patrician—thin, straight noses; well-cut mouths; strong, square chins; a good brow as a rule, under crisp hair; and the flashing, black, Mediterranean eye. The face shining through its sweat, dimmed with fatigue toward the late hours of the afternoon, is as fine a mask as we have to show among our people. It is hard to rid oneself of the daily cant of the newspaper. But if you will put aside the Black Hand and the bomb as characterizing an entire race, there is strength and beauty in the groups of laborers whom you see almost anywhere on summer evenings, trudging home with their dinner-pails and their coats over their arms, the glint of brown muscles, the splendid torsos, the cheerful faces—I have heard them sing on their way home from work—and, when they are not singing, they chatter, half a dozen tongues at once producing music that is straight from the Mediterranean, as different from the travestied "Wop" dialect of the vaudeville stage as the "Walküre" music is from rag-time. The

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A SOLITARY REMINDER OF PAST RURAL GLORIES

Italian laborer has only begun to get out of the ditch. He has reached the surface as road-builder. He has begun to climb the scaffolding as mason. The highest levels of the builder's art are as yet not for him. The men who swing on steel girders three hundred feet in the air are still from the masterful Celtic race. But the time will come for the Italian; he, too, will swing over the heads of the crowd and wield the pneumatic riveter. He has the physique, and I imagine he has the nerves. His contribution to the melting-pot will be sound enough, I believe.

There are areas within our Greater Cities where the real-estate operator does more than develop—he creates the soil to build upon. He reclaims marsh lands on the border of navigable waters, and he fills up shallows. "Water-front" property holds an appeal more genuine than Herald Square, since the pleasures it promises are attainable and attained. A permanent home that shall be at the same time a summer place for the man of very moderate means—the thing can be done. On the shores of inland waters home sites have been built up by great suction-pumps, which have drawn the sand from the channels and piled it upon the flats. The acres of white sand look raw enough in the making. Another summer sees them fitted out with a dressing of top soil and a fairish coat of grass, with modern streets, piped, curbed, and shaded with saplings, and the entire area well-sown, by an artist in practical effects, with bungalows. The little houses swarm over the flat ground like a flock of chicks around the mother hen, in the shape of a pretentious mansion, with spacious and well-screened porches —the club-house. The mansion and the first bungalows are bait, but legitimate enough, especially when you consider the prices asked. A ridiculously low sum in hundreds of dollars and fractions of a hundred, which, reduced to monthly payments, becomes irresistible, as the thickening growth of the bungalow crop with the recurring summers plainly testifies.

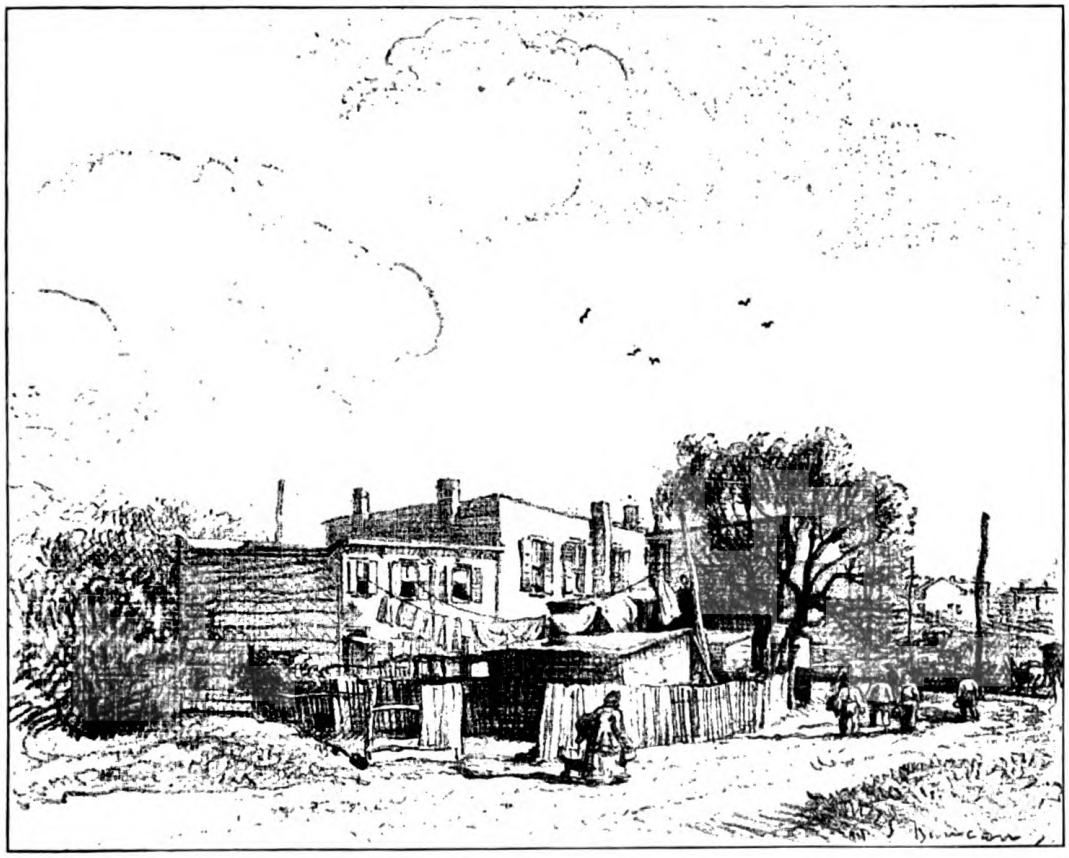
The sociological function of the bun-

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galow will some day be written up by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Science. From its native *habitat* on the Pacific coast, the bungalow was transplanted to the East as a summer plaything, but has refused to be so confined and has reasserted its permanence, without losing its original appeal as a place of dalliance in hot weather. This double function suits admirably the real-estate promoter's purposes. The summer is the season when the townsman finds the urge of country life strongest, and the bungalow is the architectural form through which country life presents itself with a sense of freedom from responsibility, of casualness almost, which one does not usually associate with the stern régime of the commuter.

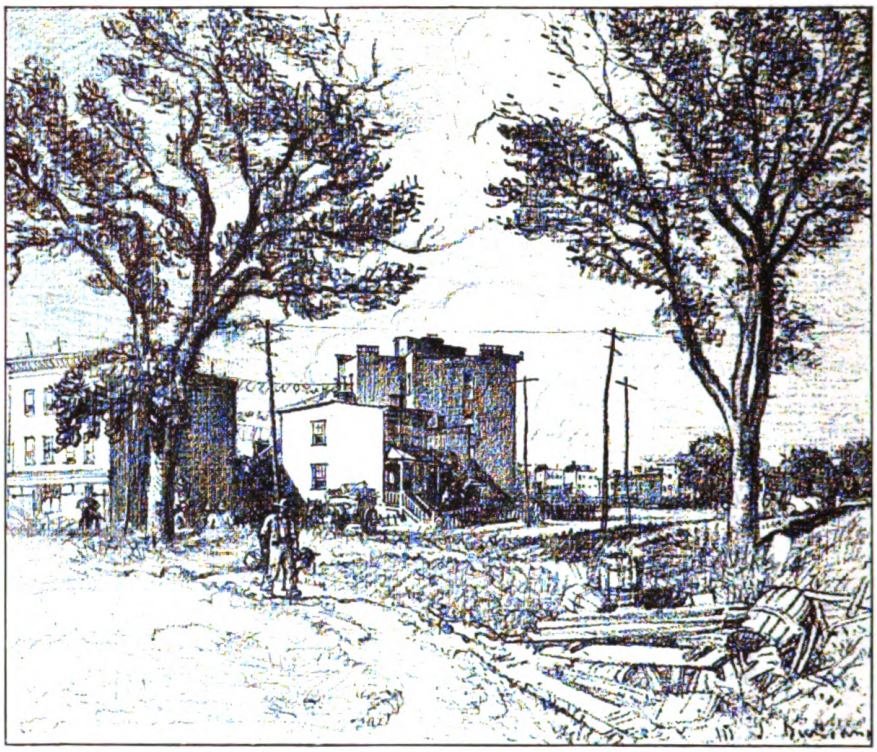
In terms of the bungalow the suburbanite's progress may often be traced. From a summer vacation at the beach hotel or boarding-house he evolves into a summer tenant of a bungalow all to himself. With that, the germ of ownership has entered the blood, and it is nourished by the large real-estate hoardings along the railway line, from which the bungalow tenant learns that for the cost of a season's rent he might own his own bungalow. The sense of running down to your own little place in the country is coupled with the argument that if you get tired of running down to your little place you can give it up after a year or two and you are not out of pocket. And the ease of life in a bungalow, the freedom of the tent without the rain coming in, the exemption from social proprieties, the feeling that one can economize without shame in a bungalow, whereas in a full-grown house it means losing caste—in other words, to be footloose and comfortable—conquers.

He buys, and with that he is tied to the soil. He will not tire of his bungalow. Instead he will begin tinkering with it and beautifying it and expanding it. The onset is insidious. It begins probably with a garden patch ten feet



LITTLE GHETTOES SPRING UP IN THE BARE SPACES

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THE URBAN INVASION OF THE BRONX

by ten, built up of soil brought in a wagon. The first summer will be taken up with the garden, but toward the beginning of September the need of a little storehouse for the garden tools will become manifest, and the first offshoot to the bungalow will appear, a mere shed with a door, but enough. The next spring plans will be germinating for a further extension. Another room or two would come in useful, especially for the purpose of housing an occasional week-end guest who has been invited down to study the progress of the garden. The process now moves on with cumulative speed. The bungalow spreads out laterally over the ground and vertically into the soul of the proprietor. The summer vacations grow longer. The process of rebuilding continues until the original bungalow has disappeared and a full-fledged home stands in its place. The monthly commutation ticket has become a habit. *La commedia è finita.*

Thus individualism, working through the bungalow, and business working through the "home park," combine to fill up the interstices of the Greater City. The home park idea carried to its farthest limit becomes the garden city. Our American garden cities approach their model, Golder's Green of Greater London, in something more than the invocation of the medieval spirit through Tudor brick, gables, dormer windows, and leaded panes. There is a certain spiritual development. The garden city draws to itself the freer spirits of the community, those, that is, who combine the right combination of sociological emancipation, artistic taste, and sufficient income. Like London's Hampstead, our only full-sized garden city has more than its proportion of writers, artists, teachers, workers in the utilitarian branches of journalism and the magazines, social experts. The theater and its allied arts are not so well represented, because with us the theater has not won the established position it has in London. At least, members of the Century Club or the National Institute of Arts and Sciences do not repair to theatrical shrines the way distinguished men in London make pilgrimages to Anna Pavlowa's villa in Hampstead. Yet the atmosphere of our garden city is bohemian enough to go with the

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rather precious beauty of its architecture, the grandiose railway station in red sandstone, the handsome octagonal clock tower, the village green which lacks only the thatched roofs and the color of years to be a reproduction of Merrie England.

The garden city at first sight is so much of a toy city that one finds with surprise real commuters departing in the morning for real tasks in town, and returning in the evening to real wives and babies. Perhaps it is because we have grown accustomed to accept urban ugliness as a necessity that one cannot escape something of the feeling of make-believe in this beautiful spot set down bodily out of the sixteenth century on the edge of our appalling urban industrialism. The inhabitants, in striving to think themselves away from a city of five millions and back into the old community of common interests, develop a certain degree of self-consciousness. In the garden city the residents are much more absorbed in the problem of building up the local post-office than in the city itself they showed in grim civic conditions just around the corner. The pride of the residents combines with the paternal care of the development company to foster the old neighborliness, through clubs athletic and educational, housewives' associations, and lectures on mosquito destruction illustrated with motion-pictures. If one wished to be cruel one might call it playing at being a community; and yet it is hard to see how one can be a pioneer and a model without being self-conscious in the matter.

For that is what our garden city aspires to be—a pioneer. In its architecture it is a revolt both against the cheap monotony of the long blocks of attached or semi-detached brick and frame houses of the humbler suburbs and the architectural anarchy of more pretentious villadom, which is sometimes successful and sometimes runs into rococo and gingerbread. To build in accordance with one's tastes and yet in conformity with a general plan of beauty and utility is the lesson the garden city inculcates. When its example has found sufficient imitation on the part of private enterprise, and it is being imitated with the years, the toy city will lose its air of make-believe. When we have grown accustomed to beauty we shall escape the first impression that a thing is unreal because it is so charming. Personally, my feeling is that the architects of the garden city ought not to go back so faithfully to four centuries ago and gabled roofs with old English lettering on the inn signs. To the irreverent it smacks a bit of rathskeller architecture. I should like the architects to develop a beautiful domestic architecture out of modern conditions in so far as the thing can be done. Ultimately, I imagine such a type of our own will evolve out of the blending of the Tudor, the California bungalow, the Colonial farmhouse, and contemporary standards in sanitary plumbing.

For your real-estate promoter knows how to utilize the sense of beauty and the sense of historic values as well as the values of Herald Square. He digs up ancient local traditions. A legend of the Revolutionary War, for example, is of distinct commercial value. The time has passed for the fancy names ending in "hurst" and "mere." The aboriginal names are sought for, and if the tradition of an old Indian camping-ground can be made to justify an Indian name for a new home site, so much the better. It speaks for our complex human nature that we should like to live in a place called Neponsit, less than an hour from Broadway.

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Superstructure

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

THERE were those who contended that Ellis Bowen was an insignificant person. Yet they spent hours telling one another just how insignificant he was—how absolutely nobody at all. "Talks well enough, of course, but never tells anything about himself," though it hadn't seemed to me that any of us had gone out of our way to tell *him* anything about ourselves. Moreover, the accusation seemed to argue that there was something about him worth telling. Which any one of them would have denied.

And certainly, after a year and a half of more or less intimate acquaintance, meeting him at least once a week at the club, we did know remarkably little about him. Not that we had any right to know more, or even wanted to know. It was simply that one noticed his *not* telling. To be sure, there were some things, facts which had filtered through his reticence during the course of all those Wednesday-night dinners at the club, sitting always in the second chair from the end of the table, drab colored from head to foot—hair, eyes, and clothes—and saluting us all as we came in with an almost sparkling air of surface comradery, which I always felt to be much more real than he wished us to see. He was married, and his wife and two children were in Denver, where he had lived all his life until he had come to New York two years before. It was understood that he was here to do something rather big, in a writing way. Yet, so far as any of us knew, he did nothing. This was what annoyed certain of the men, his air of being one of us—we were all writers of one sort and another—when he had nothing to show for it.

How he lived was one of the things he did not tell—and where. There were plenty of ways in which to discern that he had no money—I mean money enough to make idleness safe. He tried to hide his pleasure in the little niceties of life, in, for instance, the excellent service at the club, in the very English obsequiousness of Giles, the chief steward. The colors, the hangings, the general atmosphere of the rooms nourished him more than food, though he affected a fine cosmopolitan disdain of surroundings. And he would order, at dinner, some utterly superfluous delicacy, casually, and, ignoring the price-list, paying for it afterward with careless nonchalance, but a nonchalance which, it invariably occurred to me, had been bought at the expense of something else. It almost led one into conjectures of the poor man going without food all day for the sake of the right kind of dinner at night. Yet one knew the conjecture to have no foundation; there had been even Bowen's own chance testimony against it. We were discussing coffee one night, the merits and demerits of different blends, when Bowen remarked that he *was* particular about coffee. "I'm fortunate just now, too; my landlady sends up the best coffee I've ever tasted every morning for breakfast—some special blend she makes herself, I believe. Really good."

Now surely it was apropos enough—nothing extraordinary about the statement—but a little astonished silence literally ran round the table, and Dudley Stevens, sitting next me, said, *sotto voce*, twisting his mouth so I could hear, "Landlady—boarding-house," with an air of having discovered something momentous. But ten minutes later Ellis Bowen was saying something about "the only time I ever lived in a boarding-house—years ago, when I was a youngster." He was particularly talkative that night.

He couldn't help sometimes laying a fact on the table, though Dudley, who

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had always been specially hard on him, said he was like a cautious gambler, and played only the cards which were fairly sure to take a trick. A statement entirely characteristic of Dudley, in that it was a good simile, but didn't exactly fit the case; for surely whatever "tricks" Ellis Bowen took were involved in some obscure game of solitaire, and concerned no loss to any one but himself. It was a combination of a certain fine aloofness which, in spite of his friendliness, Bowen managed to maintain, and a disinclination on the part of the others to acknowledge that degree of curiosity about his affairs that kept them from asking him questions point blank, as they had always quite naturally asked one another, and on much slighter acquaintance.

It was Dudley Stevens who found out where he lived, by what I shall always believe was nothing more than a ruse. He had roused Bowen's interest in some article or other which had appeared in a magazine of some months before, and had asked Bowen for his address, saying that, since he was interested, he would send him the magazine by mail next day. And Bowen had given it to him, as casually as if Dudley had always known, but had merely let the number slip his memory for the moment. Some "unnatural" address in Brooklyn, as Dudley put it; and when I asked him just what he meant by that, he said, "Oh, you know—rows of frame houses, where people kind of *own* them, and have families, and little front yards—" He stopped, and from his point of view it was, I suppose, a consistent explanation.

"And where they *might* rent the spare bedroom—" I suggested, tentatively.

"Exactly," said Dudley, as if that proved something—"to help out on the payments."

"Well," I said, "not a very exciting clue, is it?"

He turned on me quickly. "Clue? Clue to what?"

"Why, to the mystery," I said.

"Mystery, rot! There's no mystery about Bowen. He's just an ordinary, inefficient, incompetent nobody. Why doesn't he go back home to Denver and go to work; he could take his old desk on the newspaper and support his wife and family like a man."

It was an arraignment which had been made more than once against him, and one which, looking at the facts, seemed quite obviously justifiable. And yet at that moment there came to me a vision of Ellis Bowen's face, with its odd admixture of reticence and animation, and with it there came upon me the inexplicable feeling that what Dudley Stevens had said was no more just than if one were to demand of a sick man, stricken away from home, that he get up at once and go back to work for the support of a family. As if his cure had nothing to do with it. Spiritually just, I mean. Yet it was a feeling for which I could find no justification. The facts were against it, so I said nothing at all in answer to Dudley's outbreak, and he, taking for granted that I found his argument unanswerable, went on as if I had agreed. As I say, the facts were against me. The facts, which are so often the reverse side of truth, the opaque and substantial foundation upon which is woven the intricate fabric of truth.

And yet one night in a single sentence, uttered as if it were a bit of cynic's persiflage, Ellis Bowen told us what then seemed, and ever since has seemed to me, the key to his story. I don't recall what we had been talking about just before that, but I do remember that Duboice, the Radical, had been there earlier in the evening, so we were probably still talking of him or his theories. The sequence at least would seem to indicate that. At any rate, Bowen, who had shown a surprising familiarity with Duboice's arguments and abstractions, seemed almost to have waited for the little lull in the conversation to make his revelation to any who cared to hear.

"Well," he said, waving his cigarette lightly, as if to indicate the lightness of what he was about to say, and pausing to let a little spiral of smoke escape between his lips before he continued—"*I* started out to save the world! Thought of nothing else when I was eighteen—nineteen—along there. Great fun we used to have out there in the West—a little crowd of us who thought we could do it." He laughed, throwing up his head, and put his cigarette to his lips without drawing in any smoke. "Meetings every night, debates, even

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taking our turns at soap-box orations —no shirking — everything we made for the cause—oh, great sport when you're young." He paused again, just perceptibly, and then added, "We believed it, all of us." And instantly, almost before he stopped speaking, some one had asked:

"And what was it changed you?"

Ellis Bowen gave a little depreciatory shrug, and then: "Oh, nothing," he said, "nothing. Of course, I got married—" and he stopped, with another little wave of his cigarette, and a smile that had the effect of saying, "You know how *that* is," and yet for some reason made you feel sure he wanted us to believe something else. Every one of us had, I am sure, fairly leaped at the conclusion that *she* hadn't been in sympathy with those youthful intensities of his; so natural a deduction that whoever it was asked the question seemed only to do so in mere acknowledgment of the situation.

"So Mrs. Bowen wasn't interested in saving the world?"

"Oh yes," he said, with a queer little air of pride, "that's how we met, you know." He looked at the ceiling a moment, as if he were indulging in the most idle of reminiscences, and then went on. "We were young; I was—let me see—twenty-one; she was twenty; and after we were married I did—oh, various things; and then I got into the newspaper work — after the kiddies came along, the first year or two—and—" He broke off, as if these personal details could be of no possible interest, as if he himself had brought them out of an almost forgotten past. Yet suddenly Ellis Bowen seemed, out of some unaccountable curiosity to test its effect, to have explained himself. All that had been obscure in him seemed at once simplified and made clear.

A picture was before me—the picture of those two young creatures so pitifully becalmed on the desolate shores of domestic duty, the flag that had flown from their prow now cut up for baby-clothes. And all on the first day out, before they had dropped anchor at a single strange port, before they had thrilled to a single storm—not even wrecked, just hopelessly becalmed.

And there had been years of it; the children were ten and eleven now. They had had to take a house, and she had had to learn cooking and sweeping and sewing, and how to make a dollar buy a day's food for four; and he had had to chain himself to a chair—to a desk in a bleak, grimy office—and spend his days marking with a blue pencil the mistakes other men made in grammar and spelling and punctuation.

A capitulation, one might say, not speaking so well for their fine, rebellious theories of life; but twenty and twenty-one—how bewildered they must have been!

I looked over at Ellis Bowen, leaning forward now to quench his cigarette in an ash-tray. Well, he had escaped, for a breathing-space at least. I remembered then that he had once told us he had not intended staying longer than six months when he came. Had it been that he had found himself not brave enough to face it again at the end of that time? And was he staying now in spite of his knowing that he should be there with them? If that were true, it was manifest that he was paying dear for his freedom; for from that night on I could see in him what I had never been able to interpret before, the look of a man hunted and flayed by a duty undone.

But there are things in the world besides duty—things at times much more vital to life. And Ellis Bowen was never made for a martyr—made, least of all, for a stoic. He had been possessed by the beauty of those brave theories of his youth, and if he had gone on in the path he set out by would have arrived inevitably at last upon the heights of some fantastic idealism. I could imagine how the "soap-box orations" must have gone against him, and how he must have been ashamed of the feeling, so that it was a sort of spiritual bravado which forced him to do it in the end. And lustier souls than he have been lost in the valley and fled to the top of a hill for a sweep of fresh air and a glimpse of horizons.

What excuses, one wondered, had he been giving all this time, what reason, even at first, had he found for coming? That, I always had thought, had to do with some encouragement he had

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received, probably by way of the newspaper connection, concerning his writing, which had been, it seemed, his ambition since boyhood. How much talent he had I could never really guess. Sometimes I fancied that he feared putting it to the test; that he had some sort of idea that so long as he hadn't *tried* anything, hadn't accomplished anything, he at least hadn't *failed*.

Some one would say now and then, rather vociferously, that he believed Bowen had genius—the real thing. Alice Hope said one day that she believed he was working at "something big" in secret. But he was not the sort of man to be working at anything big and not tell about it. It would have been for him constitutionally impossible. He was too much like a fire that flares up spasmodically, revealing everything in its radius, then dying down suddenly, throwing out grotesque shadows, as if to make one doubt what had been so clearly seen the moment before. He could not help this flaring up when the fuel was added; with the right word, the special phrase or idea, he simply took fire, and because the fire was lit in the innermost depths of his heart there was revealed in a flash some intimate detail he had kept carefully hidden.

And he *was* doing nothing—just a few desultory beginnings of things, and middles of others,—fragments of conversation, fleeting bits of description. He told me so one day in one of his flashes—to show, it seemed, how little serious he was. He was always trying to impress us with that. He wanted to take life lightly; he wanted to play—to touch things not at all—he wanted to bring back the gossamer of youth.

And then, through one of those flashes, I divined the cause of his idleness. He had said something about life having crowded him too fast. I remember those were the words he used, but I felt sure that however life had crowded him in the past, never had it pursued him so relentlessly as it was doing just then. He looked jaded, worn, taxed to the utmost of his strength, as if life were leaving him no time to do anything but live; he could never for an instant be *conscious* of living. I saw then that he had no time to write, any more than he had had before. He had wanted, he said, time to write—but it had not been the writing he needed, so much as the *time* to write.

I ventured to say as much to Dudley Stevens one night when he seemed in an understanding mood, but he turned upon me at once with:

"What about *her* — *Mrs.* Bowen? Don't you suppose she wants her life, too?"

As if that made *his* problem any more simple. It only complicated it, made it worse. As for the relations existing between the two, one felt, when he spoke of her, that he spoke of a stranger for whom he had a tremendous respect. Of the person she had been before their marriage he never so much as hinted, as if he himself had come long since to doubt her existence. Well, if we are compelled to look too long and too closely upon any object whatever, we lose at last all sense of its identity. It was the same with the children. You see, he had been plunged into fatherhood before he had seen his manhood; and, even allowing for natural tendencies, there may be such a thing as life so overwhelming one with little tag ends, with making up what one has missed, filling in, so to speak, the little interstices of experience which, after all, do hold the mosaic together, that one has actually no time for what people call the "big things," like fatherhood and motherhood and the elemental passions. One's responses are all exhausted by other stimuli. Perhaps that was why, during all this time away from them, the traditional tug of the children seemed so alien to Bowen.

Yet there were times when he appeared to glimpse, as if his eyes were just with difficulty focusing themselves on the new perspective, a sort of ideal state of fatherhood. He began to see other children, from the outside, as others might have seen his. He saw them charming, desirable, the objects of many fine dreams for the future. On those days he talked of "the kiddies," bringing them into the conversation over and over, and then apologizing for it in a manner so flippant, so consciously posy in fact, that he seemed to be saying,

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"I was only posing, you see—talking about the children that way; in reality I don't care any more about them today than I ever do." Yet it invariably achieved for him exactly the opposite effect. You felt he was absolutely sincere. You would have said he was on the point of going back to them. Except that it told something else as well. It told as plainly as if he had said it in words, that he was afraid—afraid that when he got there they would be only as they had been before—part of the whole thing, part of the clutter—needing this or that—overwhelmingly ordinary, just—the children.

So he stayed on until we had come almost to the conclusion that matters had reached a permanent break, that he was never going back; and then one day, without the least preface, he told us she was coming. Just casually, as if it were a thing which might have happened any day—in the midst of a general conversation about nothing in particular, and as if something had suddenly reminded him of it—he broke off and said, "By the way, Mrs. Bowen and the kiddies will be here next week." Just that, and nothing more. He seemed queerly to refuse, before we asked, to answer any questions; so we asked none.

It was, it seemed to me, a tribute to something in his personality, to some strength or force of character unacknowledged by those who professed no belief in him, that the announcement of his wife's advent created such an effect. We sat about, after he left, and conjectured and talked and opined. His silence had furnished a background upon which each of us had, without exception, it seemed, painted a picture of her—no two alike, of course, but vivid enough, and each colored in accordance with our varying impressions of Bowen himself. We were, quite needless to say, all of us wrong; all equally surprised when we saw her for the first time.

Why he invited us just that way, I never could see. He did it naturally enough, but I was sure he did it feeling that he was driven to it. It was the Wednesday night before she was to arrive, and he dined, as usual, at the club. We were all expressing, in the most friendly way, I'm sure, our pleasure at the prospect of seeing her, and this seemed to gratify him out of all proportion, as if all along he had been conscious of every criticism, every charge that had been brought against him, and he interrupted some one abruptly to ask us.

"I'll want you all to dinner," he said, with a sort of unexpected expansiveness that left us wondering why the invitation astonished us. He had taken a flat, he said, in Harlem, near a good school for the children. Oh yes, they were going to stay.

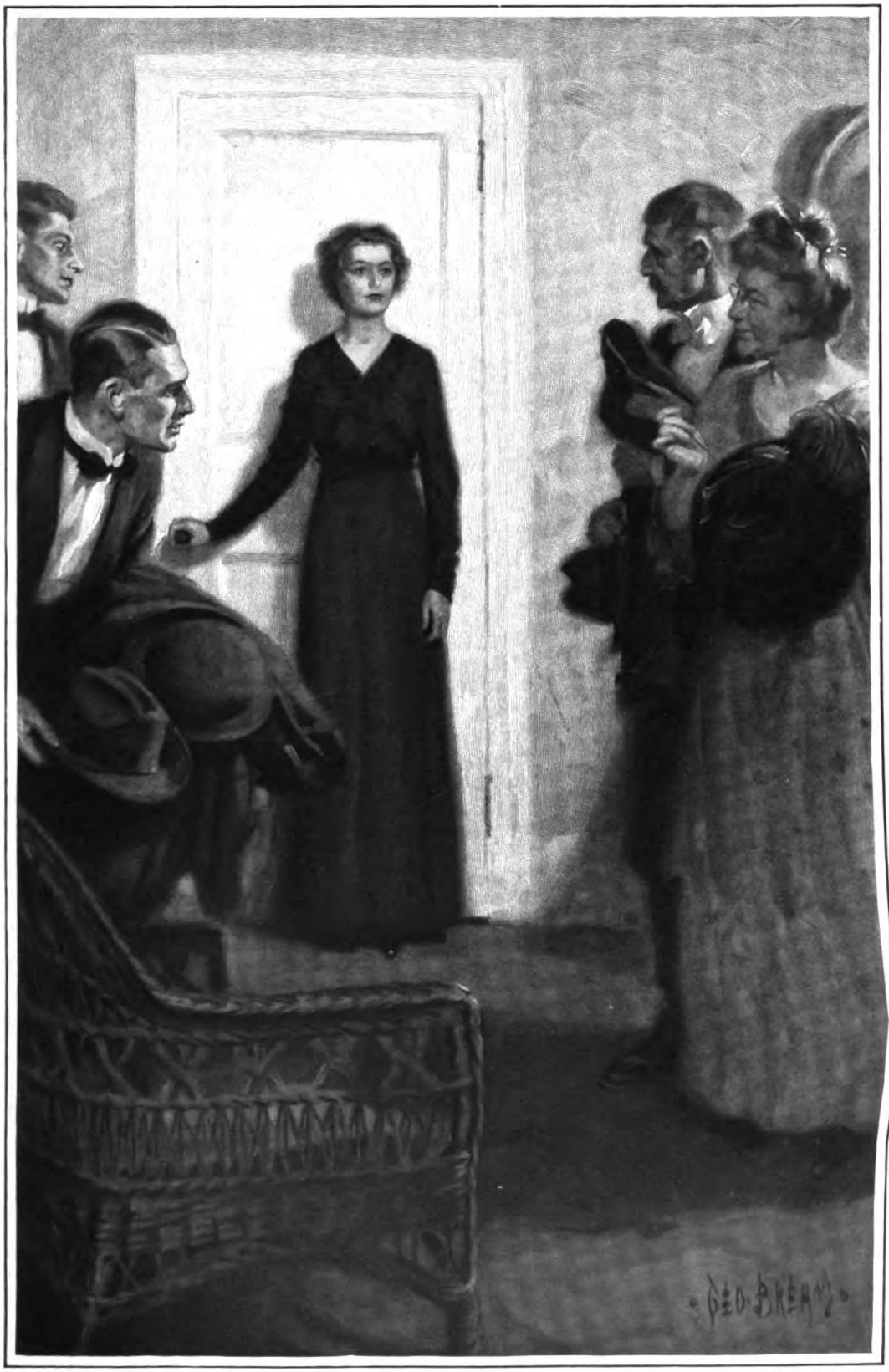
On the evening he had arranged, we went—Will Garrett and Alice Hope and Dudley Stevens and Mrs. Borrow and myself—the five who had been present that night of his abrupt invitation.

Bowen met us at the door and ushered us in. Mrs. Bowen would be out in a moment, he said; she was dressing.

The flat was shabby—that was the first word that presented itself—simply shabby. There had been a sort of queer, ineffectual effort at making it look better, as if some one had begun with enthusiasm and had ended abruptly before they were half through, seeing that it could never be accomplished. They would let it go as it was. Now this was the outward appearance of the place—the physical, visual impression—and yet it was not at all what one saw. There seemed to be before one's eye another sort of place—as if one saw through the reality just the kind of house they would have had if they could. And this was before we had seen Mrs. Bowen. Afterward, with her before us, the illusion became astonishingly concrete. One could almost see details of the furnishings.

She came in before we had given up the last of our wraps, and Bowen, dropping his armful of coats over a random chair, called out, "Ah, here we are!" with a little start, as if he had not expected her so soon. She had closed the door behind her, and there was just an instant in which she seemed to be searching us through, as if somehow it meant a great deal to her what manner of people she found us to be. And, as a matter of fact, it must have been natural for her to feel that the friends he had made, and their attitude toward her

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Drawn by George Brehm Engraved by Nelson Demarest

THERE WAS JUST AN INSTANT WHEN SHE SEEMED TO BE SEARCHING US THROUGH

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husband, would be the best proof of what, in her absence, he had become.

My first impression of Mrs. Bowen was that she was utterly foreign: a dark, slender person, with features of an extraordinary and arresting irregularity, yet of a quite indescribable charm, dressed in what seemed for her the most incongruous costume imaginable — a ready-made blue-serge house-dress, unrelieved by any color, finished at the neck with a black-satin collar. She would, if things had been otherwise, have worn rich-colored fabrics—warm, glowing, and simply designed. I was surprised when she spoke in English, which she did a moment later — the most direct and beautiful English I have ever heard any one speak, with an accent like delicate shading. I recognized it at once as Russian, and my mind went back to what he had told us that night at the club. No wonder he had found it necessary to make that effort at lightness when he spoke of the time they had met "in the cause." I could see her as she must have looked then—a young visionary out of Russia. What fire her voice must have had, and what messages lay in those eyes, of wrongs suffered, oppressions borne, and the high flame of hope burning fiercely on the altar of a strange, new freedom, never quite understood by the lusty-throated young zealots out there in the West!

And then, seeing them standing together, even after all these years, it came over me how inevitably she and Ellis Bowen had chosen each other. Each was the complete and perfect background for the other. It brought them both wonderfully into relief, like silver against black velvet. How, I wondered, had they ever grown to be commonplace for each other?

There was a moment of cold tension after her entrance, and then, miraculously, as if a gracious current of air pervaded the room, she had warmed to us, and we to her, and we were all talking at once like old friends, and Bowen was laughing excitedly like a boy relieved of a secret burden.

He had feared we would see only what she seemed to him to have become—and he feared more than that—that she *had* become what she seemed; I read it in his eyes, in his half-pathetic challenge when she came in.

Why I should have had the impression that they two were seeing each other for the first time in years, through us, I cannot say. But it came to me definitely, with the force and certainty of an emotional crisis, and I believe even now that the impression was true.

For the next moment the children were in the room, calling, one after the other, gently, "Mamma!" to attract her attention.

At the call a tangible, physical change seemed to sweep across the faces of Ellis Bowen and his wife. It was as if, on seeing the children, they had hurriedly donned strange masks. It was more real than reality, and I may have been mistaken if I thought I saw, in the second before the change, a glance like a frightened farewell pass swiftly between them.

One thing, at least, I knew—in one matter I had been right: it had been the children that changed them. The day the first one was born it must have begun, and it had gone on until at last they had become like two people indulging in some tragic masquerade; they forgot what their real faces were like.

And for that one moment—and that moment alone—we had mysteriously helped them to lift their masks. After that the same look—half inquiry, half challenge, came back into Bowen's eyes. He seemed to believe less and less in the reality of the miracle that had happened at first. Again he seemed seized with the dread of our seeing in her only what she had become to him. He watched, almost furtively, for any look passing between us which might betray what we thought. But, in spite of it all, they carried the evening off bravely—almost with a dash.

The children were just boy and girl, normal, healthy, and sane—so perfect a balance of the two parental extremes that they did not so much as enter into the problem of Ellis Bowen and his wife. That is, they did not enter as personalities. The reaction of their mere existence did enter very much into the problem. So far environment alone seemed to have molded them. They had been to the public school, and they were young

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Americans, eager and solemn by turns, altogether immune to such hypersensitive reactions as made up the currents of their parents' lives. And their very presence acted upon Ellis Bowen and his wife like some strange neutralizing chemical, stronger than they, and to which they must, without volition, succumb.

Only once, just as we were leaving—the children had long since gone off to bed—were the masks lifted again. It was like some occult materialization of the first scene—we had unwittingly fallen into precisely the former grouping—the same sense of warmth came with it, affecting us all once again. And there passed between Ellis Bowen and his wife a sudden, almost agonized, look of recognition; seeing which, I did what I could to hasten good-byes in the hope that they might, when we had gone, say the magic word which would bid each other remain.

Our ways lying in the same direction, Dudley Stevens and I walked home together, and while we traversed the first few blocks in silence save for a comment or two upon the deep, royal blue of the New York sky at midnight, we came presently round to touch upon the subject uppermost in our minds.

Now if I had been throughout the whole evening certain of one thing, it was that the others had seen what I had seen, had felt all I felt; and I spoke, with no sense of its being my secret, without reservation to Dudley. Could it be that I had imagined his coming so nobly to the rescue with just the right word at the moment they first lost each other? Why, I had even envied Dudley his power of subtle reassurance in the way he had turned to Bowen before he had released Mrs. Bowen's hand. Yet I had scarcely finished my first sentence, which I suppose must have sprung abruptly enough from what had seemed to me the heart of the situation, when Dudley faced about with a laugh.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that you're building up one of your superstructures about poor Ellis Bowen and his wife!"

I was for the moment stunned, but I managed to ask Dudley if it was possible that he had not seen anything beyond the mere obvious facts of the case.

"Certainly not," he answered; "you build up these things yourself, you know. You simply can't let a fact alone."

Well, it may be true that I had built up what Dudley called "superstructure" about Ellis Bowen, but I am not willing to admit that it was, as Dudley would have me believe, entirely of whole cloth. There are times when I remember that if Dudley is the most sane-minded man I know, he is also the most literal; *he* never built up superstructure about anybody. Though the end of the story did seem, oddly enough, to bear out his contention; and yet—Life has a way of obscuring her climaxes. She writes her story along with a fair idea of art until just at the climax, and then she seems to become suddenly self-conscious, and loses her technique entirely; and she devises some perfectly obvious and amateurish coincidence to round out the story and divert your attention from the real climax, just as she did, I shall always believe, in the case of Ellis Bowen and his wife.

Two weeks after Mrs. Bowen's arrival in New York, I met Bowen on the street, and just as abruptly as he had announced her coming, he said, and almost with the same intonation, "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Bowen and the kiddies are starting for Russia next week."

Just that: starting for Russia—next week! As if they had gone off to Russia every year of their lives. My exclamation was involuntarily a question.

"Russia?"

"Yes," Bowen said, smiling a bright, defensive smile, "Russia. She has people there, you know."

That was all the explanation we ever had, any of us—and of course to those who could "let a fact alone," she had simply gone back to her people, and some ventured the opinion that Bowen might at least have taken one of the children. They said no more of this, however, when, after a month had gone by, Bowen began reading us little excerpts from her letters—charming bits of comment or description, in that accented English of hers, discernible even through Bowen's typically Western voice. And as time passed, this became more and more frequent, as if he were saying to us, "You have a share in her now—you are her friends."

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They had, it was plain, not found the magic word that night when we left them. They had not by themselves been able to keep the masks lifted. So she had gone away to Russia, and there was an increasingly poignant quality in her letters—even the few sentences he read to us, and in his voice as he read them—that seemed to be winning back, across that long distance, a response, at least, to the old enthusiasms. Perhaps at last they would get far enough away from each other to discard for ever the masks. I was thankful over and over again for that night when we, as outsiders, had been able to let them glimpse old realities, had given them faith—faith enough to send her to Russia, faith enough for the letters.

It was when Mrs. Bowen had been about ten months in Russia that Life, seeing the climax approaching, brought into the story that most amateurish coincidence.

Mrs. Bowen's return to America was simultaneous with the sudden financial success of a more or less simple invention Bowen had helped some poor fellow promote out in Denver, years before he had come to New York. It gave them money, a sufficient income to live rather well and even enjoy a little luxury.

He had already taken a house before she arrived, signing for it without her, he said, because he knew it was so exactly the thing she would want, and waiting meant the risk of losing it altogether. He added, eagerly, that we—the five who had gone to see them before—must come in for a little housewarming as soon as they were settled a bit.

It was one of those charmingly mellowed red-brick houses built a decade ago in the side streets of the upper nineties. I was struck, upon entering the long, high-ceilinged rooms, with the strangest sense of recognition—as if I had been there before—among those very things. And all at once I remembered—here, before me, in detail, was the concrete reality of that puzzling illusion I had had that first night in the shabby flat — the illusion of seeing through those cheap and colorless furnishings the kind of place they would have had if they could. The harmonies in it were perfect, with here and there a discord as effective as those superb disharmonies the Slavs have resolved into music. It was her work, of course, but informed with something of Bowen's as well — something normal, Anglo-Saxon, and sane, that took away the strangeness it might otherwise have had.

And when she came into the room she was dressed, as I knew she would be, in a gown of dull terra-cotta, which followed admirably the lines of her figure. But it was not in her dress that the change in Mrs. Bowen was most apparent. It was in the sheer happiness that shone from her eyes, that irradiated even the rest of us, though most of all, when he was near her, her husband. All during the evening the air seemed charged with subtle communication, as if telepathic messages were passing constantly from one to the other. They were not like two people just fallen in love—they had found something far rarer than love—yet there was about them an unashamed joyousness like two lovers, long kept apart, reunited. There was in their talk a looking forward into the future as if life were only beginning to-day.

I had no fear when the children came into the room. They were blessedly the same—only better dressed, of course, and the ten months taller. Two little Americans quite incoherent over the excitements of Russia and the trip home, but effectively, if painfully, bottled up by their good manners. Bowen seemed to have been having, before we came in, a tremendously rough time with them, and it was good to see the little reminiscent twinkle with which he answered the still laughing glances they flung him.

There was between that other visit and this as great a difference as between the chill of a bleak March day and the warmth of August moonlight. We stayed late, finding, as we were often thereafter to find, that midnight had arrived unawares.

Yet it was Dudley Stevens, again walking homeward through the blue night, who said, in the manner of one proving at last his point, "It was all a matter of economics, you see."

But there was more than economics in the volume of poems which created the little furore for Bowen the following year.

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A Graduate School of War

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

NOT many years ago an officer of our army, who carried a satisfactory string of service ribbons on the left breast of his fatigue-jacket and on his shoulders insignia considerably higher than the double bars of captaincy, experienced an interesting conversion. Of the elder school was this officer—the old, Indian-fighting, up-and-at-'em type, whose creed was a clean carbine, an easy saddle, and a competent quartermaster. Soldiers were made in the field, not in the class-room; fighters could take nothing of profit from a book, according to his doctrine, bred of experience in Cuba, China, and the Philippines. He snorted disdainfully at the enthusiasm of younger officers for a school of instruction in the higher arts of war; grudgingly he forwarded to the Adjutant General of the army each year the names of young fools of his command who desired to absent themselves from the regiment for the purpose of "book-grubbing." But each young officer returned to his post a missionary of a new idea, and the Old Man, mingling saving grace of curiosity with his conservatism, whiffled through his nose less loudly. At last he applied for permission to take the special three months' course for officers of higher command in the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Then commenced the interesting processes of conversion in the hardened professional conscience of Colonel Shellback. He found himself all at once thrust into an atmosphere of tremendous effort, of perfervid zeal. Men of his own rank, as well as of lesser dignity, were going to school under instructors their junior in years and grade, were applying themselves in laboratory and under student lamp twelve, fourteen, six teen hours a day. Instructors, themselves of necessity students of the arts they taught, worked harder than the men who sat before their lecture platforms. Old Colonel S. made, first off, a striking discovery: the habit of study slips far away from a man on the gloaming side of fifty. But the education of the seasoned campaigner, thus fairly grounded in humility, progressed satisfactorily within the limitations of the special course allowed him, and he was only too glad to acknowledge—not without a twinge of sadness—that three months, instead of the year or two-year regimen pursued by younger men, was a limit set for such as he in wisdom. He went back to his regiment, convinced of the success of that institution whose object, according to the terse phrase of "General Orders No. 128," is "the better preparation of the mobile army for war." Since his return to his command—and one hastens to assure that Colonel Shellback's is a composite photograph—every bulletin, every book and treatise on the specialized theory of war issued from the press of the Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth has been made mandatory reading for his junior officers by orders of one of the Service Schools' most ardent supporters.

It was the Colonel's peculiar privilege to attend for three months what is beyond doubt the most unique and least-known graduate school in the United States. Unique in that it draws its students from a class of men that have been from fifteen to twenty years in the pursuit of their profession and with the school that gave them license to practise a memory of boyhood; little known because of the civilian world's complete ignorance of all matters pertaining to the two services. Yet since the foundation of the schools in 1881 nearly a thousand officers of the army have been entered upon the "Army Register" as graduates, the institution has grown from a single School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry, as designated by General William Te-

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cumseh Sherman, its founder, to a group of five colleges with power to command the respectful interest of European war specialists. By the widening influence of the Army Service Schools the Colonel Shellbacks of the staff and line are being brought to appreciation of the fact that the most competent to command, whether a patrol or a division, is he whose familiarity with theory matches his experience in the practical, however wide. In a word, the Army Service Schools are making the personnel of the army's commissioned force truly professional. "The better preparation of the mobile army for war"—that is the comprehensive motto of the American army's graduate college. The general staff is thoroughly aware of the circumstance that no science is moving forward to more infinite complexities than does the grim business of war, none developing new problems with greater swiftness. It looks to the Service Schools to keep the nation's defensive arm abreast of advancing knowledge.

Great has been the change in the character of the Service Schools and the capacity of their plant since Fort Leavenworth's post headquarters housed the first class in 1881. Then Colonel Elwell S. Otis, commandant of the post, found himself at the head of a teaching staff comprising five officers highest in rank of the infantry and cavalry detachments stationed at the post. Student officers from like branches of the service throughout the country were attached to the units stationed at Leavenworth and were expected to perform all their duties as company officers in addition to those of instruction. Rank of student officers was not to exceed that of lieutenant. "Correct reading aloud, with care and precision"—this is quoted from the prospectus of instruction for the first class—"Writing a plain hand, easy to read, designed for the use of the party receiving": two essentials of an officer's higher education in the days when a raid by restless Indians constituted almost the sole military problem against the horizon. But with years came expansion. After the Spanish War, which, with the ensuing Philippine campaigns, caused a cessation of work at the Leavenworth schools for four years, came the reorganization, whereby the old Infantry and Cavalry School became, first the General Service and Staff College and, in 1911, the present collection of five schools with a roll of seventy-five student officers, thirty instructors, and a curriculum embracing such subjects as the mobilization of national resources and the laying and repairing of ocean cable. On the heights above a crescent bend of the Missouri River, three miles north of the city of Leavenworth, stands the academic building, its clock-tower a landmark for the far hills behind Kansas City. Under the wide roof of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan halls are electric laboratories, printing, book-binding, and map-making plants, a library of thirty thousand volumes. Comfortable brick houses and bachelor flats, scattered under the oaks and elms on the high lands over the river, provide quarters, one hundred and fourteen in all, for the student officers and instructors and their families; these apart from the homes of the officers on duty at the post. Barring the stiff presence of certain cannon *emeriti* deployed about the flagpole, the prospect from the steps of Grant Hall might be that of some hallowed campus in New England.

The basic school of the five at Leavenworth, and the one considered of most value, is the Army School of the Line, designed to give in a year's course a general military education of the higher order to the student officer who is willing to apply himself to the stern exactions of the curriculum. Attendance upon this, as well as the four other schools of special character, is purely voluntary; only men of enthusiasm and virile regard for the advancement of their professional standing can survive the test of a year in the School of the Line; shirkers who think to evade the monotony of post life by being detached for study in the graduate school at Leavenworth soon discover their grievous misjudgment. Competition dictates the selection of candidates for attendance upon the School of the Line, and competition of the keenest sort attends their every moment of application. One officer of grade not lower than captain and of not less than five years' commissioned service is chosen from every regiment of infantry, cav-

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alry, and field artillery not on duty in the Philippines; the choice lying in the hands of the commanding officer of each regiment, subject to confirmation by the Secretary of War. Further restriction is imposed by the requirement that the number of field artillery officers for any one class be limited to five; this because of the practical and specialized field instruction provided by the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. The rigors of competition for appointment, coupled with individual hard luck in being detailed for service in the Philippines at a favoring moment, sometimes brings to the School of the Line men who have grown gray in the waiting.

Tradition, growing out of the system at the Service Schools, has imposed upon all who enter the Line School a responsibility quite beyond the academic purview. Because a Staff College is designed to carry the instruction of the School of the Line through a second year of even higher specialization, and attendance is restricted to a percentage of those standing highest in the work of the broader course, every student officer in the School of the Line strains after the coveted honor of promotion to the higher school with all the resources at his command. Forty per cent. of the Line graduates are designated candidates for the Staff. For the reason that selection is put thus on a competitive basis, rather than because of the intrinsic value of Staff College instruction, "making the Staff" becomes a grim shibboleth among under-classmen. Achieving the distinction of the Staff is a matter more weighty than Phi Beta Kappa honors in a university; competition has been forced to a maximum quite disproportionate to the practical benefits of the second year's instruction. "The School of the Line is of more value to the army than any of the four other Service Schools," says Brigadier-General H. A. Greene, the present Commandant of the Schools. "Out of it the average student officer gets enough to make him a much better officer than he was when he came to Leavenworth, while with the Staff College there is a much smaller percentage of profit of the smaller class." Student officers in the Line are prone to attach a false value to the Staff College because of the competitive-selection feature. "But"—this with a pregnant smile—"neither the false notion nor the competition—especially the competition—does anybody harm." Not by any means negligible, however, is the reward of winning to the Staff; its graduates are eligible to attend the War College in Washington, D. C., which is the ultimate academic board of military training. Moreover, they are exempt from examination for promotion to higher rank during a period of six years after graduation.

The Army Signal School and the Army Field Engineer School, technical groups in the general scheme of the Leavenworth graduate college, have more limited courses and smaller classes than the basic School of the Line. In both instances admission to the school is by appointment of the chief officers of these two services in the regular army. The valuable laboratory of the Signal School, stocked as it is with instruments of demonstration in the magic of electricity, has been thrown open to a class of one hundred and thirty-five enlisted men of the Signal Corps, as well as to the fifteen or more commissioned students of the rank of lieutenant, or higher, assigned to study there. This departure from the rule of a school for officers only is taken because of the necessity of technical training for the rank and file of the army's sadly inadequate "eyes and ears." As with the Signal School, the fifth unit in the Service Schools is open to a wider student body. The Army Field Service School for Medical Officers, which has as an adjunct a correspondence school for medical officers of the National Guard as well as of the regular army's medical corps, offers instruction in the care of troops in the field, sanitary equipment, and supply and tactical problems of hospital practice in battle. Each year six medical officers from the organized militia, approved by the Secretary of War, join the selected officers of the army's sanitary arm at Leavenworth to share the benefits of the Army Field Service School's instruction.

The civilian visitor to the Service Schools, who shares the common and reverential awe of the lay brother of

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peace in the presence of the Templars of the Shoulder-strap, is not long in the atmosphere before he drops a persistent delusion and gains an impression of such impact as almost to amount to a shock. That delusion thrown overboard is one held generally by the lay mind—that our vaunted Academy at West Point graduates finished and competent army officers. The percussive fact gleaned is that men twenty years away from books, from the ordered habit of study supposed to be exclusively the province of formative youth, can bring their unaccustomed adult minds to discipline more severe, perhaps, than that exacted by any university.

"West Point education is purely preliminary"; this from one of the officers of the Service Schools who through his executive eyes can measure the significance of their relation to efficiency in the army scheme. "Four years at the Academy lay an excellent foundation for subsequent education in the profession of arms—and build character; yes, that is half the value of Academy training. A boy graduates into service physically, mentally, and morally well prepared to learn the art of war; but he knows little of things military, is not equipped for command. We believe the new second lieutenant has just commenced to master his profession; the major part of his scholastic and all of his practical work is still ahead of him." So the West Point graduate, you will learn at Leavenworth, really begins to go to school after he joins his regiment. The primary course he gets in the garrison school at his post, where from November to April each year a course prescribed by the War Department is expounded by his superior officers. A high percentage of efficiency in certain subjects in the garrison school exempts him from examination in these subjects for promotion. For three years, often interrupted by active service in the Philippines, the fledgling officer goes to garrison school; then he is prepared for his captaincy—when a vacancy falls—and that rank opens opportunity to enter the School of the Line or the three allied technical schools at Fort Leavenworth. At thirty-five or forty he completes his professional training, begun fifteen or twenty years before at the school on the Hudson, or in high school or college.

Even though the scholastic habit acquired at West Point is preserved in some degree by the quondam exercises of the garrison school, the student officers at the Service Schools are, for the most part, men in middle life who have been for many years away from the smell of the lamp—in the jungles of Mindanao, on special duty in Cuba, marooned in the mesquite desert along the Rio Grande. Men they are whose interests have all been driven along lines of the practical, whether of post routine or bushwhacking the elusive Moro. Yet here is the marvel of it: they come to the Service Schools voluntarily and out of sheer professional zeal; they hurl themselves at highly technical and knotty problems with the dogged enthusiasm of the college "grind"; they whip their minds to acquisition of new facts twelve to sixteen hours a day, from September 1 to the close of the term in June. "How do they do it?" the incredulous civilian observer murmurs, knowing in his heart that Cæsar at sight would be an impossible task for his atrophied and world-sodden intellect. "Self-discipline," answers the director of the Signal School. "Self-discipline is so strong in the men who set their hearts on coming here that they can school themselves to the habit of study. A boy of eighteen entering the Academy knows nothing of life or of the capacity of his own mind for effort. But the man of thirty-five or forty has learned to direct his mind to effort as one governs a machine, if he has learned anything; he gets top capacity out of it."

Undoubtedly another secret of this success at turning the adult mind back into forgotten channels of acquisitiveness lies in that spirit of combative competition fostered by the School of the Line. They will tell you out at Leavenworth of strong men "boning for tenths," or, in translation, fighting for a tenth part of a point in a possible hundred. Instructors are so conscientious that, in appraising the worth of a test paper or problem submitted, they often utilize two decimal places in their marking. A tenth of one unit lost might mean for a student officer failure to "make the Staff," goal of ambition and prize of a

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year's battling — a year's boning for tenths. The average size of the Line class is forty-five students; less than half of them may matriculate into the Staff College; every man of the forty-five is determined that he shall be among the chosen; for nine months, day and night, fight for preferment is merciless. So jealous are these middle-aged prize scholars on the subject of their averages that a few years ago the director of the School of the Line had to rule inviolable privacy for the records of examination papers and other tests; for the triumphs and disappointments of individual students had become the subjects of tea-table contention and barracks gossip. Mrs. Captain Absolute struck Mrs. Captain Courageous off her invitation list because Captain Courageous was boasting he had beaten Captain Absolute in the examination on American campaigns. Under the present system only the general gradings—A, B, C, D, and E —become public; nor does any man know until the end of the year how close was the issue with his rivals.

Consider in this circumstance of war-to-the-death the delicate position of the instructor, his responsibility. The staff of instruction is drawn exclusively from the graduate list of the schools; each man has been through the grind, knows the brain tension and heartache of the game. A map problem is set for solution, following a series of "conferences," or seminar discussions of some tactical profundity; each student officer has four hours in which to write his answer to the problem; such an answer may cover ten or forty pages of legal cap, and upon its correctness may hang his record for the year. Not only must the circumspect instructor devote two or more hours to each submitted answer, but he must be prepared to argue the fine points of his decision—for tactics is not an exact science—with the boner for tenths. Indeed, the limit of capacity for the School of the Line is set by the endurance of the instructors, for they work harder than any of the students.

The stranger in the academic building at Fort Leavenworth sees the intense spirit of application at its most graphic phase over a war game. Game it is called, but the antithesis of sport is this serious business of working to scale the disposition of hypothetical units of flesh and blood. On a half-dozen tables contour maps drawn to large scale are disposed; at each sits an umpire from the Staff College—one who has worked this same problem himself and knows its solution. Officers of the Line are divided, a group to each table, into Red and Blue commanders of regiments or brigades. Bits of red and blue cardboard represent their respective forces; a red chain of beads is a line of skirmishers; a blue-headed pin, a scouting-patrol. The problem sets forth that a Blue brigade, retreating on Leavenworth after an incursion into Missouri, is seeking to seize and hold against pursuing Reds the bridge head at the Missouri River until escape can be made good; will the Red brigade succeed in cutting off the invaders? With the units of cardboard arranged on the map according to the stipulations of the problem at the opening of the engagement, the umpire at each table sends one set of commanders from the room while the others make their dispositions. Noting the line of the Reds, say, he dismisses these tacticians and, first sweeping from the map all their troops save those which, the contour lines show, would be visible to any part of the Blue forces, he summons the Blue commanders. They then make their play in the intricate game of groping and feeling out, check and counter-check.

Heads, some of them gray, are bent over the silly jumble of beads, pins, and cardboard. Cheeks still dyed by the Samar sun are anxiously honed in thought. The eyes you see are not searching a flat plane, scored by wavering contour lines, but scan the crests of green hills for the thin spindrift of volley-firing, probe the golden jungles of standing corn to discover advance patrols. "Captain A.," says the umpire, "it is now four-seventeen o'clock. This company of yours on Hill Twelve here has been under cross-fire for ten minutes. Its losses have been heavy, and the men are showing signs of breaking." Then Captain A., with a nervous glance at his wrist-watch, gives the order which will bring an inch of cardboard on quick-time up from the reserve to strengthen the panicky defenders of Hill Twelve.

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Indecision cannot be his; the loss of a minute may be irreparable; a wrong order may not be retrieved. For the time being Captain A. is the one man to whom outraged Missouri looks to avenge the raid by an enemy. But aside from the tactical realities of the game, the Captain senses the eyes of his fellows about the table upon him, knows that those contending with him will be quick to seize upon his smallest error. Here now must he summon every faculty to defend his reputation as a soldier—to win over the other man by even so much as a tenth in the race for the coveted Staff College. Does he but hew by a fraction of strategy closer than his Blue rival to the "approved solution," the nature of which neither may know until the map manœuver is finished, Captain A. will have won.

Because of their highly technical character, the layman finds himself baffled in an attempt to estimate, even roughly, the difficulties besetting the problems set for students of the Service Schools. One reads in the Signal School schedule, "Practical Exercise No. 25: Manipulation of Mercury Arc Rectifier," or in the Staff College summary of courses, "Grand Tactics—Manchurian War"; and even the kindly explanations of the Secretary of the Schools, acting as guide and expounder of mysteries, leave the visitor numbed and groping. Occasionally, however, dazzling simplicity seems to clothe some element of the curriculum, and just when the civilian mind has begun smugly to wrap itself about an understandable fact a distinct jar intervenes and confidence goes glimmering. One of the recently established courses in the Staff College, for example, is the Department of Staff Supply. Captain W. K. Naylor, instructor in charge, explains that the investigation conducted by students under him has to do with the mobilization of national resources, railroad and overseas transportation, the capacity and availability of our merchant marine, etc. Perfectly comprehensible! Doubtless an entertaining and comparatively simple course, say you. "One of our problems," explains Captain Naylor, "presupposes a declaration of war by the President, a call for volunteers, and the mobilizing of a brigade at an available point handy to rail and water transportation in the Northwest. Each student officer becomes for the purposes of the problem a quartermaster in charge of the establishment of the mobilization camp. Now that would appear a comparatively simple problem?" You blunder into the instructor's snare; you opine that all the quartermaster had to do was to see to it that the various units got off their trains and found their camp. Yes, decidedly simple! With a smile the Captain hands you the solution of the problem: thirty-three printed pages, with three accompanying maps. Reading, you will discover that the task of establishing a brigade cantonment involves such widely variant details as the price of 2½-inch wrought-iron pipe, advertisements for labor in the nearest local paper, and condemnation proceedings against required land.

In the thirty-four years of their existence the Service Schools have demonstrated changing ideals in the education of an officer, as in the profession of arms itself. Of the original Infantry and Cavalry School, General Sherman wrote, in 1881: "The school should form a model post, like Gibraltar, with duty done as though in actual war, and instruction by books be made secondary to drill, guard duty, and the usual forms of a well-regulated garrison." Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, made this observation in his annual report for 1901: "It is a common observation, and a true one, that practical qualities in a soldier are more important than a knowledge of theory. It is also true that, other things being equal, the officer who keeps his mind alert by intellectual exercises, and who systematically studies the reasons of action and the materials and conditions and difficulties with which he may have to deal, will be the stronger practical man and the better soldier." At Fort Leavenworth they say Elihu Root, a civilian, struck nearer the truth than General Sherman, the soldier. Military events of the years 1914–15 have given incontrovertible proof of the soundness of the War Secretary's contention.

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The Better Man

BY LOUISE RAND BASCOM

"BUT, Maw, he's a-comin' ter ax ye hisself."

Mrs. Coe deposited her sedge broom in a dim cabin corner, and lifted the cover of a black pot steaming among the fireplace coals. "Naow, Andy," she drawled, not unkindly, "don't you go to settin' store by a fureigner." She poured some hot water from a heavy iron kettle into the vessel containing the sweet-smelling parsnips, then added, "They ain't to be trusted, Andy."

"No, Bud, don't ye git your heart set on goin' to the low country," contributed Azuretta, indolently carding wool near the open door. "The air daown thar ain't got no taste to hit, an' thar 'ain't nothin' ter see 'ceptin' folks."

"An' them mean as spotted snakes—lots of 'em," rejoined the mother. "You got plenty you kin do 'roun' hyar, Andy. We got a good pair o' steers an' plenty o' wood ter sell. Some o' the fellers is gittin' as much as a dollar a cord up to the Forks."

Andy made no reply. He was busy fashioning the last peg for a banjo neck in his hand. As he worked, he teetered back and forth in his squat hickory chair, whistling "Bonnie Blue Eyes" under his breath. Two of the younger children straggled in and stood staring at him.

"Was your cat-hide big enough fur the drum-head?" asked one, deferentially.

"Um-huh," acquiesced Andy, taking a square box of strings from his pocket.

"Seems like you'd been slow as a dirt oven makin' that a one, Andy," vouchsafed the other with the decisiveness of a masculine mind. "Looks like one o' your ole ones 'd be good enough ter pick at the dance Friday night. You must be a-wantin' ter show off afore your gal."

"I ain't goin' ter pick at no dance," responded Andy, crimsoning.

If the roof had suddenly soared toward the dark, grim mountain towering out of the Coe corn-field, the members of the family could not have looked more aghast. Azuretta dropped her cards to peer questioningly at the slouch hat pulled down over her brother's eyes, the under lips of the children gaped with incredulity, and the mother, much upset, wiped her face with her blue-checked apron.

"Not a-goin' ter pick!" she gasped. "Why, Andy Coe, hit don't seem like thar could be a dance 'thout 'n you made the music. Why ain't ye a-goin' ter pick? Cain't ye git your banjer done in time?"

"I ain't a-goin' ter be hyar," announced Andy, fastening the last shining wire into the pegs. "I'm a-goin' daown the mountain with Mr. Murdock. How often do I hev ter tell ye he's a-goin' ter teach me them thar leetle black dots they calls notes? He—"

"That man's too stingy to spit," interrupted Mrs. Coe. "Why cain't you let him be, Andy? Seems like he'd throwed a spell over ye an' hyar ye ait a-wantin' ter dress an' act like a summer boarder up to the Forks—a-settin' yourself up better'n your family. Mr. Murdock's ways may be different from our ways, Andy Coe, but they ain't no better'n our'n."

"You hadn't ort ter talk that away about him," protested Andy, loyally. "He's steddied out o' as many as sixteen different grammars. Why, he kin read all sorts o' books an' he writes book printin' on a leetle green play-pretty jest by pushin' white pegs. Writes jest as quick as that, he does." Andy impersonated the movements of typewriting with more animation than he had yet shown.

"Don't make no difference," grumbled Mrs. Coe; "I don't cyare ef he's got a pianner an' a pianner colt, he ain't no better'n you be, Andy. Hit makes me sick ter see you a-apin' him."

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"S-sh!" warned Azuretta from her observation-point. "He's a-comin' naow."

All eyes turned toward the path which wound in and out through the marigold hedge to the door. Half-way between the house and the rail fence a little man in a khaki hunting-suit had stopped to break a gorgeous plume of Prince's Feather which he was jauntily attaching to the band of his hat. When he straightened up again he stood staring from the cabin to horizon, and from horizon to flowers, with his filmy blue eyes narrowed to thoughtful slits.

"Hello!" he said, suddenly, noting the concentrated gaze of the family. "Pretty day, huh?"

"Tolerable fine," admitted Mrs. Coe. "Won't ye come in an' rest your hat?"

The man's sparrow-like step approached the door, but when he reached it he leaned against the lintel, peering in. "No," he said, "no, I can't come in. Going after some quail. Pretty good shooting here, huh?" He had a peculiar way of ending his sentences with this odd little explosive grunt whenever he expected approbation, and Andy said:

"Yeah, hit's right good ef ye know whar to go. Want me ter take ye?"

"Sure," assented the man, "sure. But first I'd better speak to your mother about taking you home with me to-morrow, huh?"

"Andy's done tole us about your wantin' him ter go," began Mrs. Coe, hurriedly, "but I reckon thar's a-plenty fur him ter do 'roun' hyar."

"Yes, of course," agreed the little man, still peering within. "Of course, but it seems a shame not to let your boy have a musical education when he has such a wonderful ear for music, huh? Why, he can sit right down and play anything he hears either on the banjo or the fiddle. Seems a bit tough not to give him a chance to make something of himself, huh?"

"Wal, I don't see what he'd do with any more larnin' than he's got," parried the mother. "Looks like hit 'd jest make his head heavy. He kin git the same feelin' by eatin' a good mess o' pork, an' I reckon hit 'd do him more good."

"Well, of course, if he means to stay here all his life he doesn't need to learn the technique of music," said the man, "but he could make good money with that genius of his, and not work hard, either. Do you know what concert performers make? They make thousands of dollars a year — that's what they make. How about a thousand dollars a night? That sounds pretty good, huh?"

"Andy kin make all he needs hyar," persisted Mrs. Coe, stubbornly. "Money's jest somethin' ter worrit ye



"I HAD TER GET A SOON START," APOLOGIZED THE BOY

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atter you've had enough ter eat and wear."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Murdock, "if you feel that way about it, there's nothing more to say. Your son seemed so bright and ambitious—so anxious to get out into the world to see and do things, I thought I'd like to help him. Muck Fording's people want me to take him. I guess perhaps he'll do as well, huh?"

"Muck Fordin'!" ejaculated Mrs. Coe. "Muck Fordin'! Why, he cain't play nothin'. He's pigeon-toed in his left foot an' got the string-halt in his right leg to boot. I certainly am a wonderin' at ye fur thinkin' of him."

"He's no good, huh?" smiled the man. "Well—"

"No good!" exploded Mrs. Coe. "Why, he 'ain't got sense enough ter pick his teeth, that feller. Hit 'd be a plumb disgrace to us ef ye was ter take him to the city."

"That means I can have Andy, then, huh?" laughed Mr. Murdock. "All right. Much obliged. You'll not regret it. I'll have Andy famous inside of a year—famous, I tell you. His picture 'll be in all the papers. That 'd be pretty fine, huh? Come on, Andy; let's go after those birds."

Andy felt his mother's reproachful eyes upon him as he took the gun from the pegs over the fireplace and started after the waving plume in Mr. Murdock's hat.

It was sweet to pilot the way through the opalescent woods for this man who knew so much—for this man who meant to perform such miracles for Andy; and the boy threw back his head and burst through the thickets like a faithful pointer. He would do anything for Mr. Murdock, the mountain lad thought happily. Had not the city man promised to teach him to interpret the funny little round specks that meant music when understood? And did this not mean life itself to the boy? In sheer ecstasy of service the hunt was consummated, and Andy returned to the cabin with Mr. Murdock's praise and glorious plans ringing in his ears. The boy scarcely tasted the hot biscuits his mother had prepared for his supper that night, and long before the roosters had started their sunrise chants he was up washing and rewashing his shining face. When his mother rose to stir the embers for the morning coffee, he was standing looking at her from the doorway. In one hand he clutched an old banjo; a disreputable gray telescope bag sagged from the other.

"Wal, ef you don't beat all!" exclaimed his mother.

"I had ter git a soon start," apologized the boy. "Didn't know as I'd orter wake ye."

"A soon start!" sniffed Mrs. Coe. "You know well as I do the hack don't leave till nine o'clock. Even then they've got a good two-hours' wait at the depot afore the train gits in."

"Yeah, I know," admitted the boy, absently jingling some silver in his ragged pocket, "but I 'lowed I'd foot hit a piece till the hack come along with me."

"Hit 'll never come along with ye startin' naow," said his mother, sharply. "Andy Coe, you're a-walkin' so that thar feller won't have ter pay five dollars ter git ye ter the depot. Ain't ye, naow? Did he ax ye to, Andy?"

But her son gave her a sheepish hug and fled. At the rail fence he stopped to shout back that he did not want any breakfast, and before the words had scarcely left his mouth he had begun whistling "Bonnie Blue Eyes" again. "She don't understan'," he murmured, as he swung along in his awkward stride. "She don't know the reason. By Godfrey! I'm jest 'bleeged ter know how to read them thar leetle ole dots!—Why, howdy, leetle gal?" he added in surprised embarrassment, coming suddenly upon the leucothoe-fringed foot-log below the cabin. "What you doin' hyar?"

"So ye're a-goin'?" The reply was somewhat muffled by a white arm doubled over a bowed face in such a way as to make speech almost impossible. "Oh, Andy!" She sat crumpled up on the edge of the decaying and primitive bridge, and moaned again, "Oh, Andy!"

"Didn't ye tell me to?" demanded the boy, towering above her. "I wouldn't be a-leavin' 'thout'n you'd asked me to, sweetsie."

The girl caught at his hand and pulled herself to her feet, both of them swaying above the rich, yellow-brown stream.

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"You'll go away and never come back," she sobbed, gripping him frantically.

"Thar—thar," he soothed. "Don't ye cry or ye'll spile your eye."

"Oh, Andy, I never meant nothin'."

"Yeah, ye did, too," flung back the boy, thrusting an arm about her sash-engirdled waist. "You'd allus be throwin' it up to me ef I didn't go naow. By-by, little pink." Leaning over, he kissed her with tender abruptness.

"But, Andy," she whimpered, clinging to him and beseeching with her aster-like eyes—"but, Andy—"

"I done give my word I'd go," he explained patiently. "Ye wouldn't want me to go back on my word, sweetsie?" As she made no response, he kissed her again. "I've got to be gittin' along," he stated, releasing himself gently. "By-by!"

Womanlike, her will gave way before his determination. "By-by," she faltered, and then choked out, "Now you be shore to think o' me, Andy!"

"I shore will," he called back solemnly from the chinkapin thicket he was penetrating. "I shore will."

Already he wanted to go back. He wanted to tease her for putting on her Sunday dress to say good-by to him; he wanted to draw her lips in his in a real kiss—a long one, and yet here he was walking the other way from her just because he had once promised he would journey forth on the quest she had chosen for him. Should he go back? His feet began to lag; his load felt heavy. "You done give your word," warned his brain inexorably, and Andy straightened. After that his rough-shod feet felt no stones. He was going to the city, and when he came back he would know many things. When he came back a neat log-house with a "to-it" would stand on Buzzard's Back and his little pink would be fluttering among the phlox and golden-glow before the door; two red "yearlin's" would be browsing knee-deep in ragweed farther down the slope, and perhaps there would be a muley-cow with a big bell and a grunting sow or two. So engrossed was he that his eyes saw no roadside beauties until at last, about one o'clock he came to shining rails and the little yellow, mud-splashed depot itself. He set down his bag and banjo to wipe his face on his sleeve before sinking upon a much-whittled bench



"I DONE GIVE MY WORD I'D GO"

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to await his patron. A whole hour he sat, hungry and tired, but expectantly happy, and finally the lurching hack with its wobbly wheels and makeshift mountain harness rattled into view, and the boy started to his feet eagerly. He tugged and pulled at Mr. Murdock's luggage and unskilfully attempted to brush some dirt from Mrs. Murdock's dress. It was reward enough to hear the man say:

"You beat us, huh? Say, but you're some walker. Well, well, here we all are, bag and baggage—baggage and bag. Give me that banjo, Andy; I can pack it here in my traps. We don't want to carry any more'n we can help. Had lunch, huh? No? There's some under the seat we didn't eat. Better fill up."

Contentedly Andy devoured the remains of the lunch amid the little group of tittering loafers and scratching dogs that infested the station precincts. Then the train came. It was a wonderful journey, that eighty-five miles to the city, and Andy sat with his nose pressed to the window as rich bottom-land cornfields and cotton-patches shot past. There were trains to encounter and little stations with their gaping crowds of conscious femininity and expectorating males. Night came bringing the big terminal, myriads of electric lights, and confusing noises. The boy found himself in a vehicle that moved without horses. The next he knew, Mr. Murdock said, "Home! Pretty nice to get into the world, huh? We'll make a man of you yet, Andy."

For the first time, Andy gulped. He seemed far, very far from the rush of waters and the smell of good pine air; far from the new banjo carefully hidden under the Coe roof; and farther yet from the wishful face of little pink. He made no comment, however, and followed his benefactor up-stairs and through a billiard-room to the attic bed which was to be his while he learned to know the desired little black dots and, incidentally, the ways of the "fureigner."

He could scarcely wait to acquire the knowledge he sought. Quite early he rose, throbbing for the smoky city world and the conquest of this thing of which he was ignorant, but Mr. Murdock counseled patience.

"Better look about a bit. Better look about a bit, huh? Won't have time after you get into your music. No hurry, you know. No hurry! As you always say, 'Thar's another day a-comin' that 'ain't been teched yit.' That's a good motto. Take it easy and get used to things, huh? Mrs. Murdock thought maybe you'd like to rake the



WHEN HE CAME BACK HE WOULD KNOW MANY THINGS

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yard first and then take a walk perhaps. Pretty good idea, huh? Get the kinks out of your muscles."

Andy, the light gone from his face, raked the yard. Then rotund Mrs. Murdock thought he would like to pick a chicken for her, as she had not re-engaged her regular maid. He proved so efficient that she inveigled him into washing dishes. Meantime she talked brightly and persistently in an endeavor to make the boy forget this hated "woman's work" which engulfed him. Surely to-morrow — to-morrow would bring the wonderful lessons and the knowledge of the little dots; but the morrow brought more household drudgery and polishing of the cheap little motor-car in the portable garage in the rear. About the middle of the afternoon he found himself free to steal away on an exploring expedition. Past great houses he stalked, past colored nurses carrying white-faced babies, past fruit-stands aglow with shining apples and strings of curious yellow crescents. His ungainly stride became an uncertain lingering. Devouringly his eyes sought the sidewalk windows, each differing from its neighbor. Green lawn-mowers and gleaming cutlery reposed in one, glossy-haired barbers bent over recumbent victims next door, while yards of mere glass separated the boy from a procession of suited ladies and so much underwear as to cause him to avert his gaze to passing street-cars. As Andy hesitated by a grimy viaduct railing watching noisy trains in the cinder-filled yard below, the sounds of hiccupping locomotives, the shouts of street-venders, and the clatter of traffic suddenly became effaced by the sweetest music Andy had ever heard.

It rose from a great box near by, and dimly he conceived that the fat man and the scrawny little woman hovering over it were responsible for the out-of-date melody issuing from the oil-cloth covering. It seemed to Andy that the world must stop to listen to the novel and inspiriting strains which held him, but apparently city folks had no ear for melody. Back and forth the throngs jostled without pausing beside the eager boy watching the battered old hurdy-gurdy. When it moved, he followed. Over and over again he listened ecstatically to the machine's two tunes.

"You lika de museec?" queried the hopeful proprietor, at length.

Andy nodded. A move of two blocks ensued, and then the boy swallowed desperately before gulping out, "I'm a-wantin' ye to larn me them thar leetle dots what means music. Will ye?"

The hurdy-gurdy owners consulted mutely, and shook their heads.

"I got three dollars," acknowledged Andy, crimsoning as he kicked the curbing. "I ain't axin' ye ter give me nothin'. The boss he 'lowed he'd larn me, but I don't want to be so dumb when he sets in. I kin pay ye, I reckon."

The words three dollars were the only part of Andy's speech which were understood. After further parley, the woman drew her lurid scarf closer over her forest-black hair and beckoned Andy to accompany her. Swallowing hard with excitement, he followed her as stolidly as he could. The street-lamps had flared into golden moon balls when the two turned into a narrow street and toiled up a stale-smelling staircase littered with papers and fruit-peelings. After wandering through a dim hall reeking with odors of singed hair, benzine, oil-stoves, and food long since prepared, the Italian woman pushed open a paint-blistered door and shrilled forth an imperative summons in an unknown tongue.

"Well, what you want?" demanded a brilliant-cheeked brunette, who stood in the middle of a dirty room muttering imprecations at a flickering gas-jet. With some difficulty Andy was made to repeat and explain his request.

The girl stared at him a moment, her jeweled hands akimbo on her cheap velveteen dress. "Aw, I reckon I got ye," she admitted finally. "What ye take me for? I'm no music teacher! I pound the ivories down to the movies."

The elder woman spoke again in a tone of urgency.

"Well, I dun'no," reflected the girl, audibly. "Might as well be me as somebody else. Might give you a lesson or two at odd times."

At these glad tidings Andy pushed in toward the little cracked marble-topped table. Laying a shining fifty-cent piece

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squarely in the middle of it, he said, "Thar, I'll thank ye to larn me that much's worth naow."

"My, Jawn!" exclaimed the girl. "What ye take me for—rubber? I've not had a bite of supper, and me scheduled to be back to 'The Robber's Dream' inside an hour!"



ANDY GASPED. BEFORE HIM HE SAW A REPRODUCTION OF HIS OWN HOME

Andy made no reply. He simply shoved the half-dollar farther along the crack and waited. In the end the glint of the ready silver conquered. The girl made a few inquiries and went out to borrow a banjo, saying queer, unintelligible things to the hurdy-gurdy woman who preceded her down the hall. Andy did not know then that this dark Romola was acquainted with more instruments than most piano-players for moving-picture shows; he only realized that she was very handsome and different, that she was good to give him her time. When she returned to the worn plush sofa beside him, he tried hard to concentrate on her words, but the heavy perfume she wore deadened his senses. So curiously did she affect him that he staggered back to the Murdocks' as if intoxicated, but his brain cleared after his supper of okra soup and meat pie. That night, while he washed the blue onion-ware dishes at the scaly sink, he murmured over and over again: "B, E, A, D, G, C, F. F, C, G, D, A, E, B. A sharp's two sticks with two sticks acrost. B, E, A, D, G, C, F. F, C, G, D, A, E, B."

Later he crept into the billiard-room in the darkness and tried to beat out the time of the hurdy-gurdy airs by touching the overhead wires with one of the cues. Try as he would, the tune invariably resolved itself into "Kitty Kline" and "Bonnie Blue Eyes," and then he beheld his little pink standing by the foot-log calling, "Now you be shore to think o' me, Andy!"

He was homesick. He wanted to feel his own banjo in his hands, but he would not ask for it. Perhaps to-morrow—but the morrow brought weed-digging on a small lawn that had been neglected for months. Thus the smoke-scented days slipped on. By day Andy consoled himself for Mr. Murdock's increasing "techousness" and continual absence from the house by thinking of the girl in the velveteen dress and what she was doing for him. Her hands were very soft and white, he thought—not like little pink's.

For lack of capital, however, the lessons presently ceased. At first the boy hung around outside of picture

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shows listening to the mechanical pianos and trying to get a glimpse of the girl in the velveteen dress, then the realization came over him that he had been absent from home some time and as yet Mr. Murdock had made no attempt to fulfil his word. Loyalty and trust no longer dissipated vague doubts. They began to gather and head into a lump of suspicion. It was at this unbearable juncture that the longed-for summons came.

"Here's your banjo, Andy," said Murdock, one chilly November evening. "Let's go see what we can do with it, huh?"

And Andy, with faith restored and inwardly thankful for his six lessons ahead, followed his host to the dented little motor-car, clinging fondly to his old banjo. They sped through the crowd of fur-coated pedestrians and honking machines—in and out, in and out—until they came to a door bearing the words "Stage Entrance." Here they went in, and Andy, with heart pounding from excitement, found himself in a cold, gloomy, barnlike room where many people moved about quickly. A man in shirt-sleeves hooked his arm through the boy's, grunting:

"So this is the new pupil, is it? I'll look after him, Murdock, if you want to speak to the stage-manager."

Both men laughed boisterously, and Andy winced. As soon as his patron departed, however, the coatless individual became very kind. He inquired about the home-made banjo the boy carried, and concerning his life in the mountains. Andy found his heart getting warm again, but when he opened his lips to pour out his ambition in regard to the little black dots, the man whispered:

"Cut out the spiel. The drop's up. You set right there on that step-ladder till I get back."

Andy frowned wonderingly and remained in the spot indicated until his knees ached. At last he heard the sound of applause, and men hastened past him with hammers and painted trees. He watched them curiously. A din of running and pounding assailed him, and off somewhere was the sound of music. The man in shirt-sleeves returned, accompanied by a radiant-faced Mr. Murdock.

"Come along, Andy," directed the latter; "it 'll soon be time for your cue. When they say, 'Thar's the banjer-picker naow,' you go sit in the chair by the fireplace and play 'Bonnie Blue Eyes' till the curtain falls. Understand?"

As Mr. Murdock talked they approached the wings and now stood looking upon the stage. Andy gasped. Before him he saw a reproduction of his own home with the kettles boiling in the fireplace, the gun upon the crotches, the



HEAD DOWN, HE BUFFETED THE GALE

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"YOUR NAME'S ALREADY IN THE PAPERS, ANDY"

strings of yellow and red peppers dangling from the rafters, the squat hickory chairs. He stared at Mr. Murdock in wonder and stupefaction.

The playwright chuckled and turned to the man in shirt-sleeves. "Best compliment yet, Hains, huh?" he growled delightedly.

Hains slapped him on the back, and then a girl in calico sauntered into the cabin, and Andy heard the language of his own woods. Others entered and talked. The girl began to cry. What did it all mean? Andy opened his mouth to question just as his cue came.

"Play 'Bonnie Blue Eyes' till I tell you to come off," whispered Murdock, fiercely. "It 'll cheer her up," he added, snickering, and Andy found himself pushed toward the low chair by the steaming kettles. Seating himself, he stared into the replica of his fireplace at home and played, played as he had never played before. Played, not for the audience which he had not seen, nor for Mr. Murdock, but because the banjo seemed to cuddle in his arms after its long absence and because he was homesick for the boot-taps of his own people.

A little ecstatic sigh swept through the audience. Andy was too absorbed to notice it, but the tremor did not escape Murdock. "Sing," he hissed, insistently, "Sing!"

Obediently Andy wailed the following plaint:

"Don't cry, little Bonnie, don't cry,
Don't cry, little Bonnie, don't cry,
Fur ef ye cry, you'll spile your eye,
Don't cry, little Bonnie, don't cry-i-i.

"I hyar the train comin', I do,
I hyar the train comin', I do,
I hyar the train comin' ter carry me through,
I hyar the train comin', I do-oo-oo.

"I asked your popper fur you,
I asked your mommer fur you,
I asked your popper an' mommer too,
They both said 'No-o-o.'

"She tole me she loved me, she did,
She tole me she loved me, she did,

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She tole me she loved me, she never did lie,
Good-by, little Bonnie, good-by-i-i.

"I'm goin' ter see Bonnie Blue Eyes,
I'm goin' ter see Bonnie Blue Eyes,
The only leetle gal I ever did love
Was my own leetle Bonnie Blue Eyes."

For a moment he was back in the highlands with Azuretta nodding her indolent head in time to his music, and across from him sat his own sweetheart watching him with parted lips.

He was awakened from his reverie by the sound of applause. Turning quickly, he saw only a tremendous curtain which swayed a bit from side to side. The others had left the stage when Murdock, more beaming than ever, came to pilot him behind the scenes.

"Great!" he said. "How about it, Hains? Some success, huh?"

"It 'll make little old New York sit up and take notice," affirmed Hains.

They told the boy to sit down on a backless chair and wait, but Andy fidgeted to where he could get a glimpse of the stage. Standing there, he heard again the words and phrases he himself had used, saw life of which until recently he himself had been a part. So engrossed was he that minutes winged by. Then came more applause, a buzz of voices, and everybody near him seemed to be shaking hands with everybody else. Unnoticed Andy stood, still peering at the vacant stage in an endeavor to understand, and as he stood two voices separated themselves from the chaos of high-pitched conversation.

"Clever idea, that, huh? Yes, I got him to come down because he wanted to learn to read music. 'Course that wouldn't do at all, huh? It 'd have spoiled his primitiveness if I'd taught him. Sort of kept him on from day to day for this. He won't care a cuss about learning music when he sees what he can make without. They're lazy devils—those mountaineers."

That was enough. Clutching his banjo tightly, Andy tiptoed toward the door through which he had come and emerged into the chilling outside air. At the corner a policeman was holding back the crowd to let some motor-cars pass, and as that mass of theater-going humanity stood shoulder to shoulder, Andy heard the woman in front of him sigh:

"Think of existing in those miserable cabins! It seems queer, doesn't it, that there can be a race so like us and yet so different living scarcely a hundred miles away?"

"Mr. Murdock has depicted their crudeness and ignorance and poverty splendidly," gushed another voice, and then the throng surged forward.

Andy looked for the north star, and followed it out into the night. As he walked he thought, and the thoughts made him alternately hot and cold. He was different, was he? Something to be exhibited as a queer animal! Perhaps he was odd, but he did care for something besides money, and that was all the people of that great city seemed to consider. To Mr. Murdock it had not mattered whether the boy learned the little black dots or not. He wanted Andy's strange skill to make his fortune.

"Thar's only one place whar folks is folks," frowned Andy bitterly, increasing his pace. After a time he passed his last street-car. Still later he arrived at some semaphores and a lonely little station beside a double track. Here the boy paused to verify his sense of direction before doggedly pursuing the right-hand track. With the coming of the sun, he slept till noon in a deep, vine-guarded gully, and then he was off again.

On the fourth day, when his toes were through his shoes, he struck the mountain slopes. Insensibly his stride lengthened and he breathed more deeply of the clear, cold air. He began to recognize landmarks, and a rage of impatience obsessed him to reach home that night. It began to snow. In a few hours the wind was driving in gusts from a sky that seemed startlingly gray against the white landscape. The whole country appeared deserted; not a man or beast, not even a snowbird, did the boy see as, head down, he buffeted the gale. Now and then he was gladdened by the sight of a familiar rail fence or the bleak outline of a white-clad mountain, but mostly he stumbled on unseeingly, intent only on sighting his mother's clearing before dark.

Just as the light was fading he round-

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ed the base of Rattlesnake Mountain and saw the welcome smoke rising in the little patch of open ground before him. Jamming his benumbed fingers deeper into his pockets, he staggered forward determinedly. Blackness had settled all about him when he crossed the foot-log and flung open the door.

"Wal, I do declar'!" cried his mother, coming toward him. "Ain't ye most froze?" She brushed the snow from him, talking the while. "Azurettie, you go put some water on the fire an' see if ye kin find somethin' fur Andy ter eat. You'd better rub your han's an' feet with snow, hadn't ye, Andy?"

They hovered around him with their awkward kindliness until he had eaten and taken his seat by the fire, then the questions began.

"Did ye larn what ye set out ter, Andy?"

"Um-huh," replied the boy, stretching his fingers to the blaze.

"Murdock lived up to his word with ye, Andy, did he?"

"I reckon," assented the boy, noncommittally.

"Did ye hev a good time daown thar, Andy?"

"Yeah, tolerable good," declared the musician. "I—"

He was interrupted by a stamping on the little porch, and Murdock himself burst in.

"So you're back, huh?" he said, drawing off his mittens, with his filmy eyes fixed on Andy. "I've been waiting at the Forks two days for you. Muck Fording saw you come in. So you're back."

"Yeah, I'm back," acquiesced Andy, instinctively picking up the banjo which he had protected with his frayed coat during all his tedious journey. "Ain't you kind o' fur from home?"

"On your account I am," said the man, obviously repressing a sharp retort. "I want you to come along with me, Andy. I want to make you great, huh? Your name's already in the papers, Andy. Why, you can make fifteen dollars a week just playing that one piece every night."

"Don't want no fifteen dollars," retorted Andy, straightening the bridge of his dilapidated instrument.

"Well, make it thirty. How'd that suit you, huh? That 'd be one hundred and twenty dollars a month. Pretty good, huh? You'll get to travel besides. Get to see all the big cities. How's that, huh?"

"Don't want no money nor none o' your cities," responded Andy, doggedly.

"You don't!" almost shouted the playwright. "I thought you wanted to make something of yourself. What in thunder did you want to read music for if you didn't intend to make use of it?"

Andy looked about him at the expressionless faces of his listening family, at the infuriated eyes of the man in whom he had once believed, then back at the warm, soothing fire.

"Wal," he drawled, "I don't calk'late it's none o' your business, but I don't min' tellin' ye. I wanted to larn that thar hen-scratchin' you calls notes bekase I've got me a leetle gal up to the Forks. She 'lowed she'd not marry me till I could larn her that thar hen-scratchin'. That's why I took up with ye. I thought mebbe—"

"So-ho," smiled the man commiseratingly, "that's it, huh? Well, it won't do for you to lose your girl. Come on back and we'll fix you up, huh? We'll teach you all there is. I've been so busy with the play and all, I—"

"Don't let hit worrit ye," interrupted the boy in an emotionless voice. "I've got her banjer already made an' I reckon I know enough to larn her all she wants."

The stranger pulled up a chair, vacated by one of the children, and sat down. "Come, now, Andy," he weedled, "let's forget the past. Let me explain about this to you. You don't—"

Andy's big, red hand came down slowly on the strings of his old banjo. Still gazing unconcernedly at the blaze as he had stared into the fictitious fireplace several nights before, he sang in an unmistakably firm voice:

"Good-by, little Bonnie Blue Eyes,
Good-by, little Bonnie Blue Eyes,
You've tole me more lies than the stars
in the skies,
Good-by, little Bonnie Blue Eyes."

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

"WELL, what are you doing here?" the younger of the two sages asked, with a resolute air of bonhomie, as he dragged himself over the asphalt path, and sank, gasping, into the seat beside the other in the Park. His senior lifted his head and looked him carefully over to make sure of his identity, and then he said:

"I suppose, to answer your fatuous question, I am waiting here to get my breath before I move on; and in the next place, I am watching the feet of the women who go by in their high-heeled shoes."

"How long do you think it will take you to get your breath in the atmosphere of these motors," the younger sage pursued. "And you don't imagine that these women are of the first fashion, do you?"

"No, but I imagine their shoes are. I have been calculating that their average heel is from an inch and a half to two inches high, and touches the ground in the circumference of a twenty-five-cent piece. As you seem to be fond of asking questions, perhaps you will like to answer one. Why do you think they do it?"

"Wear shoes like that?" the younger returned, cheerily, and laughed as he added, "Because the rest do."

"Mmm!" the elder grumbled, not wholly pleased, and yet not refusing the answer. He had been having a little touch of grippe, and was somewhat broken from his wonted cynicism. He said: "It's very strange, very sad. Just now there was such a pretty young girl, so sweet and fine, went tottering by as helpless, in any exigency, as the daughter of a thousand years of bound-feet Chinese women. While she tilted on, the nice young fellow with her swept forward with one stride to her three on the wide soles and low heels of nature-last boots, and kept himself from outwalking her by a devotion that made him grit his teeth. Probably she was wiser and better and brighter than he, but she didn't look it; and I, who voted to give her the vote the other day, had my misgivings. I think I shall satisfy myself for the next five years by catching cold in taking my hat off to her in elevators, and getting killed by automobiles in helping her off the cars, where I've given her my seat."

"But you must allow that if her shoes are too tight, her skirts are not so tight as they were. Or have you begun sighing for the good old hobble-skirts, now they're gone?"

"The hobble-skirts were prettier than I thought they were when they were with us, but the 'tempestuous petticoat' has its charm, which I find I'd been missing."

"Well, at least it's a change," the younger sage allowed, "and I haven't found the other changes in our dear old New York which I look for when I come back in the fall."

The sages were enjoying together the soft weather which lingered with us a whole month from the middle of October onward, and the afternoon of their meeting in the Park was now softly reddening to the dim sunset over the westward trees.

"Yes," the elder assented. "I miss the new sky-scrapers which used to welcome me back up and down the Avenue. But there are more automobiles than ever, and the game of saving your life from them when you cross the street is madder and merrier than I have known it before."

"The war seems to have stopped building because people can't afford it," the other suggested, "but it has only increased automobiling."

"Well, people can't afford that, either.

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Nine-tenths of them are traveling the road to ruin, I'm told, and apparently they can't get over the ground too fast. Just look!" and the sages joined in the amused and mournful contemplation of the different types of motors innumerably whirring up and down the drive before them, while they choked in the fumes of the gasolene.

The motors were not the costliest types, except in a few instances, and in most instances they were the cheaper types, such as those who could not afford them could at least afford best. The sages had found a bench beside the walk where the statue of Daniel Webster looks down on the confluence of two driveways, and the stream of motors, going and coming, is like a seething torrent either way.

"The mystery is," the elder continued, "why they should want to do it in the way they do it. Are they merely going somewhere and must get there in the shortest time possible, or are they arriving on a wager? If they are taking a pleasure drive, what a droll idea of pleasure they must have! Maybe they are trying to escape Black Care, but they must know he sits beside the chauffeur as he used to sit behind the horseman, and they know that he has a mortgage in his pocket, and can foreclose it any time on the house they have hypothecated to buy their car. Ah!" The old man started forward with the involuntary impulse of rescue. But it was not one of the people who singly, or in terrorized groups, had been waiting at the roadside to find their way across; it was only a hapless squirrel of those which used to make their way safely among the hoofs and wheels of the kind old cabs and carriages, and it lay instantly crushed under the tire of a motor. "He's done for, poor little wretch! They can't get used to the change. Some day a policeman will pick *me* up from under a second-hand motor. I wonder what the great Daniel from his pedestal up there would say if he came to judgment."

"He wouldn't believe in the change any more than that squirrel. He would decide that he was dreaming, and would sleep on, forgetting and forgotten."

"Forgotten," the elder sage assented. "I remember when his fame filled the United States, which was then the whole world to me. And now I don't imagine that our hyphenated citizens have the remotest consciousness of him. If Daniel began delivering one of his liberty-and-union-now-and-forever-one-and-inseparable speeches, they wouldn't know what he was talking about." The sage laughed and champed his toothless jaws together, as old men do in the effort to compose their countenances after an emotional outbreak.

"Well, for one thing," the younger observed, "they wouldn't understand what he said. You will notice, if you listen to them going by, that they seldom speak English. That's getting to be a dead language in New York, though it's still used in the newspapers." He thought to hearten the other with his whimsicality, for it seemed to him that the elder sage was getting sensibly older since their last meeting, and that he would be the gayer for such cheer as a man on the hither side of eighty can offer a man on the thither. "Perhaps the Russian-Jews would appreciate Daniel if he were put into Yiddish for them. They're the brightest intelligences among our hyphenates. And they have the old-fashioned ideals of liberty and humanity, perhaps because they've known so little of either."

His gaiety did not seem to enliven his senior much. "Ah, the old ideals!" he sighed. "The old ideal of an afternoon airing was a gentle course in an open carriage on a soft drive. Now it's a vertiginous whirl on an asphalted road, round and round and round the Park till the victims stagger with their brains spinning after they get out of their cars."

The younger sage laughed. "You've been listening to the pessimism of the dear old fellows who drive the few lingering victorias. If you'd believe them all, these people in the motors are chauffeurs giving their lady-friends joy-rides."

"Few?" the elder retorted. "There are lots of them. I've counted twenty in a single round of the Park. I was proud to be in one of them, though my horse left something to be desired in the way of youth and beauty. But I reflected that I was not very young or beautiful myself."

As the sages sat looking out over the

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dizzying whirl of the motors they smoothed the tops of their sticks with their soft old hands, and were silent oftener than not. The elder seemed to drowse off from the time and place, but he was recalled by the younger saying, "It is certainly astonishing weather for this season of the year."

The elder woke up and retorted, as if in offense: "Not at all. I've seen the cherries in blossom at the end of October."

"They didn't set their fruit, I suppose."

"Well—no."

"Ah! Well, I saw a butterfly up here in the sheep-pasture the other day. I could have put out my hand and caught it. It's the soft weather that brings your victorias out like the belated butterflies. Wait till the first cold snap, and there won't be a single victoria or butterfly left."

"Yes," the elder assented, "we butterflies and victorias belong to the youth of the year and the world. And the sad thing is that we won't have our palingenesis."

"Why not?" the younger sage demanded. "What is to prevent your coming back in two or three thousand years?"

"Well, if we came back in a year even, we shouldn't find room, for one reason. Haven't you noticed how full to bursting the place seems? Every street is as packed as lower Fifth Avenue used to be when the operatives came out of the big shops for their nooning. The city's shell hasn't been enlarged or added to, but the life in it has multiplied past its utmost capacity. All the hotels and houses and flats are packed. The theaters, wherever the plays are bad enough, swarm with spectators. Along up and down every side-street the motors stand in rows, and at the same time the avenues are so dense with them that you are killed at every crossing. There has been no building to speak of during the summer, but unless New York is overbuilt next year we must appeal to Chicago to come and help hold it. But I've an idea that the victorias are remaining to stay; if some sort of mechanical horse could be substituted for the poor old animals that remind me of my mortality, I should be sure of it. Every now and then I get an impression of permanence in the things of the Park. As long as the peanut-men and the swan-boats are with us I sha'n't quite despair. And the other night I was moved almost to tears by the sight of a four-in-hand tooling softly down the Fifth Avenue drive. There it was, like some vehicular phantom, but how, whence, when? It came, as if out of the early eighteen-nineties; two middle-aged grooms, with their arms folded, sat on the rumble (if it's the rumble), but of all the young people who ought to have flowered over the top none was left but the lady beside the gentleman-driver on the box. I've tried every evening since for that four-in-hand, but I haven't seen it, and I've decided it wasn't a vehicular phantom, but a mere dream of the past."

"Four-horse dream," the younger sage commented, as if musing aloud.

The elder did not seem quite pleased. "A joke?" he challenged.

"Not necessarily. I suppose I was the helpless prey of the rhyme."

"I didn't know you were a poet."

"I'm not, always. But didn't it occur to you that danger for danger your four-in-hand was more dangerous than an automobile to the passing human creature?"

"It might have been if it had been multiplied by ten thousand. But there was only one of it, and it wasn't going twenty miles an hour."

"That's true," the younger sage assented. "But there was always a fearful hazard in horses when we had them. We supposed they were tamed, but, after all, they were only *trained* animals, like Hagenbeck's."

"And what is a chauffeur?"

"Ah, you have me there!" the younger said, and he laughed generously. "Or you would have if I hadn't noticed something like amelioration in the chauffeurs. At any rate, the taxis are cheaper than they were, and I suppose something will be done about the street traffic some time. They're talking now about subway crossings. But I should prefer overhead foot- bridges at all the corners, crossing one another diagonally. They would look like triumphal arches, and would serve the purpose of any future

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Dewey victory if we should happen to have another hero to win one."

"Well, we must hope for the best. I rather like the notion of the diagonal foot-bridges. But why not rows along the second stories as they have them in Chester? I should be pretty sure of always getting home alive if we had them. Now if I'm not telephoned for at a hospital before I'm restored to consciousness, I think myself pretty lucky. And yet it seems but yesterday, as the people used to say in the plays, since I had a pride in counting the automobiles as I walked up the Avenue. Once I got as high as twenty before I reached Fifty-ninth Street. Now I couldn't count as many horse vehicles."

The elder sage mocked himself in a feeble laugh, but the younger tried to be serious. "We don't realize the absolute change. Our streets are not streets any more; they are railroad tracks with locomotives let loose on them, and no signs up to warn people at the crossings. It's pathetic to see the foot-passengers saving themselves, especially the poor, pretty, high-heeled women, looking this way and that in their fright, and then tottering over as fast as they can totter."

"Well, I should have said it was outrageous, humiliating, insulting, once, but I don't any more; it would be no use."

"No; and so much depends upon the point of view. When I'm on foot I feel all my rights invaded, but when I'm in a taxi it amuses me to see the women escaping; and I boil with rage in being halted at every other corner by the policeman with his new-fangled semaphore, and it's "Go" and "Stop" in red and blue, and my taxi-clock going round all the time and getting me in for a dollar when I thought I should keep within seventy cents. Then I feel that pedestrians of every age and sex ought to be killed."

"Yes, there's something always in the point of view; and there's some comfort when you're stopped in your taxi to feel that they often *do* get killed."

The sages laughed together, and the younger said: "I suppose when we get aeroplanes in common use, there'll be annoying traffic regulations, and policemen anchored out at intervals in the central blue to enforce them. After all—"

What he was going to add in amplification cannot be known, for a girlish voice, trying to sharpen itself from its native sweetness to a conscientious severity, called to them as its owner swiftly advanced upon the elder sage: "Now, see here, grandfather! This won't do at all. You promised not to leave that bench by the Indian Hunter, and here you are away down by the Falconer, and we've been looking everywhere for you. It's too bad! I shall be afraid to trust you at all after this. Why, it's horrid of you, grandfather! You might have got killed crossing the drive."

The grandfather looked up and verified the situation, which seemed to include a young man, tall and beautiful, but neither so handsome nor so many heads high as the young men in the advertisements of ready-to-wear clothing, who smiled down on the young girl as if he had arrived with her, and were finding an amusement in her severity which he might not, later. She was, in fact, very pretty, and her skirt flared in the fashion of the last moment, as she stooped threateningly yet fondly over her grandfather.

The younger sage silently and somewhat guiltily escaped from the tumult of emotion which ignored him, and shuffled slowly down the path. The other finally gave an "Oh!" of recognition, and then said, for all explanation and excuse, "I didn't know what had become of you," and then they all laughed.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

NATURE, seemingly so abundant in physical energy and organic growth, is not spontaneously, or by special adaptation to any human need above that of the animal, a generous providence save in response to human industry and ingenuity. She seems to descend and halt in each new specialization, at every successive stage imposing more complex limitations, until in her latest offspring, the human species, she seems to have become too impoverished for its endowment from her own resources.

At every new stage of the specialization of organic life we note a progressive withdrawal by Nature of her immediate intimacy. Instinct is surer in the plant than in the animal, and most easily breaks down in man, giving place to rational intelligence. Nature is negatively provident to the human race, in what she withholds rather than in what she gives. She held him to the generic obligations of his animality, but from the first, by what she denied him, indicated to him as to no other species a destiny it was not hers to define, and one detached from her fixed cycles. Nature declared his independence—the sign of it being the peculiar dependence in which she had left him—ages before he asserted it for himself.

How long he was in becoming distinctively human! If we accept Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn's statement, in his *Men of the Old Stone Age*, half a million years of his existence upon the earth had passed before he became even dimly conscious of his separate destiny, before he had domesticated an animal or had fashioned a bow and arrow. Nature had even failed to freeze him into self-confession, though she had inflicted upon his race in Europe four successive glacial invasions, during that long Pleistocene period. After the recession of the ice, in a temperature hospitable to the lion and the elephant, she seems to have had better success in melting him away from herself into an extra-animal humanity. At least Professor Osborn adduces evidences of his art in the decorative paintings on the walls of his cave dwellings, and of his faith in the unseen, in his belief in a future existence. But he did not yet own a farm or any other property, save his hunting weapons, his pigments, and his cave.

The contemplation of this sluggish cycle of a beginning humanity affords two equally striking contrasts; one through comparison with the vastly slower cycles of Nature's own processions, the other by comparison with our present vastly swifter human progress. As the former is suggested by Professor Osborn's book, so is the latter by Mr. Charles Ferguson's, recently published, entitled *The Great News*. A happier title would have been *The Good News*, since the book is so distinctly a gospel in its field—that of "Big Business."

It is not amiss to consider any gospel as first of all a gospel of work, whose field is the world. The Master's parables were mostly pertinent to the day's work, only insisting that the spirit in which work of any kind should be undertaken must be that of grace and righteousness.

Mr. Ferguson evidently believes that this spirit is present, at the very heart of the world's business, and that it will soon manifest itself in a Pentecost of Prosperity, through abundant creative production. He frankly confronts the challenge which Autocracy puts to Democracy for a comparative estimate of efficiency in the working of their respective social economies; not all autocracy—surely not the Russian or the Ottoman—but that of the Central Powers of Europe, for, whatever her defects in the

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past, Austria's future will be dominated by Germany.

Germany has results to show from the thorough application of scientific method to the full development of industry and of a financial system directly favoring the actual producers of wealth and encouraging them to undertake enterprises which in other countries are wholly committed to the "creditor" class. There is a cloud upon the claim of German autocracy, in that the end sought—through the general diffusion of knowledge, the systems of rural credits and market organization, and all forms of paternalism—is primarily for the magnification of the State and only incidentally for the good of the people. The whole system is imposed from without, it does not grow from within by popular choice and initiative. But the results—apart from their militant menace and the implied diversion of effort from constructive production to destructive offices—and the scientific method command respect for the challenge.

Germany, in this respect, contradicts the autocratic tradition, and stands, to that extent, for dynamic progression and expansion. The failure of the military adventure to which the nation has been committed may abolish the autocratic tradition altogether. Then, indeed, Germany, having already taught the world so much by example, might fitly complete the instruction.

She would, under transformed political conditions, be better prepared for this mission than any other nation, whether that other be autocratic or democratic. The conflict through which she will have passed will convince her as well as her opponents of the futility of war as a means of social development; she will still retain the discipline and the science for the economic side of the development on a surer basis and with a happier prospect of abundant and unwasteful creative production. Business, for the whole world, would rise to the height of a buoyant adventure and thus free itself from the burden of static and depressing materialism. This would be the "Big Business" of which Mr. Ferguson's book is a prophecy.

His proposition, in brief, involves in business that creative realism which has transformed our art and literature—and, first of all, our life. Life must enter into our business, giving it reality. For this realization we must invoke to the utmost the aid of Science and must give up abstract notions and conventional disguises. He shows that business is ripe for this marvelous realization and especially in its inevitable subordination of private interest to open and expansive co-operation. In so far as it has ceased to be static and has become dynamic, it has developed social sympathies, and its momentum has acquired for it not merely quantitative velocity, but significant qualitative expression.

The philosophy of business, therefore, is bound to be that of pragmatism and empiricism, based upon human experience. The world's work reorganized from within, with no compulsion from without from any artificial authority, and engaging the zestful activities of mankind, aided by the equally zestful achievements of science and invention, will swell into a current of such volume and momentum that the stream will clear itself, without the aid of any theories of abstract social justice, socialism, or government ownership; the only hypotheses admitted will be, like those of Science, working hypotheses.

Progress and poverty, so far as actual producers are concerned, will cease to exist in terms of antithesis. All commodities will be cheap, and only men dear. Competence alone will command position. All social currents are somehow pertinent to this one of creative production and must find their level with it by reciprocally uplifting leverage. Debit and credit, on whatever plane, would be meaningless terms outside of this freely flowing exchange of co-operative service.

One cannot see how human nature is to be regenerated apart from this regeneration of the world's work. Mr. Ferguson's book is as opportune in the time of its appearance as it is inspiring. It points out the way for democracy, at the most critical moment of its history, by throwing off its own shackles and disguises, to meet the challenge of the world's strongest autocracy.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Calling On the Doctor*

(A MONOLOGUE)

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

SHE enters the waiting-room jauntily, then pauses, surveying with annoyed dismay the considerable group already assembled there. A few emerge momentarily from the absorption of their woes, to regard the new-comer with sullen disapproval; others remain huddled within their own misery, unmindful and oblivious of everything beyond the personal, while the less painfully afflicted—or more phlegmatic of temperament—scan with apathetic eyes much-thumbed and incredibly ancient periodicals. She slips back into the hall just as a white-capped nurse comes out from the doctor's private sanctum and then contrives to insinuate herself through the half-opened door before the nurse can begin her expostulation.

Now Doctor, there isn't one bit of use in your glaring at me like that just as though I had committed a crime because I didn't take one of those beastly numbers and wait till you had seen all those unhappy wretches first. As I haven't got a number, why, I haven't any turn, so I can precisely as well come in now without being unfair as later. If that isn't logic and sound reasoning I don't know what you call it—and if you go on frowning I shall cry, and if I once get started



SURVEYING THE GROUP WITH ANNOYED DISMAY

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you *will* have trouble—Jack could tell you a few things about my crying-fits. And when you pull your mouth down at the corners like that you're not half so good-looking. I've always said to Jack I thought you were one of the handsomest men I've ever known. Really I have. Now, you simply can't be horrid to me when I'm so ill—my nerves! Doctor, if you had any idea what I have suffered! My nerves—they nearly drive me frantic. They're just in rags and tatters and I absolutely could not wait to see you—I should have gone mad. And I positively must get to my dressmaker's at ten-thirty, sharp. And I'm so ill!

You see I argue like this— If any of those other people in there are desperately badly off, why five minutes more waiting won't make them a bit worse, and if they *aren't* terribly ill, why, a little waiting won't matter, either—see? So you may as well resign yourself to the inevitable and just let me tell you, quickly, how I feel—besides you'll find it shorter in the end. There, now you see I'm not in the least afraid of you, and that's half the battle, isn't it?

. . . Well, I will, Doctor, just as fast as I possibly can, but when any one tries to hurry me it always takes longer—and particularly now when I'm suffering so. . . . N-n-no, I don't think it's in any special spot—it's just nerves—the worst kind—every one is standing on end and then stabbing me like red-hot needles. I couldn't express to you what I go through with every day—perfect torture. Jack *insisted* I had to come to see you this morning—he wouldn't let me off—said it was simply inhuman the way I've been suffering lately, and—

. . . Oh, you're going to meet him at the club to-night? Oh! Um! H'm! Well, I'll tell you. I want this visit to you to be a sort of surprise to him, you see, so I'll be ever so much obliged if you wouldn't say anything about his asking me to come. I want Jack to think— Well it's rather hard to explain, but—

There, you can see for yourself what a state I'm in—I actually can't keep anything straight in my head. But you will promise me you won't say anything to Jack about his begging me to come to you this morning, won't you? . . . That's a dear doctor.

Now there are two ways of seeing a doctor I've found—either keep still and let him ask all the questions or just tell him right out everything that's the matter. I think you'll find the last is the quickest with me—just let me go on my own way. At least that's what Jack says, but then he's only a husband and I don't think they ever get the broad, unbiased view of one the outside world does. Do you? . . . I said I wanted to do the talking and— Oh, Doctor, I don't want that beastly thing put in my mouth just as I was going to tell you all about it! I haven't got a bit of fever and I believe you are starting with that just so you can shut me up; but it won't work that way at all.

Last summer up in the mountains when I got a dreadful cold and Jack was frightened to death about me and made me have the doctor! I wish you could have seen his boots! —talk about a country bumpkin! I knew he wouldn't do me the least good as soon as I saw those boots—and such a necktie—simply appalling. Well, the first thing he did was to stick one of those horrid thermometers into my mouth before I had a chance to tell him anything, and it was then I found a perfectly good way of talking out of the corner of my mouth, and— Oh, all right, if I must.

. . . I told you I didn't have a speck of fever! I know how I feel—it's just in spots now and then. I want you to find out for me.

. . . N-n-no, not exactly what I should describe as a pain anywhere. I mean I'd much rather have a terrific pain than feel this awful, almost indescribable way I do. It's more what I should call a general, *outside* feeling. Really, Doctor, you ought to know what I mean; I can't tell it any more plainly. I just can't stand to be alone and doing nothing, and when any one is with me it seems to be the wrong person, and whatever I'm doing isn't what I want to do, either. Yet I can assure you of one thing positively—I don't *imagine* I'm ill like so many silly women. I think it's simply criminal the way such idiotic creatures must take up you doctors' valuable time, and *I*, for one, wouldn't stand it if—

. . . You won't find out anything by feeling my pulse, Doctor—it just thumps all the time in a sort of sickening way. . . . I don't know, I'm sure. . . . Well, I shouldn't call it "normal"—it's much more *ab*normal all the time—that's what I should call it.

There! I've forgotten something. . . . No, not a symptom—it's my umbrella. I forgot it and left it in the hall-stand, and I'm expecting my sister-in-law to lunch—and it's a perfect beauty—quite new—with a parrot's head—and though I, of course, wouldn't accuse Ella of taking anything that didn't belong to her, still—the last time she came to lunch another perfectly good umbrella disappeared. Would you mind if I just called Katie up and—

. . . Oh, well, of course if you don't want me to. . . . Yes, but it wouldn't take me a moment— Very well. I'm in an awful hurry myself and I do think it's unkind of you to keep reminding me I have no right

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"OH, DOCTOR, WHAT A LOVELY CAT! I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD A CAT BEFORE. NICE PUSSY—PRETTY PUSSY"

to this time. I think I'm just as important as those other people in there and, if the truth were told, perhaps a good deal more so. Not that I'm conceited, but— Oh, Doctor, what a lovely cat! I never knew you had a cat before. Nice pussy—pretty pussy. I adore cats. . . . Suppose it doesn't belong in here. I thought the first duty of a doctor was to make his patients feel cheerful. . . . All right. Good-by, pussy; he says you can't stay.

I don't like that nurse a bit. Did you see the look she gave me then? And I wish you could have seen the way she glared at me when I walked right past her in here! There, if you like, is what I call a *real* cat—not that furry one with a long tail. I hate that kind of a woman and they are always horrid to me. . . . Now, Doctor, if you say again I have to hurry you will mix me up so and get me so nervous I shall forget the most important thing I want to say. I believe because I'm not shrieking aloud with pain and am not the color of a sheet, why you think there is nothing the matter with me! I've had more people say to me I could bear the worst pain without flinching of any one they ever heard of—often I've been in perfect agony and never said a word—Ouch! Doctor! Now that hurt! I think you're horrid. . . . I don't see how it's going to tell you how I feel inside by pulling up my eyelids like that! Now, I'm cross—I've a great mind to cry. . . . Well, I won't; but you shouldn't have done it when I feel so terribly ill.

Where did I leave off? Oh yes. I've tried my best to dance as much as I could lately to try to forget how badly I feel, but although I've kept it up till I've been ready to drop, I go to bed just as tired out as ever, and then don't feel like getting up in the morning. And I've always heard if any one is healthy they're only too anxious to get up in the mornings. Now there is nothing I loathe more— Jack has to have his breakfast by himself. He says he prefers it. It's awfully good of him, I must say. And I—

Oh, Doctor, where on earth did you find that lovely dotted stuff for curtains? Do you know I've spent weeks lately and nearly walked myself to death looking for lace with that oblong dot instead of the round—it's simply too sweet. I mean, of course, when I've been able to stand up—which hasn't been very often lately. . . . But you *must* know, Doctor— Oh, you didn't? . . . Well, surely your wife must know. I wonder, though, why it is one never thinks of a doctor with a wife? I suppose it's because you are such useful, impersonal creatures that one can't imagine your having—what is it they call them in novels? Oh yes, incumbrances. But, anyway, won't you send that

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"THAT MAN IS NO DOCTOR—HE'S A PERFECT BUTCHER"

perfectly hateful nurse to find out from her where it came from and then write it down in the prescription? . . . Well, all right; some other time, then.

You'll never guess who I saw yesterday, and who said she was coming to see you—Mrs. Evans. I can't bear her and I don't believe there is one thing the matter with her. I thought I'd better warn you so you can know what to expect. She's just got an idea there's something wrong with her, and will come and keep you from others and take up your time for nothing. She's such a silly woman, and when I went to see her after her last operation—which I don't think was in the least necessary—there she was sitting up with a lace cap and *pink* bows on it! No one with one particle of sense or decent taste would think of having anything but a sober color after an operation. But that's the kind of a woman *she* is!

. . . Oh yes! Well, it's rather hard to describe, though I have the most distinct feelings. I feel uneasy and rather worried and depressed—yes, *very* depressed all the time. And if things don't go my way I am most horribly upset—not disagreeable, you know, but just upset. No matter how hard I tear about trying to amuse myself and forget things, why I'm a perfect wreck by the time I go to bed, and no better in the morning. I don't take the slightest interest in things I don't like, and I hate to eat anything but just the kind of things I'm specially fond of. I have no appetite at all.

. . . Diet? No, I sha'n't—nothing of the kind. I've just told you I have no appetite, and if you cut down the things I really like to eat, why I shall starve, that's all. Don't *dare* ask me to diet!

. . . Exercise? Now, Doctor—weren't you listening? I told you I dance the whole time now—when I'm well enough to stand up. . . . Oh, the open air! Well, I don't see the difference except you have a more extended view outside, and it's disagreeable to walk. It wouldn't do me a bit of good unless I was enjoying myself—at least if I ever did enjoy myself nowadays, which I never do, feeling so perfectly terrible all the time.

. . . Doctor, what on earth are you talking about? Is that a joke—"sweeping and dusting"? I never heard of such a thing! Disgusting! That may be all very well for some kind of women—Mrs. Evans, for instance—who think they have all kinds of things the matter with them when they are all right, but for *me*— No, thank you! Ridiculous! Nothing unpleasant will do me a bit of good—so you needn't suggest anything of *that* kind.

And you needn't sit there writing out some perfectly beastly stuff, thinking I'm going to take it, because I'm not! I'll throw it straight out of the window. Medicines won't help me at all. I don't feel as though they would, and you know yourself if you haven't faith in a thing it won't help you one particle. You see, I know perfectly well how I feel, and I know whether a thing is going to do me any good or not, myself. . . . Then what did I come to you for?

Well, in the first place it's done me a lot of good just talking with you—all doctors aren't the same by any manner of means. And if I took *any* medicine I would much rather take yours than that other old humbug I went to see last week—who shall be nameless. I *hated* him. I feel you're sympathetic—although you don't show it—and I'm sure you understand me even though you have suggested a lot of things I don't want. I *loathe* an unfeeling doctor, and some of them are such awful brutes—monsters of hard-heartedness, I assure you. If I was to tell you how some of them have treated me, Doctor, you would be ashamed of your own profession—I'm sure you would. To say to me, a sensitive, high-strung bundle of bleeding nerves, that I am— Well, it's been too dreadful. Why, I can't even endure to be crossed now! Jack knows. Not that I ever lose my temper—I don't mean that.

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Now, Doctor, what I wanted is this: I know the way I *feel*, and nothing is going to do me the least *speck* of good unless it is something I want. What I *want* is a complete rest and . . . Oh, no—no—you haven't caught my idea at all! I should go stark, staring mad in a horrid rest-cure! I'm much too ill and unstrung for that. What I do want is a winter in Florida, and Jack says he can't afford it now, with all his losses over this perfectly unnecessary and absurd war, and that I can't go. But I've figured out that if you will write a nice, tactful letter, and say you find me in such a very serious nervous condition, and that nothing but a nice winter in Florida will cure me, why I feel sure he will let me go—he'll strain a point if you put it strong enough, I'm certain.

Of course I want a lot of new frocks, too; there's no use going if you can't go right, and I shouldn't enjoy myself if I didn't have all I wanted. But of course I wouldn't expect you to put that in. It would sound as though I had put you up to it in some way, which of course I wouldn't do. It's only I know how I feel and the only thing that would benefit me in the—

. . . Why, Doctor! Oh! . . . Good gracious! How can you say such dreadful things to me? I shall cry. . . . I've never been spoken to like that in all my life before! Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Very well, I won't detain you any longer. Good morning.

(As she gains the street, white and shaking) That man is no doctor—he's a perfect butcher, and ought to have his degree taken away from him. The brute! I shall just tell Jack all about it and what I—No, I don't think I will. It wouldn't be dignified.

The Asp

THE asp sat on the aspen leaf,
'Twas shaking mighty bad.
The asp at first gave way to grief,
And then became right mad.

Mad in the luny sense, I mean,
Demented, crazed, insane;
Rats in his attic, off his bean,
Unsettled in the brain.

Vibrating like a stricken gong,
The asp cried, wildly, "If
Some guy would only come along
And scare this aspen stiff!"

You readily can see from that,
How warped the poor asp's mind,
While on the aspen-leaf he sat,
All shaken by the wind.

Spasm to frenzy seemed to add,
Like one of those waves tidal;
Till hydrophobia he had,
And mania homicidal.

Perceiving Cleopatra sit
Awaiting of her Mark,
In rabid haste the queen he bit,
And left her stiff and stark.

What happened then, I do not know,
So do not ask me, please.
I cannot tell you even though
You beg and coax and tease,

Or plead until for breath you gasp,
'Twill be of no avail;
For all I know about that asp
Is written in this tale.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Not Just What He Expected

AS the brisk philanthropist thrust her fare into the taxi-driver's hand she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half-hour of pouring rain.

"Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the driver. with humility. "I generally do."

"Wait here just a minute," commanded the philanthropist; and she ran up her steps, inserted her key in the lock, opened the door, and vanished, to reappear in a moment. When she had come down to the taxi-man she gave him a small envelope. "There are some two-grain aspirin tablets," said she; "you take two of them now, and two more in an hour."

The City Child

IT was little Elsie's first experience riding in a sleeper.

"Mother," said she, tremulously.

"Hush, darling," whispered her mother, "you will waken the others."

"But, mother, I only wanted to ask one question."

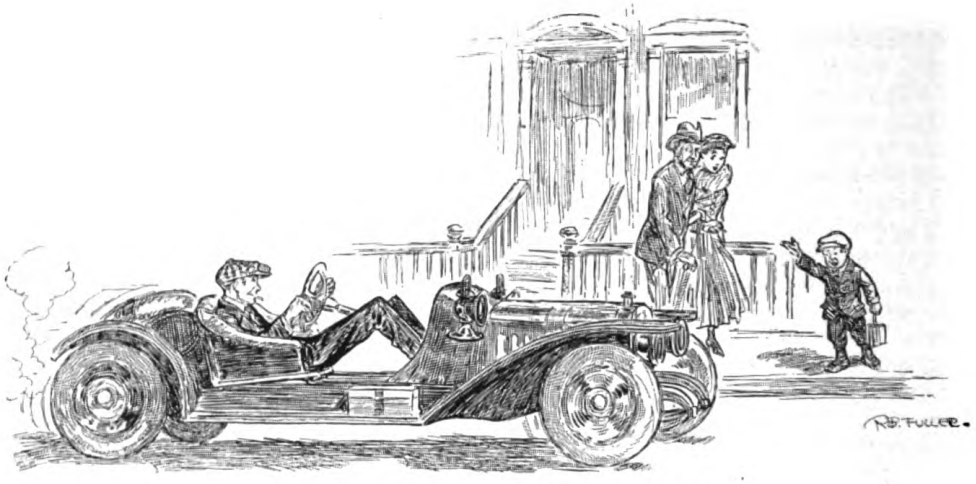
"What is it, dear?"

"Who has the flat above us?"

Justice

A DAUGHTER weighing only one pound and a half was recently born at the home of a butcher at Norfolk, Nebraska. One little housewife, when she heard the story, snapped out this: "I'm glad of it. That man has been short-weighting people all his life and now he gets short-weighted himself. It serves him right."

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Boy: "*Hey, mister, pleasant dreams!*"

A Practical Definition

"JOHN," asked the teacher, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym," said John, "is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."



Polite

"*You may have half of my seat, mister.*"

Where the Money Came From

ON the 12th of October little Louise, aged six, hurried home from school to tell her mother what she had learned that day about Columbus and his wonderful voyage. She told the story well, ending with, "And he got the money for his ships from the Queen of Spades."

A Modern Version

TOMMY had been learning the story of Creation for his Sunday-school teacher, but she found him not quite word-perfect.

"What did God say," she asked, "after He had made the heavens and the earth?"

"He said, 'Let there be light,' and—and He pushed the button!"

Brief

LITTLE Edith demurred strongly when her mother insisted that she repeat three times a new prayer she wished her to memorize.

"I don't want to say such long prayers," the little miss cried, vehemently. "I want to say a nice short one, like nursey does."

"What kind does nursey say?" questioned her mother.

"Oh, she just says, 'O Lord, why do I have to get up?'"

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His Place

THERE was at one time an eloquent divine who was preaching on the subject of prophecy, and in the course of his address he made an attempt to place the prophets in what he thought to be their due relative positions. He had devoted half an hour to Jeremiah, etc., when he appealed to his congregation, saying: "And now we have come to Hosea. What place shall we assign Hosea?"

At this a little man in the center of the congregation arose from his seat, picked up his hat, coat, and umbrella, and, turning toward the pulpit, said: "Minister, he can have my place. I'm going home."

A Polite Suggestion

THERE was not even standing-room in the crowded car, for it was at the rush hour, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way along just inside the doorway.

Each time the car made a sudden lurch forward she fell helplessly back, and three times she landed in the arms of a large, comfortable man on the back platform. The third time it happened he said, quietly:

"Excuse me, miss, but hadn't you better stay here?"

Shocking Brutality

NEXT to a near-sighted man in a Philadelphia street-car sat an individual with a paper spread out in front of him with the glaring headline:

CLUB WOMEN IN BOSTON

"Dear me! Dear me!" exclaimed the near-sighted man, catching a glimpse of this heading and unable to read the context. "I never would have imagined it possible, and in Boston, too! Why, the very worst we do in Philadelphia is to neglect to give 'em a seat."



The Transmigration of Soles

Where, Indeed?

"CHILDREN," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "this picture illustrates to-day's lesson: Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here is Lot and his daughters, with his wife just behind them; and there is Sodom in the background. Now has any girl or boy a question before we take up the study of the lesson? Well, Susie?"

"Pleathe, thir," lisped the latest graduate from the infant class, "where ith the flea?"

Up to Date

"WHAT did you learn to-day in Sunday-school?" asked grandma of four-year-old Bobby.

Assuming a look of profound conviction, the youngster replied, "The Lord is my chauffeur, I shall not want."

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Forewarned

"And, by the way, Doctor, you'd better call first thing in the morning. The children are going to a party to-night."

The Limit of Devotion

DEAR Heart, I'll dance with you all night,
From eight to—any hour you please,
But this I swear with all my might,
I will not go to Dancing Teas!

To trip with you is pure delight,
You float like milkweed on the breeze,
But though I love to trot, all right,
I will not go to Dancing Teas!

Pale, slender youths whose brains are slight
Can trot all afternoon with ease,
But I don't class with them—not quite.
I will not go to Dancing Teas!

At night-time, when the lights are bright,
I'll one-step till I strain my knees;
By day, I've too much work in sight.
I will not go to Dancing Teas!

BERTON BRALEY.

Important Detail

A SOUTHERNER had gone to New York for the purpose of endeavoring to interest capital in Floral Park, a tract of real estate which he owned.

"What's the population of this Floral Park of yours?" he was asked.

"Well," the Southerner replied, "do you mean when I'm here or there?"

All She Saw

DURING a talk on character the teacher held up a picture of a kind-faced old man.

"Who is this?" she asked.

"Longfellow!" chorused the class.

"Good!" said the teacher. "Mary, tell us what you notice about his face?"

"Lots of whiskers," answered Mary, promptly.

The Professor and the Daisy

A YOUNG professor of mathematics in a New England college became engaged to a charming girl, and one day they made an excursion into the country with several friends.

The girl picked a daisy and, looking roguishly at her fiancé, began to pull off the petals, saying, in time-honored fashion, "He loves me—he loves me not."

"You are giving yourself needless trouble," said the professor. "You should count up the petals of the flower, and if the total is an uneven number, the answer will be in the affirmative; if an even number, in the negative."

"Out of the Mouths of Babes"

LITTLE Helen, aged twelve, was traveling with her parents to the Pacific coast. Thrilled by learning her geography first hand, as it were, her little face was glued to the window-pane most of the time; and now, in a few minutes, she was to cross the Mississippi River — the great Mississippi! Presently:

"Here we are, little girl. Look sharp!" called her mother; and, a moment later, "Well, dear, what do you think of it?"

Silence from little Helen. Then, in a tearful burst, "I—I think it's *too bad!*"

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Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "Great Grandfather's Landscape"

AS HE WORKED, THE MAGIC OF THAT STRIP OF LAND ASSERTED ITSELF

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A Yankee in Switzerland

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

"EVERYBODY gets arrested in Switzerland" —every stranger, that is — for breaking the speed laws. This, at least, was what we had been told in New York. Having got safely across the frontier, I said we would restrain ourselves. So we crept along, and I kept my eye on the speedometer all the way through Geneva, for we were not going to stop there at present, and when we had crossed the Rhône and skirted the gay waterfront and were on the shore road of that loveliest of all lakes—Lake Leman, with its blue water, its snow-capped mountains, its terraced vineyards—we still loafed and watched the gendarmes to see if they were timing us, and came almost to a stop whenever an official of any kind hove in sight. Also we used the mellow horn, for our book said that horns of the Klaxon type are not allowed in Switzerland.

We were on soft pedal, you see, and some of the cars we met were equally subdued. But we observed others that were not—cars that were just bowling along in the old-fashioned way, and when these passed us we were surprised to find that they were not ignorant, stranger cars, but Swiss cars, or at least cars with Swiss number-plates, and familiar with the dangers. As for the whistles, they were honking and snorting and screeching just as if they were in Connecticut, where there is no known law that forbids anything except fishing on Sunday. Indeed, one of the most sudden and violent horns I have ever heard overtook us just then, and I nearly jumped over the wind-shield when it abruptly opened on me from behind.

Thus, little by little, we saw and heard things which convinced us that "Everybody gets arrested in Switzerland" is a superstition, the explosion of which was about due. Fully half the people we met, and *all* that passed us, could properly have been arrested anywhere. By the time we reached Lausanne we should have been arrested ourselves.

Now, when one has reached Switzerland, his inclination is not to go on traveling—for a time at least—but to linger and enjoy certain advantages. Besides its scenery, Switzerland is the land of the three F's—French, Food, and Freedom, all attractive things. For Switzerland is the model republic, without graft and without greed; its schools, whether public or private, enjoy the patronage of all civilized lands; and as to the matter of food, Switzerland is the *table d'hôte* of the world.

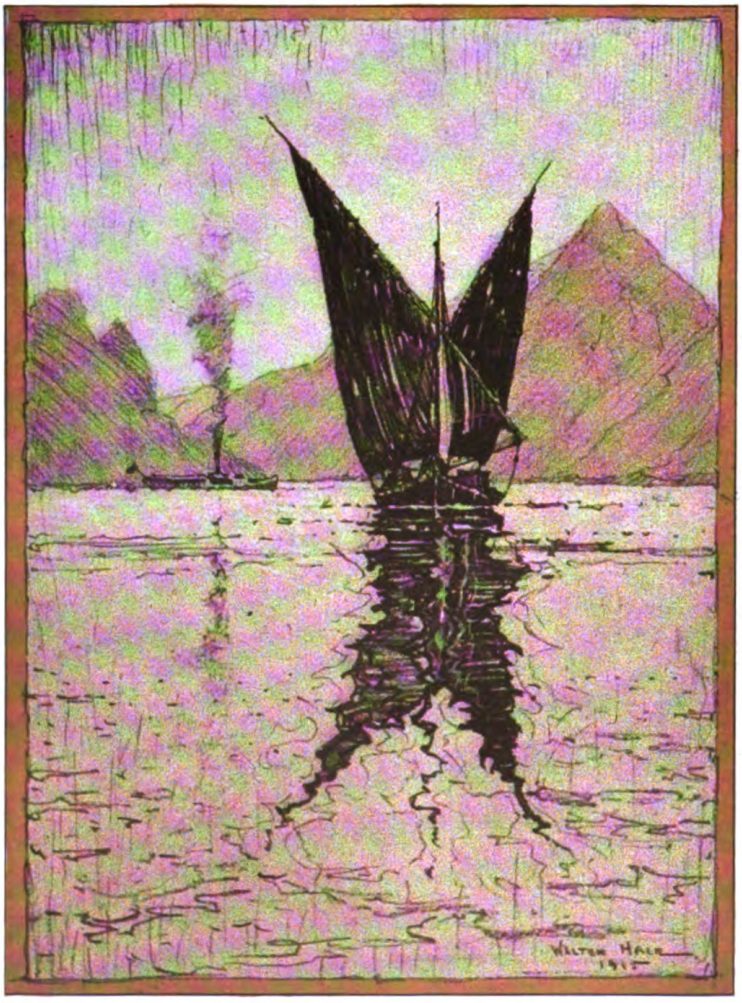
Swiss landlords are combined into a sort of trust, not, as would be the case elsewhere, to keep prices up, but to keep prices down! It is the result of wisdom, a far-seeing prudence which says: "Our

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scenery, our climate, our pure water—these are our stock in trade. Our profit from them is through the visitor. Wherefore we will encourage visitors with good food, attractive accommodation, courtesy; and we will be content with small profit from each, thus inviting a general, even if modest, prosperity; also, incidentally, the cheerfulness and good-will of our patrons." It is a policy which calls for careful management, one that has made hotel-keeping in Switzerland an exact science—a gift, in fact—transmitted down the generations, a sort of magic; for nothing short of magic could supply a spotless room, steam-heated, with windows opening upon the lake, and three meals—the evening meal a seven-course dinner of the first order—all for six francs fifty ($1.30) a day.

It is a policy which prevails in other directions. Not all things are cheap in Switzerland, but most things are—the things which one buys oftenest—woolen clothing and food. Swiss cigars are also cheap. I am not a purist in cigars, but at home I have smoked a good many, and seldom with safety one that cost less than ten cents straight. I pay ten centimes, or two cents, here, and get a mild, evenly burning article. I judge that it is made of tobacco, though the head of the family has suggested other things that she thinks it smells like. If she would smoke one of them she wouldn't notice this peculiarity any more. Wine is cheap, of course, for the hillsides are covered with vines; also whisk— But I am wandering into economic statistics without really meaning to do so. They were the first things that impressed me.



QUAINT VESSELS GLIDE FROM SHORE TO SHORE

The next, I believe, was the lack of Swiss politics. Switzerland is a republic that runs with the exactness of a Swiss watch, its machinery as hermetically concealed. I had heard that the Swiss republic set the pattern of government for the world, and I was anxious to know something of its methods and personnel. I was sorry that I was so ignorant. I didn't even know the name of the Swiss President, and for a week was ashamed to confess it. I was hoping I might see it in one of the French papers I puzzled over every evening. But at the end of the week I timidly and apologetically inquired of our friendly landlord as to the name of the Swiss President.

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THE VEVEY MARKET-PLACE—MONT PELERIN IN THE BACKGROUND

But then came a shock. Our landlord grew confused, blushed, and confessed that he didn't know it, either! He had known it, he said, of course, but it had slipped his mind. Slipped his mind! Think of the name of Roosevelt or Wilson or Taft slipping the mind of anybody in America—and a landlord! I asked the man who sold me cigars. He had forgotten, too. I asked the apothecary, but got no information. I was not so timid after that. I asked a fellow-passenger—guest, I mean—an American, but of long Swiss residence—and got this story. I believe most of it. He said:

"When I came to Switzerland and found out what a wonderful little country it was, its government so economical, so free from party corruption and spoils, from graft and politics, so different from the home life of our own dear Columbia, I thought: 'The man at the head of this thing must be a master hand; I'll find out his name.' So I picked out a bright-looking subject, and said, 'What is the name of the Swiss President?'

"He tried to pretend he didn't understand my French, but he did, for I can tear the language off all right—learned it studying art in Paris. When I pinned him down he said he knew the name well enough, *parfaitement*, but couldn't think of it at that moment.

"That was a surprise, but I asked the next man. He couldn't think of it, either. Then I asked a police officer. Of course he knew it all right: '*oh*, *oui*, *certainement*, *mais*'—then he scratched his head and scowled, but he couldn't dig up that name. He was just a plain liar—*tout simplement*—like the others. I asked every man I met, and every one of them knew it, had it right on the

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THE CHÂTEAU OF BLONAY IS STILL HELD BY DESCENDANTS OF ITS ANCIENT OWNERS

end of his tongue, but somehow it seemed to stick there. Not a man in Vevey or Montreux could tell me the name of the Swiss President. It was the same in Fribourg, the same even in Berne, the capital. I had about given it up when one evening there in Berne I noticed a sturdy man with an honest face approaching. He looked intelligent, too, and as a last resort I said, 'Could you, by any chance, tell me the name of the Swiss President?'

"The effect was startling. He seized me by the arm and, after looking up and down the street, leaned forward and whispered in my ear:

"'*Mon Dieu! c'est moi!* I am the Swiss President; but—ah, *non*, don't tell any one. I am the only man in Switzerland who knows it.'

"You see," my friend continued, "he is elected privately; no torchlight campaigns, no scandal, and only for a year.

"He is only a sort of chairman, though of course his work is important, and the present able incumbent has been elected a number of times. His name is—is—is— Ah yes, that's my tram. So sorry

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to have to hurry away—see you tonight at dinner."

That evening an Englishwoman said to me, "I have heard that the Swiss are the best governed and the least intelligent people in the world."

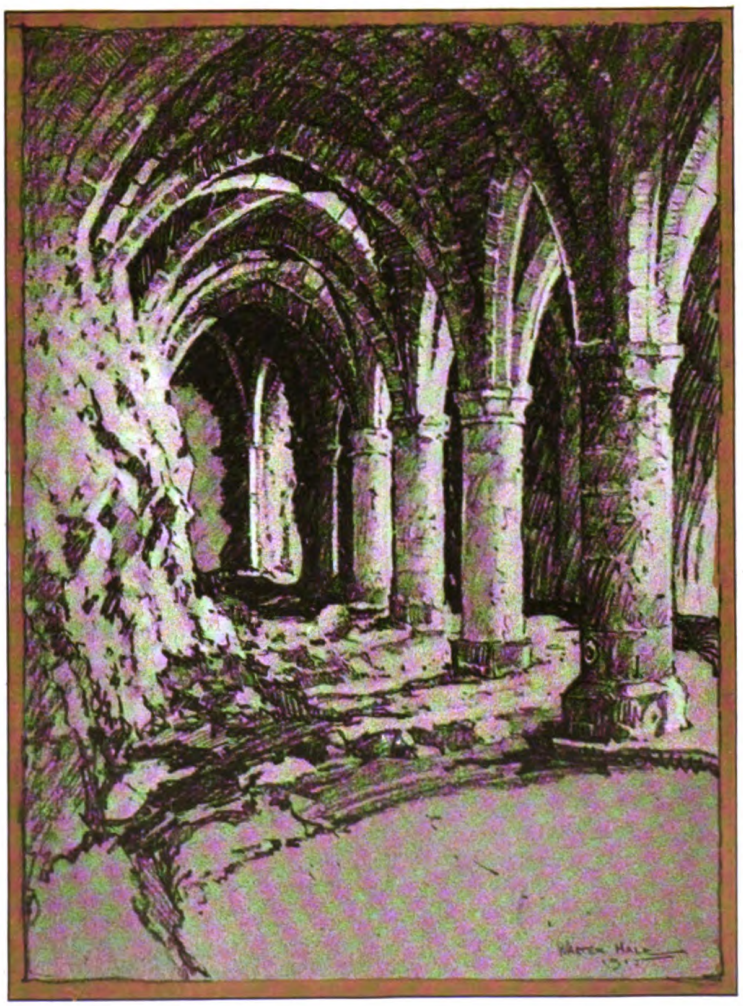
I reflected on this. It had a snappy sound, but it somehow did not seem to be firm at the joints. "The best governed and the least intelligent"—there was something drunken about it. I said:

"It doesn't quite seem to fit. And how about the magnificent Swiss public-school system, and the manufacturing, and the national railway, with all the splendid engineering that goes with the building of the funiculars and tunnels? And the Swiss prosperity, and the medical practice, and the science? I always supposed those things were in some way connected with intelligence."

"Oh, well," she said, "I suppose they do go with intelligence of a kind; but then, of course, you know what I mean."

But I was somehow too dull for her epigram. It didn't seem to have any sense in it. She was a grass-widow, and I think she made it herself. Later she asked me whereabouts in America I came from. When I said Connecticut, she asked if Connecticut was as big as Lausanne. A woman like that ought to go out of the epigram business.

Switzerland has two other official languages besides French—German and Italian. Government documents, even the postal cards, are printed in these three languages. It would seem a small country for three well-developed tongues besides all the canton dialects, some of which go back to the old Romanic, and are quite distinct from anything modern. The French, German, and Italian divisions are geographical, the lines of division pretty distinct. There is rivalry among the cantons—a healthy rivalry—in matter of progress and education. The cantons are sufficiently a unit on all national questions, and together they form about as compact and sturdy a little nation as the world has yet seen—a nation about the size and shape of an English walnut on the average map, and a hard nut for any would-be aggressor to crack. There are not many entrances into Switzerland, and they would be very well defended. The standing army is small, but every Swiss is subject to a call to arms, and is trained



IN THE PRISON OF BONIVARD—CHÂTEAU OF CHILLON

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by an enforced, though brief, service to their use. He seems by nature to be handy with a rifle, and never allows himself to get out of form. There are regular practice meets every Sunday, and I am told the government supplies the cartridges. Boys organize little companies and regiments, and this the government also encourages. It is said that Switzerland could put half a million soldiers in the field, and that every one would be a crack shot. The German Kaiser, once reviewing the Swiss troops, remarked casually to a sub-officer, "You say you could muster half a million soldiers?"

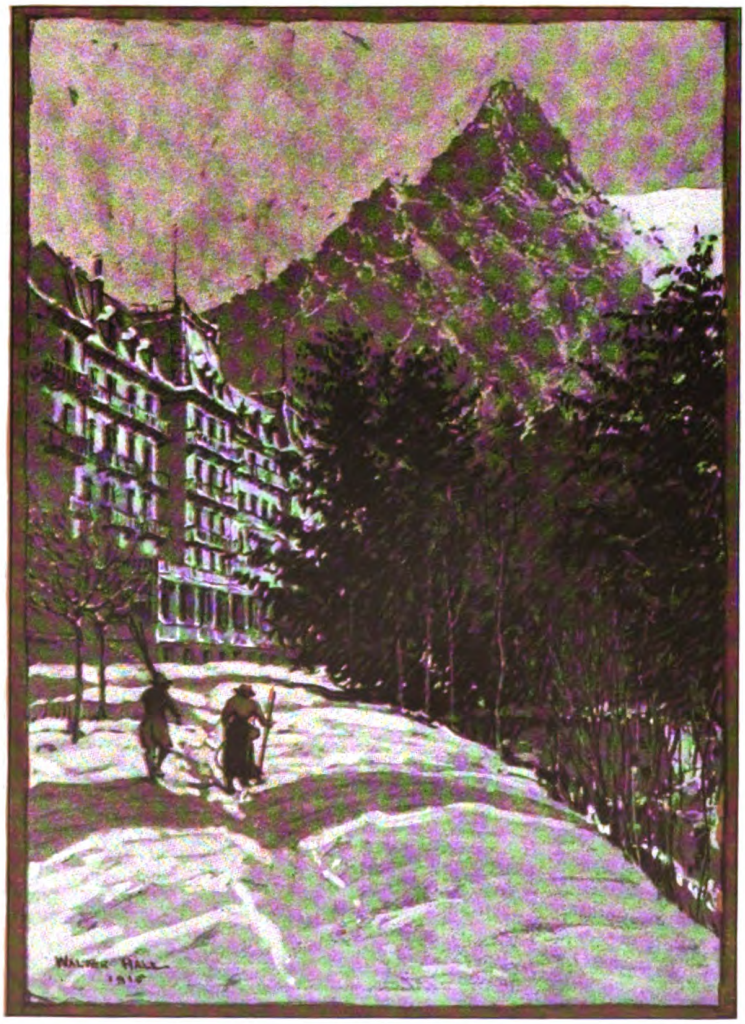
"Yes, your Majesty."

"And suppose I should send a million of my soldiers against you. What would you do then?"

"We should fire two shots apiece, your Majesty."[1]

We had rested at Vevey—that quiet, clean little picture-city, not so busy and big as Lausanne, or so grand and stylish as Montreux, but more peaceful than either. We would see what a Swiss winter was like. We would wrestle with the French idiom. We would spend the months face to face with the lake, the high-perched hotels and villages, the snow-capped, cloud-capped hills.

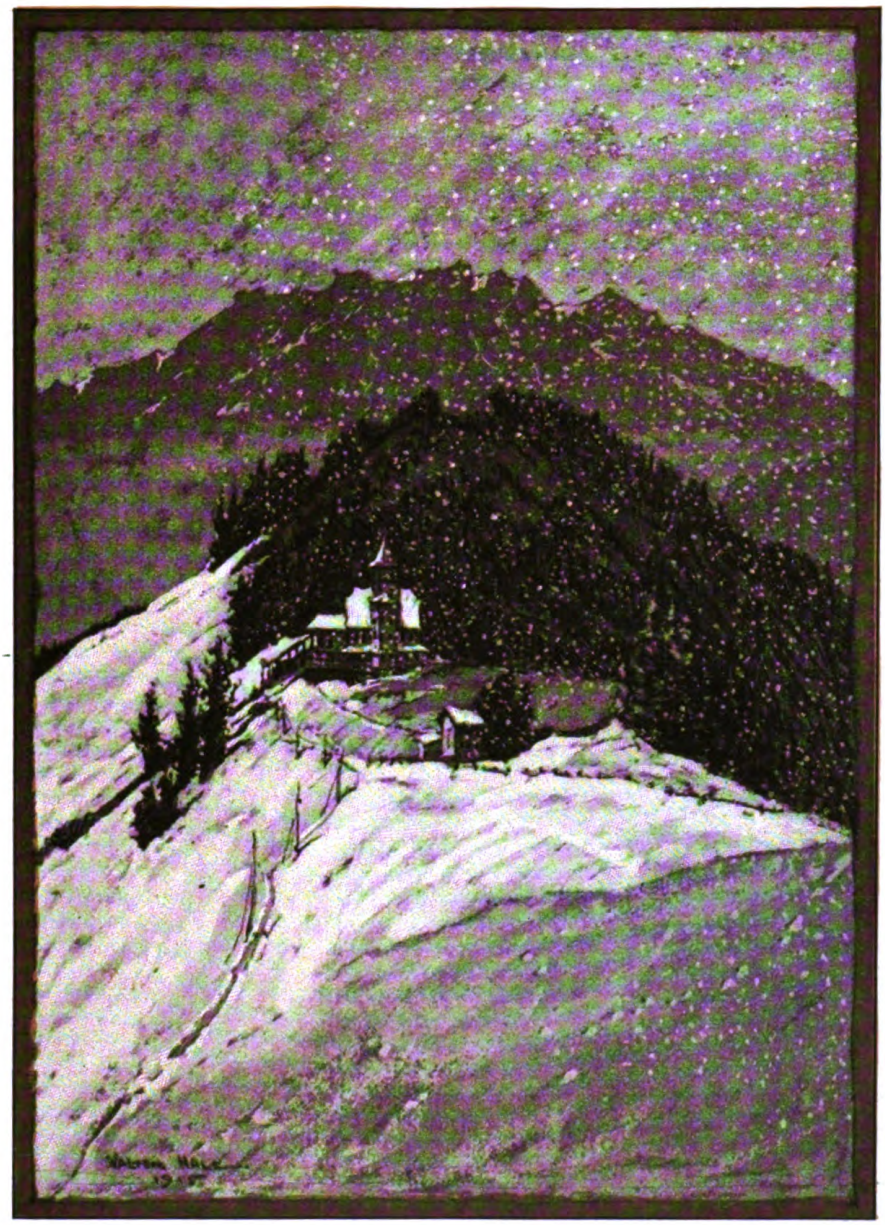
Probably everybody has heard of Vevey, but perhaps there are still some who do not know it by heart and will be glad of a word or two of details. Vevey has been a place of habitation for a long time. A wandering Asiatic tribe once came down this way, rested a hundred years or so along the Leman shore, then went drifting up the Rhône and across the Simplon to make trouble for Rome. But perhaps there was no Rome then; it was a long time ago, and those invaders did not leave any dates, only a few bronze implements and trifles to show the track of the storm. The Helvetians came then, sturdy and warlike; and then the Romans, who may have preserved tra-



LES AVANTS IS THE HOME OF WINTER SPORTS

[1] The above was written before the beginning of the great war. Switzerland has naturally been somewhat divided in her sympathies as between France and Germany, but her army has remained a unit. The first declaration of war brought a call for Swiss mobilization. Two days later—it happened on the anniversary of Swiss freedom—her army was assembling on the frontier, and two hundred and fifty thousand thoroughly equipped and competent men were presently taking care that Swiss neutrality should be respected.

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THE SON LOUP HOTEL—WHERE THE COASTING STARTS

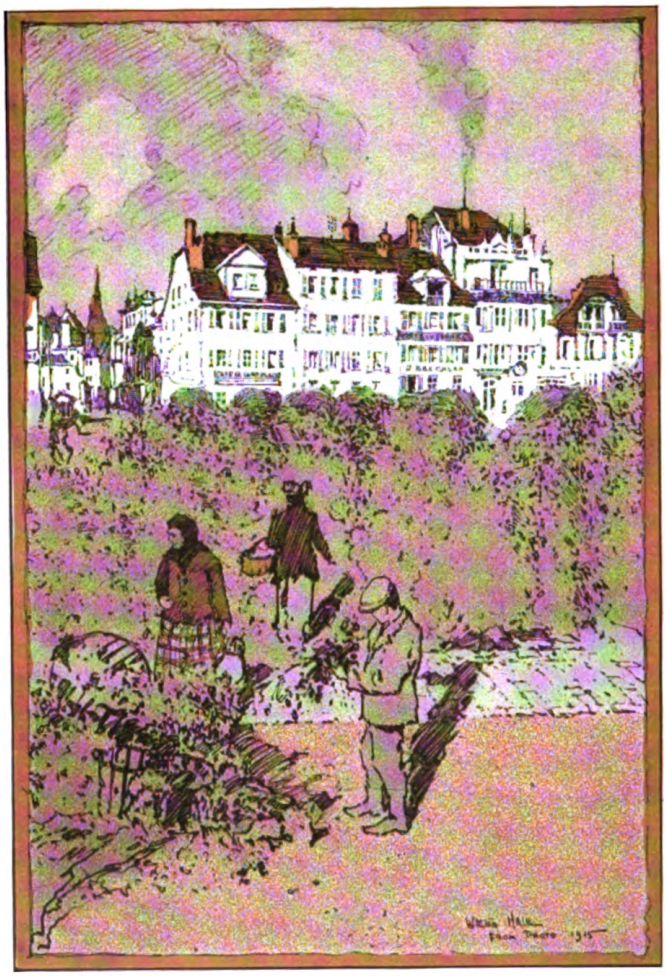
ditions of the pleasant land from that first wandering tribe.

Cæsar came marching down the Rhône, and his followers camped in the Vevey neighborhood a good while—about four centuries, some say. Certain rich Romans built summer villas in Switzerland, and this lake shore must have had its share. But there is no very positive trace of them now. In the depths of the Castle of Chillon they show you Roman construction in the foundations, but that may have been a fortress.

I am forgetting, however. One day when we had been here a month or two and were clawing up the steep hill—Mount Pelerin—that rises back of the hotel to yet other hotels, and to compact little villages, we strayed into a tiny lane just below Chardonne, and came to a stone watering-trough, or fountain, under an enormous tree. Such troughs, with their clear, flowing water, are plentiful enough, but this one had a feature all its own. The stone upright which held the flowing spout had not been de-

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signed for that special purpose. It was, in fact, the upper part of a small column, capital and all, very old and mended, and distinctly of Roman design. I do not know where it came from, and I do not care to inquire too deeply, for I like to think it is a fragment of one of those



MORNING CUSTOMERS AT THE FLOWER-MARKET

villas that overlooked the Lake of Geneva long ago.

There are villas enough about the lake to-day, and châteaux by the dozen, most of the latter begun in the truculent Middle Ages and continued through the centuries, down to within a century or two ago. You cannot walk or drive in any direction without coming to them, some in ruins, but most of them well preserved or carefully restored, and habitable; some, like beautiful Blonay, holding descendants of their ancient owners. From the top of our hotel, with a glass, one could pick out as many as half a dozen, possibly twice that number. They were just towers of defense, originally, the wings and other architectural extensions being added as peace and prosperity and family increased. One very old and handsome, la Tour de Peilz, now gives its name to a part of Vevey, though in the old days it is said that venomous little wars used to rage between Vevey proper and the village which clustered about the Château de Peilz. Readers of *Little Women* will remember la Tour de Peilz, for it was along its lake wall that Laurie proposed to Amy.

The Vevey and Montreux neighborhood has been always a place of literary association. Rousseau was at Vevey in 1732, and lodged at the Hotel of the Key, and wrote of it in his *Confessions*, though he would seem to have behaved very well there. The building still stands, and bears a tablet with a medallion portrait of Rousseau and an extract in which he says that Vevey has won his heart. In his *Confessions* he advises all persons of taste to go to Vevey, and speaks of the beauty and majesty of the spectacle from its shore.

Just across the street from Rousseau's lodgings at No. 1 Rue de Lausanne there is a house which once held another kind of author—one who made a good deal of stir for a time. He was a sort of military person named Napoleon Bonaparte, and in the great open space where now twice a week a grand market assembles he is said to have reviewed some troops. One may cross the trail of this author anywhere in Europe. He seems to have traveled a good deal, probably collecting material. But there are still earlier ones of his sort, even Julius Cæsar and Charlemagne. It is not certain just where they stopped, but we like to think they might have pitched

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their camps somewhere near the spot now favored by our own lodgment. Our hotel poet has broken out into stanzas beginning:

Here where this shanty shelters us to-day
Napoleon marched and Charlemagne had sway;
And where we have our hash this merry morn
Imperial Cæsar's canopy was borne.

It is useless to tell him that this is neither truth nor poetry—that our hotel is not a shanty, and that we do not have hash for breakfast, but rolls with jam and honey. These are generic terms, he says, that rise above mere truth and prettiness. One might as well try to reason with a hen as with a poet.

When Lord Byron visited Lake Leman he lodged in Clarens, between Vevey and Montreux, and a tablet now identifies the house. Voltaire also visited here, lodging unknown. Dumas the elder was in Vevey in the thirties of the last century, and wrote a book about Switzerland—a book of extraordinary interest, full of duels, earthquakes, and other startling things. Switzerland was not closely reported in those days; an imagination like Dumas's had more range. Thackeray wrote a portion of *The Newcomes* at a hotel in Vevey, and it was on the wide terrace of the same gay hostelry that Henry James's *Daisy Miller* had her parasol scene.

Vevey is not a great city; it is only a picturesque city, of curious, winding streets of constantly varying widths, and irregular little open spaces, all very clean, also very misleading when one wishes to go anywhere with direction and despatch. You give that up, presently. You do not try to save time by cutting through. When you do, you arrive in some new little rectangle or confluence, with a floral fountain in the middle, and neat little streets winding away nowhere in particular; then all at once you are back where you started. In this, as in some other points of resemblance, Vevey might be called the Boston of Switzerland. Not that I pretend to a familiarity with Boston—nobody has that—but I have an aunt who lives there, and every time I go to see her I am obliged to start in a different direction for her house, though she claims to have been living in the same place for thirty years. Some people think Boston is built on a turn-table. I don't know; it sounds reasonable.

By day Vevey is a busy, prosperous-looking place, though unhurried, its water-front gay with visitors; evening comes, and glorifies the lake into wine, turns to rose the snow on Grammont, the Dent du Midi, and the Dent de Morcles. As to the sunset itself, not many try to paint it any more. Once, from our little balcony, we saw a monoplane pass up the lake and float into the crimson west, like a great moth or bird. Night in Vevey is full of light and movement, but not of noise. There is no wild clatter of voices and outbursts of nothing in particular, such as characterize the towns of Italy and Southern France. On the hilltops back of the town the big hotels are lighted, and sometimes, following the dimmer streets, we look up to what is apparently a city in the sky, suggesting one's old idea of the New Jerusalem, a kind of vision of heaven, as it were—heaven at night, I mean.

Perhaps one should report progress in learning French. Of course Narcissa and the Joy—the younger half of our household—were chattering it in a little while. That is the way of childhood. It gives no serious consideration to a great matter like that, but just lightly accepts it like a new game or toy, and plays with it about as readily. It is quite different with a thoughtful person of years and experience. In such case there is need of system and strategy. I selected different points of assault and began the attack from all of them at once—private lessons, public practice, daily grammar, writing and reading in seclusion, readings aloud by persons of patience and pronunciation.

I hear of persons picking up a language—grown persons, I mean—but if there are such persons, they are not of my species. The only sort of picking-up I do is the kind that is done with a shovel. I am obliged to excavate a language—to loosen up its materials, then hoist them with a derrick. My progress is geological and unhurried. Still, I made progress of a kind, and after put-

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ting in five hours a day for a period of months I began to have a sense of results. I began to realize that even in a rapid-fire conversation the sounds were not all exactly alike, while sentences not aimed directly at me with hard and painful distinctness began to mean something.

Which, by the way, suggests the chief difference between an acquired and an inherited language. An acquired language, in time, comes to *mean* something, whereas the inherited language *is* something. It is bred into the fiber of its possessor. It is not a question of considering the meaning of words—what they convey; they do not come stumbling through any anteroom of thought; they are embodied facts, forms, sentiments, leaping from one inner consciousness to another, instantaneously and without friction.

To go back to French: I have acquired, with time and heavy effort, a sort of next-room understanding of that graceful speech—that is to say, it is about like English spoken by some one beyond a partition—a fairly thick one. By listening closely I get the general drift of conversation—a confusing drift, sometimes, mis-meanings that generally go with eavesdropping. At times the partition seems to be thinner, and there comes the feeling that if somebody would just come along and open a door between, I should understand.

It is truly a graceful speech—the French tongue. Plain, homely things of life—so bald and bare and disheartening in the Anglo-Saxon—are less unlovely in the French. Indeed, the French word for "rags" is so pretty that we have conferred *chiffon* on one of our daintiest fabrics. But in the grace of the language lies also its weakness. It does not rise to the supreme utterances. I have been reading the Bible texts on the tombstones in the little cemetery of Chardonne. "*L'éternel est mon berger*" can never rank in loftiness with "The Lord is my shepherd," nor "*Que votre cœur ne se trouble point*" with "Let not your heart be troubled."

Any language is hard enough to learn—bristling with difficulties which seem needless, even offensively silly to the student. We complain of the genders and silent letters of the French, but when one's native tongue spells "cough" and calls it "coff," "rough" and calls it "ruff," "slough" and calls it "slu" or "sluff," by choice, and "plough," and is unable to indicate adequately without signs just how it should be pronounced, he is not in a position to make invidious comparisons. I wonder what a French student really thinks of those words. He has rules for his own sound variations and carefully indicates them with little signs. We have sound-signs, too, but an English page printed with all the necessary marks is a cause for anguish. I was once given a primary reader printed that way, and at sight of it ran screaming to my mother. So we leave off all signs in English and trust in God for results. It is hard to be an American learning French, but I would rather be that than a Frenchman learning English.

When winter comes in America, with a proper snowfall and sufficient thickness of ice, a number of persons—mainly young people—go out skating or coasting or sleighing, and have a very good time. But this interest is incidental—it does not exclude all other interests; it does not even provide the main topic of conversation.

It is not like that in Switzerland. Winter sport is a religion in Switzerland. French, German, and English papers report each day the thickness of snow at the various resorts, the conditions of the various courses, the programme of events. Bills at the railway stations announce the names of points where the sports are in progress, with a schedule of the fares. Hotels publish their winter attractions—their coasting (they call it "*luging*"—soft *g*), curling, skating, skeeing accommodations, and incidentally mention their rooms. They also cover their hall-carpetings with canvas to protect them from the ponderous hobnailed shoes which, to be truly sporty, one must wear, along with certain other trimmings, such as leggings, breeches, properly cut coat, with cap and scarf to match. One cannot really enjoy the winter sports without the decorations, or keep in good winter society. Then there are the skees. One must carry a pair of

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skees to be complete. They must be as tall as the owner can reach, and when he puts them on, his legs will branch out and act independently, each on its own account, and he will become a house divided against itself, with the usual results. So it is better to carry them, and look handsome and graceful, and to confine one's real activities to the more familiar things.

Our hotel was divided on winter sports. Not all went in for them, but those who did went in considerably. We had a Dutch family from Sumatra, where they had been tobacco-planting for a number of years, and in that tropic land had missed the white, robust joys of the long frost. They were a superb young couple, but their children, who had never known the cold, were slender products of an enervating land. They had never seen snow, and, they shared their parents' enthusiasm in the winter prospect. The drifts on the mountain-tops made them marvel; the first light flurry made them wild.

That Dutch family went in for the winter sports. You never saw anything like it. Their plans and their outfit became the chief interest of the hotel. They engaged far in advance their rooms at Château d'Œx, one of the best-known resorts, and they daily accumulated new and startling articles of costume to make their experience more perfect. One day they would all have new shoes of wonderful thickness and astonishing nails. Then it would be gorgeous new scarfs and caps, then sweaters, then skates, then snow-shoes, then skees, and so on down the list. Sometimes they would organize a drill in full uniform. But the children were less enthusiastic then. Those slim-legged little folks could hardly walk, weighted with several pounds of heavy hobnailed shoes, and they complained bitterly at this requirement. Their parents did not miss the humor of the situation, and I think enjoyed these preparations and incidental discomforts for the sake of pleasure as much as they could have enjoyed the sports themselves when the time came.

As the winter deepened the winter-sport sentiment grew in our midst, until finally in January we got a taste of it ourselves. We found that we could take a little mountain road to a point in the hills called Les Avants, and then a funicular to a still higher point, and thus be in the white whirl for better or worse without being distinctly of it, so to speak. We would go primarily as spectators—that is, the older half of the family. The children had their own winter sports at school.

We telephoned to the Son Loup Hotel, at the top of the last funicular, for accommodations, and got an early train. You can see Son Loup from the hotel steps at Vevey, but it takes hours to get to it. The train goes up and up, along gorges and abysses, where one looks down on the tops of Christmas trees gloriously mantled in snow. Then suddenly you are at Les Avants and in the midst of everything, except the skeeing, which is still higher up, at Son Loup.

We picked our way across the main street among flying sleds of every pattern, from the single, sturdy little bulldog *luge* to the great polly-straddle bob, and from the safe vantage of a café window observed the slide.

It was divided into three parts—one track for bob-sledders, the wild riders, a track for the more daring single riders, and a track for fat folks, old folks, and children. Certainly they were having a good time. Their ages ranged from five to seventy-five, and they were all children together. Now and then there came gliding down among them a big native sled loaded with hay or wood from somewhere far up in the hills. It was a perfect day—no cold, no wind, no bright sun, for in reality we were up in the clouds; a soft white veil of vapor was everywhere.

Toward midday the *lugers* came stamping in for refreshments, and their costumes interested us. Especially their shoes. Even the Dutch family had brought home no such wonders as some of these. They were of appalling size, and some of them had heavy iron claws, or toes, such as one might imagine would belong to some infernal race. These, of course, were to dig into the snow behind, to check or guide the flying sled. They were useful, no doubt, but when one saw them on the feet of a tall, slim girl, the effect was peculiar.

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By the time we had finished luncheon we had grown brave. We said we would *luge*—modestly, but with proper spirit. There were sleds to let, by an old Frenchman at a little booth across the way, and we looked over his assortment and picked a small bob, with a steering attachment, because to guide that would be like driving a car. Then we hauled it up the fat folks' slide a little way and came down, hoo-hooing a warning to those ahead, in the regulation way. We did this several times, liking it more and more. We got braver and tried the next slide, liking it still better. Then we got reckless and crossed into the bob-sled skoot and tried that. Oh, fine! We did not go to the top—we did not know, then, how far the top was; but we went higher each time, liking it more and more, until we got up to a place where the sleds stood out at a perpendicular right-angle as they swirled around a sudden circle, against a constructed ice-barrier. This looked dangerous, but we were getting more and more in the spirit. Finally we decided to go even above that.

We hauled our sled up and up, constantly seeing bob-sleds coming down, and hearing the warning hoo-hoo-hoo of still others descending from the upper mist. Still we climbed, dragging our sled, meeting bob after bob, also loads of hay and wood, and finally some walking girls who told us that the top of the slide was at Son Loup, that is, at the top of the funicular some miles away.

We understood, then; all those bob-sledders took their sleds up by funicular and coasted down. We stopped there and got on our sled. The grade was very gradual at first, and we moved slowly—so slowly that a nice old lady who happened along gave us a push. We kept moving after that. We crossed a road, rounded a turn, leaped a railway track, and struck into the straightaway going like a streak. We had thought it a good distance to the sharp turn, with its right-angle wall of ice, but we were there with unbelievable suddenness. Then in a second we were on the wall, standing straight out into space; then in another we had shot out of it, but our curve seemed to continue. There was a little barnyard just there and an empty hay-sled—placed there on purpose, I think now. At any rate, the owner was there, watching us come. I dare say he had been expecting us. When all motion ceased he untelescoped us, and we limped about and discussed with him in native terms how much we ought to pay for the broken runner on his hay-sled, and minor damages. It took five francs to cure the broken runner, which I believe had been broken all the time, and was just set out there handy to catch inadvertent persons like ourselves. We finished our slide then, and handed in our sled, which the old Frenchman looked at fondly and said "*Très bon—très vite.*" He did not know how nearly its speed had come to landing us in the newspapers.

We took the funicular to Son Loup, and at the top found ourselves in what seemed atmospheric milk. We stood at the hotel steps and watched the swift coasters pass. Every other moment they flashed by from a white mystery above—a vision of faces, a call of voices—to the inclosing mystery again. It was like life; but not entirely, for they did not pass to silence. The long winding hill far below was full of their calls—muffled by the mist—their hoo-hoo-hoos of warning to those ahead, and to those who followed. But it was suggestive, too. It was as if the lost were down there in that cold whiteness.

The fog grew thicker, more opaque, as the day waned. It was an impalpable wall. We followed the road from the hotel still higher into dense obscurity. When a tree grew near enough to the road for us to see it, we beheld an astonishing sight. The mist had gathered about the evergreen branches until they were draped, festooned, and fairly clotted with pendulous frost embroideries.

We had been told that there was skeeing up there, and we were anxious to see it, but for a time we found only blankness and dead silence. Then at last, far and faintly, but growing presently more distinct, we heard a light sound, a movement, a swish, swish, swirl, somewhere in the mist at our right, coming closer and closer, until it seemed right upon us—and strangely mysterious, there being no visible cause.

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We waited until a form appeared—no, grew, materialized, so imperceptibly, so gradually that at first we could not be sure of it. Then the outlines became definite, then distinct. An athletic fellow on skees manœuvered across the road, angled down the opposite slope, swish, swish, swirl — checking himself every other stroke, for the descent was steep—faded into unknown deeps below; the whiteness had shut him in. We listened while the swish, swish grew fainter, and in the gathering evening we felt that he had disappeared from the world into ravines of dark forests and cold enchantments from which there could be no escape.

We climbed higher and met dashing sleds now and then, but saw no other skee-ers that evening. Next morning, however, we found them up there, gliding about in that region of vapors, appearing and dissolving like cinema figures, their voices coming to us muffled and unreal in tone. I left the road and followed down into a sort of basin which seemed to be a favorite place for skee practice. I felt exactly as if I were in a ghostly aquarium.

I was not much taken with skeeing, as a whole. I noticed that even the experts fell down a good many times and were not specially graceful getting up.

But I approve of coasting, under the new conditions—*i.e.*, with funicular assistance. It no longer takes a long time to make the climb, and you do it in luxury. You sit in a comfortable seat and your sled is loaded on an especially built car. Switzerland is the most funiculated country in the world; its hills are full of these semi-perpendicular tracks. They make you shudder when you mount them for the first time, and I think I never should be able to discuss frivolous matters during an ascent, as I have seen some do. Still, one gets hardened, I suppose.

They are cheap. You get commutation tickets for very little, and all day long coasters are loading their sleds on the little shelved flat-car, piling themselves into the coach, then at the top snatching off their sleds to go whooping away down the long track to the lower station. Coasters get killed now and then, and are always getting damaged in one way and another, for the track skirts deep declivities, and there are bound to be slips in steering, with resulting collisions. We might have stayed longer and tried it again, but we were still limping from our first experiment. Besides, we were not dressed for the real thing. Dress may not make the man, but it makes the sportsman.

Frost in Spring

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

OH, had it been in Autumn, when all is spent and sere,
That the first numb chill crept on us with its ghostly hint of fear,
I had borne to see love go, with things detached and frail,
Swept outward with the blowing leaf on the unresting gale!

But when life is a breath new-drawn, when earth is all elate,
When joy comes like a spirit through a paradisal gate,
How can it be that you and I bring love no offering,
How can it be that frost should fall upon us in the Spring!

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More Than Raiment

BY MARGARET CAMERON AND JESSIE LEACH RECTOR

IN the beginning the pink dress was merely a pink dress, and only when it was persistently denied and forbidden did Fergus Dean convert it into a symbol. Then it became his Blue Bird, which, from the time Tony was three years old, he pursued and tried to cage for her until, as the years passed, both father and daughter saw in its promise the fulfilment of happiness and high reward. But to Mrs. Dean, in the throes of social evolution, it symbolized only a reversion to type; and even when the long struggle that had begun in the oil-fields of West Virginia was finally ended, with Barbara Ventris's help, in the gold-fields of West Australia, to Tony's mother the pink dress still loomed—an outraged convention.

Mary Dean's trend was upward, and the first rung of her ladder had been the Methodist sewing society in Wellsville, then a primitive, ill-lighted, mushroom town, where the surrounding forest of unweathered oil-derricks was not more newly hewn than were the cultural ambitions of Fergus Dean's wife. In this early period it was she who introduced gilded thistles and umbrella-stands made of decorated drain-pipe to an envious and imitative circle. Consciousness of germs and the "individualism of the child" had not then dawned upon an eager world; but the day was to come when Mary Dean's pronunciation of *been* would rhyme with *seen*, and when it would be said, in describing her, "She's the wife of a leading citizen, and knows words like Matisse and Debussy."

She married Fergus Dean for love, and when later she found that he did not conform to the pattern of her favorite literature, in which duchesses abounded, she endeavored to mold him; but he was not plastic. He met her efforts with whimsical amusement, but with that same underlying determination which in after years led her to speak of him as "an individualist."

Meanwhile came Tony—Antoinette she was christened—and Tony supplied a new outlet. In floppy bonnets, and socks patterned after the most approved models in the fashion journals, she gave promise of fulfilling her mother's every worldly ambition, and with their greater wealth Mrs. Dean's horizon widened, and her dream of a brilliant marriage for Antoinette grew. Convention was her higher priest. But to follow its mandates to complete attainment under Fergus Dean's humorous eyes was never easy, and when she recognized in their daughter a recrudescence of the same indomitable spirit that had made the father unmalleable, she determined to yield it no vantage, however small. From first to last, Antoinette must learn to conform.

The pink dress, however, first became an issue the day before the child's third birthday, when Dean casually remarked:

"By the way, I couldn't play with Tony last night, and I promised that if she'd be good she should have a pink dress for her party to-morrow. Better get it to-day."

"A pink dress!" his wife echoed. "Absurd! Babies never wear pink."

"Don't they? I'm sorry, but, as I promised it, she's got to have it."

"My dear, she can't have it! It isn't conventional."

"What's that got to do with it? She mustn't be disappointed."

But she was disappointed. Notwithstanding continued reiteration of "Pink d'ess! Pink d'ess! Papa said pink d'ess!" no pink dress was forthcoming, and when bedtime came and still there was no fulfilment of her father's promise, she sobbed herself to sleep, only to

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demand with her first conscious breath the next morning, "Pink d'ess!"

"Oh, Fergus!" Mary wearily reproached. "*Why* did you put that notion into her head? Now she'll tease for it for days! You might leave her social training to me!"

"All right. That's a game I don't know," he conceded, good-naturedly. "But all the youngsters around here wear pink dresses. Tim Dolan's baby—"

"Tim Dolan's your head tool-dresser," she reminded him. "Will you never learn to make distinctions?"

"Oh, come! I bet you wore pink clothes when you were little! Honest, now, didn't you?"

"Antoinette is not to be hampered as I was—as I am," she corrected. "At least, I can spare her that."

"That's all right, but you know some of us prefer to make our own mistakes. And while you may play the social game for your Antoinette, remember there's always my Tony to reckon with. Besides, when in Rome—"

"Oh, you talk as if we expected to spend our lives here!" she interrupted with impatience, and he demanded:

"Where, in Heaven's name, *do* you expect to live?"

"Fergus, try to understand that I'm preparing Antoinette for a future! And when she's had the best that New York and the Continent have to offer, what will this place seem to her?"

"Home, I hope," was his terse reply.

Never again did Dean definitely promise his daughter a pink dress for a particular occasion or at a given time, but with humorous tenacity he continued to hold out to her its suggestion as a rosy possibility to be attained in some happy future; and never during all those years did Mrs. Dean permit the child to have the actual pink dress, lest in admitting its substance she should also give license to the spirit with which, for her, it was already imbued, and against which her whole life strove.

More than once, as she grew older, Tony rebelled against her mother's de-



"OH, FERGUS: WHY DID YOU PUT THAT NOTION INTO HER HEAD?"

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crees, but her father's counsel never varied.

"It's a game your mother knows, chick," he would say. "You see, everything's a game. But you must know all the rules before you can break any of them intelligently."

At twelve, her emotions quickened by her keen imagination, Antoinette was to be confirmed, and again Dean made his plea to his wife.

"This seems to be quite an event," he suggested. "Why can't we have the pink dress this time?"

"For confirmation? Fergus! It wouldn't be reverent."

"Wouldn't it?" The familiar whimsical light that she dreaded, because to her it was incomprehensible, came into his eyes. "The God of our youth wasn't supposed to be influenced by fashions."

"Oh, why do you persist in trying to hamper the child?"

"Hamper her! Dear girl, what I want her to have is freedom!"

Yielding again to the rules he admittedly did not know, Dean nevertheless marked this mile-stone in his daughter's life in his own way, and when Tony knelt at the chancel rail for her first communion, through the formal white prescribed by her mother's convictions could be seen the glow of the pink coral beads which were her father's gift.

His insistence, reinforcing the girl's own inclination, made inevitable her participation in the free life of the little town, and Mrs. Dean's decision to send her daughter away to be educated followed speedily upon her realization that she was in danger of losing Antoinette in Tony. Again the ensuing struggle left her victorious, and in due time, having spent most of her vacations away from home, Antoinette was graduated from one of the exclusive schools near New York, where the wealth and ambition from far places is passed through a crucible and converted by a happy and painless method into a purified pattern recognized but never named as culture. That it did not emerge bearing also the hall-mark stamped by association with the best families of New York and Philadelphia was a discovery that Mrs. Dean made with deep regret—but too late.

When Dean, arriving at the eleventh hour, saw his daughter for a moment before the graduation exercises began, he said, "H'mph! White again, eh?"

"No, it isn't, Daddy!" she whispered, with starry eyes. "Look closer! It's pink! I'm going home!"

And home she went, after a summer spent with her mother at the seashore, to make her formal bow to an informal society. Ever since her daughter's advent into the world this coming-out party had been one of Mary Dean's dreams, but although all Wellsville—now neither so small nor so primitive as in its day of decorated drain-pipe—joyfully rallied to claim Tony as its own, there was still a fly in the amber. Mary's first premonition of this blemish came when Dean casually remarked, on the morning of the great day:

"By the way, I asked young McEwen to come in to-night."

"McEwen?" his wife repeated. "What McEwen?"

"Robert H.—Joe McEwen's nephew—down here looking up some oil titles for the old man."

"Fergus! He must be impossible!"

"Not a bit of it!" he assured her. "He's a mighty good-looking, presentable young chap. You'll like him. He's all right."

Had it occurred to him to add that the young man's conventional scruples against presenting himself in traveling-dress had been overruled by his own truthful assurance that Tony wouldn't mind, he might have aroused his wife's interest, but her discriminations were not subtle, and McEwen conformed outwardly to a pattern she knew. In his tall, loosely built body, his tanned skin and unconventional dress, his infectious smile and unconscious ease of manner, she saw merely one more of that vast army of adventurers attracted to the oil-fields—soldiers of fortune, socially eligible only when ripened by age and flavored by success, from whom Antoinette must be protected at any cost. Therefore she greeted him with reserve, and turned at once to meet other arriving guests, while McEwen, realizing too late the formality of the occasion, found himself standing before Tony—a radiant Tony, whose infinite charm was enhanced by a starry happi-

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ness that left even her old friends a little breathless.

For a moment his accustomed aplomb failed him, but social habit reasserted itself, encouraged by some quality of instant fellowship in her smile, and he said, lightly: "Miss Dean, this is magic! I'm in two places at once. At your mother's feet, begging indulgence for my unconventional attire—and here!"

"Anyway, I'm glad you're here." Tony smiled back into the pleasant eyes. "I like pink clothes myself."

"Pink!" He cast a bewildered glance down his gray tweed length. "It isn't as bad as that, is it?"

Her face flushed, but she laughed, too, as she explained: "On the contrary! Pink, to my father and me, spells all sorts of delightful things — among them freedom from foolish conventions."

"Oh, I see! Then will you prove the forgiveness your father promised by giving me a dance later on?"

It was not one dance, but several, that he managed to wrest from fate and clamorous swains that night, and as Mrs. Dean noted Tony's ready acceptance of his attentions, her resentment grew that her husband had introduced into her carefully composed picture this inharmonious and — to her — uncouth figure. She comforted herself, however, with the reflection that the man was a passing acquaintance soon to be forgotten.

The next morning a glowing Tony came into the breakfast-room. "Oh, I've had *such* a ride! I met Mr. McEwen out on the river road—and he rides just as well as he dances! Daddy, he's a mining engineer. He's only down here for his uncle."

"All the McEwens are impossible! Have you seen this?" Mrs. Dean interposed, indicating a florid description of her latest triumph in *The Daily Sentinel*, but her daughter chattered on:

"He's been in charge of a mine out in West Australia for two years, and he's going back. He's mined in Montana and Mexico, and all sorts of fascinating places — and he tells such wonderful stories about them! Daddy, why don't you buy some mines?"



"NO, IT ISN'T, DADDY! IT'S PINK!"

"I've been asking myself why I didn't give away those I have," Dean replied, with a whimsical gleam. "The sun never sets on my mineral possessions."

"Doesn't it? Why don't we ever go

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to see them? Mother, I've asked Mr. McEwen to tea, and then we're going out on the river."

"Antoinette!" Mrs. Dean put aside her paper. "You know I never go out in a small boat!"

"Nobody expects you to, mother dear. It's just we two."

"You and Mr. McEwen—alone? Unchaperoned? Impossible!"

"But—mother! I'm at home now! Nobody's ever chaperoned here! Daddy!" Tony appealed to her father, who smiled rather wryly as he responded:

"Chaperons may be all right in New York, Mary, but we've never had any fifth wheels to our carts down here, and I don't see that we need 'em."

Dean rarely lifted the voice of authority, but his wife recognized this as his decree that their daughter should not be singular among her associates in the little town, and immediately set about finding a way to break the law and leave the letter intact. Consequently, from that moment, although ostensibly Tony was never chaperoned, she was always surrounded, and McEwen's rare opportunities for even a moment alone with her were limited by the length of a dance or the brief isolation possible in a merry group in which there was always an odd member. But still he lingered, although obviously not detained by business, as he spent too much time with Tony and her friends to make even a pretense of working. The mother was becoming seriously alarmed, and was formulating plans to whisk Antoinette away to Europe, when one afternoon McEwen failed to keep an appointment.

Several of the young people had arranged to meet at the Deans' house and drive out to the country club for dinner and a dance; and when McEwen did not arrive, after waiting half an hour and making fruitless efforts to locate him by telephone, the party drove off without him—Tony, girl-like, smiling the more brilliantly because of the pang that she would not acknowledge, even to herself.

The dance had just begun when she saw him striding toward her, and a moment later he had cut in. As her partner reluctantly relinquished her, she looked up at McEwen in feigned surprise, exclaiming:

"Oh, are you here?"

"I am." His arm encircled her and they swept on in the current. "And you had promised me this first dance. Had you forgotten?"

"I'm like time and tide," she returned, and he instantly retorted:

"But this is high tide—the flood—"

"Yours is certainly a high hand," she interposed, before he could finish.

"Shouldn't a high hand go with a high hope?" he asked, in a tone that made her say, hurriedly:

"Evidently you believe that the last should be first."

"I do." He stopped abruptly near a door. "At least—I hope so. Come out on the veranda. I want to tell you about it." But when he had led her to a quiet corner, they stood silent for a moment under the swaying lanterns, and Tony was grateful for the wavering light when he finally said, all the levity gone from his voice: "Tony—I've had a cable. I've got to go back to the mine."

"When?"

"As soon as possible."

"Oh, I—I'm sorry," she managed to say. "We shall miss you—all of us."

"I'm not keen about being missed collectively," he told her, unsteadily. "You know that nobody counts—except just you. I must go—but—may I come back? And take you home with me?"

"I—I couldn't bear it if you didn't!" said Tony. Much later she suggested wistfully, "I suppose you know mother won't be very happy about this."

"I know." McEwen nodded. "My stock's low with her, and I'm afraid I can't stay long enough this time to inflate my values. But she'll forgive me if you're happy—and your father understands."

"Does he? Did you speak to Daddy?"

"That's where I was this afternoon—talking to him. By the way, he gave me a cryptic message for you. He said, 'Tell her I'd like to keep her as she is, but if she *must* have new clothes, the time's come to have them pink.' Now what does that mean?"

"It means—" she began, and paused to steady her voice—"it means that Daddy's the finest, splendidest, most understanding person in all the world—except one!"

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Mrs. Dean was not "happy about it." In fact, she was at first inclined to be intractable, but when she learned that McEwen's departure was to be followed by almost a year of absence she breathed freely again. This separation and delay, so hard for the lovers, came to her as a reprieve, and she hoped that time and distance would erase the memory of this too vivid personality. Meanwhile, since to alienate her daughter was the last thing she desired, she made it evident that she could endure the inevitable with a certain grace, and her passivity was interpreted as acquiescence.

No detail of McEwen's experience in Australia was too trivial to be of moment to Tony now. She wanted during his absence to hold a vivid picture of his life there, and she made him tell of it at every opportunity. But their time together was brief at best, and she was more concerned at the moment with the conditions to which he was returning alone than with those which they would encounter together later, so it was not unnatural that he should dwell chiefly upon the interests vital to a busy man. He talked of his friends, John Campbell and Barbara Ventris, however, until they seemed like intimate acquaintances of her own.

"You'll like Babs," he told her. "She's English, but she's the greatest pal a man ever had! Rides, rows—does all the things a man can do, and is a beauty besides. She and Jack will be married before you come out—December's the month they've set, I believe—and the four of us will have bully good times together." To all of which Mrs. Dean listened with the hope that in these intimate revelations of his life McEwen might unconsciously place in her hands a weapon of defense.

It was only after he had gone that Tony began to be conscious of her mother's fixed opposition to her engagement; but in spite of this she was happy, and she pored over McEwen's letters—the terse, unemotional letters of a man to whom the pen was almost an insuperable barrier—trying to extract from their concise sentences every shade of thought and feeling underlying them.



"YOU KNOW THAT NOBODY COUNTS—EXCEPT JUST YOU"

Presently, however, the letters grew briefer and came less regularly—sometimes consisting only of a line, saying he was well but too busy to write—and she found herself hotly resenting her mother's intimation that "cauld cools the love that kindles o'erhot." Then came a fortnight during which she had no word at all, and she had convinced herself that he must be ill, and was about

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to ask her father to cable an inquiry, when she received a letter announcing the death of his chum, Jack Campbell, a month before he was to have been married to Barbara Ventris. Again, through McEwen's brief, constrained sentences she read his love and his grief and felt herself in touch with him, rejoicing in the renewal of that warm consciousness of his personality and his nearness which had slipped away from her a little during those weeks of absence and interrupted communication. In spite of her deep sympathy with him, and with that widowed girl who was to be her friend, to whose courage in her great bereavement he paid tribute, Tony's heart went singing again, and she felt a little guilty to be so happy when her lover was sorrowing. It was not until much later that his comment on Barbara Ventris's pluck seemed the most vital thing in that letter.

As time wore on, however, and his mention of "Babs" became more frequent with each succeeding week, she began to realize what a large place in his life this other woman had come to occupy, and felt herself a little remote and alien to them—an opportunity of which Mrs. Dean was not slow to avail herself. Propinquity, Tony was made to remember, is a potent factor, and sympathy is often but the prelude to a warmer feeling. Over and over the girl read all McEwen's letters, and, in spite of her effort to find in their laconic phrases the assurance she sought and which she still believed to be there, she was increasingly conscious that they might be interpreted in other ways. Gradually the first shadow of real doubt that her frank mind had ever known spread and darkened, until dread of Barbara Ventris clouded all her days. Meanwhile, struggling against her fear of disloyalty, she wrote gay letters to McEwen, and, as spring merged into summer, began preparing for the October wedding for which they planned.

One morning, early in August, the mail brought two letters carrying Australian stamps, and, as Dean opened the one addressed to him, he glanced at Tony and caught a flash of the spontaneous glow of happiness he had begun to miss in her eyes. Then he turned to the sheet in his hand, but he had not finished reading McEwen's detailed explanation of troubles and disputes at the mine, involving not only the interests of the men whom he represented, but the continued success of his management as well, when he heard his wife exclaim, "Antoinette! What is it?" and looked up to see his daughter's face turned ashen and miserable.

"It's— Bob can't come home—this fall!" she faltered.

"But—the wedding?"

"We must—postpone it. He—can't come." As Tony rose hastily, crushing the letter in her hand, Dean sprang up to follow her, but his wife turned in her chair, saying, with a note of excitement in her usually controlled voice:

"I suppose it's that Ventris girl?"

"I don't— No, it isn't!" Tony flung back from the doorway. "How can you be so unjust? It's his work—his duty. Daddy, *you* see, don't you?" With this appeal she fled, leaving her father, who had started toward her, arrested, staring at his wife.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded. "Have you been putting notions into that child's head?"

"There's no need to put notions into anybody's head," she returned. "Nobody with eyes could fail to see."

"See what?" His tone was blunt. "What do you mean?"

"That this man has simply been playing with her affection." At his impatient exclamation, she leaned forward, insisting: "Fergus, for once you must listen to me! What do we really know of Robert McEwen?"

"I know all about him! Do you think for a moment that I'd let Tony marry a man I hadn't investigated?"

"You may know all about his professional record. But remember that he fell in love with Antoinette at sight."

"Well, who wouldn't?"

"In a little more than a fortnight they were engaged—in less than a month he was gone. Do you think it was the first time he had yielded to an impulse? Or that it will be the last? A man so easily swept off his feet is never very firm on them—as this proved."

"Have you been telling Tony all this?"

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"He's told her himself—between the lines in all his letters. He and this Ventris girl are constantly together—"

"But she was engaged to his chum!"

"Precisely—she *was* engaged," she repeated, significantly. "And we all know where pity—and propinquity—lead! It's been perfectly evident. He's made no effort to conceal it. And now this excuse to postpone the wedding—"

"Mary, stop it! You ought to know that there are times when a man simply can't leave his work. Bob's reasons are legitimate. He couldn't do otherwise."

"Of course, he *says* he couldn't! Wouldn't you, under similar circumstances? A man doesn't actually jilt a girl if he can avoid it. But this makes Antoinette's position more impossible than ever, and it's high time for you to end this senseless engagement—since she won't!"

"H'm—well—at any rate, there's no occasion to be precipitate."

At first impatient and incredulous, Dean found himself as the days wore on more impressed by his wife's argument than he was willing to admit, and, when he realized also that Tony's faith in McEwen was not unclouded, his feeling that he might have been mistaken in the man grew, and with it his determination to know the truth. Consequently, a few days later, when he and Tony were driving together, he mentioned in a casual tone that business might call him to South Africa shortly, and was amazed when she exclaimed:

"South Africa? Then you'll touch at Australia? Oh, take me with you!"

"My dear little girl!"

"I know! But don't you see, Daddy? I know what mother thinks about Bob—and I'm afraid of what I may think myself. And I can't bear it! I can't bear it not to trust him! But nobody can do it for me. I must know myself. You *will* take me?"

In spite of her mother's opposition to this plan, and Dean's own grave doubts of its wisdom, Tony had her way; whereupon her mother insisted upon going with them, acidly declaring that at least she could try to maintain a semblance of dignity.

Mrs. Dean never indulged in half-measures, and she was a bad sailor. Consequently the storm they encountered after touching at New Zealand prostrated her so completely that it was decided to leave the ship at Sydney and rejoin it again at Adelaide. Her weak inquiry about luggage was met by the assurance that everything was arranged, and her discovery that all but the steamer-trunks had gone on with the ship was made only when her normal interests were beginning to revive, stimulated by breathing the same air that blew over Government House. When Dean good-naturedly explained that they had conceived themselves birds of passage, to whom the life was more than meat and the body than raiment, she retorted:

"Oh, you may jeer! But knowing oneself well dressed is as comforting as the confidence of a certain faith! And now we have only traveling-clothes!"

"Then go out and buy what you need—and the eleventh trunk to put it in," he suggested, and she scoffed:

"Buy what we need—here? A man always thinks he's found the solution when he's willing to spend money!"

"Generally he has," was his dry reply.

Forced to forego her potential social triumphs, Mrs. Dean was frankly bored, and while Tony made a brave effort to simulate interest in the things about her, hour by hour her father saw the constraint in which she held herself increase, and recognized as a part of himself her eagerness to meet the situation and have her fears confuted or affirmed without delay. Therefore he made inquiries of transportation agents, and when he learned that by going directly to Adelaide by rail they could connect with a steamer due in Perth a week ahead of their schedule, Tony hailed the suggestion with the first spontaneous enthusiasm she had shown, and Mrs. Dean made no objection, in consequence whereof they found themselves, in due time, leaving Adelaide.

As Tony stepped off the gang-plank to the deck of the small steamer, she found herself confronted by a girl a little her senior, who exclaimed, with outstretched hands:

"Oh, it *is* Tony Dean, *isn't* it?"

Even before her glance swept the smiling features, already familiar through her study of the many photo-

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graphs McEwen had sent, Tony realized that she was face to face with Barbara Ventris, and a hot surge of emotion left her breathless. Then, feeling the warm clasp of the other's hands, she looked into eyes seeming so friendly in their welcoming glow that she exclaimed, with a sharp sense of relief, "And you're Babs!"

"But how did you get here?" Barbara asked, when she had been presented to Mr. and Mrs. Dean. "Bob wired that you were coming next week, and I was hurrying home to make ready for you."

"Yes—we were," Tony replied. "But we found we could make this ship by coming across country—and we saw no reason for waiting over."

"No—one wouldn't, would one? I suppose you've come out to be married?"

"Oh no!" Tony perceived the tinge of wistfulness in the other's tone, but attributed it, at the moment, entirely to Barbara's own broken plans, although later she remembered it and wondered. "No—we're going around the world."

"But—won't Bob be frightfully disappointed?"

"How can he be? There's been no suggestion of my coming out to be married." Tony's tone was tinged with reserve, and she was entirely conscious of the keen, speculative glance with which the elder girl studied her.

Disarmed, however, and generous, as was her wont, she was prepared to accept Bob's friend as her own, in proof whereof she was no sooner alone with her parents than she exclaimed:

"I don't wonder Bob likes Barbara Ventris! Isn't she lovely?"

"She's all that—and more," her father agreed. "She's a beauty, if you ask me."

"I suppose she would impress a man that way," was Mrs. Dean's pregnant comment. "And I notice she doesn't wear mourning."

"Oh, mother dear, do be fair!" Tony begged; but after forty-eight hours she began to be aware of a change in her own mental attitude. Although Barbara's cordial manner never lapsed,



"NO, IT ISN'T!" TONY FLUNG BACK FROM THE DOORWAY. "HOW CAN YOU BE SO UNJUST?"

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it seemed to Tony that she was deliberately picturing life in West Australia in somber colors, and the American girl could draw upon no knowledge with which to disprove the arid picture.

"I wonder if you know what life is in the gold country?" Barbara began, and Tony brightly answered:

"Oh yes! Bob's told me."

"He's probably told you that it's a big project," the other replied, with a smile, "and a splendid opportunity—and that the men are good fellows. I suppose he's even told you that it will be lonely; but no man—not even a man like Bob—ever sees the things that are really essential to a woman. He's busy—and interested—and he cheerfully accepts the theory that gold in the ground is nature's compensation for a total lack of trees and vegetation. It's his compensation, too. But it doesn't always satisfy a woman."

"It doesn't sound too attractive as you tell about it," Tony admitted.

"Any place is attractive with the man you love—if you love him enough." Again that keen glance. "But it's very hard to come into it unprepared. I mean to say, I've grown up out here and I'm used to it; but I can see, as the men don't, how hard it is for a woman who comes out with illusions about a cozy little home and pretty things about."

"But why? Are there no cozy little homes?" Tony asked, rather stiffly.

"They may be little—but it's difficult to be cozy in a corrugated iron house, without a growing thing in sight, oilcloth on the floors, wooden chairs—and no cushions. Some one has described the gold country as 'the land of tea, toast, and tin houses'—and they all have sand in them!"

"But—surely there's no law against cushions—and rugs?"

"Government doesn't forbid them." Again Barbara smiled. "But cleanliness does. And when you've fought that demon sand, you'll realize that it's a law unto itself. A woman went back last month because she couldn't endure it. She came out a bride ten months ago—and has been in tears most of the time since. So her husband gave up his berth and they've gone home."

"Bob wrote me about her," Tony hastened to state. "He said she wasn't well out here."

"She wasn't," was the brief reply. "It got on her nerves. She cried for hours over her trunks of pretty things that she couldn't wear. She was that sort."

"But you wear pretty things."

"In Perth. Not up-country. Khaki and stout boots meet all one's needs there, if not all one's desires."

"Bob's told me some of this."

"Yes, he would—being Bob. But he's too busy—and too much man—to understand what life up-country means to a girl accustomed to softness and luxury. It isn't that he wouldn't care. He just doesn't understand. And it *is* a shock if one isn't prepared for it."

This was only the first of several such conversations, and from slightly resenting the other girl's apparent assumption that it was necessary to interpret Bob to her, or that his presence would not more than compensate for anything she might sacrifice to join him, Tony presently found herself fighting once more against doubt and suspicion. One day her mother said, with the slight, amused smile she reserved for emergencies:

"Miss Ventris seems inclined to emphasize the hardships of life out here, doesn't she? Is she afraid you'll insist upon sharing them, whether or no?"

"Probably she's exaggerating it, so I won't be too disappointed when I see it," Tony loyally defended; but day by day it became increasingly difficult, in view of the nature of Barbara's revelations, to credit the sincerity of her friendly attitude, and when the voyage ended Tony was still holding her new acquaintance at arm's-length and refusing her confidence.

As the ship warped into the dock, the four stood side by side at the rail, looking among the upturned faces below for one that was not there; and while Barbara exclaimed, at frequent intervals: "But what can have happened? He must be here to meet us!" and Mrs. Dean murmured: "Another time, Fergus, perhaps you'll trust my judgment. Antoinette's position now is unthinkable!" and her father, with forced cheerfulness, reiterated his conviction that Bob

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had merely been detained by a fallen horse or a blocked tram and would be there in a minute, Tony stood silent, her hands gripping the rail and the pain deepening in her searching, incredulous eyes.

Nor was this lessened when presently



"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? IT'S CRUEL!"

a telegram from McEwen was brought to her, explaining that he had been detained at the last moment, hoped to get away the following day, and had written. Then for the first time she saw a flash of angry doubt—no less revealing because he instantly controlled it—in her father's face; her mother was obviously and indignantly skeptical; and Barbara Ventris, as obviously, was trying to carry off a difficult situation with an appearance of unconcern, although her manner was visibly constrained. In none of which could Tony find balm for her own sick heart.

The letter she found awaiting her at the hotel, though brief, was so packed with love and longing and disappointment that it comforted her, in spite of her mother's reminder that this was no time to be reassured by words. There was also a letter from McEwen for Dean, explaining that a strike was threatened, that the men were in an ugly humor, and that while he hoped to have the situation in hand within a day or two, he dared not leave at the moment, at the same time begging that Tony should be shielded from the knowledge that her lover was in danger. When she saw her father's face clear after reading this letter, Tony felt that possibly the sun might be shining somewhere, after all, and she even caught a little of its radiance when he exclaimed: "It's all right, chick! There are times when a man simply has to stay with his job, and this is one of the times." But she wondered why he did not show her Bob's letter.

As day followed day, however, punctuated for Tony only by telegrams from McEwen, postponing his arrival and ignoring her intimation that Mohammed had solved a similar situation, Dean saw the burden of uncertainty growing too heavy for her. So, disregarding instructions, he told her about the threatened strike and gave her Bob's letter to him, which at first afforded her the greatest relief. Then, as Barbara met her anxious inquiries about conditions at the mine with smiling assurance, minimizing the danger and reiterating that Bob would surely be down in a day or two, and still he did not come, her mother's interpretation of the situation

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began to be the only one Tony could see, and even had its effect upon Dean.

Meanwhile, Barbara helped them fill these days of waiting; and Mrs. Dean, succumbing to her social instincts, dragged her husband and daughter about to races and breakfasts and other daylight amusements for which their wardrobes were adequate, and assiduously cultivated those who sat in high places, anticipating the arrival of the trunks containing the vestments of state. But before these were restored to her, even she had ceased to consider them.

Dean precipitated action, forty-eight hours before their luggage was due, by announcing that he was going, strike or no strike, to the mine to see McEwen. The pain in Tony's eyes was more than he could endure, and for the first time in her life she had built a barrier about herself that excluded even her father.

"Fergus, are you mad?" his wife demanded, and he returned:

"No—but I shall be if I play this waiting game much longer."

"I agree with you that there's been too much of it. But you shall not throw Antoinette at that man's head! She's suffered quite enough already. We'll take this ship and go directly on to South Africa."

"But it's only fair to give him a chance," he protested. "This situation may be just what he says it is. The thing's possible."

"The whole situation's impossible!" she retorted. "And it has been from the first! I've yielded to you thus far—and see what it's led to! Now I insist that you shall yield to me! We'll leave this place by the first ship—and Antoinette shall never hear that man's name again!"

"Well—let's leave it to Tony," he suggested, but she asserted:

"You will leave it to me. Antoinette's in no condition to decide anything now—and she has no judgment at any time, or we should not be in this predicament. Day after to-morrow we go on."

Tony, with another negative telegram from McEwen in her hand, heard her mother's decree without visible emotion, accorded it a dull acquiescence, and shut herself into her own room, where she remained, asking only to be left alone.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, responding to a light tap, which she supposed to announce the maid with towels, she unlocked her door, and drew herself up in startled indignation when Barbara stepped into the room.

"I know," the English girl said. "They told me I couldn't see you—but I must! Tony, what is it? Why are you doing this? It's cruel!"

"Go away!" said Tony, thickly. "Go away!"

"I will not go away until you tell me why you're doing this wicked thing!"

"What—thing?"

"Why are you going before Bob can come? Why did you come all this distance, only to—" She made a quick gesture. "I don't understand you! If you love Bob—and sometimes I think you do—how can you make him suffer?"

"I?"

"Yes—you! I know you don't like me. You've made that evident enough. But you do seem to care for Bob. Yet for some reason that I can't fathom you seem to distrust him, too. It isn't easy for me to say all this. I might have found it easier if you'd liked me—and been friendly. But I owe it to Bob, anyway. You seem to imagine—you and your mother—that he's staying away because he's indifferent. Have you no conception, then, of what you mean to him? Have you no idea of what he's suffering because he can't come? Don't you know what he went through when he found he couldn't possibly go home to be married?"

"Then—why doesn't he want us to go up there?" Tony asked.

"Because there's danger! Oh, I know I've made light of it. He begged me to do that—to spare you. The whole investment up there's at stake; and Bob, with his fine sense of loyalty, would never shrink at danger for himself—but he couldn't let you go into it. I've been nearly mad myself, for fear, but I've tried to hide it from you."

"You—seem to care—a great deal," said Tony.

"Care? For Bob? I love him," the other girl declared. "Think what he did for me when Jack was ill! I—can't talk—about Jack. I hoped I could—to you. I wanted—to talk to you. I

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thought you'd understand. But how can you ask whether I 'care' for Bob—remembering what he did for Jack?"

"What—did he do?" Tony asked. "I don't know."

"You don't know!" Barbara's eyes opened in amazement and then filled with tears. "How like Bob—never to tell you! When Jack was so ill, during the epidemic—"

"What epidemic?"

"The fever epidemic. Don't you even know that for weeks there was fever at the mine—men died by the score—and Bob and Jack stayed and fought side by side with the doctors? He didn't want you to know at the time—but didn't he *ever* tell you?"

"No! Oh no—I didn't know! Was that the reason—" Tony choked with sobs, remembering those weeks of interrupted letters.

"And then Jack came down with it—and all but one of the doctors was dead—and Bob stayed—until the end. My own brother couldn't have done more—nor be dearer to me! And it's his happiness I'm fighting for now! Can't you see that? You sha'n't hurt him! You must let him see you, at least! It's his duty to stay up there at the mine—and the thought that you wouldn't understand and expect him to stay has never crossed his mind. It couldn't! He thinks you're as fine as he is!"

"Oh—oh, *Babs!*" The next instant they were sobbing in each other's arms.

An hour of readjustment followed, during which Tony salved her soul by confession; and Barbara, after explaining that her frank revelations of living conditions at the mine had been made to spare Tony disappointment and Bob the pain of seeing it, found herself at last able to talk of her own broken life.

"And you won't go—you won't let them take you away until Bob comes, will you?" she begged, repeatedly. "I thought he'd be here to-day, if only for the few hours between trains, because I wired him as soon as I knew your plans. But I've had no word. Things must be very wrong up there, because he'd have wired if—" She was interrupted by a tap at the door, and McEwen's card lay on the tray the boy presented.

An hour later it was a flushed, palpitant, sparkling Tony who announced to her parents: "Here's Bob! And he's got to go back to the mine to-night—so I'm going with him!"

"Antoinette!" cried her mother, but Dean stood looking into the other man's steady eyes.

"Is there danger—up there?" the father asked.

"Not much, now—but—"

"Danger or no danger, if it's his business to be there, it's mine to be with him!" Tony declared. "We're going to be married in an hour!"

"Antoinette! You're mad! It's impossible!" Mrs. Dean ejaculated, and Tony happily returned:

"I know it; but it's true! Babs is arranging everything—"

"Really? Is Miss Ventris, perhaps, going with you?"

"Don't, mother dear!" Tony's eyes filled with tears and her voice softened inexpressibly. "You don't know what I owe to Babs! She only wants us—Why, mother dear, she even offered me her own wedding-dress! It was on the way out when Jack died—and she begged me to wear it. Of course I couldn't do that—I know how I'd feel if it were mine—but I *am* going to wear one of her bridesmaids' dresses—she's given me that—and oh, Daddy, it's pink!"

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The Master Instinct

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

FROM the naturalist's point of view, the sole purpose of all forms of life in this world, man included, is to beget more life, and secure the perpetuity of the species. The masterful instinct in every living creature is to increase and multiply and fill the world with its progeny. Our dream that every living thing was made to serve some namable purpose apart from itself, or was designed in some way to serve man, is a notion that has survived from the childhood of the race.

Many forms, both in the animal and the vegetable world, are the enemies of man and the enemies of one another. Other forms play into one another's hands, but only to help forward the scheme of propagation of one or both sides, as when vines and trees incase their seeds in tempting fruit-pulps which the animals eat and thus drop the undigested germs far and near. All our fruits, from the apple down to the wild berries, are plotting to get their seeds scattered and planted, and they offer edible morsels as a wage to any creature that will perform this service. In many cases the wage is a very small one, as with the red cedar, the hardhack (*Celtis*), the sumach, the poison ivy, and the like; but it serves the purpose; the hungry birds are quick to lend a hand. If the plants and vines and trees had minds and could answer our question as to what is passing in them, they would say: "We are thinking how best to perpetuate our species—how to attract the insects to visit the flowers, and thus secure a hardier race by cross-fertilization; how to tempt the birds and four-footed creatures to come and sow our seeds; how to protect these seeds and nuts till they are ripe and ready to pass along the precious heritage of life; so some of us trust to the winds and the waters to secure fertilization, in which cases we do not need to develop bright or showy flowers, but a superabundance of pollen; for sowing our seeds, some of us devise wings and balloons; others devise hooks and hands that seize upon passing animals; others make use of the tension of springs and other mechanical devices. We heavy nut-bearing trees enter into partnership with squirrels and crows and jays; they carry our nuts to distant woods and fields; some they carelessly drop by the way, some they hide under the leaves or in the grass, and we find our account in each. They unwittingly plant more oaks and chestnuts and hickory-trees."

Nearly all the animal orders below man are equally obsessed with the idea of perpetuating their species; for this they live, for this they die. It is a kind of madness; it leads to all kinds of excesses and extravagances: bizarre colors and ornaments, grotesque forms and weapons, fantastic rites and ceremonies. The sexual instinct emboldens the timid and spurs the sluggard; it sharpens the senses, it quickens the wits, it makes even the frogs and toads musical, and gives new life to the turtle. In fact, the drama of all life revolves around the breeding instinct. It is this that fills the world with music, color, perfume. The nuptials of the vegetable world are celebrated with lovely forms, brilliant hues, and sweet incense. With the birds they are attended by joyous songs, gay plumes, dances and festive reunions, and striking, if at times grotesque, forms. With the insects, music and gay colors mark the day; with the human race, how much of our song and art and pursuit of beauty has grown out of the instinct to please and win the opposite sex! Without this incentive—the mating instinct, the love of children, and of home and fireside—could we ever have attained to our present civilization?

What is the meaning of the spring and

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summer chorus of bird songs—the ecstasy of larks and finches, the madness of nightingales, the melody of thrushes, the intoxication of bobolinks and mocking-birds—the jewels in the plumage, the fantastic in behavior—but sexuality, the innate desire for offspring? How Nature surrounds this passion with the gay, the festive, the hilarious; how she aids it with color and form; how she lavishes upon it all her arts to charm and persuade and entice! Her creatures forget their staid and quiet ways; there is a sound of music and gaiety on the one hand, and a noise of strife and battle on the other. The stag bugles and tosses his horns, the bull bellows and tears and paws the earth, the grouse drums and booms, the woodpecker beats a spring reveille on a dry limb, the insects fiddle and shuffle and snap their wings—indeed, nearly all forms of life assume new activity and intensity.

It is the sex principle that gives the beard to the man, the antlers to the stag, the mane to the lion, the spurs and comb to the cock, and the strange fashions and coloration to the male birds. Reproduction is the one thing Nature has most at heart and is intent on securing at all hazards—at the hazard of pain, hunger, strife, and self-preservation.

Just to keep up the game of life, to keep the measure full to overflowing—has Nature any other purpose than this? Think of the swarms of the living that come and go, especially in the insect world, and leave no trace behind! Yes, and at times, in the higher animal world. Think of the hordes of lemmings that at intervals appear in northern Europe, and move through the land devastating the farmers' crops, till they reach the sea, into which they plunge and are drowned. Ships are said to sail at times through miles of lemmings, swimming they know not whither.

Behold the birds building their nests in spring; how absorbed, how persistent they are! How almost impossible it is to defeat or discourage them! Any one who has tried to prevent English sparrows breeding on his premises quickly learns what a difficult task he has undertaken. Equally, any one who charges himself to see to it that no burdocks or redroot, or other troublesome weeds mature their seeds on his farm or about his grounds, finds out what enterprise and hardihood he is attempting to thwart. Cut the plebeian burdock down within a few inches of the ground and keep it cut down, shorn of all its big leaves, and yet in August or September, without the support of any foliage, it will push out and develop burs in the axils of its old leaves. I have seen masses of burs thus form about the stem half as large as one's fist. The plant was making a last and supreme effort to perpetuate itself. Most garden weeds behave in the same way. As the summer nears its end, and their earlier efforts to form seeds have been thwarted, they seem to become alarmed, and to make a last heroic effort, probably drawing upon the last grain of material stored in the root and stalk to develop the precious germ.

Fruit trees, starved or in an unhealthy condition, seem to be seized with the same alarm and overload themselves with small, inferior fruit. Is it not notorious that men and women suffering from certain slow, wasting diseases are exceptionally prolific? On the other hand, plants and animals overfed or exceptionally prosperous seem to forget the primal command.

The birds, I repeat, are not easily discouraged. In April of the past year a pair of phœbe-birds built their exquisite mossy nest in a niche in the rocks at the entrance to my natural cellar at Slabsides. It was a nest in the best style of the phœbe's art, built unhurriedly, as all first nests of the season usually are. Like the plant, the bird does not hurry till the season gets late. One snow-white egg was laid when, on a visit to me of some school-boys, the nest accidentally came to grief; it was detached from the rock upon which the bird had so carefully masoned it. I replaced the nest, but its foundations had been loosened, and the winds dislodged it. The phœbes then began a nest on a timber under the little shed. One day I found this dislodged and its material pulled apart on the ground beneath. Who or what vandal or Hun of the woods did it, whether a red squirrel or an owl or other violator of its neighbor's rights, I know

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not. But the phœbes did not lose heart. When I discovered the second calamity that had befallen them, they were already at work building the third nest, and, what was very unusual, were using the material of the nest just destroyed. Bit by bit the mother bird was gathering it up and reconstructing her "procreant cradle." I hoped a third disaster would not befall the pair, and it did not, but if it had, not later than June, they would probably have built still another nest. The phœbes usually rear two broods in a season when all goes well with them. It is to build the nest and rear the young that they have made the long and hazardous journey from South and Central America, and it is this that will cause them to make it every spring as long as they live. It is this that impels myriads of other birds and water-fowl to make the same trip from the far South, braving storms and winds and other perils by land and sea. To beget progeny that will in time reproduce themselves is the unconscious and unquenchable motive that actuates them all. This same motive impels the golden plover to make its marvelous flight from the plains of Patagonia to the Arctic Circle in Alaska, a distance of nearly half the circumference of the globe, crossing oceans without a rest. It sends the European migrants across the Mediterranean from Africa to France, many of them so fatigued on reaching land that they fall an easy prey to man and beast.

It is the impelling force of this motive or instinct that sends the fish up the streams and rivers in the spring, making the waters alive with denizens from the sea, impelling the salmon to leap falls, or, failing to scale them, to keep up the effort till they die from exhaustion. The breeding instinct is the ruler of life. It asks no questions, it requires no guarantee, it pauses at no obstacles. It sends races of men and animals to seek new lands; it fills nations with the desire for expansion, kindles in them the earth-hunger, and is often the chief factor in devastating wars.

In man the sexual passion is stronger than all others; it rules his life, it has made his history. Consciously or unconsciously, he lives for his posterity. He wages wars to plant colonies or to conquer territory from his enemies, in which his race may expand and increase. His eye is ever on the future; he is looking out for his children and his children's children. Nine-tenths of the life of woman centers around the idea of making herself attractive to the opposite sex. This is the meaning of all the modes and fashions—of the monstrous hats, the hobble-skirts, the preposterous shoes, the paint, the jewelry, the feathers, the frippery and the furbelows, the immodest exposures, the exaggerations and accentuations, and all the bewildering arts and devices by which woman seeks to enhance her feminine charms.

The social dances, old and new, though the participants may be all unconscious of it, are as literally sexual, and have as direct reference to the old command to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, as do the dances and aerial evolutions of the birds and the wild fowl. Fine clothes, like fine feathers, all point in the same direction. Male pride and female pride do not differ in their genesis or natural history from the pride displayed in barnyards and in the fields and woods, it all springs from the desire of one sex to make itself attractive to the other.

A great number of insect forms die as soon as they have fulfilled the Biblical injunction. This is true of all the ephemera, and at least one form of vertebrates, the lampreys; these perish as soon as they have spawned.

The cockchafer dies in a month after completing its metamorphosis. The seventeen-year locusts and the grasshoppers live but a short time after they have deposited their eggs. Nature has no further use for them. Many of the moths deposit their eggs within twenty-four hours after they escape from the chrysalis case, and then very soon die. Many kinds of flies live only four or five hours—just long enough to lay their eggs. As soon as a drone of the hive-bee has fertilized the queen, the swarm has no further use for the whole tribe of drones and they are mercilessly killed or expelled from the hive. Nature displays the same superabundance of the fertilizing principle in such cases that she does in the trees and plants that cast

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their pollen upon the wind. This is to offset the element of chance. The services of only one drone is required, but the swarm develops scores of them to make sure that at least one male may meet the queen while she is coursing at random on her nuptial flight through the upper air.

Speaking of the queen of the hive-bee reminds me how literally the life of the hive revolves around her. Her moral support of the swarm, so to speak, is vital. If any accident befalls her, in the case of a new swarm before it has established itself, the whole mass of worker-bees instantly becomes demoralized; they lose heart, and gradually perish without making any attempt to start a new colony. They seem to know instinctively that there can be no increase, and that their own lives are worthless.

I have seen the whole swarm, when it was suddenly discovered that the queen was missing, show the greatest agitation, every individual insect rushing about with quivering body and wings, in a panic of alarm. What one bee knew and felt, apparently the whole swarm knew and felt simultaneously.

It is worthy of note that though it costs the drone his life to fertilize the queen, dozens of them course through the air during the period that the mating flight of the queen is due to take place, ready to sacrifice themselves in performing this duty. Alike with drone, worker, queen, the paramount instinct is the perpetuity of the race.

So careless of the male of most species is Nature, so solicitous for the well-being of the female. The function of the male is a brief one, that of the female a long and hazardous one. Among birds of prey the female is the larger, the bolder, and the more active. The parental instinct seems much stronger in her than in the male.

The breeding instinct has developed among the birds, especially among the ground builders, one of the most surprising traits or practices to be found in all animate nature. I refer to the tricks and the make-believe that the birds will resort to in order to decoy one away from their nests or their young—feigning lameness, paralysis, suffocation, anything to fix the attention of the intruder upon the mother and lure him away from her precious eggs or young. I can recall nothing else so extraordinary in the whole range of animal instinct. The bird suddenly becomes a consummate actor and plays a rôle she probably never played before, and plays it in the best style of the art. Her behavior looks like the outcome of a sudden process of reasoning. "This creature," it seems to say, "wants my brood, but I will make him want me and forget the brood. To do so, I have only to throw myself in his way and offer him an easy victim. By my feigned disablement I can draw him on and on, while my young hide, or the clue to my nest is lost."

Last spring in a low, wooded bottom in Georgia, my friend and I started a woodcock from her nest in which were three eggs. The bird flew a few yards, at a height of ten feet or more, and then suddenly doubled up and fell fluttering to the ground, precisely as if she had been shot. It was a surprising performance. It is highly probable that it was the first time she ever did the trick, but she did it to perfection. Had we followed her, doubtless she would have given us another exhibition of her art of make-believe.

Strange to say, after all her concern for the safety of her eggs, the bird deserted her nest. My friend suggested that it was because we touched one of her eggs; but, as birds have little or no powers of smell, this reason seems inadequate. Rather am I inclined to believe that some accident befell the bird.

Equally surprising is it to see this stupid-looking mud-prober transformed into an ecstatic song-bird under the influence of the mating instinct. Whoever has witnessed its hurried spiral flight in the March and April twilights, and heard its curious smacking, gurgling notes rain down out of the obscurity of a couple of hundred feet of air, has been present at one of the unique incidents in the courtship of our birds.

Love not only makes the songless woodcock vocal; it puts a new song into the throats of many of our birds. The oven-bird, the meadow-lark, the purple finch, the goldfinch, and certain of the sparrows and warblers are keyed up to the point where the flight song, or song

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of ecstasy, is the natural expression of the bird soul. The jays and crows also become musical, and the woodpeckers drum in varying keys on the resonant limbs. This marked contrast between their ordinary tones and their love-songs reminds one of Browning's lines:

God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures has two soul sides—
One to face the world with, and one to show a woman when he loves her.

In the vegetable world the males of dicœcious plants perish as soon as the period of bloom of the females, or pistillate plants, has passed. Our spring plant called mouse-ear and everlasting (*Antennaria*) is a familiar example. The two sexes are in separate groups, and show a marked difference in their appearance. The pistillate plants have a feminine look, they are more slender and graceful, and show more color; they differ in looks from the males as much as the queen bees differ from the drones. The males are short, stubby, freckled, and after they have shed their pollen they wither and perish, while the females continue to develop and grow in grace and beauty till their seeds are matured. The same is true with all shrubs and trees—hazelnuts, chestnuts, oaks, beeches—which develop their pollen in catkins or aments; as soon as the pollen is shed upon the inconspicuous flowers the catkins wither and fall.

There is no case of love and mating among the plants more pleasing to me than that of our Indian corn. When I see the male blossom push its panicle up out of the top of the stalk, bold, rigid, conspicuous, rustic-looking — "topping out," as the farmers say—and then, following down the stalk with my eye, see among the leaves the female blossom timidly putting out her delicate silk fringe, like a lock of greenish-golden hair—one tender thread for each kernel of corn that is to be, and awaiting the caresses through the agency of the wind of her suitor above, I am witnessing one of the most pleasing illustrations of Nature's great law that is to be seen in our fields and gardens.

In the case of no other tree in our Northern forests does the male principle assert itself so conspicuously as in the chestnut—a tree that now, alas! seems in danger of extinction from some obscure fungus disease attacking its inner bark. In early summer its masses of creamy-white staminate flowers make the top of the woods gay, while its small, modest, greenish female flowers are seen only by him who closely searches for them. But the gala day of the males is brief, while the obscure mother-bloom goes forward and develops her polished twin nuts of autumn.

The odors of the blooming corn and blooming chestnut in some way suggest fruition and the sex passion.

In the hazelnut, masculine and feminine contrast in the same way as in the chestnut. The long, showy, pollen-yielding tassels are seen from afar, but the minute crimson stars of the nut-producing flowers you will not see without close inspection. Thus do sex characteristics run throughout organic nature. Whitman speaks of the sexuality of the earth, having in mind, no doubt, its fertility and the passive feminine relation it sustains to the orbs above.

Truly the breeding instinct, with the whole train of subsidiary instincts that go with it, is close to Nature's heart, closer than the instinct of self-preservation. Life is conserved only that it may produce more life. In the insect world, certain forms utterly exhaust themselves in the art of reproduction; others in the act of providing housing and food for their unborn offspring. The May-fly develops into winged liberty, experiences the love-festival, deposits its eggs, when both sexes die, all within the compass of a few hours. Of some species of threadworms it is said that "the young live at the expense of the mother till she is reduced to a mere husk." Fabre tells us of a species of dung-beetle the male of which scours the fields for food for the young which he carries home and, with his trident, reduces to a powder, till, after the labor of months, without nourishment himself, he becomes utterly exhausted and dies.

In eating up her lover after he has served her purpose, the female spider seems to be carrying domestic economy to unwarranted lengths. Yet generation

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after generation of male spiders court the female, though often with obvious signs of hesitancy and trepidation. Love overcomes the lover's fear of the ferocious jaws of his mistress. The same is true of the praying-mantis and the scorpion, as portrayed by the inimitable Fabre. After hours or days of love and nuptial bliss, the female turns and slays her lover, and makes a meal off him. The human, or, rather, inhuman, Bluebeard is matched on the other side of the house. Love and martyrdom go hand in hand with honey-bees, spiders, and scorpions. Eating up your mate is certainly a simple and primitive way out of matrimonial difficulties.

Is it not probable that in all such cases the female obtains some nutritive element, maybe in minute quantities, from the body of the male that is necessary for the complete development of her young? The purpose of Nature must be served in some way in such a tragedy, as it is when certain species eat the placenta and when the toad devours his cast-off skin.

Weismann has suggested that the bodies of animals are but appendages to the immortal chain of sex cells—they are only the vessels in which the precious germs are nourished and conveyed, the body bearing the relation to them of host to parasite.

So solicitous is Nature for the well-being of the offspring that she will rob the mother's body, if insufficiently nourished, to feed the baby she is carrying in her womb. If the laying hen is not properly supplied with lime material, Nature will draw it from the bones of the hen herself to build the shell of the egg. The offspring is first always, and has the right of way over all else. In short, the struggle to live in the whole organic world resolves itself into the struggle to have and to rear offspring. This is

"The one divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

The Loiterer

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HUNGER for the Spring,
For April's green delight;
O long, long loitering
Of Winter's piercing night!

Hark! in the trees one bird,
And in the grass one star!
One lovely silver word,
Though tremulous and far.

But in that flower the soul
Of hidden April wakes;
And in that sound the whole
Mad heart of Music breaks.

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Uncle 'Bial's Bonds

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

IT really was a funny thing, how it turned out about Uncle 'Bial's bonds—he was Harry's uncle, not mine, although he got to *seem* my uncle 'Bial. I never did know whether the way things turned out was *because* of the bonds or in spite of them, or whether everything would have been just the same if we had never heard of them.

Harry and I had been engaged about eighteen months when Uncle 'Bial died. But I had heard of him before, I assure you. Whenever we were having a ripping good time—when we were out with the crowd at the theater or having supper at a café, or dancing around—Harry had a way of sadly saying something about Uncle 'Bial. The story he was most apt to tell then was the little tin bank, and how Uncle 'Bial had said, when Harry didn't put another penny in it during a whole summer to keep company with the five-cent piece Uncle 'Bial had put in, "I guess you're going to be a spender, Harry, not a saver," or, "Would you have had more respect for the bank if I had made the nest-egg bigger?" How many times I have heard that story—and *always* when Harry had been *per*fectly lovely getting me something I wanted, like an engagement-ring with three two-caret diamonds instead of one. So I just got to look on it as the natural consequence of having a perfectly splendid time, like the headache you have after a perfectly delicious box of candy on a rainy day.

But I think eighteen months is enough time to look totally *consumed* with interest over the same stories. And they had to be the same stories about Uncle 'Bial, for Harry hadn't seen him since Harry was a little boy, so there couldn't be a new story until the one about the bonds, and I seem to be the one that always tells that.

I remember just as plainly as anything when Harry told me Uncle 'Bial had died. And he looked so cut up that I felt just as sorry for the dear boy, and I was as sympathetic as I could be. Of course, I expected all of the stories about Uncle 'Bial now, about the roomy old buggy and how he was so saving about himself and so charitable about other people. He couldn't see, if I sort of closed my eyes, it had got to be an effort to act as if I had heard them for the first time. But I was doing all I could to comfort him; his head was on my shoulder, and I stroked his hair and all that. But he surprised me by not saying anything until he told me, with a quiver in his big, deep voice, about the bonds.

"What's a bond?" You'll hardly believe that I was so ignorant a short time ago. But I never did hear anything about bonds at home. We always seemed to spend a lot of money; money was always just coming in or going out. I don't believe we ever had anything saved up but life insurance, because that was easy to borrow money on—and, oh yes, I remember that father might once have had some kind of a position that would have paid a lot only he couldn't get anybody to go on his bond. Harry says that isn't the same kind of bond as Uncle 'Bial's. But, anyway, it took my breath away when he said that Uncle 'Bial had left him four one-thousand-dollar bonds.

"Four thousand dollars!" Honestly, I couldn't believe it. I had never heard of so much money in my family except when father used to tell men who came to the house how they would clean up any number of thousand dollars if they'd just buy this stock or that. Only he stopped talking that way to Harry when he found Harry wanted to marry me.

"Four thousand it is," Harry said, looking very far away. I could see that he was thinking of how good Uncle 'Bial

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had been to him when he was a freckle-faced boy. Harry must have had freckles, because he has that nice red color in his face and a most fascinating auburn tinge to his hair. And he was seeing that funny old face with the long, shaved upper lip and the nice twinkle in the eyes. And he wasn't thinking a bit about the money except that it was like his kind old friend to send him this—like a sort of message that he hadn't forgotten and was still fond of his boy.

It was just like Harry—for he really is splendid, you know—not to think of the money. But I think it was rather natural, too, for me, when we had been quiet for a long time and I had helped all I could—at least when I stopped stroking his hair for a moment he would press my hand against his cheek as if he wanted it to stay there—I think it was natural, since it wasn't my uncle 'Bial at all, for me to wonder just a little what we were going to do with that money.

After a long time I cleared my throat loudly, so he would listen, and repeated, "Four thousand dollars."

I suppose my voice must have sounded awe-struck, for Harry came out of his dream and pinched my cheek. "Goodness, Childer!"—that's what he calls me most of the time. And sometimes it's nice, and sometimes it isn't. "You needn't make such big eyes over that. I make more than that in a year, and you think that isn't enough to be married on."

"But you haven't had that all at once," I said, quickly. "When you think of trying to live on four hundred or so a month! But you can do so much with four thousand dollars all at once."

"Such as—?" He pulled me around so he could look straight at me. I think he had forgotten Uncle 'Bial for a moment.

"Oh, well—automobiles. There are cars you can get for less than four thousand."

"Oh—cars! But if we spent the money for a car we couldn't have it for—for anything else, you know."

"Oh, well, maybe I'd rather have a neck—"

"Childer — could we — would you care enough—? But I suppose you couldn't—"

Then he stopped. Wouldn't that make anybody cross? I thought I knew what he meant. And not to give me the chance to make him say it first!

"Would you dare—? But there!" he went on to himself, "the idea of my asking that baby if she would risk it! What does she know about it?"

I think you'll agree this was too much. "Henry Owen!" I said. And you'd be surprised to know how cool and indignant my voice sounded. "If you think I don't know as much about being married as you do you are very much mistaken."

Then he burst out into a great roar, and he—just grabbed me. "How did you know I meant 'being married'? You were thinking of it yourself! You can't deny it. And you want to—you know you want to!"

"The idea of such a thing! You imagined it. We ought not to get married until you have ever so much more." I said lots of things like that. But it didn't seem to make much impression on him. I suppose I didn't make much impression on myself, to tell the truth. I suppose I really did—want to.

Well, anyway, we got married in a sort of a rush after that, and didn't have time to think what we would do with the bonds until we came back from our wedding-trip. We did have the best time; we were only away two weeks, and we were at ten different hotels. I never did think I could get enough of hotels—and I could order lobster salad for breakfast if I wanted to—and I did. And I had a chance to wear all my new clothes. But, of course, the next thing to do was to get an apartment and go to housekeeping.

Honestly, the first time I thought about the bonds was when we were looking at the fortieth apartment in three days. The agent showed us a cunning little cubby-hole back of the built-in bookcase. You didn't see anything at all until you pressed a spring in the woodwork and a little door slid open. I certainly would have been crazy about that when I was a little girl. I know I would have spent all my time pressing the spring. I had done

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Drawn by Balfour Ker Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

I COULD ORDER LOBSTER SALAD FOR BREAKFAST IF I WANTED TO—AND I DID

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it several times when I heard the agent saying:

"This little safe-deposit is just the place to put valuable diamonds, money, stocks, bonds—" and that made me think of Uncle 'Bial's gift.

"Oh, where are they?"

Harry understood right away. Harry always does understand. But there! If I get to talking about Harry I never will get anything else said. All the girls say they just give up when I begin. Marie says she tried to make the same remark five times in succession and that I just stared her down and kept on talking about Harry. But, anyway, Harry laughed and said:

"I got them yesterday. It was a special bequest. Uncle 'Bial seemed to think I might need them right away. Yet I had never written him anything about you—"

"Well, we'll put them right away in that cubby-hole, and that settles the apartment question."

"But you haven't looked—"

"Won't the bonds go in there?" I thought that was what he meant, and I really was scared for a moment; but Harry laughed and said he was sure they would.

"But the kitchen opens on an air-shaft," he said, "and you said you wouldn't—" The agent was looking for his hat, but Harry said, rather weakly, "It's more than we ought to pay."

"We have the bonds," I told him.

And then he said something about "not having your cake and eating it, too." But wasn't that foolish when the only reason we got married was because we had the bonds! I said so, and then Harry said, real reproachfully, "Was that the only reason?" And then the agent said he'd be going back to the office to make out the lease.

So that was the way we happened to take the apartment, and I never did like the paper in the living-room or the dining-room or the entrance-hall; and the owner wouldn't change them because we signed the lease before we asked him. And I think that was just as mean of him.

Now I'm not going to tell any of the things people usually write about rent or gas or furniture or maids. I started out to put down only what happened because of the bonds. I don't know whether you'd say the next thing had any real connection or not. But after we got settled at last I had to ask Harry for an advance on my allowance. It isn't any one thing, you know; it's when they're added together.

"But I haven't any money." It was the first time Harry had looked worried. "I drew my salary in advance this month."

I believe I would have begun to cry in a moment, for I was sure he would think it was all my fault, if Harry, after he had walked up and down two or three times with a frown on his face, hadn't gone to the cubby-hole in the wall and pulled out the bonds.

"Oh no, Harry! We won't have to do *that!*" I don't know how I felt. It was as if, when you are tired out swimming beyond your depth and make for the life-raft you find it isn't there.

Harry gave a little grunt of satisfaction. "That's all right. I thought I remembered it was this month they paid interest. To-morrow I'll get the hundred, and that will tide us over."

"But I don't understand."

And then Harry explained to me all about interest, and how those stocks, if we didn't sell them, would bring us in two hundred a year. I could hardly believe it.

"I never knew interest was something you *got*. I thought it was something you had to pay out all the time!"

Then Harry started to say something about my father, and turned red and wouldn't finish, and pretty soon he was teasing me because he said I put the bonds back in the cubby as tenderly as if I were establishing the goose that laid the golden eggs on her nest. And after that we always talked about selling our eggs when we cut our coupons. And, oh, it was so *sure* and safe somehow, in our little apartment, with Harry so—so—reliable on the other side of the reading-table, with the bonds in the cubby, that I—oh, I don't know how to say it—I suppose I just turned and sunned myself as a cat does.

One evening Harry, who had been very thoughtful for some time, said, "Now, Childer, I suppose we ought to

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talk about what we are going to do about the bonds."

I jumped. "But then we wouldn't have them in the cubby. Do we *have* to do anything with them?" Honestly, it seemed to me that it would be dangerous to get along without them.

Harry laughed a little, and then he said: "But my only excuse for marrying you was to have those bonds to spend. Otherwise, I wouldn't have had the assurance to put the matrimonial pin through a pretty little butterfly like you and stick you up on my wall. I wanted a happy little wife, not a specimen. What do you want most?"

You may be sure I didn't think about the bonds after that. What did I want? I could think of about two million things without half trying. And I got so excited trying to decide what I wanted most that I was perfectly miserable thinking how hard it would be to go without all the other things. And it seemed to me that I would die if I didn't have everything right off. Harry sat watching me with a serious, puzzled sort of look on his face, as if he were trying to think something out. At last he leaned across the table and said, very slowly:

"I tell you what let's do. Suppose I have a power of attorney made out for you—"

"What's that?"

He explained that it was something that would give me the right to sell the bonds or do anything I liked with them.

"And we will put it in there with the bonds. Then we won't say anything to each other about it for six months—six months and a day." He laughed. His face had cleared up, and he looked confident and strong the way I like to have him, for it makes me feel so safe. "And in the mean time, if something comes up you are sure, after taking three days to consider, that you want more than anything else, you can sell the bonds and get it. I am to have the same right. But, unless you are sure, beyond all question, you are not to open the door. I am to be bound by the same conditions. What do you say?"

"I won't know, unless I am ready to sell the bonds, whether you have already used them or not?"

He nodded. "You won't have anything on me in that respect."

"But—oh—how queer! what a lot of confidence you must have in me!"

"Why not? You have to trust me, too. I might elope with a chorus-girl."

I just laughed scornfully at that. "Oh, what a lark! It's like a fairy story. Oh, won't it make things exciting!"

I clapped my hands— No, I didn't. Isn't it funny how you get into the habit of using a kind of formula like that? I never clapped my hands for joy in my life, and I never saw anybody else do it. When I'm awfully pleased about anything, what I'm really liable to do is to kiss Harry. So whenever I say I clapped my hands, from force of habit, you can understand what I really mean. I can't take the time to be sure about every little detail.

We had great fun looking at the bonds, perhaps for the last time, and I couldn't sleep for thinking of all the ways I wanted to spend that money. Spending money had always seemed the most fascinating thing in the world to me. This was like the stories I used to imagine when I was a child: how it would be to be the only person in the world, and be able to go into all the candy-shops and toy-shops and get everything you wanted without having to ask permission of anybody at all. And it was always glorious for a little while, but after a time a queer sort of blankness seemed to descend on your imagination at the picture of yourself all alone with everything you wanted within reach. There seemed to be nothing in the world to think about. And when I had got to that point that night and felt so lonesome that I found myself sobbing to myself, I put out my hand to Harry's bed and touched his cheek. Even in his sleep he turned his face so he could touch my hand with his lips, and I knew it wouldn't be like my little child self alone in a world of candy and toys, but that there would be Harry for ever and ever to enjoy the treasure-trove with. And so I fell asleep, too.

Then the oddest six months began that I ever lived through. I went downtown every day. I looked at necklaces first. A necklace is such a good investment. I felt one would really be a great

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economy, for it wouldn't matter what kind of a frock I wore, I would look well-dressed in anything with either of two that I liked—and it really takes so little material to make an evening dress; and that would be such a saving for Harry, and I did so want to help Harry. Then there were fur coats. I never had had a really good one, and Harry would look so perfectly splendid in a fur-lined coat with sable collar and cuffs. Once they sold the one I wanted, but the next day one just like it was shown in the case and they had told me it was an exclusive model, and that was rather disillusioning. And every day I saw more things I wanted, and I would have spent that money ten times over if I hadn't promised to wait three days before deciding, and at the end of that time there were just as many more.

I got to know about every kind of Oriental rug made. One time I got perfectly crazy over some new pottery. I felt I couldn't live if I didn't have a tiny vase with the most marvelous blue glaze I ever saw and the most perfect lines. They had such an intelligent salesman, and a certain millionaire had just paid five thousand for a vase not half so perfect, and I could have this one for two thousand! But if I got that, Harry and I couldn't both have fur coats—at least his wouldn't have a real sable collar, and I knew that every time I looked at the vase and saw Harry's coat with just a Persian-lamb collar I'd hate the vase. So I waited a few days, and by that time there were the most wonderful Italian laces sold cheap because of the war, and there was a picture at Bantimes that I felt I couldn't live without. And every beautifully dressed woman I saw looked shabby, because she didn't have on furs as fine as those I could have if I wanted them. And I didn't see any diamonds like mine—at the big jewelry stores. But meantime I wasn't buying anything. It didn't seem worth while when I could have 'most anything I wanted. But whenever I tried to think of myself with some of the things and without the others, I felt just poverty-stricken. So I found my last year's things would do, with my wedding clothes, and didn't buy anything at all. And sometimes it would come over me that perhaps Harry had spent the money before I got to it, and my heart went flop.

Almost every day I was late to dinner, and the maids got so cross I had to change several times. I had been so absorbed, that we were having that warm weather we sometimes have in March before I began to notice how queerly Harry was acting. I had begun to be tired shopping, and thought I'd better take time to think things over before I decided, so I noticed how late Harry was almost every day. He was odd and absent-minded, and Marie told me she had run across him out in Pelham, and he seemed confused when I spoke about it; and I tell you I just had the worst time I ever had in my life for a while. Harry had a secret from me!

I was just wild. There never had been a time when I didn't feel as if I could look right down to the bottom of Harry's thoughts just like one of those lovely crystal springs where you can see the silvery pebbles at the bottom. But now, every little while, I had a queer, no-thoroughfare sort of feeling. Such different things made me feel it. Sometimes it was trains and sometimes it was roses and sometimes it was trolleys and sometimes it was bonds and sometimes it was wicker rockers! Now what could any one make of that? If any one line of conversation led up to the deadlock, I might have been able to understand. And I suppose I was awfully touchy myself because if Harry said Turkish rugs were as good as Persian, or spoke disrespectfully of the new décolleté, I was up in arms as if the family honor was being attacked. Conversation was very difficult, and the most awful doubts of Harry, who had always seemed as sure as the everlasting hills—but *what* was he doing out in Pelham?—made me absolutely wretched.

At last Harry had a mania for trying cars. Then, of course, I understood it all. And my heart did sink, for though a car was the first thing I had thought of—and still I wasn't sure—it is a very different thing when a woman wants a car and when a man does, I tell *you*. A woman wants one just for use, and is perfectly willing to use a car two years. But with a man! Well, it is just the

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beginning of the end. That car gets to represent the reputation of the family, and it has to be a new one every year, with limousine top and all the attachments; and now that they have got a twelve-cylinder, of course Harry would have to have *that*. And we'd spend every cent we had and more taking people on trips and suppers, and for cold drinks and ices and restaurant tips. And that would eat up every cent of the four thousand and start us on a career of mad extravagance besides. I got so worried thinking about Harry's extravagance that I began to hold on to my allowance. Half the time I didn't spend it just out of opposition. And I felt so superior. And perhaps that didn't make me very agreeable.

The first time I noticed the house was when we had been going on this way trying cars for about a week. I hadn't paid much attention to the scenery. To tell the truth, although we had never had a car, we had been motored about so much by friends that I was *tired* of seeing scenery always sliding by. I could only appreciate it when it stood still. This idea of driving fifty miles to get dinner, and twenty more to dance a little, and twenty-five more to find a place where some one thinks the cool things are the best, and do this over and over, didn't appeal to me. Once it had seemed great fun. But now that I had Harry I wanted to stay and *look* at him. It seemed to me that all the crowd were so restless it was like having a nervous disease. There's Marie now. She isn't happy unless she is sprinting around all the time, and Horace begins to look stringy and hollow-eyed, and I can't see why she can't settle down and let others— Why, Marie's a year older than I am, and I've been married almost a year! And it certainly was queer that Marie was the only one who saw Harry in Pelham!

Well, this special time I was feeling tired and jumpy. If you don't understand that, just try to imagine how wearing it was, in addition to all my other worries, not to know for four months what you were going to spend four thousand dollars for or whether you were going to get a chance at it at all! And it had been a hot, lifeless day, when I felt that I couldn't breathe in our little apartment all choked up with furniture and hangings.

All at once I noticed we were rolling very silently—and slowly for once—through the loveliest, homeyest, trimmest, and sweetest little street with lovely cottagey, small English-manory houses set in smooth, green lawns, with fragrant bushes and shrubs in flower—Oh, I just *loved* it all at once. I loved it so hard that it squeezed the tears out into my eyes. It was the *silliest* thing. But—it was just as if I had been a forlorn little child wandering in my dreams, for ever and ever looking for home, and finding it at last.

"Oh, wait!" I cried. And Harry jumped. "Oh, *please* go slowly," I said to the man driving. "And then turn around."

"What is it?" asked Harry, in a stifled sort of voice. "There isn't anything the matter with the car, Childer. It's running first-rate. Don't you think so?" He exchanged a queer glance with the man who was driving the car.

"Oh, the *car!*" I couldn't help saying it impatiently.

The man who was trying to sell the car turned around and looked at me. "Is anything the matter? I'll guarantee the car, Mrs. Owen." He grinned at Harry.

"Oh—nothing!" I couldn't have told either of them what I felt for anything—a pair of car-mad men, Harry as bad as the other!

You see, near the end of the street I had seen a big "For Sale" sign. And it just made me crazy. When we drove by it, I saw that it was just as sweet as the others, only the windows were shut and there wasn't any lawn-mower or fountain-spray going, or any baby-carriage on the lawn. At the house next to the vacant one there was a wicker bassinet on the veranda, all fluttering with fresh white muslin and pink ribbons. And there was a lovely pinky baby in it crowing and playing with his rosy little toes and trying to put one in his mouth. We drove slowly enough for me to see when he did it!

I just didn't hear anything that was said all the rest of the drive. Every few minutes one of them said something to

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me about that car. And I hated it. It would cost the four thousand by the time the year was out. And I knew at last what I wanted. I never could be happy in this world until I owned that lovely cottagey house, and had my own lawn-mower and my own lawn-spray and my own lilac and myrtle and flowering fruit bushes and my own— Oh, I knew at last that I was just homesick for a real home and grass and shrubs and—everything. And for the first time I couldn't say anything to Harry about what I cared for most.

I could hardly wait to get to the apartment and get the bonds out of the cubby, and find out the agent and buy as much of the house as I could for four thousand dollars. But before I got home, even, I realized I couldn't do it at all. There was Harry, who wanted a car as much as I wanted a house. And I couldn't disappoint Harry—now, could I? It seemed as if I had been perfectly free to do whatever I wanted with that money. But I wasn't free at all. And then Harry might have already taken the bonds out to buy that hateful, luxurious car in which we would be whizzed about for ever and ever, and never stop to have a sweet little home with grass and flowers and rose-bushes and lawn-mower and lawn-spray and —and everything. It was perfectly wretched to be in suspense, and yet I couldn't bear to open that cubby. Unless I had decided, I hadn't any *moral right* to look, and I couldn't decide if I thought Harry had set his heart on something else; and if Harry had gone ahead and got a car when I wanted a house, I felt it would kill me to know it. *I* was being unselfish. But I wasn't a bit elevated and happy over it. I was just cross and snappish.

But the next morning the brightest idea struck me. I hadn't had time to spend my allowance for ever so long. I had just poked the money that was left over each week—in the envelope that Harry always gave it to me in—away in my desk. I hadn't paid much attention to it. It seemed so small when you compared it with four thousand that it didn't seem as if you could do *anything* with it. But when I came to add it all together, what do you suppose I had? I had saved up four hundred dollars without realizing I was doing it. And the paper had advertisements of houses that you could get by paying a few hundred down and the rest "on time." Of course they weren't like *my* house, but if I had saved up four hundred dollars in three months without realizing it, I was sure I could save a lot more when I really tried. And if Harry had his car, perhaps he would let me have my house.

The first thing I did was to buy a bank, a little tin bank that must have been just like the one Uncle 'Bial gave Harry. I don't believe the fashions change much in banks. I didn't scrimp on housekeeping; that wouldn't have been fair. But everything I wanted myself and didn't get I put into the bank. I had to get the money changed into gold lots of times or the bank would have been filled up right away; but it made me feel near Harry when he was a little boy, even if he didn't save. And he seemed like my uncle 'Bial now more than Harry's.

The white-fox furs that everybody was wearing with filmy frocks that summer went into the bank, and I got only two hats, and the other two went in. I teased Harry to stay home sometimes when the crowd went off to places. It wasn't only to save the money; I did feel that it wasn't safe to leave the apartment so much. Somebody might find out about the safe-deposit and steal the bonds long before either of us would open it, and it did seem as if we ought to stay home more and watch it. Then, too, Marie did make the most *outrageous* eyes at Harry, and I never could quite forget that Pelham business. When a girl doesn't marry until late in life she does get sort of restless and reckless. I've often noticed it.

The truth is, I wasn't very happy. Harry came home later and later. When we weren't out trying new motors, he stayed down-town until all sorts of hours. Sometimes he was away in the evening, too. I was ashamed to admit how hurt I felt. It was just an insult to Harry to suspect that he was doing anything that wasn't perfectly right, and I didn't—really. But people began to tell me about meeting him in the oddest

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places, on local trains or at florists', on trolleys where I couldn't see any reason for his being at all; and he was so cross when I asked him about it— I began to realize that the possession of money does divide people.

It went along this way through April and May. It was on the third of June that the six months would be up, the six months and a day. My money in the tin bank was growing. When I thought about the house I was happy. But the next minute when I thought about Harry I wanted to cry. Suppose he shouldn't care about it? Suppose he thought it would be a bore to drive into town even if he *had* his old car? It seemed to me that every drive we took I was aggravated by being driven past that house. I realized it needed a special kind of man to like to live in that house, the kind of nice-looking men I saw there, looking cool and fresh those early summer evenings, in Palm Beach suits, or cool-looking blouses and flannel trousers, pushing their lawn-mowers or spraying the lawns or wheeling— I began to be afraid Harry wasn't the kind of man.

The day before the third of June Harry threw a roll of bills into my lap. "I'm dividing profits," he said. "I brought a new client into the firm, an important one, and they gave me a bonus. There's some talk of a partnership."

Harry said this carelessly, but I could see how glad he was. And I was so glad that I—clapped my hands.

"I met him the first time on a Westchester local, and we got to talking. Queer thing—it came through my asking for his paper to look at stock reports. He found I had some White River Quarry bonds, and he did, too. He came from Vermont. I think I went up in his estimation because I had them. Put me in the solid-citizen class, you know. The upshot of it is that he has thrown some fat business into the firm. Nice men that take these local trains, you know, Childer; men that have an interest in local boards, and vote, and all that—solid people, you know—"

Local trains again. All my pleasure went. I didn't sleep much that night.

When Harry called me up from downtown the next afternoon and asked me if I wouldn't like to motor, I was pretty snappish. Here it was the third of June. I saw it all. He was going to take me out in the car he had bought and tell me that was what he had chosen. I was silent during that drive, I tell you. When I found we were taking the road that led to *my* house, I couldn't keep the tears back. Luckily I was alone in the back seat, and Harry didn't turn his head. But when we got to that *darling* street I just shut my eyes. I could never live there and I couldn't bear to look at it.

I suppose I didn't notice at first that the car had stopped. When I opened my eyes we were before that house. Harry, as he helped me out—I moved as if I had been a jumping-jack pulled by a string—was saying:

"That's all right, Preston. I'll talk the matter over with Mrs. Owen and let you know. We can go back on the train."

"No train for an hour, Mr. Owen."

"We'll need all that time. Or we can go home on the trolley."

When the car had rolled off, Harry turned to me. "Well, what do you think of the house, Childer?" He was looking at me anxiously.

"But what—? I don't understand. Why, it is *my* house—"

He stammered in turn. "What do you mean? I didn't tell you. I did hope once that you liked it, but you never said anything."

It all came to me. And I thinking—! "Harry, have you bought this house?" Did you ever hear anything so absurd? And wasn't he the dear?

There was an expression of hurt virtue on his face. "Do you think I would buy a house without being sure you wanted it?"

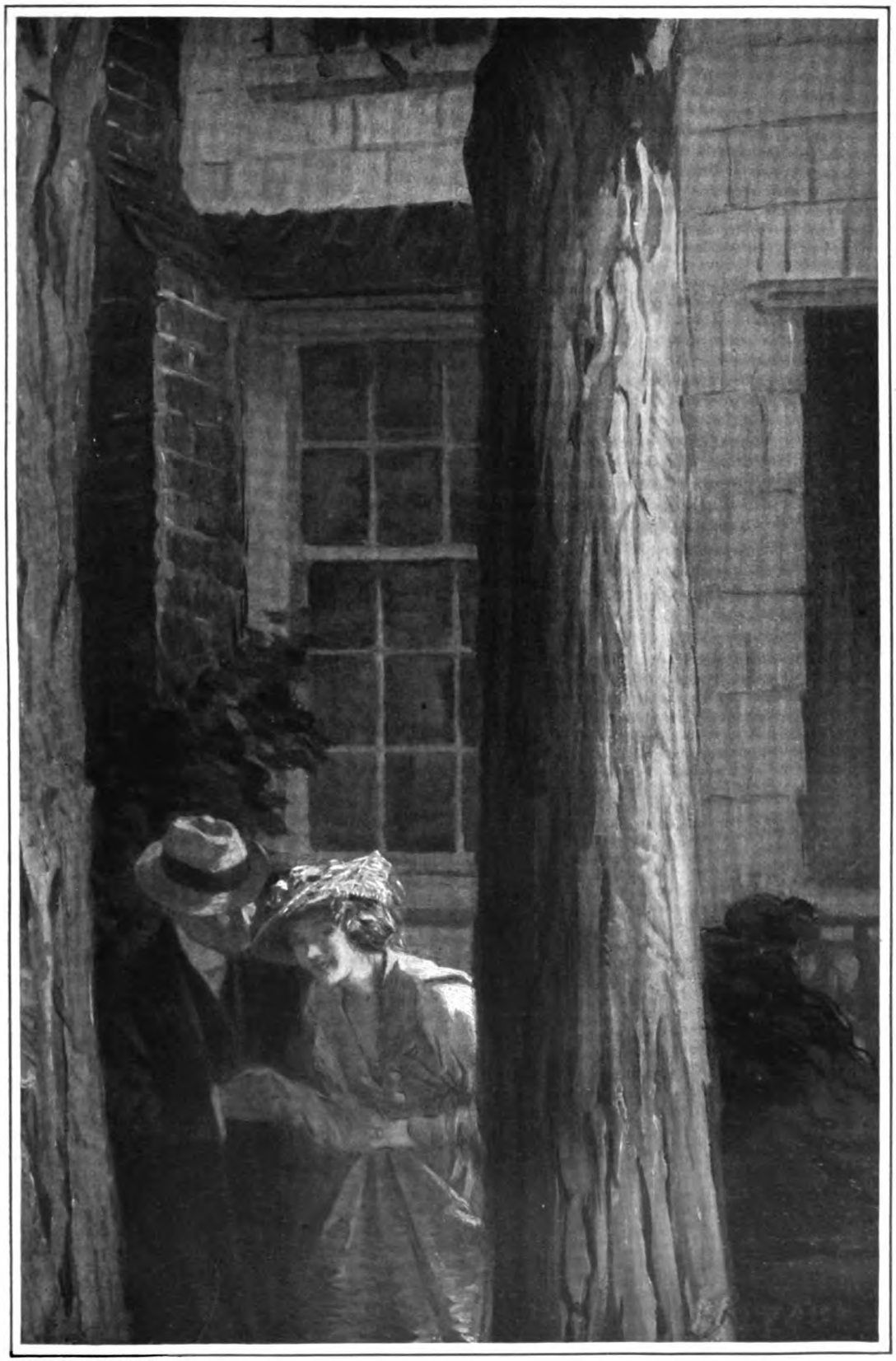
"But the bonds—? That was the bargain."

"Well, I just couldn't unless we did it together—that's all. But I did hope—Oh, Childer, it's so much better—!"

"Don't you say a word to me, Henry Owen! I've longed so for this house that I've just been sick. And I was so afraid—I thought you were going to buy that car."

He burst out laughing. "So you bit. Preston's the agent for the house; he

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Drawn by Balfour Ker

"I WANTED IT TO LOOK LIKE OUR HOME"

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was in the joke. I wouldn't force you into deciding my way for anything—but I wasn't above stuffing the ballot-box a little."

It took a long time to realize it was really so. We walked around and around the house, and Harry had the keys so we could go in. The rooms were the dearest and the sunniest and airiest. Even with no furniture in it that house looked homey. Then we went out again, and the sweet dusk was falling. The scents came out from all the shrubs, and somebody had been cutting grass on the next place and the air was fragrant with the hay.

"So Uncle 'Bial's bonds are to go for this," I said. "I know he would like it, but I do feel lonesome to think of their going. And we won't have any more eggs to sell, will we? But, Harry, it looks as if somebody had been planting things here recently! Isn't that a trowel? And those rose-bushes, and the shrubs? Surely they don't furnish those with the house. And everything looks so well-watered and flourishing."

Harry certainly did look guilty.

"Why, you see, Childer, when the spring came on—and I knew we had the bonds to make a cash payment with—I got crazy, I suppose. And I haven't exactly bought the house, not with Uncle 'Bial's bonds, I mean; I wouldn't do that without your consent. But I saved up a little—I had a childish kind of fancy, and I bought a little tin bank—as much like the one Uncle 'Bial had, you know. And the extra fee came in nicely. So I have paid something on the house. It could just be an investment, and a good one, too, if you didn't want it. And I have been coming out pretty often for the last month or so. I had a gardener look over the place a little, too, and plant some things. When you saw it I wanted it to look like our home."

I drew a long breath. That explained the trains and the trolleys and the florists! I didn't tell Harry—not then. But I—I clapped my hands again.

Then I thought of the money in *my* bank. We wouldn't need it—or, yes, of course we couldn't have too much to pay on the house; that could go in, too. I told Harry, and he certainly was surprised. I don't know whether it was quite complimentary to have him quite so thunderstruck. Then we sat down on the porch, and Harry told me what he had put into the bank—cigars, and clubs that he never went to now that he had me, and theaters that neither of us cared for so much now, and all that boring racketing with the crowd. And he felt just as I do about Marie.

At last, a big idea came to me: "Oh, Harry! Wouldn't it be enough, just what we have saved? And couldn't we keep them here—Uncle 'Bial's bonds—and have a new cubby built in back of the book-shelves here, and keep them? I'd feel so lonesome without them! And they made me feel so safe. And it's so fascinating to sell our eggs every six months. *Could* we?"

At first Harry didn't think it could be done. But, afterward, when we had added up what was in both tin banks, he said we could. And then we had a really sentimental moment, and Harry's eyes looked misty, and he said, "Perhaps that was what the dear old fellow meant."

I'd be ashamed to tell what train we took to get into town. It was dark then, so we just took hands and danced up and down.

"Oh, Harry!" I said. "We are going to be solid people—"

"And vote," said Harry. "This is only the beginning. And be on the school board—"

"With a lawn-mower and a fountain-spray—"

"And a pew in church. And subscribe to charities!" Harry made a little face, but he didn't really mean it.

"And lilac-bushes and roses."

"And a place to smoke in the evening—"

"And wicker porch furniture—"

"I've been looking at some—and—and—" Harry stopped, and looked up and down the misty street. He didn't finish, for even in the dusk we could see the baby-carriages at every place. Even next door the bassinet had merely been put on an upper sleeping-porch, and I could hear the baby gurgle.

I didn't say anything. I—I suppose I didn't really have to. But I clapped my hands. I clapped them a very—long—clap.

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Some Unpublished Papers of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Edited, with Comments, by GEORGE S. HELLMAN

THE manuscripts that lie before us contain documents relating to the life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, verses addressed to her by admirers, and letters from friends. Many of these papers, preserved with loving fidelity by Robert Browning, bear annotations in his autograph. Here we shall find his wife's earliest extant writing, the words "My dear mother," in a baby's scrawl, on the reverse of a doctor's prescription for Mrs. Barrett; and here are letters and documents referring to the Florentine tomb of the poetess, designed by Frederick Leighton.

Amid much material the choice is difficult; yet a fitting commencement is made with the letter of her brother George. As late as a quarter of a century after Mrs. Browning's death, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *National Dictionary of Biography* still recorded her birth as of the year 1809. The correction made by Robert Browning in his Prefatory Note to the 1887 edition of her poems was the direct result of the following missive:

MY DEAR ROBERT:—Latterly statements have appeared in one or two ephemeral papers that my dear sister Ba was born in Portman Square in 1809, that she witnessed from her window the death of a brother by drowning, and that her father was a West Indian merchant. All of these details are contrary to fact, but they are so immaterial that I should not trouble you about them had I not seen a paragraph to the effect that a new biographical memoir of her is shortly to appear, and I presume with your knowledge and sanction. She was born in 1806 at Carlton Hall in the county of Durham, the residence of her father's brother, who afterwards represented in Parliament the borough of Richmond.

She did not witness the death of her brother. It occurred in Babbicombe Bay some miles from Torquay on which her windows looked. Indeed she was exposed to the far greater trial and pain of a long endured and dreadful anxiety as to his fate.

Finally her father was no more a West Indian merchant than an owner of an estate in the country is a land agent. His estates in Jamaica were managed by an agent there, and their produce was disposed of by an agent in London. He was not connected in any way with any other W. I. property. I am far from thinking it is a reproach to be called a merchant, but it is perhaps worth while to observe accuracy. I trust Pen and his wife are not on the Atlantic, and victims to these fierce gales. Ten lives have fallen a sacrifice to them here.

Pray give to your sister my affectionate regards, and believe me as ever

Always affectionately yours,
G. G. M. BARRETT.

3 Frederick Place, Weymouth.
Nov. 4, '87.

With this letter Browning kept Mrs. Barrett's memorandum of the birthdays of her children, written by her presumably in 1817, as it omits the name of her fourth child, Mary, who died in 1814, and does not record the names of the last four of her family of twelve children, these four being sons, of whom Henry, born in 1818, was two years younger than George.

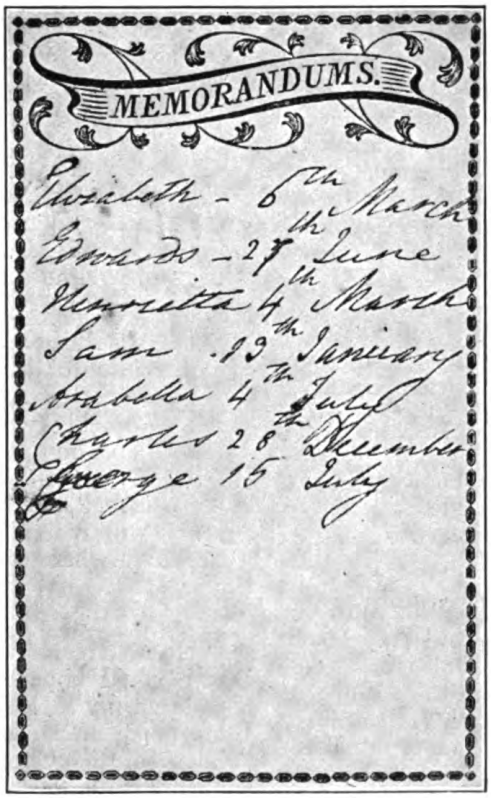
MEMORANDUMS

Elizabeth, 6th March
Edward, 27th June
Henrietta, 4th March
Sam, 13th January
Arabella, 4th July
Charles, 28th December
George, 15th July

Elizabeth's favorite brother was Edward, and his tragic death was the bitterest of her sorrows. With him she first studied Greek; but it was to Hugh

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Stuart Boyd, the famous blind scholar and translator of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, that she owed her vital and lasting enthusiasm for the ancient classics. Boyd (a grandson of Hugh Boyd of Ballycastle, who was long supposed to be one of the authors of the *Letters of Junius*) lived with his wife at Malvern, not far away from the home of the Barretts. Beginning with the year 1828, Elizabeth frequently visited him, and the following manuscript proves his interest in their hours of joint scholarship.



FACSIMILE OF MRS. BARRETT'S MEMORANDUMS OF HER CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAYS

May 25th, 1830. She paid me a morning visit, and went on with the Agamemnon. She went down to v. 335, and did extremely well. June 7th. She spent the day with us, and did some more of Agam. She went down to v. 439. June 17th she came to breakfast, and spent the day with us. She went down to v. 571, and did it extremely well. July 10th, she paid us a long visit, but did not read any Greek. August 7th, she paid us a long visit, but did not read any Greek. August 16th. She paid us a long visit, and went on with the Agam. down to v. 637. August 24th, she came but read no Greek. Sept. 1st, she came, but read no Greek. September 20th, she came to stop with us for some days. Sept. 21st. She went on with the Agam. down to v. 848; that is 211 lines in one day. Sept. 22nd she read down to v. 1036, that is 188 lines. Sept. 23rd 1179. Sept. 24th. 1332. Sept. 25th. 1432. Sept. 27. to the end of the Play. That is very nearly 200 lines on that day. She therefore read rather more than 1000 lines in six days. Oct. 7th. She returned home. After finishing Agam. she read some passages in Chrysostom, Gregory, and Basil, which altogether was rather more than twelve hundred lines. She therefore read during her visit somewhat more than 2200 lines. Oct. 23rd she paid me a long visit, and read some of Gregory's first Invective against Julian. Nov. 1st and Nov. 8. She paid me a visit, but did not construe any Greek.

It was to Boyd,

> . . . acquaint with each
> Divinest song the Attic Muses bring,

that Elizabeth addressed, both during his lifetime and after his death, some of her most heartfelt poems.

Mrs. Browning's capacity for inspiring devotion is attested in countless ways. The following undated notes, each quaintly folded in triangular shape, prove the warmth of the affection that was felt for her by another woman of genius, Fanny Kemble. They belong to the year 1854, the first winter that the Brownings spent at Rome. Fanny Kemble and her sister, Adelaide Sartoris, were great favorites of both Robert and Elizabeth, and to the initiative of these talented women the Brownings owed many delightful excursions to the Campagna and elsewhere. Mrs. Browning's comment on Fanny Kemble we find in a letter to Robert's sister Sarianna: "A very noble creature indeed. Somewhat unelastic, unpliant to the age, attached to the old modes of thought and convention—but noble in qualities and defects. I like her much."

MY DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—I shall not after all have the pleasure of seeing you this

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evening and I am *very* much disappointed—but in the agony of excitement I was in yesterday (for the selfish giving way to which I have not ceased to blame myself) I forgot entirely that I had promised to remain at home to receive an old fellow-lodger of mine; as she is very badly off in this pleasant world—old, blind, paralytic and very poor, I will not put her off, even to come to you, and so I lose the great pleasure I had anticipated this evening—but you will surely allow me to claim what you had offered me so kindly another time—and be sure I shall be prompt to do it. Perhaps if I send, in the evening, any day to ask if you will let me come you will deal truly by me and reject me if you do not wish to see me. I have just received more news about my children in another American letter—good news that go nigh to break my heart like those of yesterday.—I do not know how to thank you for your kindness to me or how to apologize to you for my want of self command. Pray forgive my having distressed you so unwarrantably and believe that I am very gratefully yours,

FANNY KEMBLE.

P. S. Via della Mundi, Sunday.
I write this to both of you for I was greatly touched by the compassion you bestowed on me.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—Will you condescend to take a place vacated in my carriage by my friend Miss Bertie Mathew on Friday morning and go with us into the Campagna? —When I offered a seat to Mr. Browning, it was similarly resigned by one of our friends who was going with us, and I had but the *one*—now I have another, for my friend Bessie is not well enough to come with us and I shall be really delighted if you will consent to come and fill her place.

Your affectionate
FANNY KEMBLE.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—I am most anxious to know that you are not the worse for our yesterday's expedition. I am haunted by a vision of your patient figure and face resting on the hard ground against the hard stagionata in the broiling sun, *all along* of my stupidity. Send me a good word that you are none the worse.

Your affectionate
FANNY KEMBLE.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—Fifty scudi will cover your share of our posting to Siena in a comfortable carriage. Of course there would still remain our expenses on the road to consider. I suppose we must sleep two nights between this and Siena. Consult with your half and let me know if you think we can go together.

Your affectionate
FANNY.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—Let these violets bid you good morrow for me. I feared the cold yesterday would prevent your coming to my sister's in the evening. I have not yet lost the impression which I received from the most unusual dimness of your eyes on Wednesday evening. Please send me word how you are this bright cold morning, and believe me

Yours
FANNY KEMBLE.

I send back Miss Bremer's book with many thanks—it has extreme interest for me, for the places and people she writes of are all known to me. I shall be very thankful for the 2nd volume when it can be conveniently spared me.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—I return the 2nd volume of Miss Bremer which I have kept a most egregious time—the third shall follow quickly with many thanks for all. Please give my love to Mr. Browning and tell him that as he shall not lead my horse, neither shall my horse go over the stones, for I will mount him on the top of the Scalinata where there is no pavement.

Yours affectionately,
FANNY KEMBLE.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—How are you to-day? I hope not the worse for having endured my society yesterday evening. We are going on an expedition to the country house of the Chegi's by the new villa on Saturday—a lovely place to which we often make pilgrimages. If the sun shines as it does to-day cannot you venture to come with us? If you and Mr. Browning will go with me I will promise to bring you home early before the air grows chilly.

Your affectionate
FANNY KEMBLE.

A letter that takes us into the arena of modern politics is from a woman whose signature appears to be J. Tarroma. Research among printed volumes has not availed to establish her identity, but I am inclined to believe that she was the "Jessie" referred to in Mrs. Browning's letter of February, 1858, written to a friend in London, shortly after Orsini's attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon. "So indignant I feel with Mazzini," writes the poetess, "and all who name his name and walk in his steps, that I couldn't find it in my heart

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to write (as I was going to do) to that poor, bewitched Jessie on her marriage." In any case, the following letter well deserves publication, not only because of its enthusiasm for Mazzini, but also by reason of its references to Mrs. Browning's intense interest in Italian affairs, an interest that gave to the world one of the noblest of her poems, "Casa Guidi Windows." This letter, whose opening line refers to the death of John Kenyon, cousin, friend, and benefactor of the poetess, reached her at Casa Guidi, for ever the most famous of English homes in Florence.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
A photograph found among Robert Browning's papers

22 Sloane St.,
April 12th, '57.

. . .

Why are you sad dear, who have you again lost?

It is not needful that I should "see things as you see them" for my eyes to be full of tears. It is their normal state. I am hopeless about convincing you. You mistake the whole state of the case.

M. sees the people as you see them *en masse*. He does not regard them couleur de rose. He desires to see them become what you desire to see them become.

But he believes what you do not believe that they, by their own individual efforts and buffetings and sacrifices must achieve their own salvation—while you think that Cavour, a mere diplomat, or a traitor king, the man who betrayed his own father at Novara (this is fact), can pour down on them this salvation de haut en bas. Were these men angels they could not do it. It is not in the nature of things. Please define *what* Cavour has done or can do for Italy. He *spoke* at the conferences, i.e., preached a sermon from M's immortal text. But for the never ceasing ferment kept up by M's preaching and M's practice, how could Cavour have pointed to Italy and said "See there, revolution is impending, something must be done." It has ever been so. Did not Metternich say in '48 that the cry of *Guerra ai tedeschi* did not arise from hate to the Germans, but from the sentiment of nationality engrafted by young Italy on the nation?

Sooner or later the successful struggle will come, not led by princes, not betrayed by kings, not deterred from its goal by wily diplomats. Then he will have worshippers and friends enough, that "reckless" and "impractical" man; then those will garland the tombstone who would not crown the brow, and pay that honour to the ashes which they denied to the spirit.

Even now all too late are human love and human appreciation to gladden him; without bitterness, without despair, without even a reproach in thought for those who have wronged him so utterly and wilfully, his habitual state is of unselfish sadness, he works because it [is] right to work, because he believes his countrymen in the future will enter that promised land he is leading them to, that he himself will never see; but the joy in work, the hope, the enthusiasm of youth and full life are gone. If he were a whit less Christ-like than he is he would seek for rest in solitude, and separation from political life.

Unpractical is he? Ask J. S. Mill, he answers: "M. is the most practical man of the age." Take his whole life, it is one unflagging effort to transform thought into action—think how much pleasanter to a man of his literary talents to sit in his study and rail Carlyle-like at the evils of the age. But no. If Italy is to be one and independent, we the believers in this idea must live and die to make her so. Do *you* say he sends others where he will not go himself? Simply

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you don't know his life. No one runs the risks he runs—never disguised, recognized often, betrayed often, often disarming those sent to betray him by the unconscious intensity of his personal influence. I grow bitter as I think of him in his wretched garret room, living on 16 shillings per week, including every personal expense; toiling through his lonely cheerless life for others and those others ungrateful. Could you or I, dear, live and suffer thus to embody practically each our own pet theories for the amelioration of the people? I could not, I do not. But I can appreciate him, and curse the years of my life in which I stood aloof and presumptuously judged without sufficient data of him and his.

Reckless is he? What do you mean, *you*, Napoleon's admirer, the man who said "tell Dr. Armand to do his duty,"—Napoleon's justifier, who has just sent here agents provocateur to enlist among his 400 victims the exiles who stand aloof from him in scorn. See Ledru Rollins' letter in the Daily News for the 9th to understand what I mean. Reckless this man is of his own suffering and privations but not of the sob or sigh of a living human being whose grief he can assuage. How can you blind yourself—you have not read his writings, you have not studied his life? Oh when we meet, if ever the time comes when we may talk freely, and I may freely prove many things you will see things differently. He has been too indifferent to calumny and to falsehood; lies have grown to become truths for even such as you to believe.

I ought not to care. I do not for the narrow-souled Ruskin or for the calumniating world whose blame tells for praise. But you? If you did not justify Napoleon I should now do more. But to-night I am at the saddest.

Remember, happen what may, let what contingencies arise that will—I believe *all* M. does to be the truest, highest, best thing that can be done for Italy. If we meet it will be to more utterly disagree on every point than ever, yet I love you always more tenderly and more surely.

Kiss Penini and hold me

Your J. TARROMA.

Are you not disgusted with George Sand for Daniella?

Another thing that ought to make you suspend your judgment is that you do not live among the people he does; they need not pretend to love what they loathe to him or to affect resignation where they are dying for revenge.

At the most you can only see the outside that the people must show to their tyrants. You cannot know what they aspire to, or how they are prepared to attain their object.

How you would wonder if—

The references to Mrs. Browning's enthusiasm for Napoleon III. are not without a stray note of sarcasm, and the letter undoubtedly severed a friendship. It was at this very time that the poetess drafted her lines to the Emperor, entreating him to withdraw the ban of exile from Victor Hugo, and expressing her faith in Napoleon as the liberator of Europe. Not even the betrayal at Villafranca altogether dispelled her misguided illusions concerning Louis Napoleon; but the subsequent revolution through which Italy arrived at freedom confirms the judgment of Mrs. Browning regarding Cavour as a hero more effective than even Mazzini in attaining the consummation so dear to her heart. Mazzini was not a constructive politician; but a prophet, inspired.

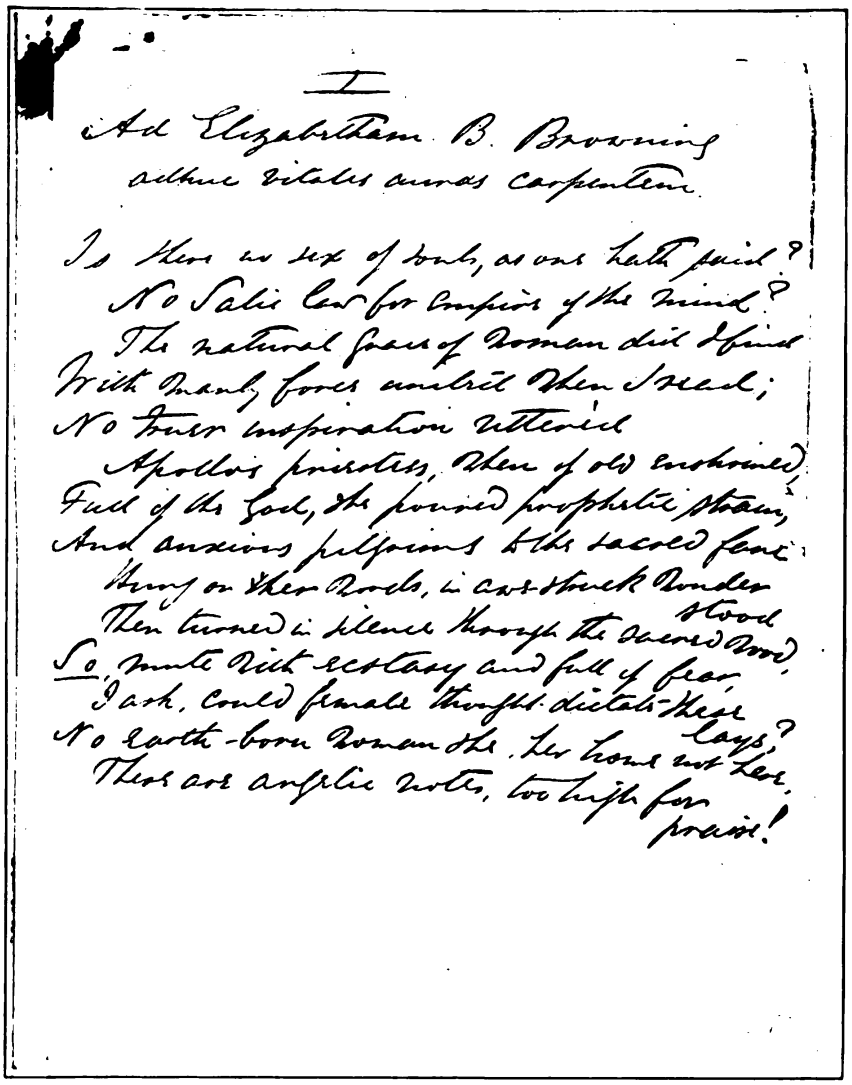
The realm of literature we enter with a letter from Vernon Lushington, who, in the spring of 1860, while traveling through Italy with W. M. Rossetti, had met the Brownings at Siena. Lushington's father is still remembered for his speech in defense of Queen Caroline, one of whose executors he was later to become. Indeed, this Stephen Lushington was a famous judge; and the family traditions of public service were carried on by his son Vernon, for twenty-three years county-court judge for Surrey and Berkshire.

4 PAPER BUILDINGS, TEMPLE,
9 Nov. 1860.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING:—This is a strange handwriting to you. But I have to forward for your husband's kind consideration the enclosed letter, and I have to say how I gave his message to Mr. Carlyle; and besides this I have such kind thoughts towards you and yours, and such pleasant recollections of our visit, that I *must* write, and I know you will take it kindly.

Last Saturday night I made my way to Chelsea, to the little house in Cheyne Row, where the Great Man lives so quietly. I found him and Mrs. Carlyle at tea, and with them Mr. Ruskin. Ruskin had come for an evening's chat too, for he reverences Carlyle much and more and more, and had brought with him Swiss photographs and sketches. I very soon delivered my message —how I had been to Italy and seen the Brownings, and how Robert Browning had sent home his affectionate remembrances.

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FACSIMILE OF A SONNET TO MRS. BROWNING, WRITTEN BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

They were kindly received, you may be sure, and Carlyle went on to speak to Ruskin and me of your husband in the most friendly terms; and to Ruskin he said, "If you write to the Brownings, tell Browning that I have long thought of writing to him, that I would now if this coil of work were off my mind, that I hope to live to do so yet." Then we talked of other things, or rather *he* talked, on and on, and I think more impressively and delightfully even than usual. Sure enough he damned all the world up in heaps more than once, as if the great day of wrath was coming and deserved to come;—but I have long made up my mind to bear all this and let it go by, and secretly smile as well as laugh out loud at his story of the overseer of Chelsea, himself a carpenter, coming and telling Carlyle ten years ago that "the *last honest* carpenter in Chelsea had died that day." I believe there are some honest carpenters left yet, even in Chelsea perhaps; I hope and trust and think even I see the young generation struggling forward for better things. Do not you?

You may like to hear something of what Carlyle said. I told him of our seeing Mr. Landor; whereupon he recounted us with his usual faithful *seeing* detail, a visit he made years ago to Landor at Bath. "I found him sitting in his room reading, the walls and even the doors covered with his Italian pictures. Perhaps he was not particularly inclined towards me, yet he welcomed me as a brother of the craft. We talked much, and it was to me a dignified academical afternoon. When 10 o'clock came, the old gentleman took out his watch

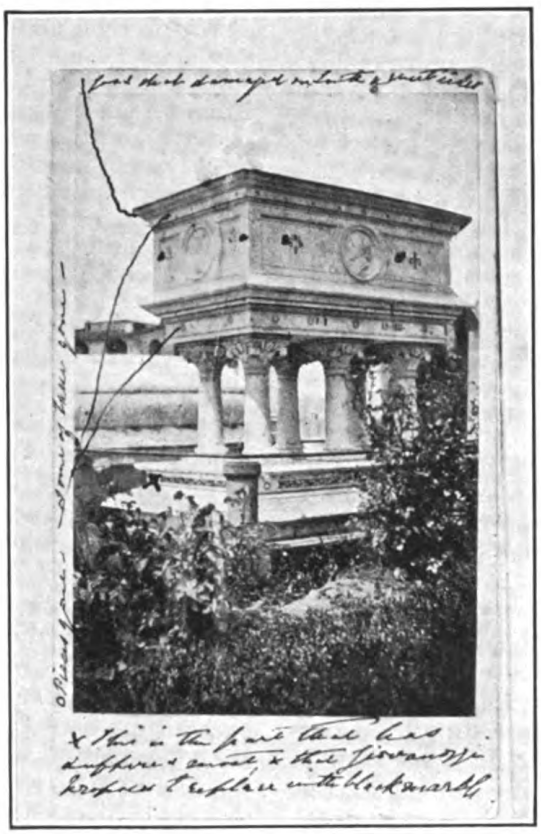
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and said, 'This is my hour; I shall be glad to see you, Sir, at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning for breakfast.' Next morning I came, and after breakfast the omnibus was to call for me to take me to the train. For some reason it did not appear, and the time drew on,—at last Landor, though he was proud as a duke or an emperor, seized my bag, and was for carrying it himself to the station. I shall never forget him; the old man felt that I was his guest, and he *would* carry my bag, therefore; tho' if a king had asked him to carry his—! Happily just then the vehicle appeared." Then he spoke of Landor, as one who had begun life with high aims, a great scholar, thinking to conquer the world, and behold he has conquered nothing. Yet more than other literary men he has had a feeling for things and men that had the stamp of worth. He was proud indeed, devilish proud, that was his great fault; on the whole it does not do for a man to be proud; a man must humble himself altogether and think that he is indeed nothing.—But Landor was a very ill-used man. Well, Ruskin presently observed how sad the latter days of most great men were, Scott, Turner, etc. This set Carlyle upon Voltaire and Goethe. Voltaire had many pretty innocent ways in his old age. When the French people discovered that he had really been a friend to them, fighting with his pen against their enemies, and gathered round his carriage that night, with an explosion of human enthusiasm rarely witnessed, crying *Vive* this and *Vive* that the other of his works, Voltaire got home tired, sat down to a dictionary he was at work upon, did a little of that, then went to bed to sleep. He had a servant Barbara, "Barbou," who cared for him, and governed him entirely. Every morning she would bring him a cup of coffee, and the old man would sometimes say, "Barbou, thou must make me another cup; thou knowest thou wilt not have many more cups to make for me." One day he had on his table some liquor, and the fancy entered his head to mix *that* with the coffee, and so make a tertium quid better than either, which he accordingly did. It proved dreadful, and in short Barbou had to be summoned. He told her what he had done and the consequences. Barbou said, "Well, for a wise man, thou art certainly the greatest fool in the world." To which the old man replied submissively, "C'est vrai, Barbou, c'est vrai!" —Then Goethe. Carlyle said, he had begun life with many admirations, and heroes, and they had changed, some of them becoming even *avoidable;* but his feeling for Goethe had kept steady hold on him. He was the one great literary man in the two last centuries, for he had a gospel, the divine wonder and beauty of this world now in these costermonger days, as in the days of Moses and other heroic times. "Read him," he said to Ruskin, "and judge for yourself if he is not as Carlyle says, or something quite different." He was a man doubtless with a skin on him, and perhaps if I had seen him in the flesh I should not altogether have agreed with him, but speak as he might, even quite differently from his message, yet I had received that message, I had got it from him, and I could then see it for myself. In his letters to me I always felt a mild grave wisdom speaking to me. Goethe's self-mastery in his age has always seemed so very admirable. He had one great trouble, his only son was a drunkard. Often he and his mother that "distracted angel" would be in high humour with one another and when they were in the high key, a crowd would sometimes gather under the window in the street. Goethe saw all this, lived next to it for 17 years, yet he never spoke of it to anyone, even to his nearest kin, but once only. The mother came to him and said very seriously, her eyes seriously fixed on him, "I wish for —— thousand thalers. Auguste must go to Italy." "No," said Goethe quietly, "No, I will not give the thalers." She looked at him again, he looked at her, and she said, "But he *must* go." Goethe then seeing it *was* must said, "He shall have the thalers." The son went to Rome and died very shortly. Goethe received the letter announcing his death, as he was at his desk working; he read it, put it down by his side, went on with his work; next day he broke a blood-vessel; he never really recovered.—Goethe improved in his art, as he grew old, his "Westoestliche Divan" (or some such name, I don't know German) is full of beautiful clever thoughts,—one of the most beautiful things he ever wrote.—The conversation then took another turn; and Carlyle told among other things, how he was nearly drowned as a boy; he had been reading Virgil, especially a line in which the phrase occurs "superante salo": as he was struggling in the water, the words came back to him, he saw "superante salo" printed in letters of fire, nothing but "superante salo, superante salo"—"then a man got hold of me by the hair, a phenomenon that gave me great pleasure." He also described seeing Hare the murderer in an Inn at Dumfries; he had been detected by a passenger in the coach; there he sat in the bar, the people howling at him outside, waiting to tear him in pieces—he sat silent, looking very anxious. He was afterwards smuggled off to the gaol for safety.—All this and much more said, Carlyle sat down on the rug and lighted

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his pipe in his usual style in the red coals, and sat smoking, letting the smoke drift up the chimney. But he first told the story of a Quaker who had heard Wordsworth talk for a long while, saying at last, "Excellent, friend William, but now suppose we keep silence for five minutes."—With this I leave Carlyle, only adding that he seemed very well, that he had been a long spell in Scotland, especially with his friend Sir John Sinclair, — and that Frederic is getting on but slowly. Mrs. Carlyle seemed well too for her, she had been all the summer alone in town. I asked her, How faring? She said, "Enduring."

Ruskin was kind enough to drive me home a good part of my way, and we talked much about himself and his doings (*I* led the way). He seemed in sad mood. His work, he said, had almost come to nought. "I took up architecture, and they have destroyed all the noble buildings in Europe, destroyed them; they would have done much better to have levelled them to the ground, we might have picked up a few genuine fragments; now there is nothing. Then for Turner, all his works, are perishing, oil pictures and drawings, they will vanish utterly. Now I have taken up political economy, and all the economists are furious with me. All my life I have been making enemies,—architects, academicians, and now political economists. You can hardly think how lonely I feel; I have my parents, true; they are excellent people, and I love them dearly, but they do not understand me. Then for a long time I believed what was told me in theological matters; but I have since had to examine for myself, and I now feel how rotten the ground is everywhere beneath us; it is very sad. Natural history is my great comfort and delight now; I go to the British Museum every day and work at birds and beasts."—I [V. L.] did all I could to encourage him, told him how many felt very, very grateful to him. I for one, urged him to keep to Art, where almost all recognized his power. — Yet he seemed very sad.



TOMB OF MRS. BROWNING AT FLORENCE

The photograph, sent to Browning by his brother-in-law, bears the latter's notes in regard to the damage wrought by the Italian climate

I have retailed you, dear Mrs. Browning, this conversation, for I knew it would interest you, yet I know you will not let it go farther. Ruskin may trust *you*, and I need hardly say that I would not go within a thousand miles of doing him any injury.

Now for other things to fill up the sheet. From Siena, Rossetti and I went to St. Gemeniano, then to Pisa, Lucca and Leghorn. Then we took boat and had a splendid moonlight trip to Genoa, and again another splendid moonlight to Marseilles, then home up the Rhone Valley by rail to Paris and home. I will not give you travellers' experiences, but this only. Our three days at Siena stand out three golden days to us, very memorable, very delightful, and we do not intend to forget the kindness of your household and the Storys. I felt amongst you, (but that I was not very well) as happy as some worthy Athenian cobbler, when Socrates came in for a "crack" with him at his stall. Most sincerely I hope all is going well with you, that you are well, and the boy quite well, growing in stature and good favour. I had some thought of sending him Heller's "Wanderstunden No. 2"; that is the piece I mentioned to Mr. Browning as a great favorite with me, but I have not done so.

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I congratulate you most heartily on the grand success of your Vittore Emmanuele, and the thriving hopes of Italy. I wish I could share in your enthusiasm, but whether it is from ignorance of Italy, or distrust of all politics from home experience, I cannot as I would. I am however right glad of the expulsion of the Bourbon, and wish Pope would follow. I am tired of a Pope; and the world is too.

I must conclude this with telling you that this has been a very very sad day for me and mine. The news came by to-day's mail that my elder brother died of fever in India on the 25th September; almost, when I was so happy with you. The first of our ten—we are 10 brothers and sisters—is now taken from us, and we all feel it very much. My brother's life was far away, and in some respects he was himself different from us, yet he was very dear to us. I had to write to you, so I have written, and I could not help telling you this sad story of mine.

With many kind regards to Mr. Browning,
I am, truly yours
VERNON LUSHINGTON.

Of Carlyle, who figures so preponderantly in this letter, Mrs. Browning, in her essay on him, writes: "Let no man scorn the language of Carlyle; for if it form part of his idiosyncrasy, his idiosyncrasy forms part of his truth." But a more beloved, if perhaps less admired, friend is Walter Savage Landor, for whom, in the Lear-like days of his old age, poor and well-nigh an outcast, the Brownings find a home close to theirs in Florence. The sonnets that he wrote when Elizabeth lay near death may well be regarded as the greatest treasure that Robert Browning preserved among these papers.

AD ELIZABETHAM B. BROWNING
ADHUC VITALES ANNOS CARPENTEM

Is there no sex of souls, as one hath said?
No Salic law for empire of the mind?
The natural grace of woman did I find
With manly force united when I read;
No truer inspiration uttered
Apollo's priestess, when of old enshrined,
Full of the God, she poured prophetic strain,
And anxious pilgrims to the sacred fane
Hung on her words, in awe-struck wonder stood,
Then turned in silence through the sacred wood.
So, mute with ecstasy and full of fear,
I ask, could female thought dictate these lays?
No earth-born woman she, her home not here,
These are angelic notes, too high for praise!

AD EANDEM JAM IN CONSPECTU MORTIS
AD BEATORUM SEDES TENDENTEM

No frailer vessel held a richer wine,
The wine of poesy thy heart had filled
To overflowing, and a strength distilled
From Wisdom's ripest, most luxuriant vine
Had lent thy work its vigour. Who could climb
Where thou hast soared, and not find ampler range
Of mental prospect and, extended strange
From Pisgah heights, the promised lands of time?
Thou wert a later Miriam, *she* with song,
With sound of timbrel, and the seven-stringed lyre,
The fainting sons of Israel would inspire,
While o'er the desert sands they journeyed long;
And thou, too, like thy prototype, must leave
Us in earth's wilderness like loss to grieve!

A tribute to both the Brownings appears in the verses of G. P. R. James. The author of *Richelieu* (and of more than sixty other novels) was, it may be recalled, for some eight years a resident in the United States, becoming in 1852 British Consul at Norfolk, Virginia. He was appointed, in 1858, Consul-General at Venice, and died there in 1860. No doubt it was through Walter Savage Landor, an old-time friend, and later the author of the novelist's epitaph on the commemorative tablet still to be seen at Venice, that James entered into the circle of the Brownings.

Lady, 'tis rare the Fates as now
Destine the wreaths they twine:
The victor's garland for his brow
And beauty's crown for thine.

Study the page of ancient lore;
No mightier shalt thou see
Than him throughout all hist'ry's store,
No lovelier than thee.

For once the eyes of Fortune were not blind
When those two wreaths she gave:
Grace to the gentle and the kind,
Power to the true and brave.

Having begun with a letter from her brother George in regard to the date of her birth, we end with another letter from the same brother, written to Robert Browning fourteen years after his wife's death, in reference to the tomb at

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Florence of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Robert, the only son of the Brownings, whom (as Hawthorne records in his *Italian Note Book*) "they call Pennini for fondness"—and who, among these papers, is variously termed "Pen," "Peni," and "Penini"—was now well on in his career as an artist; while Frederick Leighton, the designer of Elizabeth's tomb, was soon to become president of the Royal Academy.

MY DEAR ROBERT,—Very many thanks for your kind letter, and for the confidence expressed in my judgment as to the restoration of the monument. But it is a trust which in your presence and that of Leighton, I have not courage enough to accept. The damage as yet is partial, tho' I fear increasing from day to day, but it is not more than possible that before very long you will visit Florence and see the tomb yourself. Speaking as a parent for a child, as well as from love of art, Leighton would, of course, much prefer having the monument restored to its original state; but what of hereafter, when those are gone who care much for it, and the feeling of pride and affection in it and for it (yes, *it*) must be different to what it is now—not forgetting also that it is far away, looked chiefly at by strangers, and not near a family home where it could be constantly cared for? For myself, perhaps I am wrong, but I cannot but think that a monument in its entirety should have an enduring form, permitting dilapidation as little as possible; but the ornaments of that one will always be the victims of the climate of Florence.

I am indeed most glad at Pen's success, a success which must obliterate all past disappointments, for it is a success which tells of capacity and application, and I look forward to the time when he will add, if it be possible, another honour to the name he bears. Give to him when you next write, and also to your sister, my kind love.

The weather here has been and is nearly perfect; and daily in my walks I meet with many butterflies. I know no place in Italy so sheltered and warm. I see your new book is in the press.

Always dear Robert
Affectionately yours,
G. G. M. BARRETT

Hôtel Splendide, Mentone
Jan. 26, '75.

The Old Thought

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THROUGH the long lanes it came,
"In the deep grass
If I should hear his tread,
If he should pass!"

When I lay down at night
Wakened the thrill—
"Listen! His voice may call
Under the sill!"

Still it went haunting me
Through the long day—
"Thus he would speak to me,
Thus I would say—"

Ah, the old thought again
Down the strange street—
"*If we should meet again . . .*
If we should meet again?"

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The Boarders

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE boarder who had eloped was a student at the theological seminary, and he had really gone to visit his family, so that he had a fairly good conscience in giving this color to the fact that he was leaving the place permanently because he could not bear it any longer. It was a darker shade of deceit to connive with his room-mate for the custody of his carpet-bag and the few socks and collars and the one shirt and summer coat which did not visibly affect its lankness when gathered into it from his share of the bureau-drawers; but he did not know what else to do, and he trusted to a final forgiveness when all the facts were considered by a merciful Providence. His board was fully paid, and he had suffered long. He argued with his room-mate that he could do no good by remaining, and that he would have stayed if he could have believed there was any use. Besides, the food was undermining his health, and the room with that broken window had given him a cold already. He had a right to go, and it was his duty to himself and the friends who were helping him through the seminary not to get sick.

He did not feel that he had convinced his room-mate, who took charge of his carpet-bag and now sat with it between his feet waiting the signal of the fugitive's surreptitious return for it. This was a vague-looking young man, presently in charge of the Local and Literary column of the one daily paper of the place, and he had just explained to the two other boarders who were watching with him for the event that he was not certain whether it was the supper, or the anxiety of the situation, or just what it was that was now affecting his digestion.

The fellow-boarders, who sat on the edge of the bed, in default of the one unbroken chair which their host kept for himself, as easier than a mattress to get up from suddenly, did not take sides for or against him in his theories of his discomfort. One of them glanced at the broken window.

"How do you glaze that in the daytime? You can't use the bolster then?"

"I'm not in much in the daytime."

It was a medical student who had spoken, but he was now silent, and the other said, after they had listened to the twitter of a piano in the parlor under the room, "That girl's playing will be the death of me."

"Not if her mother's cooking isn't," the medical student, whose name was Wallace, observed with a professional effect.

"Why don't you prescribe something for it?" the law student suggested.

"Which?" Wallace returned.

"I don't believe anything could cure the playing. I must have meant the cooking."

"You're a promising young jurist, Blakeley. What makes you think I could cure the cooking?"

"Oh, I just wondered. The sick one gets paler every day. I wonder what ails her."

"She's not my patient."

"Oh! Hippocratic oath. Rather fine of you, Wallace. But if she's not your patient—"

"Listen!" their host interrupted, sharply. After a joint silence he added: "No. It must have been the sleet."

"Well, Briggs," the law student said, "if it must have been the sleet, what mustn't it have been?"

"Oh!" Briggs explained, "I thought it was Phillips. He was to throw a handful of gravel at the window."

"And then you were to run down with his bag and help him to make his escape from a friendless widow. Well, I don't know that I blame him. If I didn't owe two weeks' board, I'd leave myself—though I hope I shouldn't sneak away.

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And if Mrs. Betterson didn't owe Wallace, here, two weeks' board, we'd walk off together arm-in-arm at high noon. I can't understand how he ever came to advance her the money."

Wallace rose from the bed, and kicked each leg out to dislodge the tight trousers of the middle eighteen-fifties which had caught on the tops of his high boots. "You're a tonguey fellow, Blakeley. But you'll find, as you live long, that there are several things you can't explain."

"I'll tell you what," Blakeley said. "We'll get Mrs. Betterson to take your loan for my debt, and we'll go at once."

"You can propose something like that before the justice of the peace in your first pettifogging case."

"I believe Wallace likes to stay. And yet he must know from his anatomical studies, better than the animals themselves, what cuts of meat the old lady gives us. I shouldn't be so fastidious about the cuts, if she didn't treat them all with pork gravy. Well, I mustn't be too hard on a lone widow that I owe board to. I don't suppose his diet had anything to do with the deep damnation of the late Betterson's taking off. Does that stove of yours smoke, Briggs?"

"Not when there isn't a fire in it."

"I just asked. Wallace's stove smokes, fire or no fire. It takes advantage of the old lady's indebtedness to him. There seem," he added, philosophically, "to be just two occupations open to widows who have to support themselves: millinery business for young ones, boarding-housing for old ones. It *is* rather restricted. What do you suppose she puts into the mince-pies? Mince-pies are rather a mystery at the best."

Wallace was walking up and down the room still in some difficulty with his trousers-legs, and kicking out from time to time to dislodge them. "How long should you say Blakeley had been going on?" he asked Briggs.

"You never can tell," Briggs responded. "I think he doesn't know himself."

"Well said, youthful scribe! With such listeners as you two, I could go on for ever. Consider yourselves clapped jovially on the back, my gentle Briggs; I can't get up to do it from the hollow of your bed here. As you were saying, the wonder about these elderly widows who keep boarding-houses is the domestic dilapidation they fall into. If they've ever known how to cook a meal or sweep a room or make a bed, these arts desert them in the presence of their boarders. Their only aim in life seems to be preventing the escape of their victims, and they either let them get into debt for their board or borrow money from them. But why do they always have daughters, and just two of them: one beautiful, fashionable, and devoted to the piano; the other willing to work, but pale, pathetic, and incapable of the smallest achievement with the gridiron or the wash-board? It's a thing to make a person want to pay up and leave, even if he's reading law. If Wallace, here, had the spirit of a man, he would collect the money owing him, and—"

"Oh, stop it, Blakeley!" Wallace stormed. "I should think you'd get tired of your talk yourself."

"Well, as you insist—"

Blakeley began again, but Briggs jumped to his feet and caught up Phillips's carpet-bag, and looked wildly around. "It's gravel, this time."

"Well, take your hat, Briggs. It may be a prolonged struggle. But remember that Phillips's cause is just. He's paid his board, and he has a perfect right to leave. She has no right to prevent him. Think of that when the fray is at its worst. But try to get him off quietly, if you can. Deal gently with the erring, while you stand firm for boarders' rights. Remember that Phillips is sneaking off in order to spare her feelings and has come pretty near prevarication in the effort. Have you got your shoes off? No; it's your rubbers on. That's better."

Briggs faltered with the carpet-bag in his hand. "Boys, I don't like this. It feels—clandestine."

"It *looks* that way, too," Blakeley admitted. "It has an air of conspiracy."

"I've got half a mind to let Phillips come in and get his bag himself."

"It would serve him right, though I don't know why, exactly. He has a right to spare his own feelings if he's

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sparing hers at the same time. Of course he's afraid she'll plead with him to stay, and he'll have to be inexorable with her; and if I understand the yielding nature of Phillips he doesn't like to be inexorable."

There came another sharp rattle of small pebbles at the window.

"Oh, confound him!" Briggs cried under his breath, and he shuffled out of the room and crept noiselessly down the stairs to the front door. The door creaked a little in opening, and he left it ajar. The current of cold air that swept up to the companions he had left behind at his room door brought them the noise of his rush down to the gravel walk to the gate and a noise there as of fugitive steps on the pavement outside.

A weak female tread made itself heard in the hallway, followed by a sharp voice from a door in the rear. "Was it the cat, Jenny?"

"No; the door just seems to have blown open. The catch is broken."

Swift, strong steps advanced with an effect of angry suspicion. "I don't believe it blew open. More likely the cat clawed it open."

The steps which the voice preceded seemed to halt at the open door, as if falling back from it, and Wallace and Blakeley, looking down, saw by the dim flare of the hall lamp the face of Briggs confronting the face of Mrs. Betterson from the outer darkness. They saw the sick girl, whose pallor they could not see, supporting herself by the stairs post with one hand and pressing the other to her side.

"Oh! It's *you*, Mr. Briggs," the landlady said, with a note of inculpation. "What made you leave the door open?"

The spectators could not see the swift change in Briggs's face from terror to savage desperation, but they noted it in his voice. "Yes—yes. It's me. I just—I was just— No I won't, either! You'd better know the truth. I was taking Phillips's bag out to him. He was afraid to come in for it, because he didn't want to see you, the confounded coward! He's left."

"Left? And he said he would stay till spring! Didn't he, Jenny?"

"I don't remember—" the girl weakly gasped, but her mother did not heed her in her mounting wrath.

"A great preacher *he'll* make. What'd he say he left for?"

"He didn't say. Will you let me upstairs?"

"No, I won't, till you tell me. You know well enough, between you."

"Yes, I do know," Briggs answered, savagely. "He left because he was tired of eating sole-leather for steak, and fire-salt pork, and yellow soap for biscuit, and tar for molasses, and sausage that barks, and butter strong enough to make your nose curl, and drinking burnt-rye slops for coffee and tea-grounds for tea. And so am I, and so are all of us, and—and— Will you let me go up-stairs now, Mrs. Betterson?"

His voice had risen, not so high but that another voice from the parlor could prevail over it: a false, silly, girl-voice, with the twitter of piano-keys as from hands swept over the whole board to help drown the noise of the quarrel in the hall. "Oh yes, I'll sing it again, Mr. Saunders, if you sa-a-a-y."

Then the voice lifted itself in a silly song, and a silence followed the voices in the hall, except for the landlady's saying, brokenly: "Well, all right, Mr. Briggs. You can go up to your room for all me. I've tried to be a mother to you boys, but if *this* is what I get for it!"

The two at the threshold of Briggs's room retreated within, as he bounded furiously upon them and slammed the door after him. It started open again, from the chronic defect of the catch, but he did not care.

"Well, Briggs, I hope you feel better now," Blakeley began. "You certainly told her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing *but* the truth. But I wonder you had the heart to do it before that sick girl."

"I *didn't* have the heart," Briggs shouted. "But I had the courage, and if you say one word more, Blakeley, I'll throw you out of the room. I'm going to leave! *My* board's paid if yours isn't."

He went wildly about, catching things down here and there from nails and out of drawers. The tears stood in his eyes. But suddenly he stopped and listened to the sounds from below—the sound of

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the silly singing in the parlor, and the sound of sobbing in the dining-room, and the sound of vain entreating between the sobs.

"Oh, I don't suppose I'm fit to keep a boarding-house. I never was a good manager; and everybody imposes on me, and everything is so dear, and I don't know what's good from what's bad. Your poor father used to look after all that."

"Well, don't you cry, now, mother! It 'll all come right, you'll see. I'm getting so I can go and do the marketing now; and if Minervy would only help a little—"

"No, no!" the mother's voice came anxiously up. "We can get along without her; we always have. I know he likes her, and I want to give her every chance. *We* can get along. If she was only married, once, we could all live—" A note of self-comforting gradually stole into the mother's voice, and the sound of a nose violently blown seemed to put a period to her suffering.

"Oh, mother, I wish I was well!" The girl's voice came with a burst of wild lamenting.

"'Sh, 'sh, deary!" her mother entreated. "He'll *hear* you, and then—"

"'Hazel Dell'?" the silly voice came from the parlor, with a sound of fright in it. "I can sing it without the music." The piano keys twittered the prelude and the voice sang:

"In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Nelly loved so long!"

Wallace went forward and shut the door. "It's a shame to overhear them! What are you going to do, you fellows?"

"I'm going to stay," Briggs said, "if it kills me. At least I will till Minervy's married. *I* don't care what the grub's like. I can always get a bite at the restaurant."

"If anybody will pay up my back board, I'll stay, too," Blakeley followed. "I should like to make a virtue of it, and, as things stand, I can't."

"All right," Wallace said, and he went out and down the stairs. Then from the dining-room below his heavy voice offering encouragement came up, in terms which the others could not make out.

"I'll bet he's offering her another advance," Blakeley whispered, as if he might be overheard by Wallace.

"I wish *I* could have offered to do it," Briggs whispered back. I feel as mean as pursley. Would you like to kick me?"

"I don't see how that would do any good. I may want to borrow money of you, and you can't ask a loan from a man you've kicked. Besides, I think what you said may do her good."

The Threshold

BY BARBARA SEYMOUR

LIFE lies before me, but shut is the door
On all my childish days. No more, no more
Shall I in all my years again be free
And careless—happy as I used to be.
So be it, Lord! I know that all is right,
I would not alter it, or shirk the fight.
Shut then the door!—but leave a little crack
That when I meet a child I may slip back!

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The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER XXX

IT was William Sweetapple, the gardener's boy, who informed Lois that Claude had come back, throwing the information casually over his shoulder as he watered the lawn. "Seen Mr. Claude today, 'm."

"Oh no, you didn't, Sweetapple," Lois contradicted. "Mr. Claude is in the West."

"He may be in the West now, 'm, but he wasn't at twenty-five minutes past two this afternoon."

Sudden fear brought Lois down a step or two of the portico, over the Corinthian pillars of which roses clambered in early July profusion. In white, with a broad-brimmed Winterhalter hat from which a floating green veil hung over her shoulders and down her back, her strong, slim figure seemed to have gained in fulfilment of herself even in the weeks that Thor had been away.

"Where did you see him, Sweetapple? —or think you saw him?"

Sweetapple turned the nozzle of the hose so as to develop a crown of spray with which he bedewed the roses of all colors grouped in a great central bed. "I didn't think, 'm. It was him."

"Well, where?"

"See him first going into the woods leading up to Duck Rock. That was when I was on my way to Lawyer Petley's."

"Did you see him twice?"

"See him again as I come back. He was down in the road by that time—looking up toward old man Fay's—Hadley B. Hobson's place that is to be. Old man Fay's got to quit. Family moved already. You knew that, didn't you, 'm?"

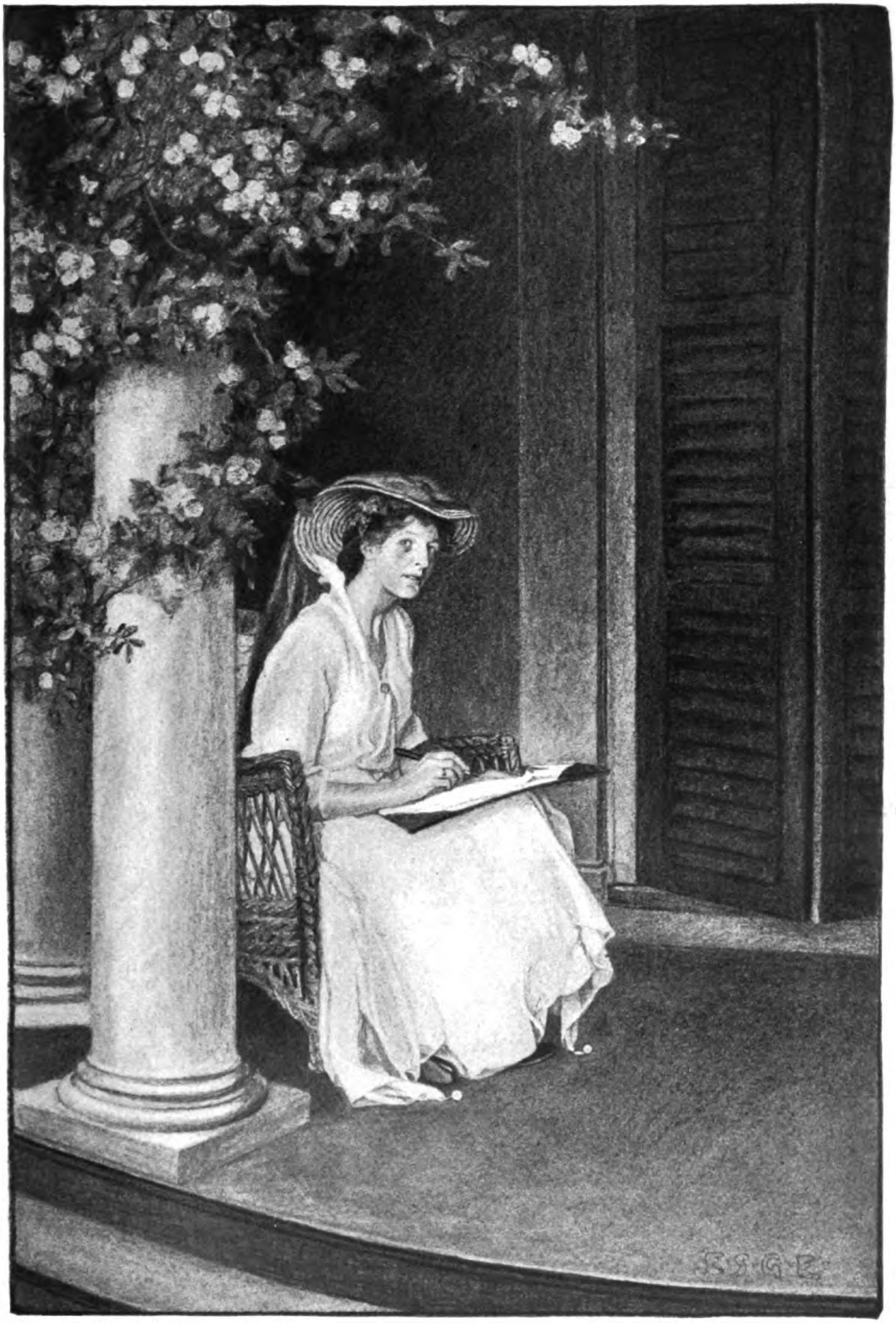
It was because Lois was really alarmed by this time that she said, "Oh, you must have been mistaken, Sweetapple!"

"Just as you say, 'm," Sweetapple agreed, "but I see him; it was him."

She withdrew again, reseating herself in the shade of the semicircular open porch protecting the side-door where she had been writing on a pad. Though so near the roadway, a high growth of shrubs screened her from all but the passers up and down Willoughby's Lane. At this time of year they were relatively few, many of the residents of County Street having already gone to the seaside or the mountains. Lois enjoyed the seclusion thus afforded her, and the tranquillity. The garden and her poorer neighbors gave an outlet to her need for physical activity, while in the solitude of the house and in that wider solitude created by the absence of all the Willoughbys and Mastermans something within her was being healed. It was being healed—but healed in a way that left her changed. The change was manifest in what she said when, with the pad on her knee again, she began to write.

"I am deeply moved, dear Thor, by your last letter from Colorado Springs, and would gladly say something adequate in response to it. When I can I will—if I ever can. As to that the decisive word must be with time. I cannot hurry it. I can give you no assurance now. Now I feel—but why should I repeat it? An illusion once dispelled can rarely be brought back. Still less can you replace it by reality. What we are looking for is a substitute for love. You may have found it—but I have not. I can accept your definition of love as a giving out, a pouring forth, a desire to do and to contribute; but it is precisely here that I fail to respond to the test. There is something in me stagnated or dammed up. My heart

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE PAUSED TO ASK WHAT SHE SHOULD SAY FURTHER

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feels like a well that has gone dry. I have nothing to yield. I understand what Rosie Fay said to me the day when I talked to her on Duck Rock: 'I'm empty; I've given all I had to give.' It was less blameworthy on her part than on mine, because she, poor little thing, had given so much and I so little. And yet my supply seems to be exhausted. It must have been thin and shallow to begin with. As I feel at present it would take a new creation to replenish it.

"With regard to my calling forth what is best in you, dear Thor—well, any one would do that or anything. You're one of those who have nothing but the best to offer. Do you know what Uncle Sim said of you last night?—'Thor is always on the side of the angels—and, though he makes mistakes, they'll rescue him.' They will, dear Thor; I'm sure of it. They may rescue us both—even if at present I don't see how."

Having written this much, she paused to ask what she should say further. Should she speak of his coming home? No. Since the address he had given her indicated that he was on his way, it was best that he should take the responsibility of his own return. Should she tell him that Sweetapple thought he had seen Claude? No. It would alarm him without doing any good. If Claude was back, he was back—besides which Sweetapple might be wrong. So she signed her name with her usual significant abruptness, sealing the envelope and addressing it.

Her hesitation came in putting on the stamp. Somehow the letter seemed too cold to send. She didn't want to be cold—only to be sincere. Wounding him she wounded herself more deeply, for in spite of everything his pain was hers.

Slowly she tore the letter open again, to a sunset chorus of birds of whose song she had just become conscious. From tree to tree they fluted to one another and answered back, now with a reckless, passionate warble, now with a long, liquid love-note. It was the voice of the rich world that lay around her—a world of flowers and lawns and meadows and upland woods, and cool, deep shades and mellowing light. But it was also the voice that had accompanied her into the enchanted land on that winter's day when Thor had kissed her wrist. The day seemed now immeasurably far away in time, and the enchanted land had been left behind her; but the voice was still there, fluting, calling, reminding, entreating, with an insistence that almost made her weep.

She wrote hurriedly in postscript: "If there was ever anything I could do for you, dear Thor, perhaps what I used to feel would come back to me. If it only would! If I could only be great and generous and inexacting as you would be! I want to be, Thor darling; I long to be; but I am like a person paralyzed, whose limbs no longer answer to his will. I pray for recovery and restoration—but will it ever come?"

As encouragement to Thor she was no more satisfied with this than with what she had said earlier, but it expressed all she could allow herself to say. She ended the note definitely, getting it ready for the post.

She was still engaged in doing so when, the crunching of footsteps causing her to lift her head, she saw Claude. Having come round to the side-portico on a hint from William Sweetapple, he stood at a little distance, smiling. He was smiling, but as a dead man might smile. Lois could neither rise nor speak from awe. Claude himself could neither speak nor advance. He stood like a specter—but a specter who has been in hell. The very smile was that of the specter who has no right to come out of hell, and yet has come.

Lois was not precisely troubled; she was terrified. If Claude had only spoken a word or taken a step forward it would have broken the spell that held her dazed and dumb. But he did nothing. He only stood and smiled—that awful smile which expressed more anguish than any rictus of pain. He stood just as he came into sight, on turning the corner of the house, with the many colors of the rose-bed at his left hand. It was exactly like this, she had always imagined, that disembodied spirits or astral forms made their appearances to portend death.

She got possession of her faculties at

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last. "Claude!" She could just whisper it.

He continued to smile as he advanced and came up the steps; but it was not till he was actually beside her that he said, in a voice which might also have been that of a dead man, "You didn't expect me, did you?"

She remembered afterward that they neither shook hands nor exchanged any of the usual forms of greeting, but at the minute it didn't seem natural that they should. Her own tone was as strained as his as she answered, awesomely: "No. Sit down, Claude. When did you come?"

Throwing his hat on the floor, he dropped wearily into a deck-chair and closed his eyes. With the sharp profile grown extraordinarily white and thin, the dead-man expression terrified her again. She wished he would raise his head and look at her—look more like life. All he did was to open his eyes heavily, as he replied, "Got back yesterday."

It was less from interest than from the desire to get on the plane of actual things that she asked, "Where are you staying?"

"Slept at the house last night. Old Maggs the caretaker has the key, so I made him let me in."

"But are you going to stay any time?"

"Might as well. Don't see why not."

There was so much to say and so much she was afraid to say that she hardly knew with what to begin. "Weren't you," she ventured, timidly—"weren't you having a good time?"

His answer as he lay back with eyes closed again was another of his smiles, only dimmer now with a faint bitter-sweetness. She knew it was like asking a man if his pain is better when it is killing him. Nevertheless, the ground of common, practical things was the only one to keep to, so she went on: "But you won't like sleeping at the house every night—with no one in it. Don't you want to come here?"

He shook his head. "No, thanks. Mrs. Maggs will make my bed and give me breakfast. That's all I need. Get the rest of my meals in town."

"But you'll stay to dinner now, won't you?"

He lifted himself up in his chair at last, his face taking on its first look of life. "Thor be there?"

"Why, no. Thor's away—in the West. Didn't you know?"

He started nervously. "Away in the West? Not looking for me?"

She tried to smile. "Of course not. He went to attend the medical congress in Minneapolis. He's on his way home now."

"When do you expect him?"

"Oh, not at once. I don't know when. He's taking his time."

He studied her awhile, with eyes that seemed to read her secret. "What for?"

"To see the country, I suppose. My last letter was from Colorado Springs."

He dropped back into the chair with a tired sigh of relief. "All right. I'll stay to dinner. Thanks."

She allowed him to rest, asking no more questions than she could help till dinner was over and they had come out again on the portico, so that he might have his cigar in the cool, scented evening air. She was more at ease with him, too, now that she could no longer see the suffering in his pinched, emaciated face.

"Claude, why did you come home?"

He withdrew the cigar from his lips just long enough to say, "Because I couldn't stay away."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Because I couldn't."

"Don't you think it would have been well to make the effort?"

"What was the good of making the effort when I couldn't keep it up?"

"But you kept it up for a while."

"Not after—after I heard."

"Heard about Rosie?"

He made an inarticulate sound of assent.

"What did you hear?"

"I heard—what she did."

"How? Who told you?"

"That chump, Billy Cheever. Wrote me."

"How did he know it had anything to do with you?"

"Oh, I was fool enough to tell him about her once—and so he caught on to it. Put two and two together, I suppose, when he heard that—that—"

She seized the opportunity to make

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the first incision toward getting in her point. "That she threw herself into the Pond? Did he say that Jim Breen dived after her and brought her up?"

He answered indifferently. "He said some one did. He didn't say who."

"It was Jim. He saved her." As the statement evoked no response, she continued, "Claude, what did you come home *for?*"

Again he withdrew his cigar from his mouth, looking at her obliquely. "To marry her."

She allowed some time to elapse before saying, "Claude, I don't think you will."

"Oh yes, I shall."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because I am."

"I'm not. Or, rather, if I *am* sure—it's the other way."

He sprang up, seizing her by the arm over which there was nothing but a gauze scarf by way of covering. "Lois, for God's sake! What do you mean? You know something. Tell me. She hasn't gone away with Thor, has she?"

She, too, sprang up, shaking off his hand as if it had been a serpent. "You fool! Don't touch me! She'll marry Jim Breen. She'll be in love with him in a week or two."

It was all over in an instant, but the blaze in her eyes seemed literally to knock him down. He fell back into the deck-chair again, though he sat astride on it with his feet on the floor, covering his face with his hands.

"I beg your pardon, Lois," he muttered, humbly. "I don't know what I'm saying."

"No, you don't," she agreed, speaking breathlessly because the leaping of her heart was so wild; "but that's hardly an excuse for taking leave altogether of your senses."

He continued to mutter into his hands. "I'm crazy! I'm drunk! I'm stark mad! But oh, Lois, if you knew what I'd been through you wouldn't mind."

The hot anger that had rolled over her with a wrath such as she had never felt before began to roll away again, leaving her sick and shivering. It was an excuse for going into the house to find a cloak and for getting the minute's respite necessary to self-control. To regain it she was obliged to walk steadily, holding her head high. She was obliged, too, to repent of the tigress impulse with which she had turned on Claude, flinging in his face that for which she had meant to prepare him by degrees. As she mounted the stairs and went to her room she repeated her own formula: "*Nothing that isn't kind and well thought out beforehand.*" What she had said had been neither well thought out nor kind, but the temptation had been overwhelming. For the instant it had seemed secondary that Thor hadn't taken Rosie to the West, since Claude, who knew so much more of the inner history of the episode than she did herself, had thought such an action possible. More clearly than ever before she saw that some appalling struggle for the possession of the little creature must have taken place, and that it had been going on during those months when life was apparently so peaceful and she had been living in her fool's paradise. It was not till he had lost the fight that Thor had come to her in the snow-bound woods with the twitter of birds and the deep music of the tree-tops accompanying those half-truths she had been eager to believe. She herself had been fatuous and vain in assuming that he could love her; but if there was little to say for her, there was nothing at all to be said for him. He had been the more false for the reason that, as far as he went, he had been sincere. It was his very sincerity that had tricked her. Less than at any time since the day when he had stammered out his futile explanations did she feel it possible to pardon him.

But there was something else. Now, if she chose, she could *know.* In his present state of mind Claude would betray anything. She had only to question him, to throw the emphasis adroitly here or there, and the whole story would come out. It was like having a key come into her hands—a key that would unlock all those mysteries which were her terror. She was still irresolute, however, as to using it after she had taken an old opera-cloak from a wardrobe, thrown it over her shoulders, and gone downstairs again.

She found Claude as she had left him

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—astride on the deck-chair, his face in his hands, the burning end of the cigar that protruded between his fingers making a point of light. The abject attitude moved her to pity in spite of everything. She herself remained standing, her tall figure thrown into dim relief between two of the white Corinthian pillars of the portico.

For the minute, however, the folly of Claude's return was the matter immediately to be dealt with; to get him to go away again was the end to be attained. It was with this in view, as well as with a measure of compassion, that she said:

"You poor Claude! You *have* been through things, haven't you?"

The answer came laconically: "Been in hell."

"Yes, that's what I thought," she agreed, simply. "I thought it the instant you came round the corner this afternoon. But why? For what reason —exactly?"

He lifted his haunted face, stammering out his recital in a way that reminded her of Thor. She could see that he had profited by his mistake of a few minutes earlier, and that just as Thor had tried to tell Claude's story without involving his own, so Claude was endeavoring to spare her by doing the same thing. Being able to supply the blanks more accurately now than on the former occasion, she found a kind of poignant, torturing amusement in fitting her knowledge in.

He began with his first meeting with Rosie, describing the scene. He had not taken the adventure seriously, not any more than he had taken a dozen similar. Girls like that could generally be thrown off as easily as they were taken on, and they bore you no ill-will for the change. As a matter of fact, a new flirtation generally began where the old one ended, which made part of the fun for the girl as for the man.. He was speaking of respectable girls, Lois was to understand—village girls, shop girls, and others of the higher wage-earning variety, who didn't mind showing a spice of devil before they married and settled down. Lots of them didn't, and were no worse for it in the end. It had not occurred to him that Rosie would be different from others of the class, or that she would take in deadly earnest what was no more than play for him.

When he had made this discovery he had tried to withdraw, but only with the result of becoming involved more deeply. Over the processes by which he was led finally to pledge himself he grew incoherent, as also over the signs which caused him to suspect that Rosie was playing fast and loose with him. His mutterings as to "somebody else who was in love with her" and who was "ready to put up money" threw her back on memories of his uneasy questions concerning Thor on the evenings after the return from the honeymoon. It was with a sense of the key slipping into the lock that she said:

"And that made you jealous?"

"As the devil. It was because it did that I knew I couldn't give her up—that I'd never let her go."

There was sincere curiosity in her tone as she asked the question, "But, Claude, why did you?"

"Because she lied to me."

"Oh! And had you never lied to her?"

He mumbled something about that not being the same thing. "She swore to me that there'd never been any put-up job between her and—and—"

She helped him out. "The—the other person." She could hear the key grating as it turned. "And was there?"

He made the impatient, circular movement of his head, as though his collar chafed him, with which she was familiar. He was gaining time in order to use tact. "Oh, I don't know. There was—there was something. Whatever it was, she denied it, when all the while they were—"

She felt obliged fully to turn the key. She knew how perilous the question might be, but it was beyond her to keep it back. "They were what, Claude?"

"They were trying to catch me in a trap."

It was like the door into the hall of mysteries opening, but only to make disclosures dimmer and more mystifying still. The postponement of dreadful certainties enabled her, however, to say with some slight relief, "But this—this other person couldn't have been very

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fond of her himself if he—if he gave her up to you."

He bowed his head still lower into his hands, muttering toward the floor: "Oh, I don't know. I don't care—now. Anyhow, she lied to me, and"—he lifted his haggard eyes again—"and I jumped at it. I saw the way out—and I jumped at it. I told her—I told her—I'd go and marry some one else."

"Did you mean Elsie Darling?"

He nodded speechlessly.

It was to come back again to the point which her anger had caused her to miss that she went forward and laid her hand on his shoulder kindly. "I would, Claude, if I were you," she said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "She'd make you a good wife."

"No one will make me a good wife now," he said, hoarsely. "I'm going to marry Rosie. I'll marry her if it puts me in the gutter. I'll marry her if I never have a cent."

She went back to her place between the pillars, leaning against one of them. "But, Claude," she reasoned, "would that do any good? Would it make either of you happy, after all that's been said and done?"

He seemed to writhe. "I don't care anything about that. I've got to do it."

"You haven't got to do it if Rosie doesn't want it."

"It's got nothing to do with her."

She looked at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

He tried to explain further. He had not come back primarily to atone for the suffering he had inflicted on Rosie, or because his love for her was such that he couldn't live without her. He had come back to propitiate the demon within himself—the demon or the god, he was not sure which it was, for it possessed the attributes of both. He had come back to escape the chastisement his soul inflicted on itself—because without coming back he could no longer be a man. He had come back because the Furies had driven him with their whip of knotted snakes, and he could do nothing but yield to their hounding. If Lois thought that traveling in the West was beer and skittles when hunted and scourged like that—well, she had better try it and see.

What she must understand already was that Rosie and happiness had become minor considerations. He would sacrifice both to regain a measure of his self-respect. He had never supposed, and he didn't suppose now, that Rosie would be happy in marrying him, but that was no longer to the point. The demon or the god must be appeased, at no matter what cost to the victim.

He made these explanations not straightforwardly or concisely, but with rambling digressions that took him over half the Middle West. He described, or hinted at, all sorts of scenes, peopled by gay young business men and garnished by pretty girls, in which he could have enjoyed himself had it not been for the enemy in his heart. It wasn't merely that he had thrown over Rosie with a cruelty that made her try to kill herself, and still less was it that he couldn't live down his love when once he set about it. It was that the Claude who might have been was strangled and slain, leaving him no inner fellowship but with the Claude who was.

"I'm a gentleman—what?" he asked, raising his white face pitifully. "I must act like a gentleman—what?"

"Yes, but if it's too late, Claude—for that particular thing?"

"Oh, but it isn't—it won't be—not when she sees me."

"It might be; and if she doesn't want it, Claude, I don't see why you—"

"You don't see why because you're not me. If you were, you would. A woman hasn't a man's sense of honor, anyhow."

She let this pass with an inward smile in order to say, "But, Claude, suppose you *can't* do it?"

He twisted his neck, with his customary chafing, irritated movement. "I'll do it—or croak."

"Oh, but that's nonsense."

"To you—not to me. You haven't been through the mill that I've been ground up in. You don't know what it is to have been born—born a gentleman—and to have blasted yourself into human remains. That's what I am now—not a man—to say nothing of a gentleman—just human remains—too awful to look at."

She tried to reason with him. "But,

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Claude, you mustn't exaggerate things or put the punishment out of proportion to the crime. Admitting that what you did to Rosie was dishonorable—brutal, if you like—"

"Oh, it isn't that. It's what I did to myself. Can't you see?"

Lois felt her opportunity to have fully come. "She'll marry Jim Breen — if you'll only leave her alone."

"Oh, rot!"

The tone expressed the degree of importance he attached to this possibility. He went on again, discursively, incoherently, covering much of the same ground, but with new and illuminating details, details of which the background was still a jumble of suppers and dances and journeys, but in which the god or the demon gave him no rest. His distaste for diversion having declared itself from the day of his starting for Chicago, he had whipped up an appetite to counteract it. Availing himself of the freedom of a young man plentifully supplied with money for the first time in his life, he had made use of all the resources with which strange and exciting cities could furnish him to get back his zest in lightheartedness. The result was not pleasure, but disgust, and a horror of himself that grew. It grew while he was in Chicago; it grew with each further stage of his journey—in St. Louis, in Cincinnati, in Los Angeles. It was in Los Angeles that he had received Billy Cheever's letter with the news of Rosie's mad leap, and he knew for a certainty that the only thing to be done was to turn his face eastward. Whatever happened, and whoever suffered, he must redeem himself. Redemption had become for him a need more urgent than food, more vital than life. Though he didn't use the word, though his terms were simple and boyish and slangy, Lois could see that his stress was that which sent pilgrims to the Holy Sepulcher, and drove Judas to go and hang himself. Redemption lay in marrying Rosie, and restoring his honor, and bringing the Claude who might have been back to life. Indeed, it was difficult to tell at times which of the two was slain—whether the Claude who might have been, or the other Claude—so distraught and involved were his appeals. But beyond marrying Rosie and keeping his word—being a gentleman, as he expressed it—his outlook didn't extend. "Any damn thing that liked could happen" when that atoning act had been accomplished.

There were so many repetitions in his turns of thought that Lois ended by following them no more than listlessly. Not that she had ceased to be interested, but her mind was occupied with other phases of the drama. She remembered, what she had so often heard, that in the Mastermans there was this extraordinary strain of idealism of which no one could foresee the turn it would take. She knew the traditions of the great-grandfather whose heart had broken on finding that America was not the regenerated land he hoped for. Tales were still current in the village of old Dr. Masterman, his son, who through sheer confidence in his fellow-men never paid any one he owed and never collected money from any one who owed it to him. Archie Masterman, in the next generation, was supposed to have taken the altruistic tendency by the throat in himself and choked it down; but Uncle Sim was a byword of eccentric goodness throughout the countryside. Now the impulse was manifest in Claude, in this revulsion against his own failure, in this marred and broken vision of a Something to which he had not been true. And as for Thor . . .

But here she was tortured and frightened. Who knew what this strange inheritance might be working in him? Who could tell how big and tender and transcending it might become? That it would be transcending and tender and big was certain. If poor, frivolous, futile Claude could feel like this, could feel that he must redeem his soul though "any damn thing that liked" should happen as the price of his redemption, in Thor the yearning would outflank her range. Might not the secret of secrets be in that? Might not that which she had been seeing as treachery to herself be no more than a conflict of aspirations? If Claude, with his blurred distortion of the divine in him, served no other purpose, he at least threw a light on Thor. Thor, too, was a Masterman.

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Thor, too, was born to the vision—to the longing after the nationally perfect that had become legendary since the time of the great-grandfather—to the sweet, neighborly affection that ran through all the tales of that man's son—to the sturdy righteousness of Uncle Sim—to the standards of honor from which poor Claude had fallen as angels fall—and to God only knew what high promptings strangled and vitiated in his father. Thor was heir to it all, with something of his own to boot, something strong, something patient, something laborious and loyal, something long-suffering and winning and meek, that might have marked the leader of a rebellious people or a pagan, skeptic Christ.

Her mind was so full of this ideal of the man against whom—and also for whom—her heart was hot that she made no effort to detain Claude when, after long silence, he picked up his hat and slipped away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXI

HE slipped away into the darkness, but only to do what he had done on the previous evening after making arrangements with old Maggs. He climbed the hill north of the Pond, not so much in the hope of seeing Rosie or any one else, as to haunt the scenes so closely associated with his spiritual downfall.

It was a languorous, luscious night, with the scent of new-mown hay mingling with that of gardens. If there was any breeze it was lightly from the east, bringing that mitigation of the heat traditional to the week following Independence Day. As there was no moon, the stars had their full midsummer intensity, the Scorpion trailing hotly on the southern horizon, with Antares throwing out a fire like the red rays in a diamond. Beneath it the city flung up a yellow glow that might have been the smoke of a distant conflagration, while from the hilltop the suburbs were a-sparkle. As, standing in the road, Claude looked through the open gateway down over the slope of land, the hothouse roofs and the distant levels of the Pond gleamed with a faint, ghostly radiance like the sheen of ancient tarnished crystal.

The house was dark. It was dark and dead. It was dark and dead and haunted. Everything was haunted; everything was dark. Even the furnace chimney looming straight and black against the stars was plumeless. But in the silence and stillness there was something that drew him on. He crossed the road and went a few paces within the gate. He had not ventured so far on the previous evening, and during the day he had dared no more than to look upward from the boulevard below, after that pilgrimage to Duck Rock on which William Sweetapple had surprised him. Now in the darkness and quietness he stood, not searching so much as dreaming. He was dreaming of Rosie, dreaming of her with a kind of cheer. After all, he would be bringing joy to her as well as getting peace of spirit for himself. It wouldn't be so hard. She would meet him as she used to meet him here, and then the atonement would be made. The process would be simple, and he should become a man again.

The conviction was so sweet that he lingered to enjoy it, penetrating a few steps farther into the spacious dimness of the yard. It was the first minute of inward ease he had known since he had turned his back on it. Now that he was once more on the spot, the Claude who was a devil-of-a-fellow, something of a sport, but a decent chap all the same, began again to run with red blood where there had been nothing but a whining, shriveling apostate. It was like rejuvenescence, like a re-creation.

Suddenly something moved. It moved at first in the shadow of the house, and then out in the starlit spaces. It moved stealthily and creepily and with a grotesque swiftness. Its action seemed irregular and uncertain, like that of some night-marauding animal, till Claude perceived that it was stalking him. He waited long enough to get a view that was almost clear of a crouching attitude, the crouching attitude of a beast when it means to spring, whereupon he turned and fled.

That is, he turned and walked away swiftly. He would have run had it not been for his renascent self-respect. He

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couldn't bring himself to run from poor old Fay even though his nerves were tingling. He tried to reassure himself by saying that it was no more than a repetition of that dogging to which he had been subjected before, and that it would discontinue once he was off the premises.

But when he turned to glance over his shoulder it seemed to him that the sinister footsteps glided after him. That, he reasoned, might have been no more than fancy. The arc-lights were rare on this rather lonely road, and the enormous shadows they flung lent themselves to the startling of sick imaginations. Nevertheless, as he walked Claude continued to look back over his shoulder, always with renewed impressions of a creepy thing trying to track him down. Having entered the obscurity of his own driveway, he broke at last into a light, soundless trot which was not slackened till he reached the relative protection of the door.

But by morning he had regained a measure of tranquillity. Knowing what he had to do, he was resolved to do it promptly. With sunlight and summer and the sense of being home again to brace him up, the Claude who was a devil-of-a-fellow seemed in a fair way to be reborn. Waiting after breakfast only long enough to be discreet, he took his way up the hill again.

He was confident by this time, and the more so because of his being beyond the need of concealments. There would be no more shrinking into the odorous depths of the hothouse, or hesitancies, or equivocations. He would walk up and avow himself—to the father and mother as well as to Rosie. The hero in him was coming to his own at last.

The gash in the hothouse roof which he could see from a distance was what he noticed first. In his two nocturnal visits this had not been apparent. Now that he saw it he stood stock-still. It was something like a gash within himself, a gash in his courage perhaps, or a gash in the dream of a reconstituted self. He knew vaguely that his father had refused the renewal of the lease and that at some time in the near future Fay would have to go; but he had not expected the immediate signs of complete demoralization. Now that they were there, they disconcerted him.

He went on till he was in view of the house. It gave him the blind stare with which empty houses respond to interrogation. He continued his way to the gate and into the yard. All was neglected and fantastically overgrown. Vetch, burdock, and yarrow were in luxuriant riot with the planting and seeding of the spring. No living creature was in sight but a dappled mare, whose round body and heavy fetlocks spoke of a Canuck strain, hitched in the shade of the magnolia-tree.

The mare wore a straw hat to which was attached a bunch of artificial roses, and switched her tail to drive away the flies. Harnessed to a light form of dray, the animal suggested business, so that Claude, putting on a business air, went forward with the assurance of one who has a right to be on the spot. He had not advanced twenty paces before the hothouse door opened to allow the passage of a fern-tree in a giant wooden pot, behind which came the pleasant countenance of Jim Breen, red and perspiring from so much exertion under a July sun. Claude paused till the fern-tree was deposited in the dray, when the two men stared at each other across the intervening space.

"Hello, Claude!"

Jim threw off the greeting guardedly, and yet with a certain challenge. His very use of the Christian name was meant to be a token of man-to-man equality. Having attended the public school with Claude, and taken part with him in ball-games at an age too early for class distinctions, he was plainly disposed to use that fact as a basis of privilege. He attempted, however, no other advance, remaining sturdily at the tail of his dray, hatless and in his shirt-sleeves, but with head erect and gray eyes set fixedly.

Claude resented the attitude; he resented the use of his Christian name; but he was resolved to be diplomatic. He went forward a few steps farther still, though in spite of himself his voice trembled. "Mr. Fay 'round?"

Jim answered nonchalantly. "No; gone to town. Want a good fern-tree,

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Claude? Two or three corkers here. Look at that one, now. Get it cheap, too. Dandy in the corner of a big room."

Sickeningly aware of his feebleness in contrast with this easy, honest vigor, Claude made an effort to be manly and matter-of-fact. "Mr. Fay selling off?"

"Not exactly selling off. Fixed things up with father. Father's taken the stock, and Mr. Fay's going in with him. Didn't want this old place any longer," Jim continued, loftily. "Kind o' clung to it because he'd put money into it, like. Money-eater; that's what it was. Make more in a year with father than he would in this old rockery in ten. Hadley B. Hobson's bought the place. Know that, don't you? Come to think of it, it was your old man who owned it. Well, it's Hadley B. Hobson's now—or will be the day after to-morrow. Have a swell residence here. Good enough for that, but too small for a plant like Mr. Fay's."

Claude did his best to digest such details in this information as were new to him while he nerved himself to say, "Is Miss Fay a-about?"

Jim nodded toward the blank windows of the house. "Moved. Better take a fern-tree, Claude. Won't get a bargain like this, not if every florist in the town goes bankrupt. This one's a peach, and yet you'll call it a scream compared to the one I've got inside. Bring it out so as you can get a squint at it. Can't wait, can't you? Well, so long! Got to finish my job. Back, Maud, back! Any time you do want a fern-tree, Claude—"

Claude was obliged to speak peremptorily in order to detain him. "I want to know where the Fays have moved to."

"To town," was the ready answer. "Well, so long! If I don't get on with my job—"

"What part of town?"

Jim turned at the hothouse door. "Oh, a very nice part."

"But that's not telling me."

"No," the young Irishman threw back, with his peculiar smile, "and if you take my advice you won't ask anybody else. If old man Fay was to see you within a mile of the place—"

Claude decided to be confidential. "Old man Fay has no reason to be afraid any longer, Jim—not as far as I'm concerned."

"Oh, it isn't as far as you're concerned; it's as far as he is. The boot's on that foot now."

Claude loathed this discussion with a man so inferior to himself, but he was obliged to get his information somehow. "If he thinks—"

"It's not what he thinks, but what he knows. That's what's the matter with old man Fay. If I was you I'd give him a darned wide berth—from now on."

"Yes, but, Jim, you don't understand—"

"I understand what I'm telling you, Claude. If you don't clear out of this village for the next six months—"

Claude was beside himself with exasperation. "But, good God, man, I've come back to marry Rosie. Now don't you see?"

Jim stalked forward from the hothouse door, standing over the smaller, slighter man with a tolerant kindliness which persisted in his sunny, steely smile. "No, I don't see. You clear out. Take a friend's advice. Whether you've come back to marry Rosie or whether you haven't won't make a cent's worth of difference to old man Fay. Clear out all the same."

In his excitement Claude screamed shrilly. "Like hell, I will!"

"Like hell, you'll have to. Mind you, Claude, I'm telling you as a friend. And as for marrying Rosie—well, you can't."

Claude became aggressive. "If that's because you think you *can*—"

"Gee! Me! What do you know about that! It's all I can do to get her to look at the same side of the road I'm on—so far. But if I can't, still less can you, and for a very good reason."

"What reason?" Claude demanded, with his best attempt to be stern.

The other became solemn and dramatic. "The reason that—that she's dead."

Claude jumped. "Dead! What in thunder are you talking about? She wasn't dead yesterday afternoon."

"Oh yes, she was, Claude—*that* Rosie. She — she drowned herself. When I dived in after her it was another Rosie

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altogether that I brought up. Do you get me?"

Claude broke in with smothered objurgations, but Jim, feeling the value of the vein he had started, persisted in going on with it. He did so not bitterly or reproachfully, but with a playful, Celtic sadness in which a misty blinking of the eyes struggled with the smile that continued to hover on his lips.

"The Rosie you knew, Claude, was all limp and white as I held her in my arms, while Robbie Willert rowed us ashore. She was gone. The soul was out of her. She was as much in heaven as if she'd been dead a week. Her eyes were shut and her eyelashes wet, just as you might see the fringe of a flower hung with dewdrops of a morning. And her mouth! You know the kind of mouth she's got—a little open when she looks at you, as if you'd taken her by surprise, like. Well, that's the way it was then—a wee little bit open—as if she was going to speak—but more as if she was going to cry—and her lips that white!—and not a beat to her heart no matter how tight you held her! When Dr. Hill brought the breath into her again it was a different Rosie that came back entirely."

Claude wheeled away in order to hide the spasm that shot across his face. "Ah, shut up, damn you!" was all he had the strength to say, but the tone moved Jim to compunction.

The Irishman in him came out as he tried to make things easier for Claude, without at the same time desisting from his object. "Sure *you* couldn't tell that that was the way she'd take it. You couldn't tell that at all at all. If you'd known it beforehand you'd have acted quite different. We all know that. Any one else might have done the same thing that was—that was"—he sought a consolatory phrase—"that was like you." He plunged still further. "I might have done it myself if I hadn't—hadn't been built the other way round. Only that won't matter to old man Fay—nor to Matt neither."

Claude turned so suddenly pale at the mention of the brother that Jim followed up his advantage. "The old fellow has to be out of this by to-morrow night, and Matt gets his walking-ticket from Colcord the next morning." He laid his strong, earthy hand on the neat summer black-and-white check of Claude's shoulder with the lightest hint of turning him in the direction of the gate. "Now if you'll make yourself scarce for a spell I'll be able to manage them both and coax them back to their senses."

Though he felt himself irresistibly impelled toward the road, Claude made an effort to recover his dignity. "If you think I'm going to run away—"

Jim slipped his arm through his companion's, helping him along. "Sure you're not going to run away. Lay low for a spell, that's all you'll be doing. Old man Fay is crazy—stark, staring, roaring crazy. It isn't you, and it isn't Rosie; it's having to get out of here. It was bluff what I said a minute ago about the place being too small for his plant. He's dotty on these three old hothouses. My Lord, you'd think no one ever had hothouses before and never would again. You'd think it was the end of the world to hear him talk. You'd die laughing. The fellow he'd like to put it over on is your old man. Gives me a mouthful about him three or four times a day—and it 'd be a barr'l full of buckshot in the back if he could get at *him*. Lucky he's in Europe. But I'll calm him down, don't you fret; and I'll calm down Matt once I get at him. Let me have two months—let me have a month!—and I'll have 'em coming to you like a gray squirrel comes for nuts."

Out in the roadway Claude made a last effort to react against his humiliation, doing it almost tearfully. "But, look here, Jim, I've got to marry Rosie—I've *got* to."

The Irishman in the young man was still in the ascendant as he wagged his head sympathetically. "Sure you've got to—if she wants it."

"Well, she does want it, doesn't she? She must have told you so, or you wouldn't know so much about it."

"She's told me all about it from seeding to sale, and it's God's truth I'm handing out to you—no bluff at all. This Rosie's another proposition."

"I'll marry her whatever she is," Claude declared, bravely; "and I've got to see her, too."

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Jim looked thoughtful. "It isn't so easy to see her because— Well, now, I'll tell you straight, Claude—because it makes her kind o' sick to think of you. Oh, that's nothing!" he hastened to add, on seeing a second convulsion pass across Claude's face. "Sure she'd feel the same about any one who'd done the like o' that to her, now wouldn't she? It isn't you at all—not any more than it 'd be me or anybody else."

"If I could see her," Claude said, weakly, "I'd—I'd explain."

"Ah, but you couldn't explain quick enough. That's where the trouble about that 'd be. She'd be down on the floor in a faint before you'd be able to say a word. You couldn't get near her at all at all—not this Rosie—not if it was to explain away the ground beneath her feet."

"She'd get over that—" Claude began to plead.

"She'd get over it if it didn't kill her first; but it's my belief it would. If you could have seen her the night she told me about you! It was like cutting out her own heart and picking it to pieces. She's never mentioned you before nor since—and I don't think ever will again. No, Claude," he continued, in a reasoning tone, "there's no two ways about it, but you've got to get out —for a spell, at any rate. If you don't, old man Fay 'll be after you with a gun, and what Matt Fay 'll do may be worse. I can handle them if you'll keep from hanging yourself out like a red rag to a bull, like; but if you don't—then the Lord only knows what 'll happen."

"What 'll happen," Claude cried, with a final upleaping of resistance, "is that you'll marry Rosie."

"I'll marry her if she'll have me. Don't you fret about that. But I won't *try* to marry her—not if I see that she's got the least little bit of a wish to marry you, Claude. I'll play fair. If she changes her mind from the way she is now, and gets so as to be able to think of you again, and wants you—wants you of her own free will—then I'll put up the banns for you myself—and that's honest to God."

He offered his hand on the compact, but Claude didn't take it. He didn't take it because he didn't see it, and he didn't see it because he looked over it and beyond it, as over and beyond the young Irishman himself. It was not that he had any doubt as to Jim's word being honest to God, or that he questioned Rosie's state of mind as Jim had sketched it. It was rather that he was seeing the Claude who was a gentleman and a hero and a devil-of-a-fellow recede into the ether, while he was left eternally with the Claude who remained behind.

Jim felt no resentment for the neglect of his proffered hand, but the long stare of those sick, unseeing eyes made him uneasy. "Well, I guess I must beat it back to my job," he said, beginning to move away. "So long, Claude, and good luck to you!" He added, in order to return to a colloquial tone, "If you ever want a fern-tree don't forget that we've got some daisies."

But Claude was still staring at the great blue blank which the fading of his ideal had left behind it.

CHAPTER XXXII

TWENTY-FOUR hours after Claude turned to take the way of humiliation down the hill, undeceived by Jim Breen's friendly tone and the hope of future possibilities held out to him, Thor Masterman found himself almost within sight of home. On arriving in the city late in the afternoon he went to a hotel, where he took a room and dined. When he had devised the means of letting Lois know that he was camping outside her gates she might be sufficiently touched to throw them open. She might never love him again; she might never have really loved him at all; but he would content himself with a benevolent toleration. Like her, he was afraid of love. Its dynamic force was at too high a pressure for the calm routine of married life. If Lois could find a substitute for love he was willing to accept it, giving her his own substitute in return. All he asked was the privilege of seeing her, of being with her, of proving his devotion, of having her once more to share his life.

It was not to force this issue, but to play lovingly with the hope in it, that when dusk had deepened into evening he took the open electric car that would

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carry him to the village. He had no intention beyond that of enjoying the cool night air and loitering for a few minutes in sight of the house that sheltered her. She might be on the balcony outside her room, or beneath the portico of the garden door, so that he should catch the flutter of her dress. That would be enough for him—to-night. He might make it enough for the next night and the next. After absence and distance, it seemed much.

County Street was as he had known it on every warm summer night since he was a boy, and yet conveyed that impression which every summer night conveys of being the first and only one of its kind. The sky was majestically high and clear and spangled, with the Scorpion and the red light of Antares well above the city's amber glow. Along the streets and lanes dim trees rustled faintly, casting gigantic trembling shadows in the circles of the electric lights. The breeze being from the east and south, the tang of sea-salt mingled with the strong, dry scent of new-mown hay and the blended perfumes of a countryside of gardens. All doors were open as he passed along, and so were all windows. On all verandas and porches and steps faint figures could be discerned, low-voiced for the most part, but sending out an occasional laugh or snatch of song. Thor knew who the people were; many of them were friends; to some of them he was related; there were few with whom he hadn't ties antedating birth. It was soothing to him as he slipped along in the heavy shadow of the elms to know that they were near.

On approaching his father's house, which he expected to find dark, he was astonished to see a light. It was a light like a blurred star, on one of the upper floors. From what window it shone he found it difficult to say, the mass of the house being lost in the general obscurity. The strange thing was that it should be there.

He passed slowly within the gate and along the few yards of the driveway, pausing from time to time in order to place the quiet beacon in this room or in that, according to the angle from which it seemed to burn. He was not alarmed; he was only curious. It was no furtive light. Though the curtains were closed, it displayed itself boldly in the eyes of the neighbors and of the two or three ornamental constables who made their infrequent rounds in County Street. He could only attribute it to old Maggs, who lived in the coachman's cottage at the far end of the property, though as to what old Maggs could be doing in the house at this hour in the evening, at a time when the parents were abroad and Claude away on a holiday, he was obliged to be frankly inquisitive. An investigating spirit was further aroused by the fact that in one of his pauses, as he alternately advanced and halted, he was sure he heard a footstep. If it was not a footstep, it was a stirring in the shrubbery, as if something had either moved away or settled into hiding.

He was still unalarmed. Night-crimes were rare in the village, and relatively harmless even when they were committed. The sound he had heard might have been made by some roving dog, or by a cat or a startled bird. Had it not been for the light he would scarcely have noticed it. Taken in conjunction with the light, it suggested some one who had been watching and had slunk away; but even that thought was slightly melodramatic in so well-ordered a community. He went on till he was at the foot of the steps, at a point where he could no longer descry the glow in the upper window, but could perceive through the fanlight over the inner door that, though the lower hall was dark, the electrics were burning somewhere in the interior of the house.

He verified this on mounting the steps and peering into the vestibule through the strip of window at the sides of the outer door. Turning the knob tentatively, he was surprised to find it yield. On entering he stood in the porch and listened, but no sound reached him from within. Taking his bunch of keys from his pocket, he detached his latch-key softly, and as softly inserted it in the lock. The inner door opened noiselessly, showing a light down the stairway from the hall above. He could now hear some one moving, probably on the topmost floor, with an opening and shutting

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of doors that might have been those of closets followed by a swishing sound like that of the folding or packing of clothes. He entered and closed the door with a distinctly audible bang.

Listening again, he found that the sounds ceased suspiciously. Whoever was there was listening, too. It was easy by the light streaming from above to find the button and turn on the electricity in the lower hall, whereupon the movement up-stairs began again. Some one came out of a room and peered downward. He himself went to the foot of the stairs, looking up. When the watcher on the third floor spoke at last it was in a voice he didn't instantly recognize. He would have taken it for Claude's, only that it was so frightened and shrill.

"Who's there?"

"Who are you?" Thor demanded, in tones that rolled and echoed through the house.

There was a long, hesitating silence. Straining his eyes upward, Thor could dimly make out a white face leaning over the highest banister. When the question came at last it was as if reluctantly and shrinkingly.

"Is that you, Thor?"

Thor retreated from the stairs, backing away to the library, of which the door was the nearest open one. He distinctly recorded the words that passed through his mind. He might have uttered them audibly, so indelible was the impression with which they cut themselves in.

"By God! I've got him."

Out of the confused suffering of two months earlier he heard himself saying: "I swear to God that if I ever see Claude again I'll kill him."

He hadn't meant on that occasion deliberately to register a great oath; the oath had registered itself. It was there in the archives of his mind, signed and sealed and waiting for the moment of putting it into execution. He had hardly thought of it since then; and now it urged itself for fulfilment like a vow. It was a vow to cover not merely one offense, but many — all the long years of nameless, unrecorded irritations, ignored but never allayed, culminating in the act by which this man had robbed him; robbed him uselessly, robbed him not to enjoy the spoil, but to fling it away.

It was a moment of seeing red similar to many others in his life. For the instant he could more easily have killed Claude than refrained from doing it. That he should so refrain was a matter of course. Naturally! He still kept a hold on common sense. He would not only refrain, but be civil. If Claude were in need of anything or were short of cash he would probably write him a check. It was the irony of this kind of rage that it was so impotent. It was impotent and absurd. It might shake him to the foundations of his being, but it would come to nothing in the end. It both relieved and embittered him to foresee this result.

From the threshold of the library he called up to Claude, "Come down!" The tone was imperious; it was even threatening. That degree of menace at least he was unable to suppress.

Claude's steps could be heard on the stairs. They were slow and clanking because the carpets were up and the house full of echoes. To Thor's fevered imagination it seemed as if Claude dragged his feet like a man wearing chains, going haltingly and clumsily before some ominous tribunal. The sensation—it was more that than anything else—caused the elder brother to withdraw into the depths of the library, where he turned on a light.

The room, with its bare floors, its shrouded furniture, its screened bookcases, its blank pictures swaddled in linen bags, its long, gaunt shadows, and its deadened air, suggested itself horribly and ridiculously as a fitting scene for a crime. He might kill Claude with a blow, and if he turned out the lights and shut the door and stole back to his hotel no one would ever suspect him as the murderer. The idea would have been no more than grotesque had it not acquired a certain terror from the mingling of affection and anger and pity in his heart at the sound of Claude's shrinking, clanking advance. In proportion as Claude seemed to be afraid of him, he was the more aware that he was a man to be afraid of. The consciousness caused him to get deeper into

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the dimly lighted room, taking his stand at the remotest possible spot, with his back to the empty fireplace.

But when Claude appeared coatless in the doorway his head was thrown up defiantly in apparent effort to treat Thor's entrance as unwarranted. "What the devil are you doing here?"

Because of the semi-obscurity his face was white with a whiteness that quickened Thor's sympathy into self-reproach.

"What are *you* doing here?"

"That's my business." In making this reply Claude seemed to take it for granted that they met on terms of hostility, though he added, less aggressively: "If you want to know, I'm packing up. Taking the train for New York at one o'clock this morning."

Thor endeavored to speak with casual fraternal interest. "What brought you back?"

Claude took time to light a cigarette, saying, as he blew out the match, "You."

"Me? I thought it might be—might be some one else."

"Then you thought wrong." He walked to a metal ash-tray which helped to keep the covering that protected one of the low bookcases in its place, and deposited the burnt match. He threw off with seeming carelessness as he did so, "I know only one traitor to make me keep returning on my tracks."

Because the impulse to violence was so terrific, Thor braced himself against it, standing with his feet planted apart and his hands clenched behind him till the nails dug into the flesh. He could not, however, restrain a scornful little grunt which was meant for laughter. "*You* talk of traitors! I'd keep quiet about them, Claude, if I were you. You make it too easy for an opponent."

"Oh, well," Claude returned, airily, "I'm used to doing that. I made it infernally easy for an opponent—last winter. But, then, sneaking's always easy to a snake, till you get your heel on him."

"And snarling's easy to a puppy, till you've throttled him."

"And bluster's easy to a fool, till you let him see you hold him in contempt."

"As to holding in contempt, two can play at that game, Claude; and you might find the competition dangerous."

Claude came nearer, the lighted cigarette between his fingers. "Not on your life! That's one thing in which I'm not afraid to bet on myself." He came nearer still, planting himself within a few paces of his brother. His smile, his mirthless, dead-man's smile, held Thor's eyes as it had held Lois's a day or two before. He made an effort to speak jauntily. "Why, Thor, a volcano can't belch fire as fast as I can spit contempt on you. There! Take that!"

With a rapid twist of the hand he threw the lighted cigarette into Thor's face, where it struck with a little smarting burn below the eye. Thor held himself in check by clenching his fists more tightly and standing with bowed head. It was a minute or more before he was sufficiently master of himself to loosen the grip with which his fingers dug into one another, and put up his hand to brush the spot of ash from his cheek. Being in so great fear of his passions, he felt the necessity for speaking peaceably.

"What did you do that for, Claude? It's beastly silly."

"Oh no, it isn't—not the way I mean it."

"But why should you mean it that way? What have I ever done to you?"

"Good Lord! what haven't you done? You've—you've ruined me."

The charge was so unexpected that Thor looked more amazed than indignant. "Ruined you?"

"Yes, ruined me. What else did you set out to do when you began your confounded interference?"

"I didn't mean to interfere—"

Claude might have posed for some symbolical figure of accusation as, with hands in his trousers pockets and classic profile turned in a three-quarter light, he flung his words and directed his glances obliquely and disdainfully at the brother who glowered with bent head. "When you don't mean to go into a thing you keep out. That was your place—out. Do you get that?—*out*. But you're never satisfied till you've made as vile a mess of every one else's affairs as you've made of your own."

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Feeling some justice in the charge, Thor began to excuse himself. "If I've made a mess of my own, Claude, it's because—"

"Because you can't help it. Oh, I know that. No one can be anything but a damn fool if he's born one. All the more reason, then, why you should keep away from where you're not wanted."

By a great effort Thor managed to speak meekly. "How could I keep away when—?"

"When you're a rubber-neck bred in the bone. No, I suppose you couldn't. But you hate a spy and a liar even when he can't be anything else; and the worst of it is—"

"Oh, is there anything worse than that?"

"There's this that's worse, that your spying and your lying weren't bad enough till you got me into a fix where I have to look like a cad, when"—the protest in his soul against the rôle he was compelled to play expressed itself in a little gasp—"when I'm—when I'm not one."

The elder brother found himself unable to resist the opportunity. "If you look like a cad, I suppose it's because you've acted like a cad. It's the usual reason."

"Oh, there's cad and cad. There's a fellow who gets snarled up in the barbed wire because he runs into it, and there's another who deliberately lays the trap for him. The one can afford to crawl away with a grin on his face, while the other lies scratched and bleeding."

It seemed to Thor that there was an opening here for a timorous attempt to cry quits. "If it comes to the question of suffering, Claude, it isn't all on one side. You may be scratched and bleeding, as you say, and yet you can get over it; whereas I'm lamed for life."

"Ah, don't come the hypocrite! If you're lamed for life, as I hope to God you are, it's because you've got a bullet in the leg—which is what any one hands out to a poacher."

The relatively gentle tone was again the effect of a surprise stimulated to curiosity. "When was I ever a poacher?"

"You were a poacher when you went making love to a woman who belonged to another man, while you belonged to another woman."

"Very well," Thor said, quietly, after a minute's thinking. "I accept the explanation. But I never did it."

"Then you did something so infernally like it that to deny it is mere quibbling with words."

"All the same, I insist on making the denial."

Claude shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not surprised at that. It's exactly what your type of cur would do. Unfortunately for you, I've the proof."

"The proof of what?"

"Of your torturing a poor girl into saying she was willing to marry you—and then throwing the words in her teeth."

It was from the flame in Thor's eyes that Claude leaped back a half-pace, though he steadied himself against a small table covered up from the accumulation of summer's dust by a piece of common calico. Giving himself time enough to have deliberately counted twenty, Thor subdued the impulse of the muscles as well as that of speech. "Who told you that?" he asked, at last, in the tone he might have used of some matter of no importance.

"Who do you think?"

"There's only one person who *could* have told you—"

"Oh, you admit as much as that, do you? There *is* a person who could have told me?"

"Yes, I admit as much as that—but you must have misunderstood her."

Thor's dignity and self-restraint were not without an effect that might eventually have made for peace had not the brother's conscience been screaming for a scapegoat on which to lay a portion of his sins. For him alone the entire weight had become intolerable. Thor had been known to accept such vicarious burdens before now. In the hope that he would do so again, Claude answered, tauntingly:

"I didn't misunderstand her when she said you were making me a cat's-paw to do what you wouldn't do yourself. What kind of stuff are you made of, Thor? You go flaunting your money before a poor little girl who you know can't resist it, and then, when you get

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her willing to do God knows what, you push her off on me and want to pay me for the job of relieving you of your dirty work. After you've dragged her in the dust she's still considered good enough for me—"

"Stop!"

The roar of the monosyllable echoed through the empty house, while Thor strode forward, the devil in him loose. With the skill of a toreador in throwing his cloak into the eyes of an infuriated bull, Claude snatched the calico strip from the table beside which he stood and flung it in Thor's face. The result was to check the latter in his advance, giving Claude time to dart nimbly to the other side of the room. As Thor stared about him, dazed by his rage, he bore out still further the resemblance to a maddened animal in the bull-ring.

Fear struggled in Claude's heart with the lust for retaliation. Like Thor himself, he knew the minute to be one in which he could work off a thousand unpaid scores that had been heaping themselves up since childhood. For the time being it seemed as if he could not only make the scapegoat bear his sins, but stab him to the heart while he did it.

"Stop?" he laughed, shrilly. "Like hell, I'll stop. Did you stop when you went sneaking after Rosie Fay till you got her in a state where she wanted to kill herself?" The red glare in Thor's eyes was an incentive to going on. "Did you stop when you tried to father your beastly actions off on me, and juggle me into marrying the girl you'd had enough of? Did you stop when you fooled Lois Willoughby into thinking you a saint, and breaking her heart when she found you out? Look at her now—"

With a smothered oath Thor charged as a wounded rhinoceros might charge —in a lunge that would have borne his brother down by sheer force of weight had not Claude eluded him lightly. Once more Thor shook himself, stupefied by his passion, blinded by the blood in his eyes. He needed an instant to place his victim, who, with white face and wild, terrified glances, had found temporary shelter behind the barricade of the heavy library table.

But before renewing his rush Thor marched to the door that led to the hall, the only door to the room, locking it and pocketing the key. The muttered, "By God, I'll have you now!" reached Claude's ears, bringing to his lips a protest which had not burst into words before Thor charged again. Behind his fortification Claude was alert, dancing now this way and now that, as Thor brought his strength to bear on the table to wrench it aside. But by the time that was done Claude was already elsewhere, overturning tables and chairs in his flight.

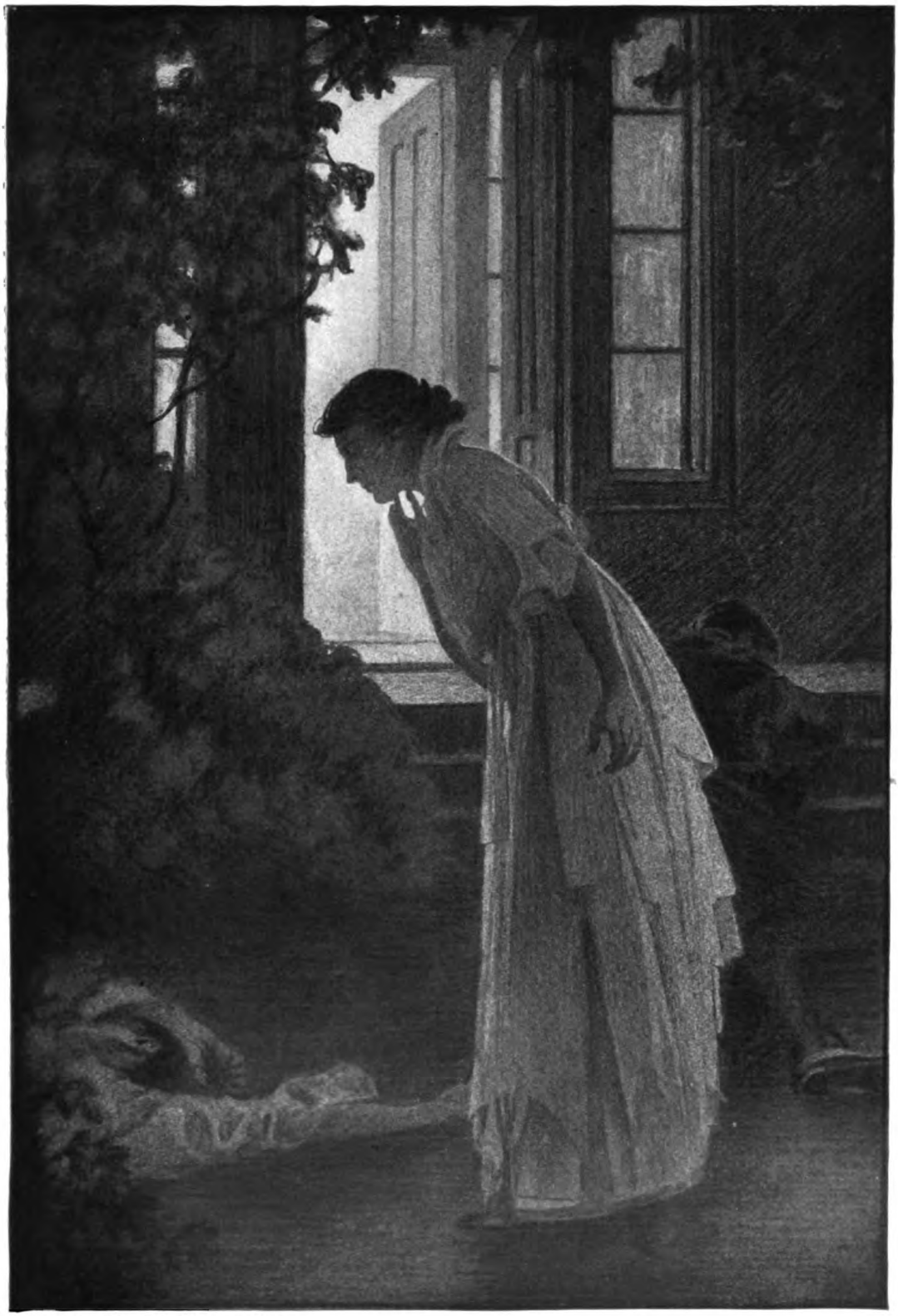
Behind a sofa Claude intrenched himself again, a small chair raised above his head as a weapon of defense. Thor sprang on the sofa, only to receive the weight of the chair in his chest, staggering him backward while Claude bounded off to another refuge. Both were cursing inarticulately; both were panting in broken grunts and sobs; from both the perspiration in that airless room and in the heat of the July night was streaming as rain. The pursuit was like that of a leopard by a lion—the one lithe, agile, and desperate; the other heavy, tremendous, and sure.

In darting from point to point Claude found himself near a window, where he fumbled with the fastening in the hope of throwing up the sash, though wooden shutters defended the outside. Driven from this attempt, he made for the locked door, pulling at it vainly on the chance that it would yield. Seeing Thor bearing down on him with redoubled fury, he obeyed the impulse of the moment and switched off the electricity as he crept swiftly along the wall. In the darkness he stumbled to a corner, where his labored breathing could not but betray his hiding-place. While he crouched in the corner, making himself small, he knew Thor was stalking him by the sound.

He was stalking him, and yet in the inky blackness of the room accurate hunting down was difficult. It was like a duel between blind men. Thor was moving uncertainly, pausing from second to second to fix the object of his search.

In the mad hope of reaching the fireplace and creeping into the chimney, Claude wriggled from his corner along the floor, keeping close to the wainscot.

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE KNEW THAT HER SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE HAD BEEN FOUND

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As he did so he touched the legs of a footstool, which suggested its use at once. Controlling the thumping of his heart and the pumping of his lungs as best he could, he got noiselessly to his feet. Inch by inch, slinging the footstool by a leg, he moved toward the spot from which Thor's panting breath seemed to proceed. If he could but batter in that long skull he would be acquitted of responsibility on the ground of self-defense. But he was afraid of anything that approached the hand-to-hand. When it seemed to him that he could vaguely make out the swaying of a figure in the darkness, he hurled the missile with all his might—only to hear it crash into one of the covered pictures.

Claude was disappointed, and yet in the din of the shattering glass he was able to escape again. He had lost all sense of direction. Even his touch on the furniture didn't help him, since everything was now displaced. Nevertheless, he continued to duck and dodge, to wriggle and creep and elude. Once Thor's clutch was actually upon him, but he managed to tear himself free with nothing worse than a long rent in his shirt-sleeve. Again Thor seized him, but only to tear his collar from the stud. A third time Thor's strong fingers were closing round his throat, and yet after a momentary choking groan he had been able to slip away. Never before had Claude supposed himself so strong. There was a minute when he had felt Thor's hot breath snorting in his face, and still was able to pick up a small, round table on which his mother sometimes placed her tea-tray, sending it hurtling toward his pursuer, checking him again. With a splutter of stifled oaths, Thor grasped the piece of furniture, throwing it violently back. Claude rejoiced as it crashed into a window and loosened the shutters outside. If he only knew which of the windows it was, there might be a chance of his getting out by it.

With this possibility before him he took heart again. The sound of the breaking of the window enabling him to fix his whereabouts, he began feeling his way toward the unexpected hope of exit. It became the more urgent to reach it as he guessed by the fumbling of Thor's hands along the wall that the latter was trying to find the electric button so as to turn on the light. He groped, therefore, between the tables and overturned chairs, getting as far from his enemy as possible. If only his heart wouldn't pound as though about to burst from his body! If only his breath wouldn't wheeze itself out with the gurgle of water through a bottle-neck! He couldn't last much longer. He was so nearly spent that if Thor kept up the attack he must wear him out. In the end he must let those powerful hands close round his throat, as he had felt them close a few minutes before, while he strangled without further resistance. He felt oddly convinced that it would be by means of strangling that Thor's quiet, awful tenacity of revenge would wreak itself.

Thor had the same conviction. All the force of his excited nerves seemed to be centering in his hands. That he should do the thing he was bent on might have been written like a fate. It was like something he had always known, like something toward which he had been always working. The tenderness with which he had yearned over Claude ever since the days when they were children seemed never to have had any other end in view.

So he stalked his prey while the minutes passed—five minutes—ten minutes—perhaps more, perhaps less—he had lost all count of time. He stalked him—through the darkness, round and round, over tables and chairs, into corners and out of them. The room was sealed; the house was empty; the grounds were large. They might have been in some subterranean vault. When the right moment came he would find the button by which to turn on the light, and then...

Revulsion came from the fact that he had accidentally put his hand on the switch and lit up the spectacle of the room. At sight of it he could have laughed. Nothing but the big library table and one of the heavy arm-chairs stood on its legs. One of the windows had a gash like a grin on its prim countenance, and one of the pictures sagged drunkenly from its hook, a mere bag of gilded wood and glass. Cowering in a corner, Claude was again arming himself

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with a chair. It was not his weapon, but his whiteness, that stirred Thor to a pity almost hysterical. One of his arms was bare where the shirt-sleeve had been torn from it; one side of his collar sprang loose where it had been wrested from the stud; his lips were parted, his eyes starting from his head. The thing Thor could have done more easily than anything else would have been to fling himself down and weep.

As it was, he could only hold out his hands with a kind of shamed, broken-hearted appeal, saying, "Claude, come here."

Though his trembling hands dropped the raised chair, Claude shrank more desperately into his corner. When, to reassure him, Thor took a step forward, Claude moved along the wall, with his back to that protection, ready to spring and dodge again. If he understood Thor's advances, he either mistrusted or rejected them.

"Don't be afraid," Thor tried to say, encouragingly, but after the attacks of the past few minutes his voice sounded hollow and unconvincing to himself.

In proportion as he went nearer Claude sidled away, always keeping his back to the wall, with gasps that were like groans. He spoke but once. "Open that door!" It was all he could articulate, but it implied a test of the brother's sincerity.

Thor accepted it, striding to the threshold, turning the key energetically, and flinging the door wide open. The quiet light burning in the quiet hall produced something in the nature of a shock. It was the shock of waking to peace after the dream of battle—only that the dream had been true. He stepped into the hall to wipe his brow and curse himself. He could never win his own pardon for the madness of the past quarter of an hour. Neither, probably, could he ever win Claude's, though he must go back and make the attempt.

What happened as he turned again into the library he could never clearly explain, for the reason that he never clearly knew. The minute remained in his consciousness as one unrelated to the rest of life, with nothing to lead up to it and nothing to follow after. Even the savagery of their mutual onslaught had been no adequate preparation for what now took place so rapidly that the mind was unable to record it. As he reentered the room Claude was standing by one of the low bookcases. So much remained in the elder brother's memory as fact. The vision of Claude raising his arm in a quick, vicious movement was a vision and no more, since on Thor's part it was blurred and then effaced in a sharp, sudden pain accompanied by a blinding light. Of his own act, which must have followed so promptly as to be nearly simultaneous, Thor had no recollection at all. By the time he was able to piece ideas together Claude was senseless on the floor, while he was bending over him with blood streaming down his face.

For the instant the brother was merged in the physician. To bring Claude back to life after the blow that had stunned and felled him was obviously the first thing to be done. Thor worked at the task madly, tearing open the shirt, chafing the hands and the brow, feeling the pulse, listening at the heart. Whether or not there was a response there he couldn't tell; his own emotion was too overpowering. His fingers on Claude's wrist shook as with a palsy; his ear at Claude's heart was deafened by the pounding of his own. Meanwhile Claude lay limp and still, dead-white, with eyes closed and mouth a little open. Thor had seen many a man in a state of syncope, but never one who looked so much like death. Was he dead? Could he be dead? Had the great oath been fulfilled? He worked frantically. Never till that instant had he known what terror was. Never had he beheld so clearly what was in his own soul. As he worked he seemed to be looking in a mirror from which the passion-ridden fratricide whom he had always recognized dimly within himself was staring out. The physician disappeared again in the brother. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" He could hear himself breathing the words. But of what use were they? As he knelt and chafed and rubbed and listened they came out because he couldn't keep them back. And he was accomplishing nothing! Claude was as still and limp as ever.

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Not a breath!—not a sign!—not a throb at the pulse!

He dropped the poor arm that fell lifeless to the side, and threw back his head with a groan. "Oh, God—if you're anywhere!—give him back to me!"

The broken utterance was the first prayer he had ever uttered in his life, but having said it he went on with his work again. He went on with new vigor and perhaps a little hope. He fancied he saw a change. It was not much of a change—a little warmth, a little color, but no more than might have been created by a fancy.

He ran for water to the nearest tap. In returning to the library his foot struck something on the floor. It was the metal ash-tray which had helped to keep the covering in place on one of the bookcases, and into which Claude had thrown a match. The picture of a few minutes earlier re-formed itself—Claude standing just there, with the ash-tray under his hand—the rapid motion of the arm—the paralyzing pain—the dazzling light—and then the blow with which he must have hurled himself on Claude, striking him to the floor. There was no time to co-ordinate these memories now or to attend to the wound in his own forehead. The explanation came of its own accord as he touched the ash-tray with his foot while dashing back to Claude's side.

The change continued. There were positive signs of life. The mouth had closed; there was the faintest possible quiver of the lids. When he threw a little water into Claude's face there was a twitching of the muscles and a slight protesting movement of the hand.

"Thank God!"

He couldn't note the involuntary expression of his gratitude, which had nevertheless been audible. Claude had need of air. Taking him in his arms, he lifted him like a baby and staggered to his feet. The body hung loosely over his shoulder as he crossed the room and laid it on the sofa. The broken window served its purpose now, for a little air was coming in by it through the spot where the wooden shutter had given way. Thor succeeded in forcing the shutter altogether, letting the light summer breeze play into the marble face.

If he only had a little brandy! He summed up hurriedly the possibilities in the house, coming to the conclusion that nothing of the sort would have been left within reach. Even the telephone had been disconnected for the summer. It would be, however, an easy thing to run to his office. It would be easier still to run to his house, which was nearer. Claude was breathing freely now. He could be safely left for the few minutes he needed to be away. With a simple restorative the boy would be on his feet again.

He pushed the sofa closer to the open window, kneeling once more beside it. Yes, the danger was past. "Thank God! Thank God!" The words were audible again. It was deliverance. It was salvation. There was a positive tinge of color in the cheeks; the eyes opened wearily and closed again. Thor seized the two cold hands in his own and spoke:

"It's all right, old chap. Just lie still for a minute, till I go and get you a taste of brandy. Be back like a shot. Don't move. You'll be all right. Fit as a fiddle when you've had something to brace you up."

No answer came, but Thor sought for none. The worst was past; the danger was averted. With the two cold hands still pressed in his own, he bent forward and kissed the pale lips with a life-giving kiss such as Elijah gave to the Shunamite woman's son. Under the warmth of the imprint Claude stirred again as if making a response.

He ran pantingly like a spent dog—but he ran. He had no idea what time it was. It might have been midnight; it might have been near morning. He was amazed to hear the village clock strike ten. Only ten! and he had lived a lifetime since nine.

He rejoiced to see a light in the house. Lois would be up. As he drew near he saw it was the light streaming from her room to the upper balcony outside it. When nearer still he caught the faint glimmer of a white dress. She was sitting there in the cool of the night, as they had so often sat together in the spring.

He called out as soon as he thought

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he could make her hear him. "Lois, come down."

The white figure remained motionless, so that as he ran he called again, "Lois, come down."

He could see her rise and peer outward. Still running, he called the third time: "Lois, come down. I want something."

There was a hurried "Oh, Thor, is it you?" after which the figure disappeared in the light from the open window.

She met him at the door as he ran up the steps. There was no greeting between them. He had just breath enough to speak. "It's Claude. He's down there in the house. He's hurt. I want some brandy."

He was in the hall by this time, while she followed. His own appearance, now that he was in the light, drew a cry from her. "But, Thor, you're all cut—and bleeding."

He was now in the dining-room, fumbling at a drawer of the sideboard. "Never mind that now. It doesn't hurt. I'll attend to it by and by. I must get back to Claude. Is it here?"

"No; here." She produced the bottle of cognac from a cupboard, thrusting it into his hands. "Now, come. I'm going with you."

They stopped for no further explanation. That could wait. Thor was out of the house, tearing down the empty street, while she followed scarcely less swiftly.

She lost sight of him as he turned in at the avenue, but continued to press on. That there had been a struggle between the brothers she could guess, though she let the matter pass without further mental comment. The fact that filled her consciousness was that in some strange way Thor was back—wild-eyed and bleeding. Whatever had happened, he would probably need her now, accepting the substitute for love.

Half-way up the avenue she saw that both the inner and outer doors of the house were open and that the electricity from the hall lit up the porch and steps. Thor was still running, but at the foot of the steps he surprised her by coming to a halt instead of leaping up them, two or three at a time. Stopping abruptly, silhouetted in the spot of light, he threw his hands above his head as if he had been shot and was staggering backward. He hadn't been shot, because there was no sound. He hadn't even been wounded, because as she sped toward him she could see him stoop—spring away—return—and stoop again. She was about to call out, "Oh, Thor, what is it?" when, on hearing her footsteps, he bounded to his feet and ran in her direction. "Go back!" he cried, hoarsely. "Go back! Go back, Lois! Go back!"

But she hurried on. If there was trouble or danger she must be by his side.

He wheeled around again to that over which he had been stooping, but with a repetition of the movement of flinging up the hands. After that he seemed to crawl away—to crawl away till he reached the steps, where, pulling himself half-way up, he lay with his face hidden. The thing he had seen was something fatal and final, leaving no more to be done. The thought came to her that if there was no more for him to do it was probable that her work was just beginning and that she must keep herself calm and strong.

She came to him at last and bent over his long, prostrate form. It was racked and heaving. The sobbing was of a kind she had never heard before—the violent, convulsive sobbing of a man.

Raising herself, she looked about for the cause of this grief, for a second or two seeing nothing. It was a bare arm from which the shirt-sleeve had been torn away that caught her attention first—a bare arm with a spatter of blood on it. It lay extended along the grass just beside the driveway. She was obliged to take a step or two toward it before seeing that it was Claude's arm, and that he himself was lying on the sward of the lawn, with a little trickle of blood from his heart.

She was not frightened. She was not even appalled. But as her glance went first to the dead brother and then to the living one she knew that her substitute for love had been found.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Great-Grandfather's Landscape

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

BARTLE WOOD walked fast, for he wanted shelter. He walked in the maritime district—that warm, rich strip of Sussex land lying between the Downs and the Channel. To-day it was January and cold. Everything was silent and sullen, boding and a dirty yellow. Sky, trees, and birds very plainly presaged snow.

He loved trees, especially when they were bare. Hereabouts big timber abounded; elm-trees of a lovely shape lifted cloudy boughs to the unbroken sky, which was like the grayish cheek of an ancient woman. Women, old or young, had not interested him; his rapture was for the look of the world.

A wren flitted low in the hard, dry ditch. Birds looked large to-day, and as he skirted a copse a thrush made as much noise in the dry leaves as a poaching man might have done. Through the prevailing silence that followed he just caught the dim moan of the sea. Then clear light died and the cruel wind dropped; then suddenly came the snow.

It fell in solid flakes, sitting on his shoulder, clinging to his breast, dashing into his face, whirling in a white petulance. Never had he been colder. He hastened on, feeling blind and numb, looking through the ghost-like dazzle that assailed him for some cottage or cart-shed in which to hide.

He came to a lane winding south. Little naked thorn-trees, turning their branches backward from the coast and looking like outstretched, blackened hands, grew upon either side; snow lay immaculate in the deep cart-ruts. Midway down the lane he saw the solid grouping of a house and farm buildings. He advanced.

First, there was an orchard full of old apple-trees, misshapen and unprolific. Linen was hung out, stiffened and spectral in the snow. Then came the farm buildings with rotting thatch roofs and gaping timber sides. A lot for him—if he had only known it—hung upon those derelict barns!

Cattle, smoking-mouthed and deep-eyed, stood in the trampled straw of the yard. He passed all this and came to the house. It was old and had been humble, but additions had been made by successive owners. He saw bow-windows, an imposing porch, a smooth lawn which the snow was quickly cloaking.

He knocked at the door, and a maid-servant opened it. She wore a dark-blue frock which matched her Sussex-blue eyes—he noticed these things! Behind her stretched a generous entrance-hall, set about with solid family furniture—you did not buy such things—you inherited them. He admired a sideboard of mellow mahogany. It was loaded with silver tankards, probably prizes for agricultural excellence. He asked if he might take shelter. Before the servant answered—for their wits in these parts work slowly—another girl came out from a room opening off, and with her came the sweet smell of burning oak. She was tall, and so young that she had not outgrown the lanky stage.

"Come in," she said, and smiled. It was a wide, droll smile and a thin mouth full of even teeth.

Bartle followed her. He noticed her youthful, awkward movements, her unusual height, and her wonderful hair. It was golden hair, and smooth and gleaming; it was so exactly twisted that he was reminded of some medieval headdress. He followed her into a homely room of rafters, with a wide hearth. Upon the bricks oak logs were burning. The girl smiled at him in an easy way. She was not pretty; she had the gawkiness—which can also be a charm and an appeal — of youth. He thought she might be seventeen. "Sit down," she said, pointing. "The chimney's best if you're stiff with cold."

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"Thank you. I am stiff." He seated himself on the bench in the chimney.

Sitting here, with the red fire at his numbed feet, he could look out and survey the room beyond as if it were a picture, and he now beheld upon the wall the very worst landscape he had ever seen in his life. It hurt him. But he knew that at last he was warm. Yes, he knew that, and already he knew something more. This lanky girl was having an amazing effect upon him; as he thawed, so he fired. His heart leaped and his eye lighted. This that he felt was an intuition, and the experience of life had taught him to follow intuition. He was twenty-seven already; he was successful, and never had he found cause to distrust intuition. He followed wherever it led.

She was sitting at the polished table, and upon it stood a basket of mending. She had her hand in a man's thick stocking. She wrinkled the coarse worsted thing up her arm, and she seemed to wrinkle her funny nose at the same moment. She started darning.

"My father will be in soon." She looked up coolly, smiling. "Mother's in bed; she sprained her ankle yesterday."

"I'm sorry," said Bartle.

He hardly knew what he said. He could only look at her; he could only feel that magical something which it was the habit of his life to trust. When he felt like this about an idea for a picture—well, he painted it. Now that, for the first time, he felt like this about a woman, he must marry her. That was logic; it was success. Vaguely he demanded that the right should be his, for all his life to see her, as a picture, darning a man's stocking. Violently, he insisted that it should be so. He always got everything he wanted.

"Sorry? Why should you be sorry? You don't know my mother; but if you did you would be sorry. They—they vary, you know."

"Yes, mothers do; and wives and sweethearts," he returned, watching her.

He surveyed with his trained eye her lankiness and leanness, that curious, attractive air of unfinish and hesitating promise that is seen in the half-grown. He looked at her beautiful hair and her disappointing face. He saw a sallow skin and small, black eyes; her mouth was poorly shaped, yet, when she smiled, hollows that were quainter and more pleasing than dimples showed at the corners and creased her cheeks. She would grow up with a superb body, but she would never be beautiful. What did that matter to him? He did not care how she looked; the magic lay in what she was. He wanted not to paint, but to possess her.

"What's your name?" he asked, abruptly, leaning out from the yawn of the chimney to watch her more closely.

"Selina Mercer. What's yours?"

"Bartle Wood," he told her, with some pride.

"Bartle!" The creases were in her thin cheek. "That isn't Sussex timber."

She laughed at her own little play, but he looked rueful. He had told her his name and it conveyed nothing. Yet it was a well-known name; in a way it was already famous.

"What is the house called?" he asked her next.

"Farthings Farm—an old name for it and a good name for us. We haven't any money worth talking about. I think Dad's too nice to make money. There are people like that, and you love them. It doesn't matter; if we get very poor we shall sell the family picture and have a fortune." She gazed reverently at the landscape on the wall.

"A fortune!" gasped Bartle, looking at the picture and then looking away, for it hurt his eyes.

"A thousand pounds, very likely," she told him laconically. "That would do up the farm and buy stock and pay debts. You see, it cost a lot of money to send me to a finishing-school."

"So you've been finished?"

"At Brussels." She flushed. "Here's my father, and he will tell you about the picture."

A man, lean and dark, was coming toward the house through the flecks of snow and the sulky light. He came into the room, and Bartle beheld a kindly, nervous creature with a look of keenness and yet of incompetence. His eyes and the corners of his mouth were kind. It was easy to understand that his daughter loved him. There was loving quality to him and instant geniality. Love

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Drawn by C. E. Chambers

WHEN WOULD HE SEE THIS SLIP OF A GODDESS AGAIN?

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seemed to radiate around and within the house. The Mercers were gracious people.

The men became friendly, and in ten minutes the three of them were sitting round a heartily spread tea-table. Selina—and this piqued Bartle—tacitly handed him over to her father, evidently regarding them as contemporaries. She sat, aloof and polite, behind the family china; she poured from a teapot which would have made a collector's mouth water—and not only for tea. Bartle looked at it all; these people took for granted the exquisite possessions that other people scrambled for.

He sat facing the window. With sadness, with something like despair, he presently saw that it no longer snowed. After tea he would have to go away. There was no excuse for remaining—and when would he see this slip of a goddess again? His eyes, with the new light and the new glorious greed, dropped into that shining harvest—her hair.

When she arose he had to rise, too, and the three of them looked significantly out of the window. The room had grown dark. When the blue-eyed, blue-frocked servant spread the table she had lighted three candles in a branching stick of Sheffield plate and set them on the table, leaving the curtains undrawn.

"Storm's over," said Mr. Mercer. "We never get much of a fall in these parts. I reckon it's about the warmest corner of England. Don't you hurry off now. What's your direction? Arundel? I've got to go to Arundel, and I could drive you."

Bartle assented. Directions were all the same to him, now that he must leave Farthings Farm. Moreover, he was only on a little walking tour.

"I don't start for an hour," said the farmer, and he settled with his guest in the chimney corner.

Selina began darning again, sitting at the polished table.

"Seen our picture?" The farmer reverently pointed his pipe toward it.

"I was telling him about it, father, when you came in."

"Were you, my dear? Fine work of art, Mr.—Mr. Bartlett, I think you said?"

"Bartle—Bartle Wood," amended the other, looking nettled, for people usually knew his name.

"Thank you. It was painted by my great-grandfather, Caleb Mercer. I'm Caleb, too, and so was my father, and his; we don't change much down here. Famous name, and no doubt you know it. Everybody in this part of Sussex knows of old Caleb Mercer. He worked his way up from nothing. Mercers haven't, as a rule, the trick of getting on. He started as a herdsman—Selina's ashamed of that." He looked fondly at his daughter. "She's been to a foreign boarding-school."

"He doesn't care where I've been, father," protested the girl, mildly.

"I do care," said Bartle, with such astonishing gravity that he felt two pairs of eyes fixed instantly on him.

The farmer broke the silence. "That's civil," he said, showing a certain constraint, "but you've no call to care. Now Caleb Mercer, he taught himself to paint; that would be in 1760, and he was made a deal of by the local gentry. We're as good as gentry ourselves nowadays, but he was a herdsman. He got on and bought a bit of land, and his father bought more, and my father bought—but it's always been hand to mouth with the lot of us." A shade closed in round his happy heartiness. "I shall have to sell the family picture one of these days. Come close and have a look at it. Selina, my dear, push the candles closer."

They went toward the wall. Bartle felt himself suppressing an inarticulate groan. It was a shocking picture.

Mr. Mercer's narrow black head was held sideways, and he screwed up his eyes. "A picture of this old place, as you see. Didn't belong to him then, and it was smaller and plainer altogether. He got a fancy for it, and he bought it in the end. What a man keeps on dreaming for he gets. I did."

"Did you?" Bartle turned his eyes from the landscape painting and fixed them eagerly on the man.

Selina got up; she slipped her hand through her father's arm. "Go on about the picture, Daddy, or I'll stick this darning-needle into you instead of sticking it into your stocking."

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The needle flashed between her finger and thumb; she laughed at him indulgently. The farmer laughed, too, and looked shy.

"She doesn't want me to talk about my love-making," he confessed. "She doesn't care. Isn't that it, sweetheart? You're too young to care. But she will some day, won't she?"

He chuckled at Bartle; he stroked his daughter's magnificent hair. His lean fingers were in and out of it, and she stood still to let him do it. Bartle looked glum and rapt. This was a thing that he must not do—yet he would some day.

"I saw my wife first when she was three and I was nine. I went up and kissed her on the mouth and said, 'I'll have you for my little wife.' The nurse was holding her by the hand—and didn't that woman laugh! I never changed. I kept on with my dream until she was seventeen—same age as Selina here—then we got married. You see," he concluded, simply, "I wanted her—and that's the secret. Same with old Caleb. He got his eye on this place, he loved it, and he painted it—all self-taught, a regular genius—and before he died he owned it. I wish he'd given us a better view of the old place as it was then. But very likely trees—and old Caleb put in a lot—are more in the fashion. Speaking from a market value, I mean. Know anything about pictures?" He threw out the question casually.

"A little," faltered Bartle.

"If I wanted to sell, could you put me in the way of a buyer now?"

Selina laughed arrogantly, and went back to her darning. "Why, you'd advertise it in the local paper, father."

"The local paper!" Bartle went close to her. In five minutes or so he would be out of the house—and he loved her. She did not understand, but her father would. He was violently in love for the first time in his life, and with an angular country girl just home from school in Brussels.

"Everybody reads it." She surveyed him indifferently. "There it is on the side-table. If father wanted to sell he could get a thousand pounds at once, and just by a single advertisement which costs half a crown."

Mr. Mercer said they must be starting. Bartle put out his hand, and Selina's lay in it. She smiled at him, the long mouth getting longer, the hollows and crinkles lying at once, with the smile, in her brown cheeks. She wasn't pretty; but he wanted her, and he would have her. He drove away with the farmer through the still, white air.

Two days later Selina went into her mother's room after breakfast. Mrs. Mercer was chafing on a couch near the fire, bemoaning her sprained ankle. Selina had a pair of rolled-up stockings, which she flung in her mother's lap.

"Will these do? Father grows spurs on his heels, doesn't he? Never saw such holes!"

Her mother unrolled them; she poked her fingers here and there.

"That isn't all," said Selina, when she looked up.

"Another pair, darling? You've done these very nicely."

"No; a letter. Read it. You'll like it better than I do. You'll understand." She tossed it into her mother's lap, after the stockings.

Mrs. Mercer read it, flushed, gasped, and put it down. She was a blond woman of overflowing figure, and better-looking than her daughter ever would be.

"Selina! I never!"

"Yes, mother. Did you ever know such a man?"

"Have you told your father?"

"'Course I haven't."

"Did your father like him?"

"I suppose so."

"Selina! It's a love-letter."

"How you do blush, mother! I don't. He wants to marry me, you see."

"No man could put it more charmingly. I like this man." Mrs. Mercer's plump fingers caressed Bartle's letter. "Why did I go and sprain my stupid ankle? Why did he come that very day? If I had seen him I could judge for myself. Was he a gentleman?"

"I suppose so." Selina sat down; she was smiling broadly and swinging her foot. "But he was old. There was a bald spot at the back of his head. You could see it even under his cap. It was as big as this." She joined the tips of her forefinger and thumb together, describing as large a circle as she could.

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"You won't marry him? I mean you won't let him come and see us? You won't give him his chance? Father would find out all about him—money and family and that. It's such pretty writing and such good paper."

Mrs. Mercer looked sentimental and eager; her fingers kept petting the letter. She wanted her girl to marry, and soon, as all good mothers do. She rushed upon personal loss and sacrifice, as a good mother must.

"It's like a woman's writing." Selina was scornful. "I noticed his hands—womanish. I want them knuckly and brown and hairy, like Dad's. I didn't like his hands any better than his head."

"Only that much of his head." Her mother joined her own finger and thumb, compressing the circle. "'Tisn't much of a man."

Selina went and knelt solemnly at her side. "Do you want to get rid of me—so soon? I only left Brussels at the Michaelmas term, mother."

"No, darling, not yet." The mother expansively hugged her. "But this is so wonderful, Selina; it is so romantic—and you are like a little flint."

"Romantic! Not a bit. Throw the letter in the fire and we'll forget the stupid man. Don't say a word to father."

"I must. Why, I've told him everything ever since I could speak, almost. And the letter must be answered. That's only civil, my dear."

"No," Selina flamed up; "I won't have that."

"Finishing-school manners, Selina?"

"Mother" — the girl was piteous — "you won't answer it behind my back? You won't let him come here and take me by surprise?"

"Of course not, Selina. We don't do things that way in this house."

They surveyed each other with all the family love and trust that was interwoven with the Mercers. No false word or cruel thought had ever arisen between the three of them. Bartle had felt the felicity and charm of this directly he entered Farthings Farm.

"But I'll keep the letter." Mrs. Mercer flicked and fanned her child's cheek with it. The cheek remained cool and uncolored. "Selina!"—she was almost vexed—"you're not a bit excited about it, or sensible. This fairy prince—"

"Traveling peddler, mother, just as likely. He blew in with the snow."

"It's romance." Mrs. Mercer fondled the letter in her generous lap. "That's rare; getting married is easy. Won't you give a thought to him? Throw this chance away and you'll be sorry. Day may come when you're hungry for romance and it won't be there. Mark my words."

"That man hasn't bought up the whole stock, mother. Plenty of time. And he's old; he's bald, I tell you."

"Your father said under thirty."

"Well, he's bald."

"What would you do if father and I died?"

"Look 'round for a man with a good thatch to his head. I won't take one like the barns out there." Selina laughed and went away.

Mrs. Mercer put Bartle's letter regretfully into her pocket. "I'll show it to father," she said, and sat thinking. Then her hand stole into her pocket and she fingered the letter again. "Your turn may come." She took it out and smiled at it in a dazzling way. "Queer things happen, when it's a man and a girl."

Bartle had no answer to his proposal. He had hardly expected one. His desire for Selina had flowed unwittingly out of him and he could neither sleep nor settle down to work until that letter was written and posted.

Time went on. Painting in London, he regularly took in the Sussex weekly paper which Selina had shown him. He only read the advertisement page—but nobody wanted to sell a picture. He did not go to Sussex again. That strip of land lying between the Downs and the Channel was enchanted and must remain so; it was not for common uses.

He remembered that half-grown, brown-faced girl with the astonishing crop of pure gold hair. He thought of her every morning when he woke up and every night before he slept. This remained an indulgence and an everlasting thrill; it never degenerated into mere habit. It was a most faithful fantasy, and even if he never saw her again he would always love her. She was not

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pretty, but she was herself, and that was all he asked or ever would ask. He was perhaps a fool, but to be a fool meant living with your head in the clouds and your lungs filled with ethereal air.

Three years had now passed. No doubt she had filled out and become of a grand build. If he had gone to Farthings Farm to-day and not three years ago, would coquetry have awakened and would she have answered his letter—if only to play with him?

It was snowing to-day as it had snowed that day. He looked out of his window. What different snow! Pure as it fell, but sodden in the gutters, livid on the dirty slate roofs. He stood there at the window, not caring to return to his easel; industry and inspiration were suddenly dead. He did not want to paint; he wanted to sit in a chimney corner and watch a half-grown girl darning a man's stocking.

His servant brought in the Sussex paper. This was the day for it and a day on which he was always restless. He looked at the advertisements; he read one. So it had come at last! Caleb Mercer wanted to sell his ancestor's landscape, and he asked eight hundred pounds. For a canvas that you'd throw on the fire! For the chance—incomparable—of the woman you wanted for a wife! Even that seemed a paltry way of putting it. For the one wonderful mate that the world held—for you!

He went out and saw a picture-dealer, taking the paper with him. He arranged with this man to buy the landscape at once and without quibbling and in his own name. The dealer said: "Caleb Mercer. I never heard of him. Don't you want me to go down and see it first?"

Bartle answered, with a visible shiver, "Certainly not," and he gave him a check. The idea of that man at Farthings Farm and in the presence of Selina made him flame.

"It's a lot of money for a speculative thing," said the dealer, taking the check and looking at him curiously.

"It's a lot—and it will be more when you see the picture," laughed Bartle, enigmatically, and he went away.

When the picture came, he looked at it, then shoved it out of sight, for he could not endure it.

If he went back to Farthings Farm and tried his luck again and won her, then, in decency, he must give the Mercers back the picture. But they were proud and would not take it. Of this he felt sure. Suppose they did take it, and suppose he married Selina? He would have to look at that picture very often, and when her parents died Selina would have it as an heirloom. There would be no escaping it. Here was the one flaw to perfect happiness—and there must be a flaw; there always was.

True, he had not won Selina yet, but he usually got the thing he wanted, and he meant to go back to Farthings Farm. He had bought the picture upon an impulse, not asking himself why. Then suddenly his face became illuminated, for he had an idea, and it seemed excellent.

Henceforth he occupied himself in painting a copy of the picture. He could not persuade himself to actual fidelity, but he had the genuine intention of being literal. He knew that he was in for a bit of work that would hurt him. He mixed his colors and started.

As he worked, the magic of that maritime strip of land, rich and wooded, asserted itself. He had known it and loved it and painted it before ever Fate led him to Farthings Farm. He recalled summer days and storm days—days when you got the smell of the hay and the smell of the sea together, or days when the sea was rough and balls of solid foam flew in amid the pasturing cows. He remembered all the lovely veiling of that land in summer-time—blue hills, blue sea. He remembered the winter, full with rain and the southwest gale.

He painted, and the thing became a work of art. This happened more than once, and he had quite a little store of Caleb Mercer's landscapes before he satisfied himself that he had got just the violently bad effect he needed. He signed the copy with his own name. He would take it down to the Mercers and beg them to accept it. They would never hang it on the wall; they had too great a reverence for old Caleb.

He hid the original away, for he could

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not persuade himself to destroy it. Then, suddenly, he lost courage, and it was June before he overcame shyness, dread, and irresolution. One morning he woke up brave again, woke up on fire for Selina, and he set out.

Selina that morning had washed her hair. There was so much of it that it took hours to dry. She sat on the ledge of a sunny window, her one wealth falling down her back. She looked out at the farm buildings with their new thatch roofs, with their gray sides patched yellow with new oak.

She was sad, as she often was, and for no reason. She demanded some intangible comfort—a magic which the family circle, charmed though it was, did not supply. Her mother, three years ago, had warned her. Her mother, now, often watched her, but said nothing.

Sunlight through the chintz curtain made a rose parterre upon her thinly covered shoulders, a thrush sang in the pear-tree outside, a bowlful of rose-leaves was drying close to where she sat—all these things soothed her and made promises, for she vaguely wanted something out of the way to happen. She put her fingers in the rose-leaves, flicking and sifting them. Her mother had said to her father only yesterday: "Selina's making a sweet-pot. Women do that when they are young and want things to happen, or when they are getting old and things are over."

"Or if the things didn't come," said Caleb, looking at her tenderly, holding her pink-and-white face in his lean hands.

"They did come to her, the little tiresome thing, Caleb. She wouldn't have him just because of a bald spot."

"Couldn't have been much. I never noticed," said Caleb, and he went out.

Selina was still drying her hair on the window-ledge when she heard wheels in the lane. Then the gate clicked; then Bartle, parcel under his arm, walked up the path. Her window was at the side of the house, so she saw his back and saw the little bald patch beneath his hat. Her cheeks burned, and she started up. When she heard her mother coming upstairs she hid her face, flung her hair forward, and went on rubbing.

"There's somebody down-stairs," said Mrs. Mercer, standing before her.

"I know there is, mother. I looked out and saw his bald patch. No bigger than three years ago, and that's a mercy." An ironic laugh came from behind the golden hair.

"Don't you be too sure, Selina. He may be as bald as an egg under his hat, but you go and get dressed. Look nice, won't you?" Her mother came and fondly shook her big shoulders, feeling for them through the yellow mane.

"You look so glad, mother"—Selina flung it back. "Pity he can't make love to you!"

"I've got my hands—my arms—full." Mrs. Mercer laughed. "How long will you be?"

"Not long. You go down." Selina's hands shook as she twisted her hair.

Down-stairs, her father and mother and Bartle Wood stood round the table; a picture was on it. She looked over their shoulders; she was taller than any of them.

"Great-grandfather's picture!" she said, in a voice of wonder. Then she turned and nodded brusquely to Bartle, whose eyes were on her.

"You look again," her father grinned. "Don't you see a difference?"

She bent down; they made way for her. To Bartle there was expressed the highest joy, for he saw that golden head again.

She looked up; her finger was on his signature in the corner. "You paint, then?" she said.

"A little," he returned, gravely.

"Yes, he has done it for us—and very handsomely meant." Her father was cordial. "We'll hang it on the wall where the real one was." He looked helplessly at his wife.

"The nail's all ready." Her glance back at him was firm and eloquent.

"How could you remember the way it went?" asked Selina of Bartle, but she never looked at him.

"I didn't remember. A rich man, a friend of mine, bought it. He's taken it abroad, but he lent it to me first and I made a copy. I thought you might care to have it."

"Taken it abroad, has he?" The farmer's chuckle was good to hear.

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Lots of our best art treasures go abroad. You see about it in the papers. You won't mind my saying so, Mr. Bartle, but you haven't got the color quite so strong as old Caleb's. Likely they don't make such good colors nowadays."

"Nothing's so good as it used to be; not dress stuffs, nor house linen, nor even food," said Selina's mother, soothingly.

Then they hung the picture up; then, eagerly and childishly, Mr. and Mrs. Mercer went into different parts of the room to judge the effect. Bartle and Selina remained, speechless, by the table.

"You've got a frame to match as near as possible after all these years," said Mercer. "Dirty-looking, too. I suppose they do these things. They are up to all sorts of trade tricks."

"It's an old frame," said Bartle. "I—I happened to have it."

It was the original frame.

"It's—it's fine," said Mercer, looking warmly at his guest.

Yet, through all this ceremonial hanging of his terrible picture, Bartle detected a forced enthusiasm. They were so fine in their courtesy to him and yet so faithful in their loyalty to the family genius.

He stayed to dinner. They insisted that he must also stay the night, and he consented. Caleb Mercer took him tramping round the farm, pointing out improvements. The eight hundred pounds had saved the situation. When they returned in time for tea Selina and her mother sat darning stockings on the shadowed lawn. Mrs. Mercer looked up and smiled at him.

After supper he got a little walk with Selina, her mother openly conniving; he had a friend there. They went down the lane to the sea. Tamarisk-trees waved in a feathery way at the edge of the flat, pale beach. They were in bloom, and a line of seductive pink blossoms ran along this boundary between sea and land. The sea was dim and motionless, with a shrinking spray that looked like scattered seed-pearls. Rows of little breakwaters built close, for the sea encroached, looked dead-white and altogether ghostly.

They sat down. Daylight drifted softly out and all the subtle smells of sleepy earth became more softly insistent. Bartle took Selina's hand; she neither drew it away nor returned his significant pressure.

"I love you," he said. "By the letter you never answered, you knew that three years ago."

She looked at him, and suddenly she was crying. He saw her breast rise, and he took her in his arms at once.

"What is it?" he asked. He looked down at her face.

"I've been lonely," she sobbed, "and afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Of staying on at Farthings Farm, of growing old, of nobody coming. You came and you wrote the letter, but I wouldn't have it. Mother said I would be sorry, and I was. I'm twenty now, and I've thought of you—lots. I wanted you to come back. I prayed you might—there wasn't much else to pray for. At first I wanted you because you wrote the letter and made love; afterward, because it was you."

"What did you do with the letter?"

"Mother kept it; then I begged it back. She understood; she knows what she's talking about when she says 'romance.' She's been so happy with father. There was never anybody else."

"There must never be anybody else, behind or before," said Bartle. "That's the secret. There has never been anybody with me. I just loved you without warning that day I blew in with the snow and found you darning stockings. I made up my mind from that hour."

She said to him, as they went back to the farm: "Would you mind if we didn't hang your picture on the wall? It is wonderful, but not quite the same as great-grandfather's. You do understand? You don't feel hurt?"

"I understand perfectly, and I don't mind a bit," returned Bartle.

Selina went on, still trying to console him. "Yours is a beautiful picture. It is marvelous, considering. But you couldn't expect to paint so well as old Caleb Mercer, could you? He was a natural genius." Stout family pride was in her voice.

"I never *could* paint quite like him," said Bartle, truthfully.

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Top o' Smoky

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Department of English, Yale University

THE centipede tracks of the Appalachians down the map across Maryland and into the Carolinas have always drawn me southward. I cannot remember when I have not wished to follow their softly rounded summits, which were "the mountains" for me in childhood as for so many Americans, down to their source in the high, strong ranges of the South.

Three times I have had my wish. At first I followed the Blue Ridge where it winds across the Virginia border, hesitates among lofty hills, orcharded, then rises to its crowning effort in Grandfather, an ancient pyramid of forests. The highest peak of Grandfather is a weather-beaten rock bedded in low, green spruce and rose-flowered rhododendron. From its tip one looks northwestward over range after range of forested mountains to the hazy wall of the Smokies behind which lies Tennessee. When I came again, I swung in a long loop among the high cross ranges that zigzag between the Smokies and the Blue Ridge where it overhangs the cotton-fields. But on my third journey, having determined where for me lay the heart of the Appalachians, I headed straight for the Smokies by the Balsam route.

The Balsams are like a bent finger projecting from the high Smokies twenty miles south, then twenty east, with Soco Pass at the joint. The eastern segment is made by the Plott Balsams, a range of six-thousand-foot, black-topped spruce peaks with pleasant valleys beneath. To the north, the mountain "lead" of old Cataloochee runs up to the parent chain in as wild a wilderness as the East affords. Oconolufta, most beautiful of mountain rivers, borders them to the westward. Soco and Jonathan rise in them. Tuckasegee is their southern water line. To follow their right-angle about and through the country of the lost tribe of the Cherokees, a little nation hidden in their folds, on into the groves of great tulip-trees, now nearing extinction, and then to the very "top o' Smoky"—that was our programme.

The literary approach to the Smokies has always been from Tennessee and the north. I do not know why, unless it was that Miss Murfree, the first to celebrate the local color of rhododendron and razorback, lived on the northern slopes—or because in later times the fiction belt of the Middle West has been conveniently adjacent. Stories have gushed like streams from the Tennessee side of the mountains. But the southern slope is still unexploited. The local-color mountaineer with a magazine dialect has not been standardized there. The south is wilder, steeper, more vigorous in forest; and there were the Cherokees and tulip-trees—a musical combination. So on horseback, in the warm gold of a Southern September, we rode out from the little town of Waynesville, our goods peddler-wise in rolls behind us. "Whar they goin'?" asked the last darky boy at the straggling end of Waynesville. "Plumb to top o' Smoky," said a mountaineer's son from his mule. And we smiled a confident "Yes."

Going into the woods in the Southern mountains is so different from the familiar experience in the North as to belong in a different compartment of happiness altogether. In the North one follows a dimly blazed trail through the spruce, pack on back, the moss soft underfoot. In the South a road too rough for wheels scrambles up a narrowing valley beside a clear stream roaring over white rocks, until the fresh, green, hardwood forests close in above you, the rhododendron pulls at your stirrup, and horse and man

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and road take to the water, fording, refording, driven from this side to that, until the valley becomes a cañon and the road a rocky trail. The spruce is far above on the summits. It is a fresher, greener, loftier forest you ride through, high columned, open, save where the stream is lost in a labyrinth of laurel and rhododendron impenetrable by man.

But the chief distinction of this Southern forest is that it is populous, that it is humanized by the most refreshing people in America. The glaciers have established the character of the Northern mountains, peaks, lakes, swamps, with only here and there space for a farm. But glaciers never reached the North Carolina country. There the creeks have cut narrow, winding valleys from the mountain hearts outward, and each "branch" has made its tiny "cove," up which one may push to a turfy summit or a balsam-covered dome. And in every cove and along the infrequent levels of each valley, the mountain people have crowded their little clearings and built their shacks. Except on the passes, or the steep flanks or very tops of the mountains, you are seldom out of sight of a thread of smoke, a stone chimney, a tattered gray roof, and a corn-field rising sharply beneath girdled trees into the heavy forest. By the streamside it is rustic life everywhere; up the mountain, wilderness.

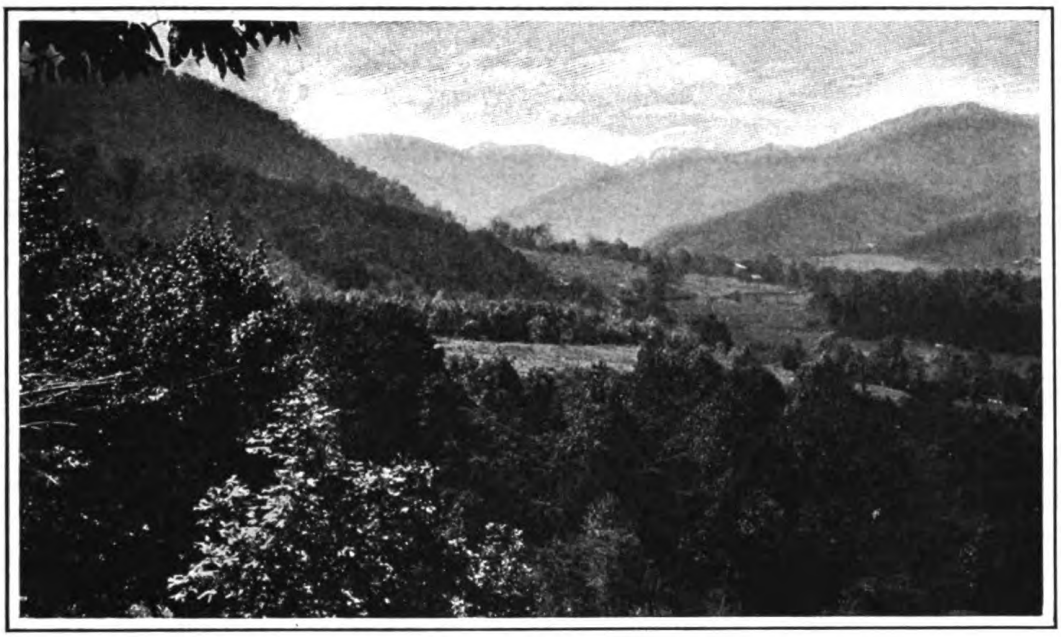
And therefore, as for two days we rode toward the Indian country, following Jonathan Creek through its valley beneath the Balsams up to its very source in a clump of rhododendron, we were never solitary. In spite of our interest in tulip-trees and Cherokees we gave our first and freshest thoughts to the friendly mountain whites. Sometimes it would be a sheep-herder on his mule jogging beside us, curious as to our destination, incurious as to us, for we were too far outside his world to interest him save as a man and a woman wandering in his mountains. More often we encountered a mountain family dispersed along the roadside, the children popping up from the dead leaves and chestnuts to cry "Howdy!" the father loafing streamward with his gun over his shoulder; the mother wearily cutting corn on the hillside, or resting her draggled figure by the smoky cabin door. "Goin' to top o' Smoky?" some one would always ask. "Wal, hit's plumb far."

It was on Jonathan's Creek that I resolved to correct, if a single pen can correct, an erroneous impression of these mountaineers that "local-color literature" has spread broadcast. For in North Carolina at least, and, I suspect, everywhere in the long Southern highlands where they live, two million strong of native Americans, there are two classes of mountaineers; not, it is true, sharply set apart, for indeed all seem to be of the same good pioneer stock—Scotch-Irish mostly, but as different for the purposes of civilization as well may be. The valley folk and the cove folk I shall call them for convenience; although a more scientific description might be, the landed and the relatively landless.

It was the valley folk we met first along the rich meadows of Jonathan's Creek, although here and there on the road the cove people came down from their little shacks and girdled fields on the steep hillside to please us with their richer dialect. To speak of the valley folk as degenerates is the rankest injustice. They are a mountain people, aloof from the world outside and knowing little about it, but no more degenerate than Daniel Boone or the Colorado pioneers. They *are* pioneers, pioneers of the early nineteenth century, maintaining a static battle against the wilderness which their grandfathers entered, and which has fought them on even terms ever since. They live quite as the pioneers lived, growing their own bread in the corn-fields and grinding it, making their own "long sweetening" from plumed sorghum, eating pork from their own ranges, and chewing tobacco dried on the home rafters. Except that clothes are bought now, not woven, and the mail brings a trickle of news from the outer world, there has scarcely been a vital change in a century's experience.

In Crockett Campbell's house in Campbell Cove where the four Campbell brothers live on the lands their grandfather hacked out of the forest, the old flintlock still stands in the corner of the kitchen, ready for business. It has a

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THE LOWER REACHES OF JONATHAN VALLEY

percussion hammer now; otherwise it is just as when "grandaddy" leveled it on Kirk's raiders. In the same fashion, the twentieth century has touched these valley folk only a little; taught them to read and write, taught them to educate their children; that is about all. Their simple ways, big bodies, powerful muscles, clear and open countenances, and excellent virility are an unimpaired inheritance.

Crockett Campbell's grandfather was old Plott, whose name is set upon the southern "lead" of the Balsams, and crowns its highest peak. Forty-nine "painters" and innumerable "bars" fell before his flintlock. When he grew old and a little weary of mere slaughter, it was his custom to wait upon some bear stand in his Balsams until he heard the bear scrambling through the rhododendron with the hounds after him. Then he would put his big gun down by the trailside, present his left arm "to be chawed," so said Crockett, and, with the knife in his right hand, stab. A bear got that way was worth getting. At eighty years of age he crawled out too far upon a shelving bank above a pool where bear and dogs were fighting. The shelf broke and slid the tough old pioneer into the midst of the naval combat. He took his part, but "the bar nigh et him up, an' he was never the same man ag'in. He lost his health"! That is the stock. "Cain't you hit a squir'l runnin' with a pistol? Why, I kin," said his grandson, more in sorrow than contempt. The pioneers are still alive, and, thank Heaven, raising plenty of children, in the mountains of North Carolina.

What is most refreshing, however, in these simple, vigorous valley folk is their entire originality. Now that the "movies" are putting the final touch on the standardized mediocrity of urban America, a visit to the Southern mountains is to renew acquaintance with personality. Men in the Carolina coves and valleys are as different from one another as the Lord made them; not as near alike as the department-store advertisements, popular magazines, and daily newspapers can shape them in clothes, thoughts, and information. They know little of the great war (the cove folk, nothing) except that "we-all think that Europe's goin' to win"; and yet our sheep-herder stated his home-made pacificist theory that "war don' settle nothin'," with a convincingness due quite as much to his home-bred thinking as to the fact that he carried a gun under his arm. Their thought is their own, and freely uttered in speech colored with personality. "From yon

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WHERE THE STREAM-BED AND THE ROAD-BED ARE ONE

bump"—our fellow-traveler waved at a pointed mountain—"y' kin see as far as y'r eye kin lift." Imagine a press-fed mind inventing that!

But for all their hearty dialect, their strong primitiveness, and their passionate love of the mountains, the valley folk have not been much celebrated in literature. The writers of local-color stories prefer the picturesque degeneracy of the "coveites" to the living pictures of healthy pioneer life which we encountered so often in our weeks among the mountains. I do not altogether blame them, for the cove people of the hillsides are easy to make interesting. They are the quaintest, most shiftless, most hopelessly degenerate race I know outside of the tropics; and yet they are lovable, too. As we mounted toward the bleak pass at the head of Jonathan Creek their unkempt shacks, constructed of logs mud-stuffed, with a rubble chimney or a mere fireplace built into the cabin side and opening outward, squatted at every turn of the road. They were picturesque in a way, these cabins, with their strings of beans and peppers hanging from the eaves, but on nearer view dirty, desolate. And the people, too, lean, bilious, the women bent and scrawny, the children underfed, were not engaging. Only their kindly shrewdness, their hearty welcome of the stranger forbade contempt.

The stock is not at fault, for they bear as good names as you can find in America. It is the mountains that have crushed them. Their lot has been that of the French, without French thrift to meet it. Loving their soil, they have overcrowded it. You cannot go on having six or seven children indefinitely without cramping a valley so narrow that the levels suffice for a handful of families only. And so, if the children will not emigrate—and no one wishes to emigrate from the mountains—they must push on a little farther up the coves, where the pitch is steeper, the soil thinner, livelihood harder to get, education, civilization farther away. There they girdle the magnificent oaks and chestnuts back of the shack, plant corn on an angle as steep as your roof, harvest it a few leaves at a time for their stock, the big ears last of all; plant again and again; and then, when the steep land gullies into red sand, move on and start over. They are nomads, squatters, exhausters of the soil, always cramped for even the little room they ask, because they will not leave the mountains. Even when the children of the valley folk go

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away to school, they come back. "Natur' is best," said one old fellow. "God's goodness made it. The boys come back." But the children of the cove people never leave the coves. It does not need hookworm to explain degeneracy under such circumstances. The hookworm is a result as much as a cause.

And yet these hill people, for all their hopelessness, are fascinating. They are not civilized; but neither are they bourgeois. I can see toothless old Lane Tatem where on the slopes of Soco he sits for ever holding his stomach. "Hit was hurt in loggin'," he says; but as a matter of fact that is just an excuse for making the "gals" he "riz" do the work while he philosophizes. No one can read or write in that household but a Cherokee Indian, a barbarian in overalls with the accent of a college graduate, who does the heavier labor, paid, Heaven knows how; perhaps from the proceeds of some mysterious still on the hillside. The rickety clock marks twelve. It is really two. They have no sugar in the house, no milk; nothing for dinner but stewed dough, coarse beans, rough cornbread dipped in pink drippings from sour beets, unspeakable coffee—and fleas and hound dogs inside and out the one-roomed shack. But when it comes to personality! Lane would make a fortune in vaudeville. The girls, their pinched, pathetic faces flushing with embarrassment at our interest in their life, proud of their best clothes, put on so that we should "make a picter," apologetic because the room had not been "breshed out"—it needed scraping; they were all illiterate and two of them miserable, yet more individual, less depressing, than the vulgarized, common place poor of the slums.

But Hendy Caps will remain in my memory as the best explanation of why it is the cove folk that story-tellers have seized upon. We were sitting at sunset-time on the porch of a valley house beside Jonathan, listening to the sputtering of frying chicken inside, stretching our legs luxuriantly after the day-long cramp of the saddle. Down by the little store at the ford of the "branch" some boys were laughing noisily.

The creaking gate banged. Across the grass came a rosy-faced girl, eyes sparkling, full breast heaving, fists clenched. Her shoes were broken and dusty on strong feet accustomed to go bare; her skirt ragged, her baggy brown blouse torn and slimsy, but her figure gave them grace. "You-uns tell 'em boys to quit h'rassin' me," she cried, resentfully,



LANE TATEM AND HIS GIRLS, DRESSED TO "MAKE A PICTER"

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tears of anger, not fear, in her eyes. Slumping into a chair, she forgot her rage and looked us over with a curious, shy smile that curved her lips downward and ended in drooped eyes and a burning blush. "I'm Hendy Caps. You-uns tell me whar Clyde Caps lives. He's kin o' mine. I'm expected to 'im." She sighed. "Them boys was storyin' me 'bout him livin' here. Mebbe—" but she was too proud to ask for hospitality. "Is hit far?"

"Where do you live?" we asked.

"Done don' live nowhar. We couldn' set a home when our mother died. Las' winter I served old man Eldridge. He made me go barefoot in the snow. I'm tryin' to behave myself. Takes that to get through the world, don' hit?" She raised her eyes, smiled her quick, shy smile again, and blushed. Some one laughed in the dusk by the gate. "H'yar you—! !" She sprang from the chair like a cat, and from her pretty mouth let fly an astounding stream of mountain profanity. Our hostess dropped the frying chicken and came running. "I won't hev no sech low-down words 'roun' my children," she cried, angrily. "Y' better move right along up the cove to fin' y'r kin. Clyde Caps 'll be milkin' 'long the branch."

"I'm plumb tired," said the girl, looking wistfully at the table setting for supper inside. She tossed her head defiantly. "But Clyde Caps is kin o' mine. He oughter take me in. I reckon I'll be droppin' 'roun' for a little call thar this evenin'." She smiled her drooping smile, lowered her eyes, flushed, picked up her battered satchel, and swung off into the dusk of the forest. Degenerate, I suppose, illiterate, irregular; but was not Isopel Berners irregular and badly bred?

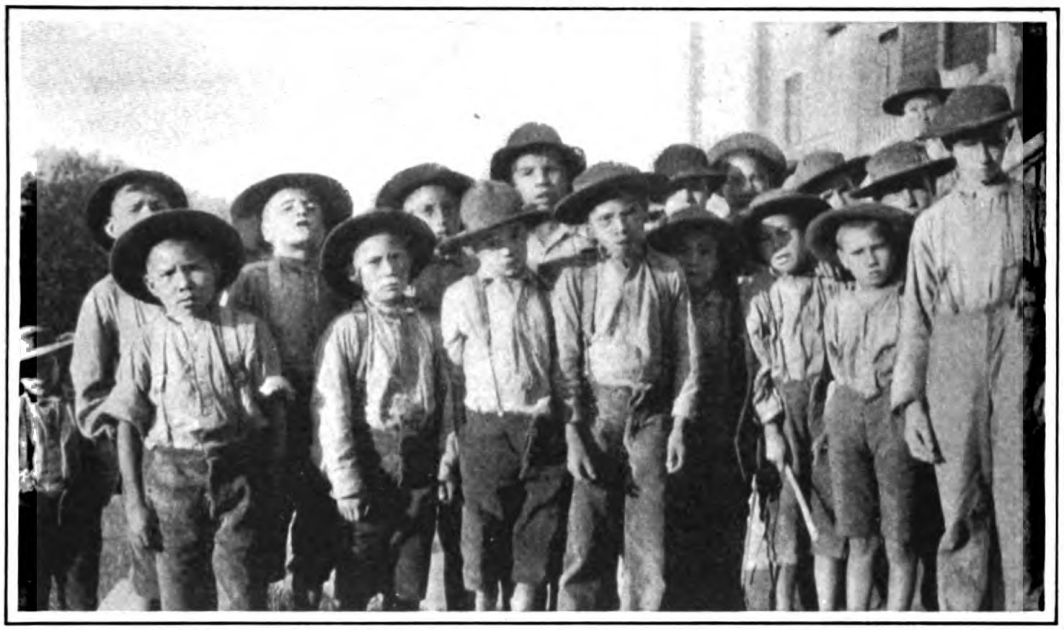
Thus adventuring by the wayside, we climbed over the grassy pass by Bunches Bald—called Soco on the maps—and rode down a pitching, stony road, past filmy waterfalls, through roaring Soco again and again on rock slants that made our horses tremble, and into a wild and winding valley, the first of the Indian lands. Soco Pass crosses the Balsams where they make their sharp bend to the northward. Soco Valley leads to the Oconolufta, and the "Lufty" leads to "top o' Smoky." All Soco and most of the Oconolufta is Cherokee country.

In 1838 the state of Georgia concluded a shameless campaign of greed and lawlessness against the Cherokees by persuading President Jackson to expatriate them and move them west. Disregarding their services in the War of 1812, and their more than respectable stage of civilization, General Winfield Scott, with two thousand soldiers, hunted out the nation and deported them. Four thousand died on the way. No race ever loved its soil more dearly. Most of the Cherokees protested the removal. Some thousand refused to go and became fugitive in the inaccessible country of the high mountains. It seemed best to let them go. They grouped themselves upon the Oconolufta and its branches; later their land was delimited and set apart for their use only; and when the flooding tide of whites reached them better laws gave them at least a title to their homes. The Society of Friends established a school among them; later the government took it over, enlarged it. Now some thirteen hundred real Cherokees—full bloods and part bloods—and perhaps nine hundred more of white appearance, but nominally Indian, live in the valleys that meet at Yellow Hill, where is the Indian school.

The cove folk speak disparagingly of the Cherokee. He has, according to them, all the bad qualities that one notices in the cove folk themselves—dirt, shiftlessness, and incapacity. But I think that I have never seen a people of more contented appearance, nor happier children than the little Indians at the Cherokee school. By a fortunate system it is the "nation" that owns the land, so no one can be in want; by a still more fortunate addition, while no Indian may own his farm, he can own and rent and sell the improvements he makes upon it; most fortunate of all, the government gives them nothing free of cost except a sound industrial education, and they must pay taxes like their fellow-Christians to the state of North Carolina.

From an early age the boys and girls must go to school and must stay there until they are about seventeen. Then they may go to Carlisle or Hampton,

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A GROUP OF CHEROKEE BOYS AT THE INDIAN SCHOOL

or back to the little, low-porched shack set behind its flowers and fruit-trees on the mountain clearing. At school they are divided into "details" for study and service, this group learning to read, or sew, while others clean stables, wash dishes, blacksmith, according to age or sex. The boys, when free from tasks, play "Cherokee ball"—a kind of lacrosse—on a green meadow beneath the school buildings, with queer, shrill cries; the girls roam about in pairs and fours, arms about waists, chatting and laughing in liquid Cherokee under the trees. It is all very charming and very idyllic. Indeed, my best impression of the Cherokee country is of a land of primitive beauty where an unambitious race is content.

All speak Cherokee, one of the most musical of tongues. To hear the boys singing hymns in their strange, soft voices is an experience. The older Indians know little English. They understand but do not willingly speak it. Race pride is strong. It is a merit to be a full-blood. Even the children feel their caste, and the sons of the "hangers-on," whose yellow hair betrays them, come to the teachers, saying, "Please make the little Indian boys play with us." And yet it is the Indian with some white blood in him that does best. The full-bloods, although the Cherokees are the most civilized among Indian tribes, are barbarians still.

Mink, the medicine-man, is well patronized. We saw his conjuring-beads which tell by their rolling whether the sick man is going to die, or who is to win the match at Cherokee ball. They still dance the green-corn dance and the ball dance, the latter before the great ball game of the year. Then they dance all night, the men in a circle around the fire where Dr. Mink is beating a tom-tom, the women in a long line. At intervals they go down to the stream while the medicine-man prays to the god of the waters. And yet, like their neighbor whites, they are good Baptists, so good that they have been known to carry a sick squaw in a chair two miles over the mountains to plump her in the Oconolufta, lest she should die unchristened and be barred from heaven. She died the day after! In the deeper forest they still make blow-guns eight to ten feet long of reeds, through which they shoot an arrow barbed with a thistle point, impaling chipmunks, squirrels, and birds. Wildness still lingers in the Cherokee, for all his bucolic life; and he looks wild, too, as one sees him motion-

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LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS AT THE CHEROKEE SCHOOL

less above a pool, following with his rifle the movements of a trout. If a moonshine hunt is on, the officials seek an Indian guide, for it is his keen eye that first sees the thread of smoke above the hidden still in the forest.

As we came down Soco Pass from the great forests and the waterfalls into the pleasant valley, we saw at first no Indians, only their cabins set back from the road, unlike the cove folks' huts that spill their children across one's track. The cabins were curiously silent; they seemed deserted except when, as rarely, we would see the squaws making splits for baskets beside the porch.

The Indian is shy. He draws his porch roof down to conceal his door; he plants fruit-trees and cosmos and sunflower to hide him from passers-by. He prefers to build his cabin in an armpit of the mountains, back from the highway, so that he can see and not be seen. You meet him most frequently upon the road where he is eternally walking with a meal-sack on his shoulders, white against his long, black hair and red bandana neckcloth; or, if it is a squaw, a pack of white cotton cloth with a load of herbs in it, or corn, or a papoose curled invisible, or sticking his fat legs beneath her armpits. She wears a headdress of red bandana. Once the men wore turbans that left the top of the head bare, as can be seen in pictures of the famous leaders of the early nineteenth century. Now the bandana goes round the neck, and the head is topped with the felt hat of the region.

Big Jim on Straight Fork still wears his turban. We saw him at dusk, an impressive figure, with the long, white, drooping mustache characteristic of one type of the Indians, red turban, dark face that seemed sullen but was only shy. "Ů-ü-ü-ü-ü-ü-ü," he replied as I greeted him. With joy I recognized the famous Indian "Ugh" of childhood story-books. Wild Cat wears his turban still. So, I believe, does Dr. Mink, whose herbs, says the reservation doctor, are marvelously medicinal, though, unfortunately, with results quite different from what he proposes.

The best Indians are farthest back. Even in this remote and pastoral community, white by red is not a fortunate arrangement. At Big Cove, where the Straight Fork of the "Lufty" joins Raven Prong, we spent two days with one of the best of them, Johnson Owl, whose real name is Oo-goo-koo, which is what the hoot-owl keeps saying at night unless you turn your pocket inside out

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and twist it. His wife was Stacey Wahnita, which means little deer, a low-voiced woman, educated at Carlisle, capable, efficient, clean, who in a most anti-feminist manner stood behind her husband's chair at dinner while we sat with Johnson, his two papooses, and a savage full-blood who grunted Cherokee through chin bristles. Mrs. Owl never answered a question without looking at her husband. She never smiled until he smiled. But no French *auberge* was ever cleaner or more comfortable than her mountain cabin, let the "antis" make what they please of it. Meanwhile, down by the creek Ann Panther, *née* Crawfish, was boiling the Owl laundry in a vast pot over an open fire of logs.

The papooses were better behaved than most white children. We frightened the little one at first so that he cried with curious falsetto screams. I noticed that the older boy answered our questions with his fingers as much as with his tongue. He described by gestures the great mountain "'way, away, away" where the white ducks went to sleep at night. You could see from his pudgy fingers how they flapped and waddled up through the forest. I asked the name of the fat little gold-colored baby with slant eyes and bronze cheeks. It was my own, with Owl tacked to it, borrowed from a Quaker cousin who has kept up the interest that Friends have always felt in the Indian. A coincidence impossible for fiction, but amusing in fact. I like the Cherokees. I am glad that there is a Joseph Canby Oo-goo-koo.

Indians and white mountaineers alike have an affectionate regard for their forests that I have not found in the North. They regard with a certain melancholy the invasion of the lumbermen, who, since my first visit fourteen years ago, have hacked their way to the top of the Balsams, and peeled off great areas of spruce. Being human, they do not despise the money that comes into the country, but they deplore the slaughter of the forests. North Carolina is better forested, more beautifully forested, than any other part of the Appalachians; nevertheless, the choppers have already culled the more accessible woodlands, and have gone far upon a more ruinous destruction. "Seems as if they jes' nat'rally t'ar up everything," was our sheep-herder's comment. "Soon thar'll be no more big woods," said the Cherokee at Lane Tatem's. But the



ANN PANTHER, NÉE CRAWFISH, AND HER OPEN-AIR LAUNDRY

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valley folk cling to their forest lands. I know one who keeps fifty acres of virgin forest at his back door, because "my spring's right thar, an' a man cain't live right without a spring." When we asked of white or Indian where we might still find "big poplars," they were eager to direct us, regretful that there were so few left to find.

Our best information led us up the Oconolufta through the Cherokee nation, and on toward the main line of the Smokies, where they tower up well above six thousand feet into Mt. Guyot. We chose the Straight Fork of the river, for on it lie the twenty-five thousand acres of land sold but lately by the Indians, and still untouched by the lumberman, the finest forest, I am told, in North Carolina; if so, one of the finest in the world.

Johnson Owl rode with us up the narrow cañon above the white, rushing Oconolufta. On a fence by a sorghum-field we found the oldest son of Magee, the last settler of the upper prong, studying the sun's reflection on his gun-barrel. "Kin y'r brother take us-all to the big poplars?" asked Johnson, in his soft Indian voice. The boy scarcely looked up. "He cain't do nothin' till I come home, an' I ain't goin' home till noon." Time is not valuable in the mountains. The mountaineer works when he has to, and eats twice a day—once when he gets hungry in the morning, and once when he gets hungry in the afternoon. The Indian, so they say, eats three meals a day, even if they all have to come at twelve o'clock. Young Magee "warn't right busy." He saddled his horse, and off we went, the four of us with four dogs, up Lufty Straight Fork to find the big poplars.

It was glorious riding, but difficult. Our road clung to one side of the narrow mountain rift where Magee and his sons had scraped a patch here and there for corn or sorghum. Beside us the Lufty shouted over its boulders. Above was a deep jade wall of rhododendron, then towering hemlocks beneath a cliff of waving hardwoods, oaks or chestnuts, until far above one saw through some cleft the faint spires of balsam near the top of Cataloochee. I remembered that I had seen such rhododendron hanging its candelabra of flowers over the mountain torrents in July, and regretted for a moment our September. But we rode through goldenrod as high as our saddles and beds of turquoise aster. The air was crisp and cool, while beneath the hemlocks and among the rhododendron garnet maple-leaves and crimson sorrel burned in the sunlight.

Perhaps there are still many groups of tulip-trees such as we found at last in Round Bottom, but I cannot learn of them. One other grove almost as fine I have seen, but now there are only stumps to show what once could be viewed there. And the tulip-tree—or yellow poplar, as it is more familiarly known—is of course no rarity like the sequoia, which among all trees that I know, at its best, it most resembles. True, like the sequoia again, it is the last of its genus; but once it was abundant everywhere in its Appalachian range; it is still common in our forests; but not at its best, not at all as it grows upon the Oconolufta.

We rode up Straight Fork through a sun-spangled grove of chestnuts, then left the trail to Cataloochee, splashed noisily across green water, burst horse and man through a screen of rhododendron, and entered the dark forest. It was an open forest beneath its high roof. The eye went freely once we were past the door of rhododendron, and at first, in intervals of guiding our scrambling horses, we looked vainly for the poplars. Hemlock shafts, oak bolls aplenty; and then on the upper slope I saw the first, a smooth tower, its head lost above the leafage, and beyond another, and below in the hemlocks a group of four, like cathedral piers beyond the pillars of a nave.

We rode to the first in view. Twenty-one feet in circumference, it rose massively for seventy feet perhaps without a branch; how much above one could not tell in that forest. For as in the redwood groves of California, so here, the eye can seldom take in a whole tree when in its forest setting, the camera never. Indeed, the habit of the great poplar is curiously like that of the giant sequoia. Like the sequoia it rises above lesser neighbors, and flings from the capital of its great trunk a crown of

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heavy limbs that turn and lift nobly above the forest roof. From an opposing hillside you can pick out these crowns of light-green foliage above the oaks and chestnuts, just as across a Sierra cañon one sees the sequoias lift above spruce and fir. Only these two trees, in my experience, have this regal habit. And if the sequoia is vaster, it is less graceful.

As our eyes grew more accustomed to the green shade of Round Bottom, we saw that they were all about us, some springing from the rhododendron of the stream-bed until they had overtopped the hemlocks, some high up on the hillside catching the sunlight on smooth, mossy trunks. And everywhere beneath, clear, gold-lit spaces, and above, through rifts in the foliage, glimpses of great arms rising higher into the blue air above the forest.

Some day I hope to see an Eastern forest like this one not already marked for destruction. But I am not hopeful. There are few left now, and it is nearly too late to save them. Already surveyors are at work on the Oconolufta, and rails are waiting somewhere for the narrow gauge down which the last of the Indian poplars will trundle to oblivion. Surely if California can afford five forests of sequoia, we Easterners might have indulged ourselves with one such tulip cove! I have seen both, and really, if a choice between sequoia grove and tulip bottom should lie before me tomorrow, I should be torn. The one is grander; but the other is our well-beloved woods of the Appalachians raised to a power which they never again will attain. Twenty-five thousand acres, of which Round Bottom is, of course, the most valuable part, the Cherokees refused to lease to the government. The "council," a mysterious central power of varying judgment, was responsible. Then it was sold, or seized—the stories are conflicting—at seven dollars an acre! When I heard this I lost my temper. A thousand dollars an acre scarcely represents what this tulip grove above the rhododendrons of Oconolufta might be worth—unlumbered—in pleasure and in cash to a more far-sighted generation.

We splashed back through the river. At a steep cliff's edge, above a turn in the valley, we stopped our horses and looked up the verdurous cañon, past the dark hemlock tops of the stream-line, past the green slopes with their giant arms uplifted, to where a mountain rose, ridge on ridge to a black wall dimly pricked with tiny pinnacles along its crest. "Hit's top o' Smoky," said the mountaineer, and the Indian assented. Once before and farther westward I had left the hardwoods behind, climbed through the spruce where its dense columns crowd up through rhododendron higher than horse and rider, and come out upon that distant line where Carolina meets Tennessee. I had watched the ravens sailing below, heard snowbirds in the bushes, and seen where bears had sharpened their claws upon trees by the trailside. But this time it seemed better to leave the black crest a distant goal beyond the valley. "The cleverest people thar is anywhar live on Catalooch'," said Magee junior, musingly. "You-uns could leave your horses an' follow the lead to top o' Smoky." We hesitated, but after a while turned homeward down the Oconolufta. Top o' Smoky, after all, was only a balsam forest. It was the way there that was best.

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Billy Boy

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE clearing at the edge of the wood was filled with tall, dry grass that shone gray in the sun; the bushes scattered here and there had occasional gleams of red or yellow, brilliant among the green; and the clump of sumachs, that had lost their leaves, except stray ones, showed transparent silver twigs against the hemlocks. The clearing had once been the center of an estate; but only a grassy road that disappeared into the forest showed by its turnings where buildings had once stood, and a curve to the left revealed a broken gateway toward the town.

A woman seated in the clearing on a bit of fallen timber was writing on a pad on her knee. Every now and then her eyes left the pad and rested absently on the sunshine that filled the clearing; the eyes were dark, with a look that touched them as the sun touched the edge of the forest where the road went—and revealed nothing. The air was so still that sounds from the distant town came faintly—a trolley burring on its rails, or the sharp sound of metal striking on metal; then there was a sharper sound, a quick "ping," and the woman lifted her head, glancing toward the forest; but its quiet revealed only the great trees that crossed and interlaced their branches, and the sunshine falling through them and flecking the road.

Her eyes rested on the sunlight dreamily—and there came again the sharp "ping." She shivered a little and drew her cloak about her and went on writing on the pad on her knee: "I woke this morning to a prison—not only of spirit, but of mind and body. I have come into a close, dark place and there is no way out. I am shut off from life, and from myself—and from every one. If I could not write these words I should suffocate; there is no one to whom I can speak, or who will listen. I am alone! I think—"

What she thought she did not put down, for there was a sound behind her in the clearing—a faint touch on dry grass, and cautious, whispered words and clumsy feet stealing upon her.

She waited till they came close before she lifted her head. Then she spoke over her shoulder, not looking behind her: "I am glad you have not a gun. I have been hearing some one shooting off there—and I was terribly afraid I might get shot."

They circled about her slowly and came in range of her half-smiling gaze—two unkempt boys, eight and ten, it might be. They surveyed her with eager, curious eyes and stood half poised, ready for flight.

She returned the gaze frankly.

Slowly the tension relaxed. The older boy withdrew his hands from his pockets—unfolding as they came—and waved the right one toward the woods and the curving road.

"These are Baxter's woods," he said, reassuringly; "the' ain't anybody let to shoot in these woods."

"Baxter'd get after anybody that was shootin' here!" broke in the other, quickly.

"Yes, sir, he would!"—even more reassuringly from the first. They shifted from foot to foot and regarded her.

She took it quietly, with a little smile. "I am glad of that; I should hate to have my head shot right off, sitting here."

"The' won't anybody hurt you here," said the older one. He spoke protectingly, and he was looking at her with large, kind gaze.

It was evident that they had not expected to find a middle-aged woman sitting in the midst of the old clearing; and the pad on her knee and the writing on it had to be reckoned with. But every one has a right to be held innocent

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Drawn by Edward L. Chase

"COME ON, BILLY! WHAT'S THE USE STAYING HERE ALL DAY?"

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until he is proved guilty. They surveyed the writing, and drew nearer.

Her eyes regarded them idly. "How does it happen that you are not in school?" she asked.

They stopped. "It's Columbus Day!" They moved forward together.

"What is that—Columbus Day?"

They tumbled over each other to get in the words: "Columbus he was a man, and he—" "America was discovered in 14—"

The other cast a withering look at him. "Fred, *will* you keep still and let me tell this!"

Fred stopped. He had red hair, and a quick mouth that kept opening and shutting in time to the words that followed. But he withdrew in favor of Billy's eloquence. "Go ahead," he said, sullenly. His heel dug a hole in the ground.

And Billy went gloriously on: "Columbus he was a man, and he sailed—and sailed—till he come to a new world, and he called it America, and so we have a holiday. It was hundreds—"

"1492," said Fred, glibly.

But Billy's look withered him—"hundreds of years ago," he finished up.

The woman's gaze was full of interest. "That's fine!—to have a holiday just because a man sailed—and sailed! What are you going to do with it?"

They looked at each other questioningly, and then behind them at the dark wood.

"We got a camp," said Billy, indifferently.

"It's a dandy camp!" broke in Fred. "The's a big tree, you know—"

Billy pushed him aside. "It's holler—oh, it's awful big"—he looked about him—"bigger'n any tree," he said, reflectively. "An' we got inside it—"

"You can't both get in!"

"Yes, sir!" quickly, from both. They came nearer.

"It's held four of us," said Billy, without reserve.

She looked her surprise.

"And we have put a chair in it, too. We could get it in—but we couldn't turn it around," regretfully but truthfully.

There had been other camps, it seemed, in these woods. One they had—oh, it was a fine one!—and some other boys came and put up a door—and wrote things all over it. . . . Billy's eye lifted a minute, as if hoping she would not understand—and hoping she would.

"And when we come and found it, we tore it down, me and Fred—! And then they came back and tore it, and then we tore it some more—and it was all gone." It was a thoroughly demolished camp before they were done with it. And as Billy talked, they drew nearer to this strange woman who seemed to understand. "Like enough we'll find some boys over there now." He glanced toward the dark woods. "It's a dandy camp, this one!" He sat down on a rock near by, his hands clasped about his knees and his back carefully turned to the woman.

Fred looked at the back with sudden suspicion, and then at the woman. "Oh, come on, Billy! What's the use staying here all day?" He fidgeted a little on his way toward the wood. But Billy's back was imperturbable.

"*I'm* goin' to stay here; I ain't in any hurry."

"There isn't anything to do here!"

"Well, I like it, and I'm goin' to stay." Billy surveyed the woods before him with kindly, impersonal gaze.

Fred's mouth opened and shut.

"What have you in your pocket that sticks out so?" asked the woman. She was looking at Fred's pocket that bulged alarmingly.

His hand made a dive. "Horse-chestnuts."

Billy leaped to his feet. "I got a string six feet long!"

The woman weighed it with a half-quizzical smile. "That isn't a snake story, is it?"

"No, sir! It isn't a snake story." He came nearer to her. . . . Anyway, he had counted up as high as a hundred and twenty inches.

"Why, let me see—how many inches make a foot?"

"Twelve," helpfully, from Fred.

"And that goes in a hundred and twenty ten times—ten feet! That's even longer than you said." She looked at him reflectively. "It might be; it wouldn't take more than a hundred and twenty chestnuts— They're an inch wide, aren't they?"

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"Not more'n half an inch—" Fred produced a handful from his pocket.

The woman reached out a hand. "How beautiful it is!" she said, softly.

They leaned forward, their eyes fairly shining. "Do you want some more?"

"But what could *I* do with horse-chestnuts? I have no pockets."

"But you have a bag," from Billy, eagerly. "You're sitting on it!"

"So I have—" And while she said it, consideringly, they were filling her lap—a kind of shamefaced competition in their gestures. She ran her fingers slowly over the brown surfaces.

Fred reached down half shyly and took one back, putting in its place a delightfully tiny one. "That's the littlest one I've got," he said. "You may have it!"

Billy's eye was on it grudgingly. "I had a little one once—no bigger'n a button!"

But he hadn't it now, or he would lay it in her lap. That was certain. He would give her anything he had.

Fred watched him distrustfully. "Oh, come on to the camp!"

"I like it well enough here. The' ain't any hurry," said Billy.

The woman's eyes swept the hemlock woods. "Aren't you ever afraid in the woods?"

No, they were never afraid. Why, they had been through these woods as late as eight o'clock at night—pitch dark! . . . And the way the woods were in winter—she ought to see 'em!

But Fred had drawings toward the camp—and, besides, he had never seen Billy like this; there was some kind of baleful influence at work on him. It was safer to go—and at last he had him started—with a parting request from the woman that if they saw the man who was shooting over there, they would tell him it was against the law.

She took up her pad and read thoughtfully what she had written, and tried to regain the thread. But before she could gather it up the two figures reappeared—Billy far ahead and breathless; Fred a little reluctant.... The woman, too, was reluctant; there were things she wanted to say to her pad—if only she could gather them out of the darkness that seemed closing about her.

But Billy was a person who knew when he had found what he wanted. He sat down on his rock, with his back to her, and surveyed the wood.

She looked at the back and smiled a little. She had been wooed many times and in many ways, but never more valiantly than by Billy's back. . . .

She considered subjects, and decided on "War." Would they like to have it all stop? People were talking about having war everywhere stopped; and probably about the time they got to be men it would be decided. It would depend a great deal on how boys like them felt about it.

Well—they'd "like it stopped."

"Don't you like to fight?" "Oh, no!" "But you *do* fight?" "Yes, you *have* to fight." "But why?" "Oh, you just have to!" "But you don't like it?" "No." "Nor to see other boys?" Assuredly not.

There was some kind of mysterious prompting, it seemed, that urged one on to fight; and if you were a boy—a real boy—you had to do it; but you didn't like it. . . . It was strange that any one should not know such a simple thing as that; but since she did not know it, and was obviously interested, they would gladly tell her more if they could—only there was nothing to tell. You just "had to." This afternoon they were going to climb one of the tall trees, the tallest one they could find, to watch the airship go up from Bayside. But Fred was keeping a watchful eye on Billy. It was time they were off.

The woman, with a faint smile, watched the movements of his mind—and his legs! She suggested that they skirt the camp of the enemy, who had sent them scurrying back, and play the enemy were Indians.

Fred's eye was grateful and eager.

Billy surveyed the plan and decided against it. He was contented where he was.

The situation grew serious from now on—almost epic in its detail and human quality. Here was Billy, the all-powerful, the callous, the companionable, refusing to budge. Here was an unknown female who apparently had something to do with this uncanny conduct of Billy's; and here was Fred, irritated,

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watchful, uncomprehending, driven by an awful force that he himself did not understand, to "act up."

He circled the rock and came close behind the mysterious woman and blew a shrill shriek between his two fingers. Over her head, as he did it, he could see Billy's back.

Billy had not turned his head, but he spoke in the tone of one to be obeyed. "Fred, you quit that."

Fred gave another ear-splitting yell, the yell of defiant comradeship gone wrong.

And Billy, *very* mildly, "Fred, you quit that, or I'll fix you."

Fred quit. His hand found a horse-chestnut, and he squared off to throw it high in the air. Then he circled in front of the woman and threw another, with proud, lofty swing—and then another; they rose and skimmed along the topmost leaves of the trees.

Billy's eye followed them with careless gaze and the shrugging remark that he couldn't throw 'cause he'd hurt his arm. Whereupon presently he rose, and, picking up a stone, sent it whizzing over the top of the tallest tree.

The woman turned to watch; and Billy sent a horse-chestnut flying over the same track.

"I'll bet I can find that one!" exclaimed Fred, and was off on a run.

The woman looked at Billy. "That was not bad—for a lame arm," she said.

"'Twa'n't nothin'," responded Billy.

He came over to her rock and sat down on the edge of it—still with his back carefully turned to her—and they fell to talking of many things. They were so absorbed that when Fred returned, proudly holding out the chestnut, the woman only looked up casually, with laughing eyes, and said, "You didn't really find it, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I *did!* Here, I'll *mark* one, and he can throw it, and *then* you'll see!" He set his teeth savagely into a tough shell and bit a piece and spat it out. "*Now!*" He handed it to Billy. "Throw it!"

It was almost a menace, and Billy threw it with a careless swinging shrug of his thin shoulders. But it did not mount over the tree this time; it deflected from a branch to the ground, and the search for it was long. Billy and the woman returned to their talk—he sitting well on the edge of the rock and tossing the words back over his shoulder to her, as she listened with gentle glance.

Fred, searching among the underbrush for the lost chestnut, lifted a lowering head to gaze at them from time to time. They had forgotten him. Billy had gone back on him! He lifted his head with a shrill yell; it called out echoes from the camping boys in the woods, but no response from Billy and the woman on the rock.

He abandoned the search and hurried over. "Come on, Billy," he urged.

The woman glanced at Billy's indifferent back and gave a little laugh. "You'll have to lasso him," she suggested.

"*He* couldn't do nothin'," said Billy, quietly.

"I couldn't, couldn't I?" Fred fairly danced.

"No, you couldn't; I'd just wind it once around a tree and then you couldn't budge it."

Fred stuttered his retort. "I'd run around the tree—the other way 'round—and then I'd yank you!"

Billy, imperturbable, "*You* couldn't do nothin'!"

Fred approached the rock, breathing hard. He made a swift dart and was seated between them. It was a last heroic act—for the sake of Billy's soul.

Billy, unmoved, bent to pick up a bit of stone. Fred snatched at it—and the next moment they were on the ground by the rock, Fred underneath and very red in the face. Billy rose slowly and released him. Then, before the eye could follow, they had moved a little to one side and stood glaring at each other; there were broken words and retorts, and feints of sparring, a quick thrust or two—and Fred had started for home.

The woman looked after him, bewildered.

Billy looked after him, smoldering.

The woman turned her head a little. "Oh, Fred!" she called, "come back! You call him!" she said, swiftly.

And Billy called. But it was only a feeble, half-hearted attempt. He shook his head. "He won't come for *me*," he muttered. He's *mad* at me!"

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They returned to the rock and resumed their talk. "Let him go," said the woman. But every now and then he bubbled up to the surface of Billy's thought and broke through.

"It 'll be a week now, maybe more, before him and me get over that—"

"What will you do?" she asked, quietly.

"Oh, I'll have to make up, somehow."

"Yes— How will you do it?"

"I dunno." He surveyed the woods. "I'll give him something, like enough."

"What do you suppose you'll give him?" She turned the knife gently in the wound.

"Oh, I dunno; 'most anything. Maybe I'll just holler out to him, or something like that."

"I suppose you don't often have fights?" she suggested.

"We're always havin' 'em," said Billy, gloomily. Then he added, balefully, "He's hidin' over there in the woods, maybe."

But these are only interjections that rise to the surface to be cast off. The main subject is the exploration of Billy's soul and of the woman's soul. It is surprising how many things they have in common now that Fred is out of the way and they can talk in peace. Snakes come up, and water-rats, and a black-and-yellow caterpillar that Billy sees and darts down to get and that curls into a round ball in Billy's dirty hand.

"You see—he's afraid," said the woman. "He doesn't know what's going to happen to him."

"I ain't goin' to do nothin' to him."

"No—but he doesn't know that yet."

The caterpillar, discarded, drops down in front of them, and after a while begins his journey again. Billy darts down to him, and this time the caterpillar does not curl up, but travels slowly across his hand.

"You see," said the woman, "he's not afraid this time; he knows you didn't hurt him before."

Snakes come up again. Billy had seen one once when he and some other boys were going up to Great Hill. "You ever been to Great Hill?" he turned to her. It was as if he said, "You ever been to Egypt?"

No, she had never been to Great Hill.

"Well, me and some other boys were goin' up there one day and we see a snake in the road that was cut right in two—"

The woman remarks casually that it seems too bad that animals have to suffer; if people suffer, it makes them brave—but animals seem different.

Billy, almost shyly, "Seems 's if they ought to chloroform them."

Then followed the story of their kitten that had fits; and it was one day when mother was cleaning the parlor, and she had the rug rolled up out on the piazza; and this kitten had one—a fit, you know—and ran right into the rug; and mother said to Mrs. Bell—she was there—she said, "You take that shawl and I'll shake out the rug." And she did, and they threw the shawl over it; and then mother sent for ten cents' worth of chloroform, to the drug-store, and she had a tub of water all ready—and so they done it.

"A tub of water!" said the woman, perplexed.

"Yes, she had it ready."

The woman does not interrupt again, though the mystery of the tub remains in her face. "So they chloroformed the kitten?" she suggested.

Billy sighed. "That's all I know. I was to school when it happened. When I come home it was all over." He had been allowed to dig it up after a time, it seemed — "much as a year after, maybe," but the sides and bottom of the box were all that was left, "not a single bone of that kitten!" he said, dramatically.

"That seems strange!"

"It had evaporated, you know," he explained kindly.

"But still it does seem strange, doesn't it?"

"It was more'n a year after, I guess, that I did the diggin'. It had all evaporated, you see."

So they let it go at that. The snake that had been cut in two recurred. "We put stones on him—both parts of him, so's he shouldn't—suffer," gulping a little shamefacedly at the word.

"Wasn't he dead?" The woman sat up.

"No" — very matter-of-course from Billy. "So we covered him with stones

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—both parts of him; and when we come back—maybe it was two hours later—he was just through. We took the stones off, and his tail give one last yank—and that was all."

They were silent a minute, contemplating the snake.

"Him and me has been friends an awful long time," said Billy; "oh, as much as four years, I should think."

"It's old friends, like that, that we care a great deal for," said the woman, quietly.

"Yes"—a sigh. "Oh, we shall make it up somehow. He won't speak to me—You see!" A few minutes of silence.

The woman seemed considering the subject. "Well—you know he didn't really *want* to stay, anyway."

"*He* stays—when anything's goin' on. I'll say, 'Come on,' and he'll say, 'Just a minute; wait just a minute while I see this.' He's always doin' it!"

"Yes, he's the kind of boy that likes to be where things are going on; I could see that."

Fred drifts out of the way as allusively as he came in, and the woman is telling him how she first came to find the woods.

"I was out walking alone," she said, a little wistfully. "I have been ill a long time and I was lonely."

Billy gazes stoically at the trees in front of them. His back is not turned to her now.

"I was lonely and I longed to be in the woods; but I did not know there were woods near—I thought it was all town." She motioned to the gateway behind them. "And then I made a bee-line—straight for this; and you were here!"

"Yes," said Billy. He turned to her, his face lighting up—as if something had touched a spring that opened a secret place. "I tell you what I'd like!" he said, swiftly: "I'd like—better'n anything—to have a house on the edge of a big woods, and live there always!"

"So should I!" She is looking at him with puzzled eyes. It is what one has always wanted—that little house on the edge of a great wood.

They were looking at each other understandingly, into each other's soul.

"You could see everything, you know" — he waved his hand — "miles and miles in front—and the woods right close."

"Yes—I know."

He sits a little closer to her. There is no one near them—but the woods and the sunshine and the dry grass of the clearing. "You don't live around here, do you?" he asks, very quietly.

"No—I live a long way off." Her eyes are following the figure of a man seen through the trees; he is going along the path to the woods.

The boy sees him, and his back gives a guilty start; flight is in his heels. His hand makes a cautious gesture. "That man's got it in for me!" he half whispers. But the man passing along the path to the wood does not glance in their direction.

It comes out, a jerk at a time, one eye on the receding man. "He's janitor over to the High School; and some of us boys, you know, the other day, was climbing up half-way on the building, on the outside—"

"What were you doing that for?"—a little curious.

"Oh—just for fun—and he come out and chased us; and he told me if he caught me he'd skin me alive!"

"Do you suppose he knows who you are?"

"Oh yes, he knows! He knows my father!" — He is still following with watchful eye—"I've got a fight on with him, all right!" He sighs a little. . . . "Seems 's if everybody had a fight on with me around here—" He is looking at her, half ashamed—half hoping she will understand.

She smiles at him. "It is funny about men," she said. "They do things when they are boys— I don't doubt *he* did just the kind of thing you were doing when he was a boy—and then, when they grow up, they seem to forget *everything!*"

Billy's eyes danced. "Hi! I'll remember that to tell *him* next time he chases me!" His face is full of it.

"Do you like to go to school?" asks the woman.

And the glinting face fell. "You just bet I don't! I'd stop to-day and *never* go again—if I could."

"What would you do?"

"I'd go to work. I'd do *anything!*" He spoke as one who wrestles with fate.

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"I suppose we have to learn to read and write—or we would be just savages," suggested the woman.

"I can't write very well." The boy said it regretfully, half thoughtfully. "Someway I can't!" He was gazing at his hands where the caterpillar crawled. The finger-nails were very dirty and thin. The thin body was ill-nourished. But something slumbered in it—a force like steel in the glance he lifted to her. "Someway I *can't!*" he said.

"Someway you *will!*" said the woman. She had gathered up the pad from her knee. "What time is it?" she asked. "It must be almost twelve if the janitor is going home."

"He goes half-past eleven some days," said Billy, quickly. But the noon whistle broke across his cheerful lie; and he watched her put the chestnuts in her bag and place the little pad on top of them and get up from her rock.

"I have had a very pleasant morning," she said.

"*So have I!*" said Billy. No such compliment had ever been paid her as the depth of Billy's emphasis.

She looked down at him, smiling. "I suppose we shall never see each other again," she said.

It was sheer, dramatic wickedness on her part. But Billy's eyes were fixed on a black-and-brown caterpillar crawling on the rock just back of where she had been sitting. He pointed to it.

"Two of them!" she exclaimed. They watched them crawl. "It would be rather good fun, wouldn't it," she said, slowly, "since there are two of them, to each take one and see if they really do—turn into butterflies!"

It is all in Billy's eyes—"And you can have this one that's got kind o' tame; and I'll take the other and get him used to me."

Something tugged at the woman's heart as she held out a bit of tissue paper for the brown-and-black caterpillar and placed it in her bag. She drew out the pad. "See, I will write my name and address and give it to you, and you shall give me yours—and we will let each other know if they really do turn into butterflies."

He watched her pen gravely. "My name is Clarence—Clarence Henderson," he said.

"So you are called 'Billy.'"

"Yes"—matter-of-fact.

She set it down. Then he stood waiting, very close, while the pen traced her own name and address.

"When are you going to that place?" he asked, soberly.

"That place—?"

"Where you live." He touched the paper with the writing on it.

"Oh, I don't know—a few weeks, perhaps."

"Do you suppose you will come to these woods again?" He looked about them at the dark, encircling hemlocks and the path going into them.

"I don't know." She spoke slowly. "It depends on so many things, you know—on whether it rains, and on the wind and the sun—"

Yes, it depended on many things. He gathered up the caterpillar from the rock, and they moved apart.

"I hope you will make up with Fred all right," she called. "Why don't you do it to-day?"

He gave her a swift, backward look and a smile. "I guess I will." It was full of reassurance. She was not to worry. They understood.

She turned again and moved toward the wood. But at the edge she paused and looked back. Perhaps she hoped that Billy would be looking, too; and she would wave a friendly hand. But there was only the dirty-brown boy going very slowly and looking down at something that he carried in his careful hand—the caterpillar that was going to "get used to him."

She watched the shabby figure a minute. Then she turned and went into the wood. And the clearing was left to the sunshine and the dry grass, and a little drifting movement of the leaves that fell through the sunlit air.

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The Wonder of Work in the Northwest

BY JOSEPH PENNELL

ART follows commerce. The profits from commerce in the past were used to build temples and shrines to the glory of patron saints and for the saving of souls. To-day the profits from commerce are devoted to the building of something bigger than ever has been built. No longer is the Church the great patron of art. Artists to-day do not seek commissions from popes and princes, but from captains of industry and politicians. While in other days popes and princes built churches and palaces which are still the wonder of the world, to-day Commerce and Industry are doing work equally impressive. Our modern mills and docks and canals and bridges are even more wonderful. They are our triumphs of art, and yet hardly any one records their building. We are so familiar with these masterpieces before our eyes that we pay no attention to them. We make few if any records of our greatest monuments, our greatest triumphs in engineering and architecture which are far more amazing than the work of the past, and quite as well worth recording.

The mills and docks and canals and bridges of the present are more mighty, more pictorial, and more practical than any similar works of the past; they are the true temples of the present. Our mills are as well worth painting as medieval churches; Minneapolis is as fine as Albi. The harbor of Genoa to-day is far finer than when Claude painted it. Nothing approaches the monumental grandeur of the Panama Canal. And even on its present site, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor is far more dignified than the legendary Colossus of Rhodes. Can the Pont du Gard be compared with the bridge between Scranton and Binghamton? And how do the sky-scrapers of New York compare with those of Florence and Genoa, where this structural idea had its origin?

These are works of utility, but a utility of the present, which has grown out of the utility of the past, in which tradition has been carried on by architects and engineers who have built these mills and bridges and canals and docks for use—and yet made them pictorial, for all great work is great art. The builders of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome chose grand sites, and put great design into their works; so do builders, engineers, and architects to-day.

I have no wish to interfere with the prosperity of that popular type of architect who, taking the Parthenon and the Pantheon as his prey, turns these buildings into a railroad station, a church, a bank, a club, a museum, a millionaire's mansion or his tomb, or a state capitol, as the client may desire. Such architects have as much idea of art and appropriateness as the hacks whom they employ to draft their designs or the contractors upon whom they depend to carry them out.

Even now that they have adopted the sky-scraper idea—for the moment a necessity to New York—there is hardly a town in the country which does not desire such buildings as a luxury or an advertisement. Yet the man who alone has understood the sky-scraper and transformed it into a work of art comes from the Northwest, and in the West Street Building and the Woolworth Building he has added not only a new sky-line to New York City but a new note—an American note—to architecture, and in the accidental and imitative buildings that have towered up near by we have the new America. We have American architecture, yet, as in the case of Florence and Rome, an accident based on rivalry—for the rivalry of the Medici and Strozzi is much the same as the rivalry of the Singers and Woolworths.

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But it is in the Northwest that the results of necessity and rivalry are most evident. At Sault Ste. Marie the government has built a series of locks which are as fine and pictorial as the locks at Panama, and when in the evening the huge bridge parts, and rises against the setting sun, and the great ore-boats slowly steam by, there comes to pass a transfiguration that no painter could imagine—the apotheosis of America. And who could conceive anything so arresting, anything so typical, as the "jaws," with their fierce teeth, of the Twelfth Street Bridge at Chicago? Go to Gary, or Indian Harbor, or any one of a hundred places in or around our western metropolis, and the mystery, the might, the majesty of the Wonder of Work will overwhelm you—if you can see it—and if you can see it, you can see America.

Or cross in the twilight the bridge below the falls at Minneapolis; on one side the river, pale and almost transparent, the great bulk of the Pillsbury No. 1 mill floats in the blue and rose light above the silent, swirling stream, above the low stone bridge, above the dense foliage on the bank, above the cliffs, and graceful, slender trees; and as you look the new moon glows faintly forth above all. On the other side, above the black, rushing torrent, grimly lift other mills—a huge, dark, and impressive mass against the glowing light fading behind them. The superior person by your side may tell you how like a Whistler it all is. It is not like a Whistler, but nowadays it is the correct thing to say so. Just as when Whistler painted the Nocturnes it was thought to be the correct thing to laugh at them.

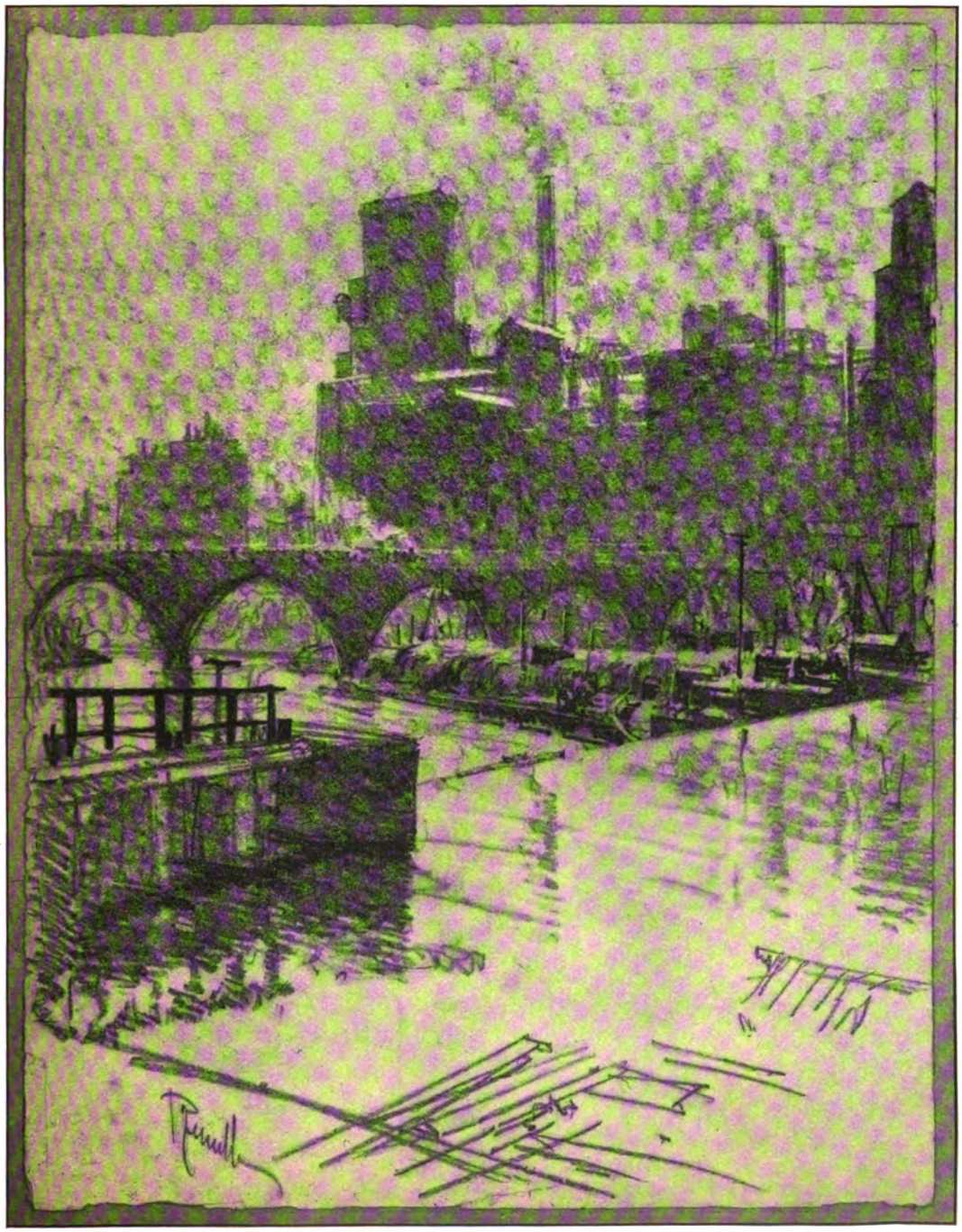
The builders of these mills have unconsciously achieved a great and romantic composition, and there is more grandeur in their mighty mass against the evening glow than in all the romantic castles that were ever painted or written about. Still there is no reason why the painter or writer of romance should abandon his castle to write of flour-mills, unless he can see romance in them.

There is as much mystery and solemnity in these mills as in any temple. They are the temples of work, the temples the modern world worships in. Near Minneapolis, too, are grain-elevators, different from those of Duluth, but equally full of character—monsters that grow straight up from the ground, in solemn lines, covering the waste land. About them the railroad tracks wander, a tangle of lines to unravel, difficult to draw. Though all elevators are, I believe, used for the same purpose, they differ in form; in contrast with the great cylinders at Minneapolis, there are the huge arks at Duluth. At Duluth, too, one looks down on them while at Minneapolis one looks up to them. At Duluth they are grouped on peninsulas and islands behind the long dike which defends the inland waters. The beauty of these waters as one surveys them stretching to the smoky horizon is unbelievable—as exquisite in line as the Italian lakes and the French Riviera, and dotting each island, crowning each promontory — not a decaying feudal castle, but American work-castles, laboring night and day.

Only a few hundred yards from this subject at Duluth another spreads out—the ore-docks, as fine in line as a Japanese fan, yet the most powerful machine in the world, fed from monster trains and emptied into monster ships. It is subjects like these that make the Northwest so fine, so American; yet there are others just as fine, and absolutely different, all over the country. They are noble just as the temples, the pyramids, the cathedrals are, for this art is the expression of our time and our aims just as the temples and castles were of other times.

No artists recorded the building of those temples for their own sake, for they were always to be seen. So to-day only a few artists pay any heed to this Wonder of Work around us. A wonder, too, which will soon be gone, for with the development of electricity the mystery will vanish, and with every new development in manufacture the picturesqueness of chimney, converter, and crane will disappear, and in a few years there will be nothing but mean, low masses of trim masonry with no effect about them—as worthy of comparison with the marvelous, mysterious masses of to-day as a clapboard meeting-house is with a cathedral.

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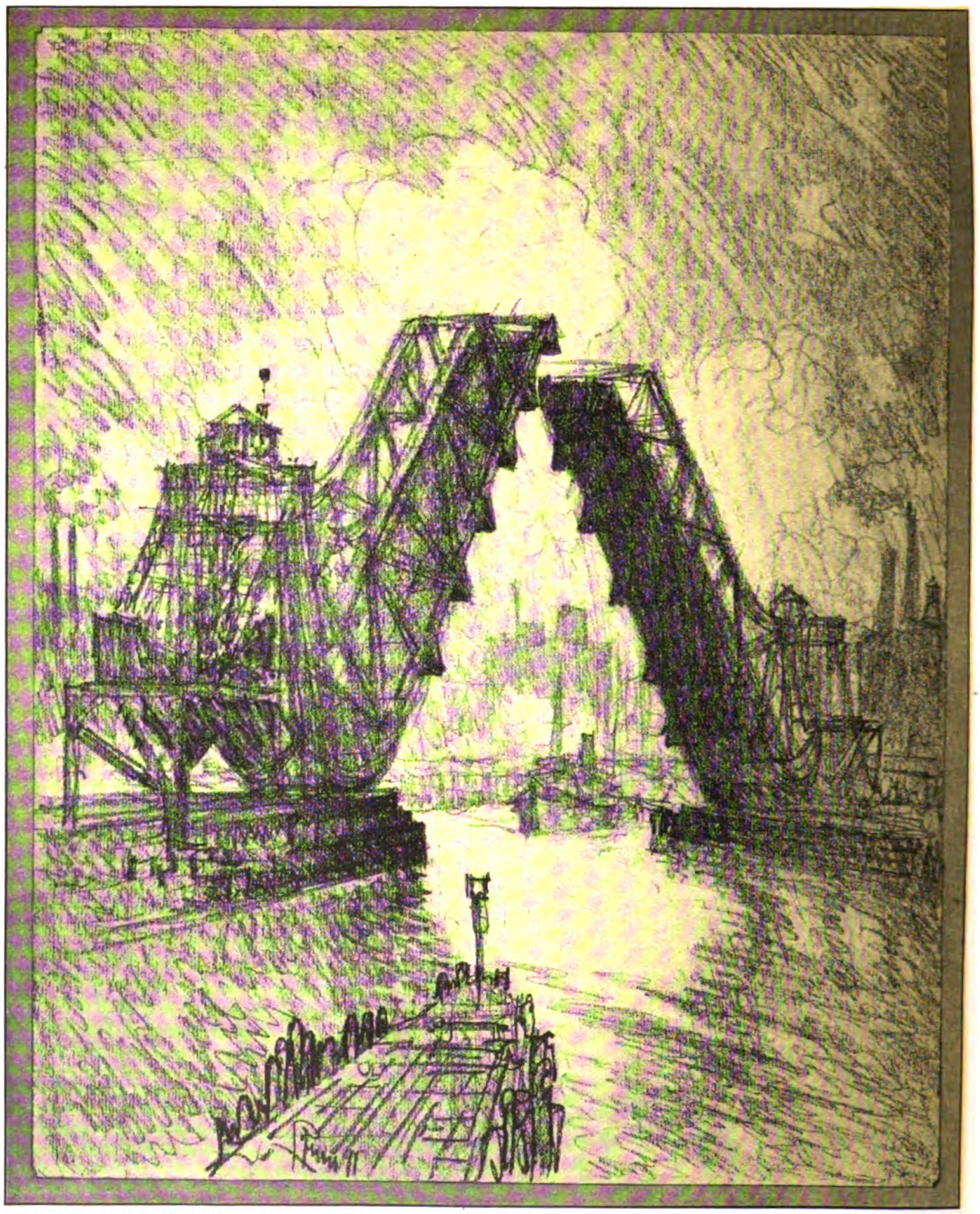
Drawn by Joseph Pennell

MORNING MISTS—THE MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS

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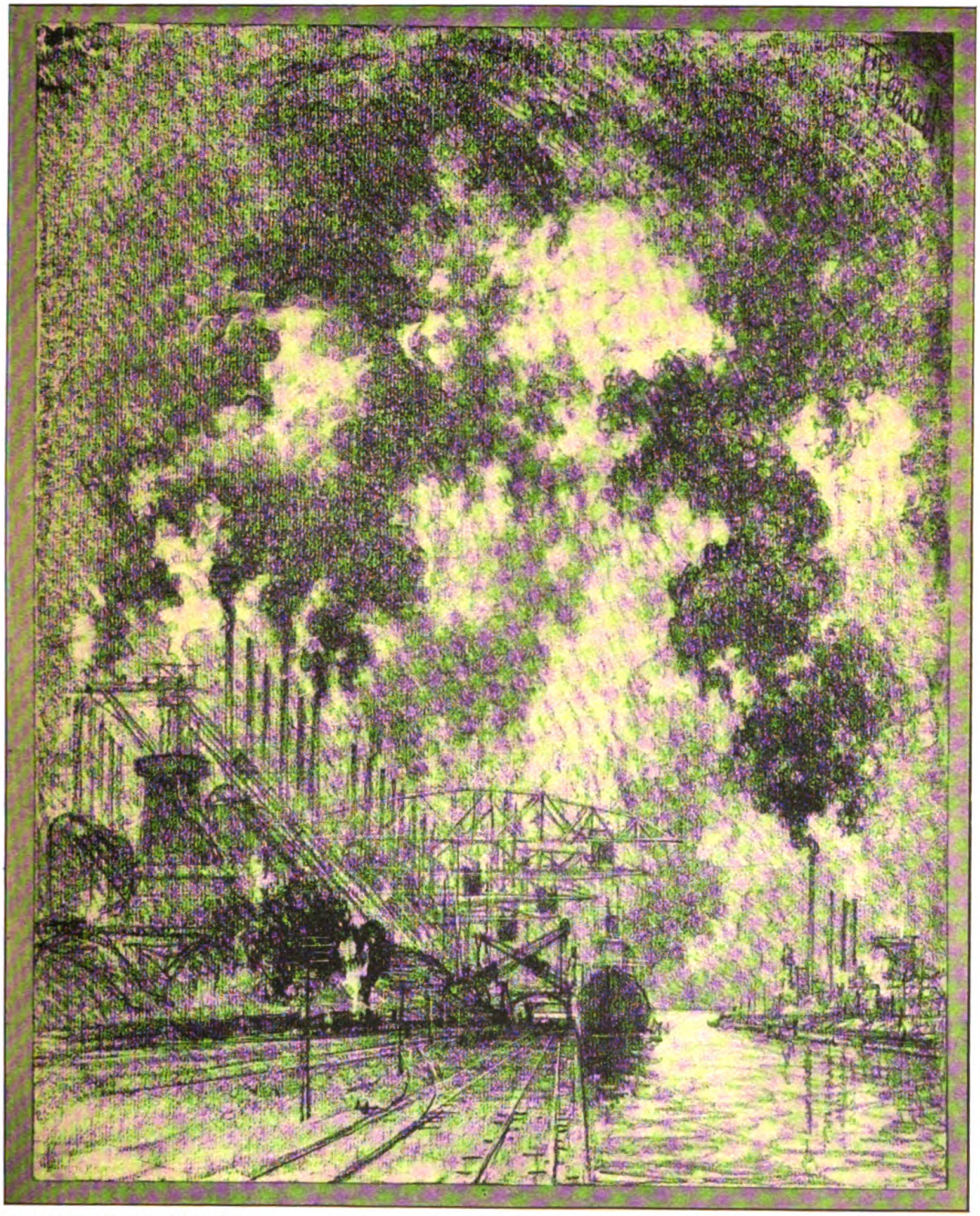
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THE JAWS OF CHICAGO—THE TWELFTH STREET BRIDGE

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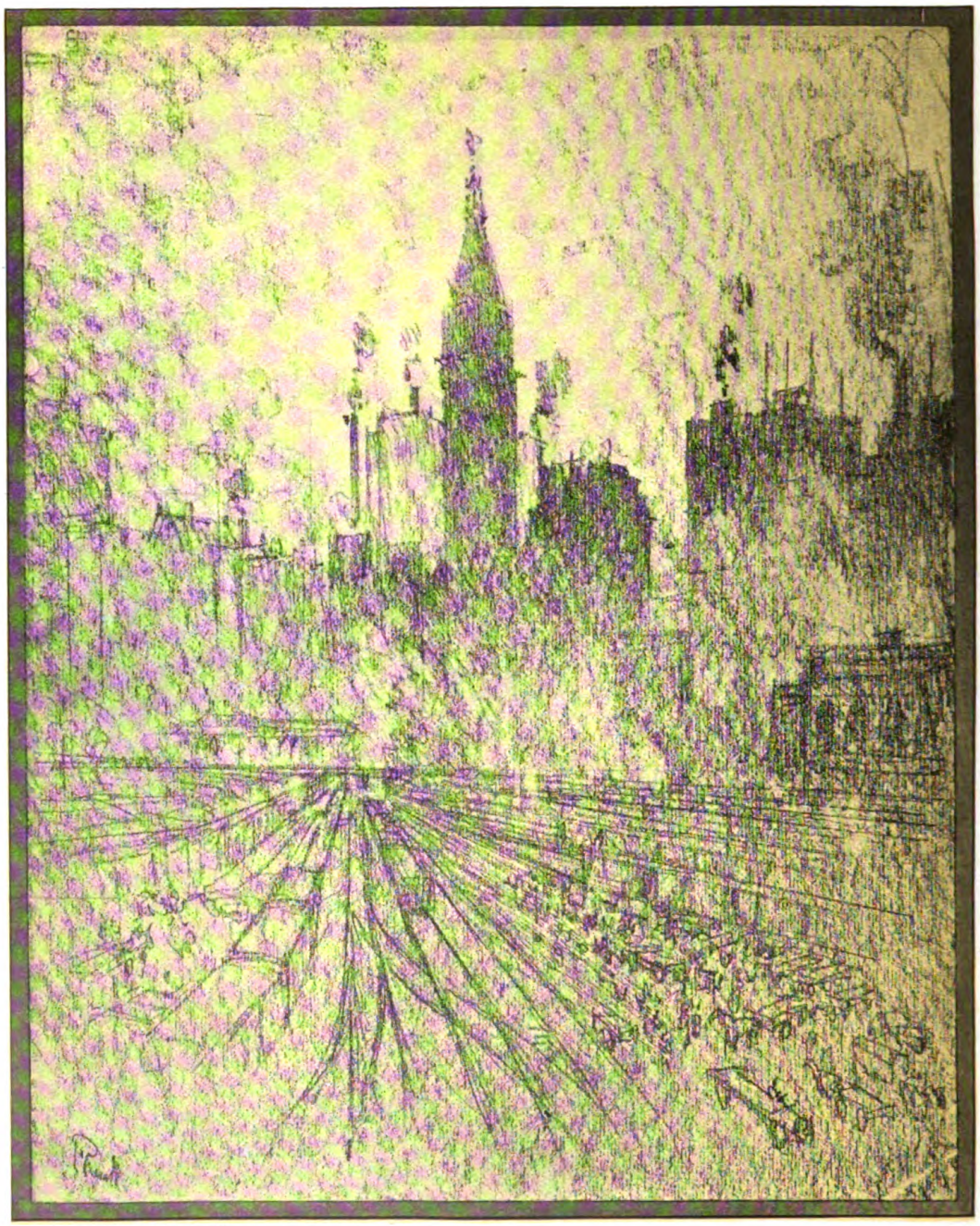
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THE WATERSIDE AT GARY—ORE BOATS DISCHARGING

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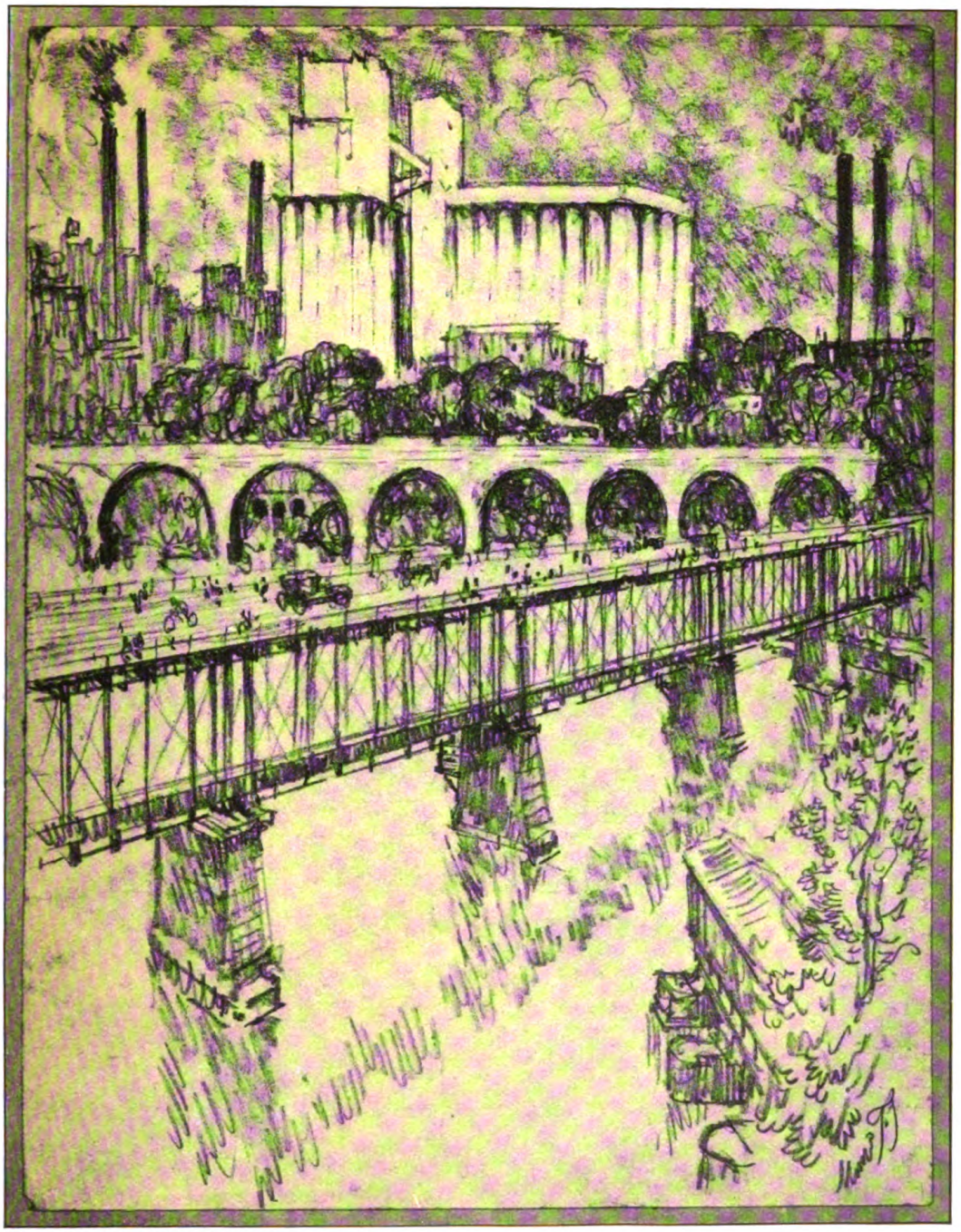
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THE LABYRINTH OF RAILS—CHICAGO

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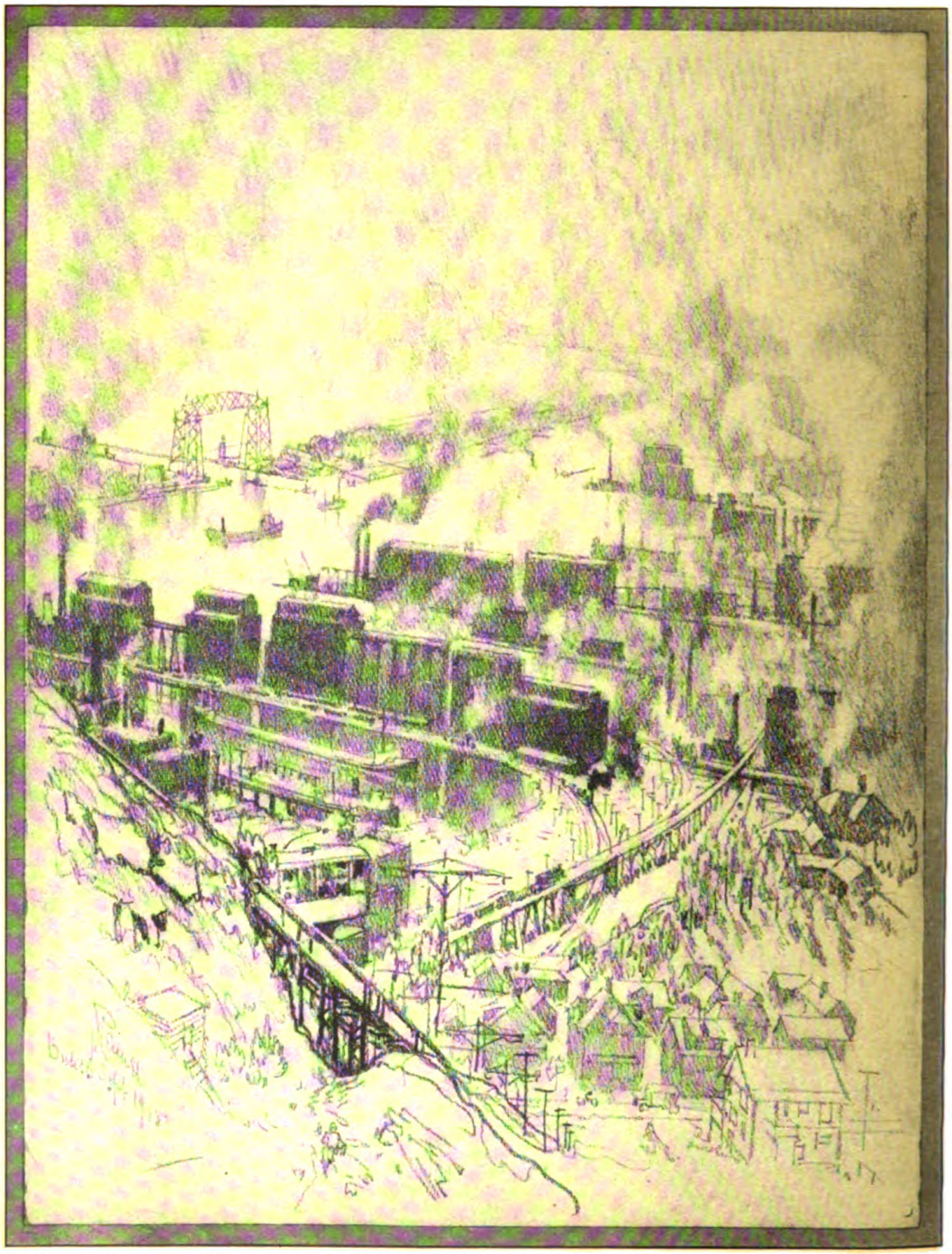
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MODERN GRAIN ELEVATORS AT MINNEAPOLIS—AS FINE IN COMPOSITION AS THE CATHEDRALS OF EUROPE

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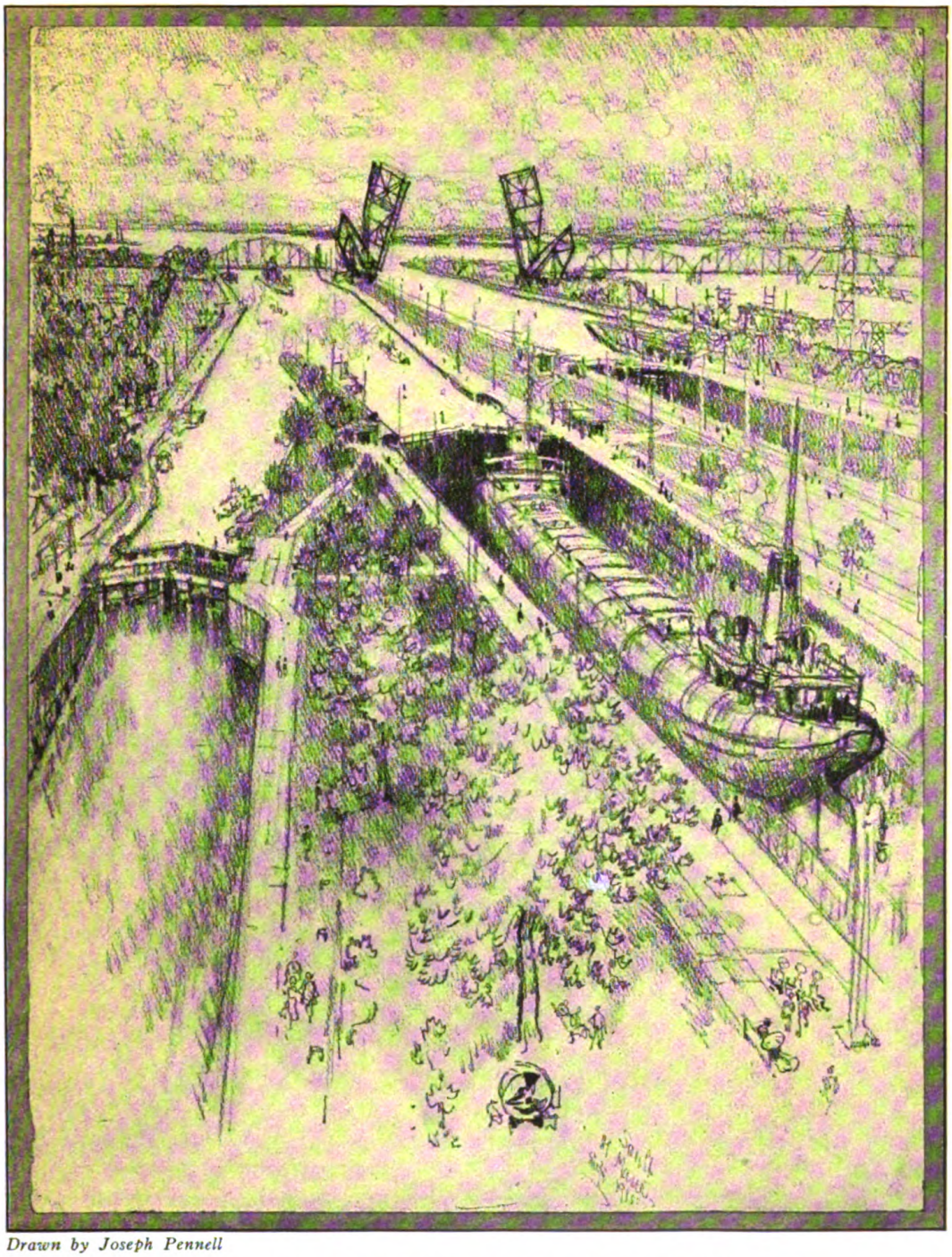
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ELEVATORS ON THE LAKE FRONT AT DULUTH

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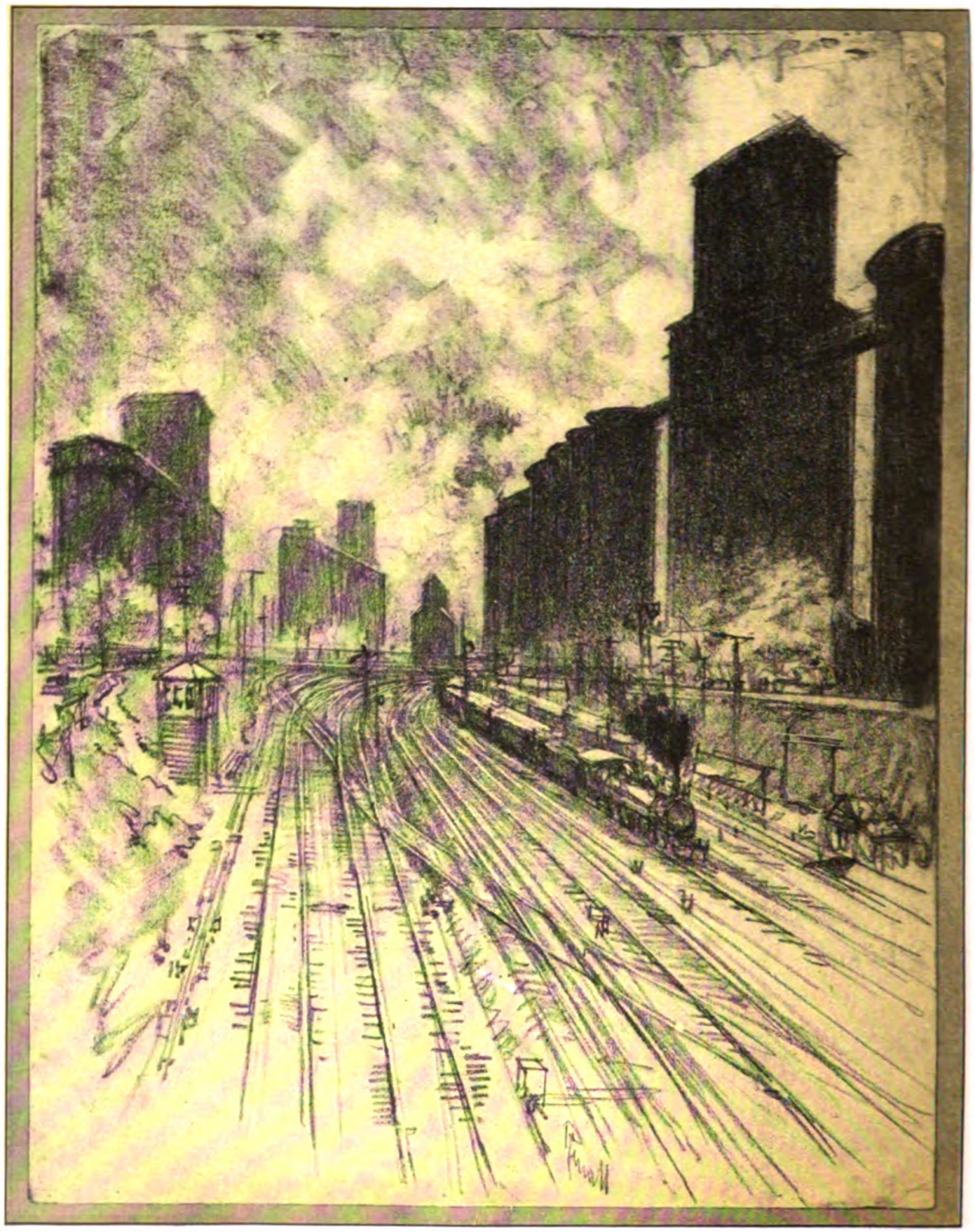
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A RIVAL OF PANAMA—THE GREAT LOCKS AT THE SOO

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GRIM MODERN CASTLES OF LABOR—MINNEAPOLIS

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Ann Eliza Weatherby's Trip to Town

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

ANN ELIZA WEATHERBY stopped in the middle of the packing of her valise, and stared coldly out of the window of her bedroom upstairs at the fields below the house. Not until lately had she ever looked this way at the Weatherby farm. The fields stretched out, as dry as a bone, in the hot, August sunshine. The dry spell would be bad for the crops, if it kept up much longer. A few days ago Daniel Weatherby had remarked that it was going to rain soon. The crows had told him about it. Ann Eliza's husband was a patient, slow-witted, hard-working man. He thought and thought from morning till night about his farm, which went sprawling down-hill to the road as if something were after it, and it was in a hurry to get away as quickly as possible. He did not talk much. When he did talk, he spoke mostly of his crops and the weather.

For the twelve years since her marriage, Ann Eliza had lived at the upper edge of the steep fields. The Weatherby farm-house had low, brown eaves and was stuck like a quail's nest in the ground. There was a small, stuffy parlor in the front part of it, with a worsted lambrequin, plush chairs, and some wax flowers under a glass dome on the center-table. At the back was a big, light kitchen, and the milk-room, covered over with grape-vines. A thin, tall cedar-tree stood on either side of the front door. The door-yard had a stone spring-house, and a row of beehives in it, and was filled with all sorts of old-fashioned shrubs and sweet-smelling, old-fashioned flowers. In summer the house smelled of the fields and of the flowers, and held in it the songs of the birds in the cedar branches and the sleepy hum of the bees around the hives. In the winter it smelled, down-stairs, of the blacking on the warm stoves; and up-stairs, where there wasn't any heat, of the snows and the frosts. Then, instead of the noise of birds and of bees, it had within it the cheerful crackling of fire-wood and the lonely swish of storms against the window-panes. In the little closet of a room at the top of the stairs was a child's empty trundle-bed and a box full of faded toys.

Ann Eliza was not quiet like her husband. She had bright, lively tastes. For twelve years she had been looking warmly and lovingly at the fields of the farm. She had taken as much interest in the crops that came on them, and in the weather that ripened or hindered the harvests, as Daniel Weatherby himself—or as the old crows that flew back and forth wisely over the land.

Now she was staring out of her bedroom window with such cold eyes.

She turned from the window presently and went back to her packing. She shivered as though it were a winter's day. This morning she had told Daniel Weatherby she was going to town for a visit of a few days, to do some shopping she had been putting off for a long time. She would stay, she had said, with her friend Sallie Ames. Daniel Weatherby had not demurred about her going away in the thick of his heavy summer's work on the farm. He had asked her how much money she would need for her trip. He was always good about Ann Eliza's doing what she wanted to do. He was always generous with the money he made by hard toil from his fields. He had acquiesced in the plan for his sister Floretta to come over to see to the house while Ann Eliza was gone. Floretta Weatherby lived by herself, some distance down the road, on a patch of land not much bigger, she was in the habit of saying with a smile, than a pocket-handkerchief. She hired a man to farm the pocket-handkerchief for her. She was free, at any time, to come and take care of her brother when Ann Eliza wanted to make a trip to town.

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Ann Eliza put the blue-lawn dress she had folded into the valise on the top of a pile of other clothes. Stephen Crane, who had been boarding for the past month at old Mrs. Orchard's on the farm next above the Weatherby's, had told Ann Eliza, when he saw her once in the dress after he came to the country, that the blue of the lawn was the color of her eyes. It was a sweet, gentian-like shade. The glass on the bureau showed Ann Eliza to Ann Eliza. She was a little, soft, lively looking creature, with a mop of dark hair tumbling into her eyes; and a full, short, white throat. Her heart was beating so quickly under her checked morning waist that its flutter showed in the glass.

Ann Eliza had replied to Daniel Weatherby, putting her hands up to her throat, as if she were trying to swallow something that choked her, that she would not need any money for her trip. She had some chicken money she had saved herself. She would use that. She could not let Daniel go to the drawer of his black-walnut desk in the dining-room for this particular trip to town.

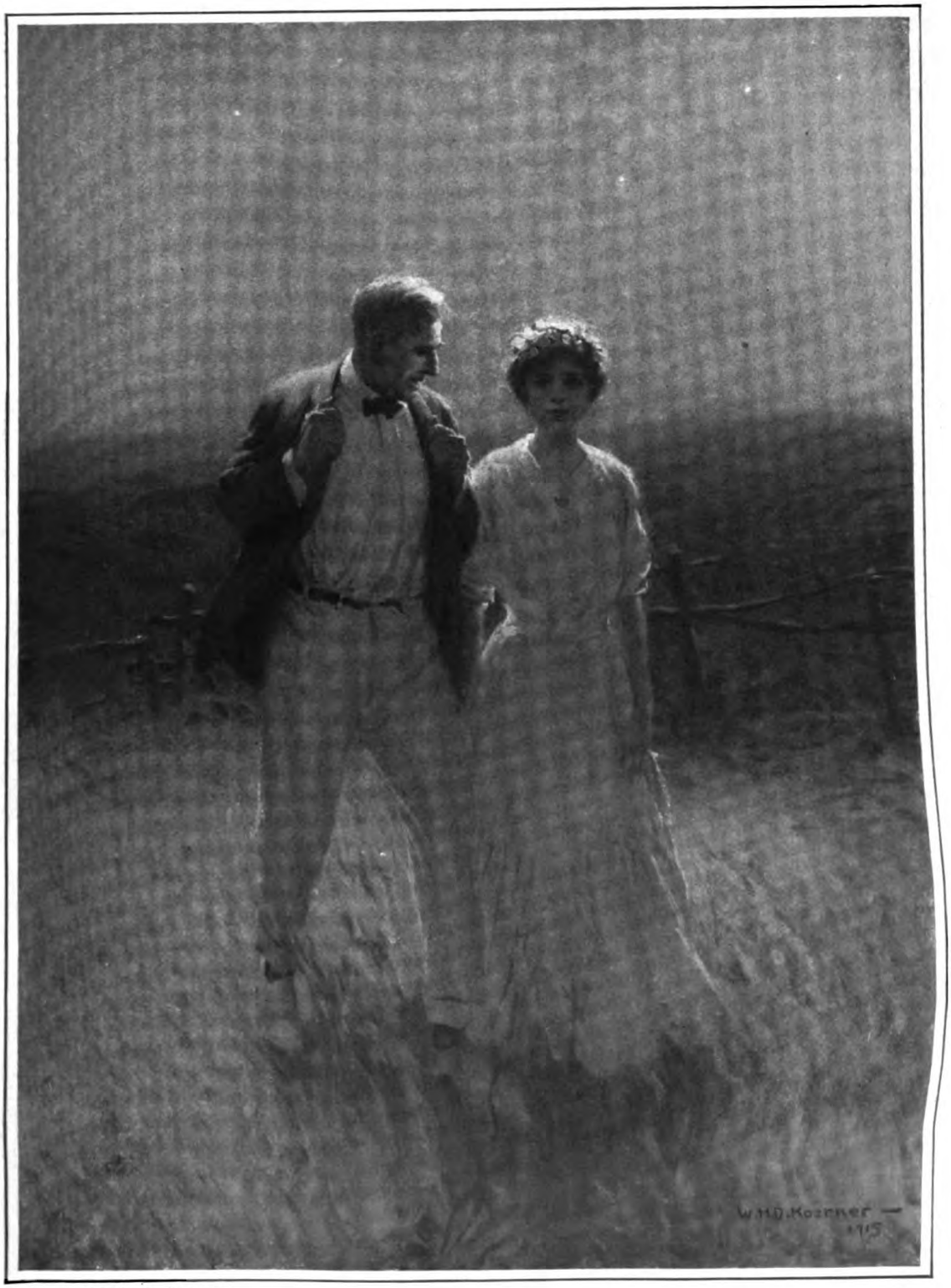
She finished her task with hasty fingers, and, fastening up the straps of the valise, set it carefully in the corner. It was a shabby, antiquated, brown-leather affair. She had used it first on her wedding-day. She would rather not have taken it to-day on her journey if she had had any other bag she could use for her clothes. She sat down for a moment on the side of the bed. On Ann Eliza's wedding-day, when the valise had been shining and new, Daniel Weatherby, bringing her home in his farm wagon to the house he had built with his own hands for her, had carried her in his arms over the door-stone and into the hall. It brought good luck, he had declared, for a bride to go into her house without touching her feet to the threshold. It meant that happiness would never run off from the door.

Ann Eliza shrank back all at once where she sat. A sudden gust of hot air, blowing into the room, had toppled over on its face the square, wooden photograph-frame on the top of the bureau. She jumped up nervously and put the frame upright. A little boy in a short jacket, and long, tight trousers, looked out at her from it solemnly. One of the legs of his trousers was longer than the other. Across his feet was written in pencil, "Dannie Weatherby, Aged Seven." The handwriting was Ann Eliza's. Little Dannie Weatherby had been born in the bedroom overlooking the fields. Daniel Weatherby had clutched his wife's hands the day she had gone down with a great cry to the door between life and death to bring their child into the world. Little Dannie Weatherby had lived to be nine. The books he had used in school, and his slate, were laid away under the mattress of the trundle-bed in the closet at the head of the stairs. In school he had taken to arithmetic—his slate was still covered with his wobbling, painstaking sums. His eyes had been grave and hazel like his father's, instead of blue and lively like his mother's. He had had fat little legs, and warm, fat little hands. He had been a sober, good, only child.

Ann Eliza had made the trousers Dannie had had his picture taken in. Daniel Weatherby had thought them a great triumph on her part, even though the legs did not match very well. Every stitch Ann Eliza had put into them had given her the keenest pleasure, notwithstanding that sewing was clumsy and hard for her. She had worshiped each little seam which had given her so much trouble.

She pushed her mop of hair out of her eyes, and shivered again. It was getting dinner-time. Dinner was to be early to-day. The stage which daily went by along the road to town, coming back past the farms at evening, was due at the Weatherby place at half-past twelve o'clock. Floretta Weatherby was clattering about down-stairs among Ann Eliza's pots and pans. She had happened to come over from her place this morning to her brother's before there had been time to send word to her of Ann Eliza's going, and she had taken off her bonnet, to stay while Ann Eliza was away on her trip. Daniel was going to drive down later for her things. Ann Eliza rose and went hurriedly out of the bedroom and down-stairs. Her cheeks, as she entered the kitchen had a pinched, reddened aspect, as if she had been out

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

HE HAD WALKED POLITELY ACROSS LOTS TO HER OWN DOOR-YARD WITH HER

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in a north wind. The woman who stood by the stove glanced up at her affectionately—Ann Eliza had always been such a good little thing. Her sister-in-law, Floretta Weatherby, was very much attached to her.

"All packed up to go?" she asked.

Ann Eliza answered in a queer, soft, cold voice. "Yes, I'm all packed up."

Floretta Weatherby opened the kettle which was boiling at a great rate on the front of the stove. "Mrs. Orchard was here while you were up-stairs. I said you were going to town. She said not to call you—she didn't want to stop you. She came for your preserving-kettle. She says her boarder, that Crane fellow she's had for a month, 's going to town to-day on the stage, too. He's not coming back to her house again. He's going to take the excursion train West out of town this afternoon, at two o'clock. He lives out West somewheres, she says."

Floretta Weatherby, with her big, sober face, her big, gaunt shoulders, and her big, purple-veined hands, seemed a large woman to be living on a small patch of land. Her mouth had lines of peace around it.

"Yes, I believe Mr. Crane's going to town to-day, too, on the stage. I believe he lives out West somewhere. I believe he's going West this afternoon at two o'clock," said Ann Eliza, rapidly and indistinctly.

"Mrs. Orchard says," went on Daniel Weatherby's sister, "that Mr. Crane's been a whole lot of fun the time he's stayed with her. Says she doesn't know when she's had a summer boarder that's been such good company. Says he's been down here a good deal. Fond of walking around and seeing folks, she says."

The wintry color in Ann Eliza's cheeks paled. "Yes, Stephen Crane has been down here sometimes. He's brought down books and magazines. He's good company."

"I saw some books and magazines on your parlor table," said Floretta Weatherby. "I don't suppose Daniel has had much time to read 'em."

"No, he hasn't had," returned Ann Eliza, in her peculiar, cold tone. She went into the dining-room to set the table. Through the opened side-door, up the road toward town, the chimneys of the Orchard house showed through the trees.

One evening, a month ago, Ann Eliza had run up to old Mrs. Orchard's after her supper dishes were done, for a call. She was in the habit of running up there once or twice a week, after supper. She did not know that a boarder had arrived at her neighbor's the day before. The man who had risen up from his chair on Mrs. Orchard's veranda, as she came up the steps, had stood looking at her intently in the light of the early dusk, from under a pair of lazy, half-shut eyelids. He had curling, blond hair like a woman's, a smooth, handsome face, with merry, red lips. His hands were little-boned and sallow. Ann Eliza had worn a white dress that evening, with short sleeves and an open neck. She had made a cap for herself, coming across the pasture lot, out of sweet-brier roses. She was happy over something. When Ann Eliza Weatherby was happy, her deep blue eyes shone like stars under their childlike, dark lashes. In a white dress, with her soft arms and white throat, she always looked very young. The evening had passed by swiftly. The new boarder had laughed and talked a great deal, and had made Ann Eliza and old Mrs. Orchard—a jolly country woman—talk and laugh also. He had told of the city out West where he lived. He was away from it, he had explained, on business. He was going to take a month's rest and change in the country before going back.

As Ann Eliza had risen to go home, he had walked politely across lots to her own door-yard with her.

Ann Eliza had never met a man who talked as entertainingly as Mr. Crane, or who was so citified and elegant.

"Old Mrs. Orchard says," called Floretta Weatherby from the kitchen, "that she 'ain't made Stephen Crane out much while he's been with her. She doesn't know much about him, excepting he's a single gentleman, in the real-estate business, with some money to spend. He hasn't told her as much as she gets out of most summer boarders. For all he's such good company, and talks so much, he keeps everything to him-

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self. While he seems awful open, she doesn't think he is so awful open."

"Doesn't she?" responded Ann Eliza Weatherby, chillingly. Her eyes were fixed on the two old gray chimneys that rose, up the road, above the trees.

Old Mrs. Orchard's boarder had strolled down to the Weatherby house the next day after he had seen Ann Eliza in her cap made out of wild roses. Daniel Weatherby had come in from his work for a few moments while he was there. Then he had gone absently back to his fields. He was in the habit of leaving the company that came to the house to Ann Eliza to entertain. He did not talk readily to people, especially to strangers.

The walk down from the Orchard farm to the Weatherby land was a pleasant stroll in the summer-time, either cross-lots or along the road. Stephen Crane had kept on coming, during his vacation in the country, to Ann Eliza's parlor. He had kept on smiling merrily in the direction of the worsted lambrequin and the wax flowers, which had been one of Ann Eliza's wedding presents, when he wasn't looking intently at Ann Eliza from under half-closed eyelids. She reminded him, he had kept on saying, of a picture he had seen once. The picture Mr. Stephen Crane had seen must have been so pretty he could not take his eyes from it. He had gone on talking about the city where he lived, as he had done on the first evening Ann Eliza had seen him. Ann Eliza had never traveled anywhere excepting back and forth to town from the farm-house. The city sights and attractions which Mr. Crane told of were more interesting to her than any of the books or magazines he laid on the center-table beside the glass dome. She had never realized before what a dull, workaday place the country was.

Daniel Weatherby could not stop his work and come into the house to listen to Mr. Crane talk every time the latter came down to the Weatherby farm for a walk and to talk about city life.

"Mrs. Orchard says," Floretta Weatherby went on, "that that Crane fellow's taught her to play cards while he's been staying with her. You know how she's always thought it was terrible wicked to play cards. She says she doesn't know how he got her started on two-handed seven-up—an old woman like her that ought to know better. He's got a way with him, she says, laughing and talking the way he does, so light-hearted, of making things that you know ain't right seem right. She says she believes he could talk a body into anything!"

"Does she?" replied Ann Eliza, distantly. She went out of the dining-room door, and down the door-yard to the spring-house, for a pitcher of water. The syringa-bush, growing beside the spring, hung also out over the opening in the white picket-fence that led into the pasture lot where the brier roses grew. Ann Eliza put out her hand and drew one of the syringa branches against her breast. Last night she had gone up to old Mrs. Orchard's with a setting of eggs. Stephen Crane had walked home with her. He had stopped and talked for a long, long time by the opening in the fence. As Ann Eliza had turned to go into the house, her hair had caught in the bush. While Mr. Crane freed her, his face had been drawn close to hers. Coming alone into the dining-room, where Daniel Weatherby sat stooped over his newspaper in the lamplight at his desk, Ann Eliza had had a bright patch on her left cheek like a scarlet rose. She had looked at her husband strangely.

"I've been up at Mrs. Orchard's. Her boarder's going away to-morrow. He's going for good," she had announced, clearly and slowly.

"Eh," Daniel Weatherby had said, without lifting his eyes, "for good?"

He had buried his nose again more deeply in his paper. He did not know anything of what was going on around him when he had his daily newspaper before him. It arrived each morning in the zinc mail-box to the right of the front gate. He always saved it until lamplight to read. He never had time for any other reading.

Taking a candle from the dining-room shelf, Ann Eliza, saying no more, had gone up-stairs. The scarlet flower still burned in her face. This morning she had said to Daniel Weatherby she was going to take a trip to town.

Now she returned to the dining-room

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with the pitcher of cool water she had dipped up from the spring. Daniel Weatherby came in to his dinner. He was a square, awkwardly built, homely man, older than Ann Eliza, and already quite gray. His face was sober and at peace, like his sister's. His glance was grave and pure, like a shepherd-dog's. He applied himself absent-mindedly to the steaming dishes which Floretta Weatherby set before him on the table. His sister pursued at intervals, during dinner, the topic of old Mrs. Orchard's boarder, who appeared to interest her. The subject did not interest Daniel Weatherby. Ann Eliza did not eat anything. She sat watching the kitchen clock, which she could see from where she sat. Daniel Weatherby was troubled with hay-fever. From time to time he sneezed seriously. He interrupted his eating to make a remark about the weather. "It's going to rain soon." he said.

"I've mislaid my umbrella," Ann Eliza said to the kitchen clock. "I can't find it anywhere."

"You can take mine," said Floretta Weatherby; "I brought one along for a sunshade. I know you won't lose it. I know I can trust you." She smiled largely.

Daniel Weatherby bent his face affectionately upon his wife. "Yes, you can trust Ann Eliza," he said, smiling also.

"No, I won't take it," Ann Eliza answered, softly and coldly. Her spoon fell on to her plate.

After dinner she helped with the dishes, while her husband rested in his arm-chair by the kitchen window. She replied to him and to her sister-in-law as if she were a long way off from them somewhere. Ann Eliza's kitchen, and the dining-room, with their high cupboards, were in very nice order. It was said in the neighborhood that no one had a better wife than Daniel Weatherby. She not only kept her house as clean as a new pin, but she made it comfortable as well, with her amiable disposition and her willing, obliging ways. Ann Eliza's cooking, too, was almost enough in itself to make a man happy, especially her fried chicken, done to precisely the same delicate shade of brown every time; and her muffins, chirping like crickets as they came out of the oven.

She did not accept Daniel Weatherby's offer to bring her valise downstairs for her. It was not heavy, she said, putting her hands up to her throat. She would rather attend to it herself.

Daniel Weatherby did not kiss Ann Eliza good-by, going back to his labor before the stage came to take her to town for her shopping and her visit to her friend Sallie Ames. He was not demonstrative. He had grown silent and reserved from his toiling, crooked over day after day in the earth which never spoke to him. He worked from daylight till dark in his fields so that he could give Ann Eliza a good home while he lived, and provide for her well if he should die and be laid out straight, with little Dannie Weatherby, under the ground.

Dressed ready for the stage, Ann Eliza wore a blue suit, and a little, yellow straw hat, trimmed with forget-me-nots. Before she passed out of her house through the front door she went to Daniel Weatherby's desk in the dining-room, and, writing something on a piece of paper, folded it and slipped it into the newspaper which had been dropped that morning into the zinc mail-box, and which her husband would sit down heavily that evening to read beside his lamp. She stared down for a few minutes at the desk, then she left it carefully on tiptoe, as though it were a person, and might turn and stare after her.

Floretta Weatherby went down with her to the white picket-gate at the foot of the door-yard. Ann Eliza stood with her back to the farm-house Daniel Weatherby had built for her. Her sister-in-law spoke of the amount of honey the bees were making that year, and of the way the dry weather had told on the flower-beds. But Ann Eliza Weatherby did not speak of these things—as though she could not speak of them, wrapped in some strange, cold dream.

The stage came along the road, and stopped before them in a cloud of dust, in response to a wave from Floretta Weatherby. It was a time-honored vehicle, with open windows, and a long

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seat on either side, and was already occupied by some passengers, sitting across from one another. The stage-driver was a white-haired man, in smoked glasses. He peered down in greeting as Ann Eliza mounted the steps at the back. She did not know the tired-looking young woman inside, who had a valise also; nor the little fat boy; nor the stout, hawk-faced old lady in a crumpled green-linen dress. The omnibus passed through a village and another farm settlement or two on the way up the road to town.

"Give my love to Sallie Ames," Floretta Weatherby said, as the sweating horses moved forward at a brisk pace.

"Good-by," said Ann Eliza. She stared back at the closed white gate of the Weatherby farm.

The stage-driver drew up next, with a flourish of his whip, at the farm lying above Daniel Weatherby's. "Good day, sir!" he called out. "You going to town this afternoon, too?"

The man in the citified clothes, who stood by the roadside near a small, smartly fashioned hand-trunk and a suit-case standing on end, nodded. He swung his baggage merrily up on the front of the stage without waiting for the old man to clamber down to help him. Then he climbed inside with a laugh, and sat down beside Ann Eliza. He raised his hat light-heartedly toward the veranda of the farm-house with the two gray chimneys crowning its roof. Ann Eliza did not look toward old Mrs. Orchard's veranda.

The light-hearted gentleman's smooth, fair face twinkled at Ann Eliza's countrified blue suit, and her little, yellow hat and gloves. He smiled with his teasing red lips at her shabby valise. Then he said something to Ann Eliza herself about somebody's being a "little bird."

It was too hot a day for stage passengers to feel very conversational. For nearly a mile the wheels did all of the talking. Then the hawk-faced old lady yawned, as if she had become dog-tired of her own thoughts. She addressed the tired young woman.

"Well, as you was saying awhile back—" she said.

The young woman's face, in spite of its fatigue and of the heat, shone. "As I was saying," she responded, willingly, "I'm going out West to join my husband. I sent our trunks and things to the depot in town yesterday. Jim's got a home ready and waiting for us. He's built a house out West for us with his own hands. He's a good husband. He works awful hard."

"Well, ain't that nice!" replied the old lady, sleepily.

"He'll be tickled to death to see us!" went on the young woman. "It hurried me some to get ready to go this month, but I couldn't bear to dis'point Jim by not coming as quick as I could. Jim 'ain't ever done anything to dis'point me, and I want to do the same by him as he's done by me."

"That's right!" yawned the crumpled old green lady.

Ann Eliza's hands, holding her purse, with her chicken money in it, began to shake on her lap. "I—I forgot to tell Daniel where I put his liniment-bottle," she said in a low voice to the man at her elbow. "I put it in the top of the kitchen cupboard. He'll never think of looking there for it."

"Daniel!" The light-hearted gentleman lifted his eyebrows smilingly.

"I can write," said Ann Eliza, faintly.

"Write!" said the gentleman, lifting his eyebrows a trifle higher. He had a cool, bright, humorous voice. He began to talk closely into Ann Eliza's ear. He laughed a great deal between his words, as though the world were a merry matter indeed.

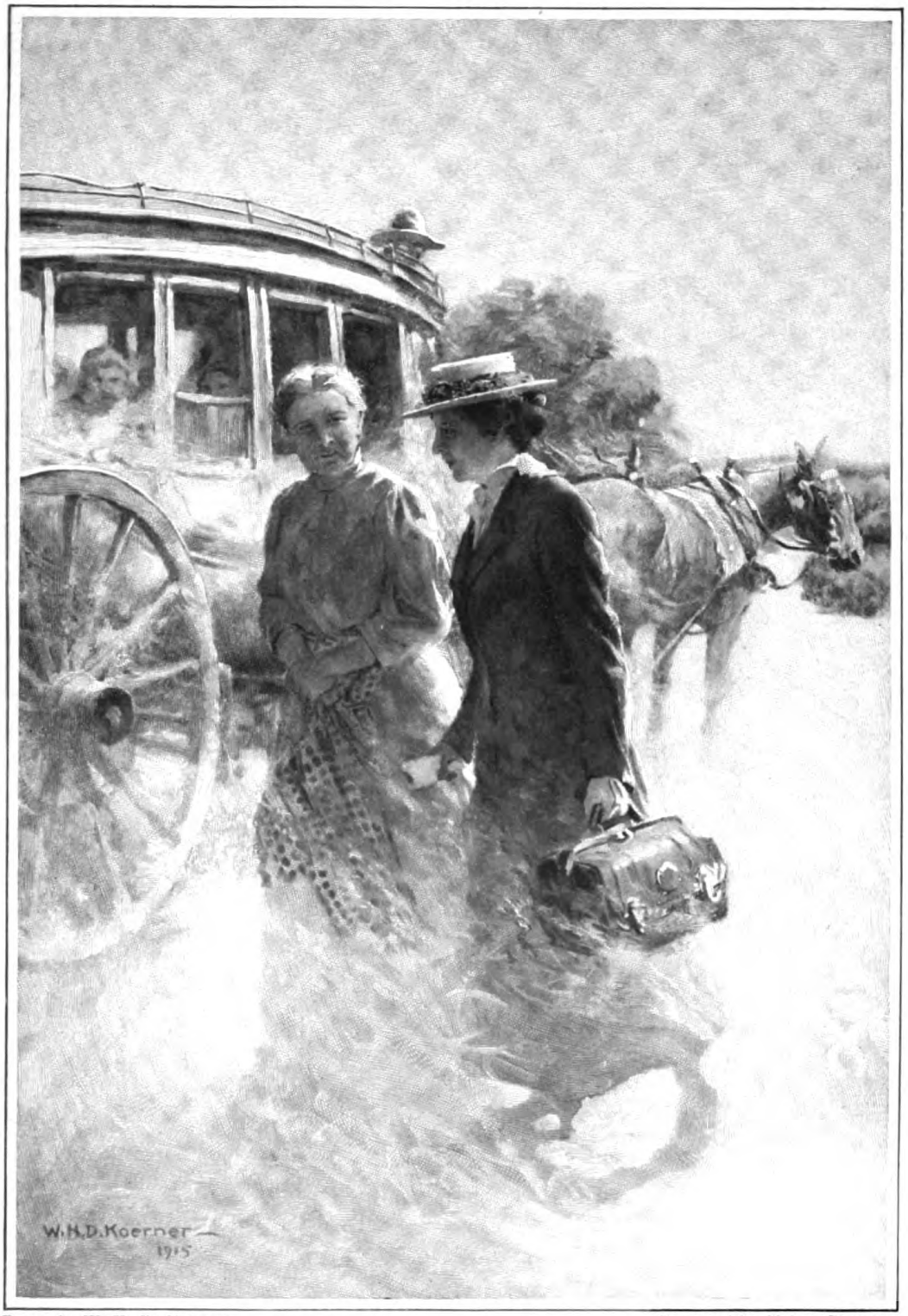
"Jim," continued the young woman, confidingly, "is the best man living, if I do say it. Always so good and kind, and trustworthy. There's fancier men 'n Jim, and better talkers—he ain't much to look at, mebbe, and he's one of the quiet kind that keep their feelings to theirselves—but I wouldn't trade Jim for no man, not with a million dollars thrown in!"

The heat made Ann Eliza Weatherby look as white as a sheet.

"Them smooth-talking, fancy men ain't never no good," said the old lady.

The tired young woman took a sandwich out of one of her packages and gave it to her little boy, who opened his mouth to an alarming wideness as he started to eat it. The old lady, patting

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Nelson Demarest

THE STAGE STOPPED BEFORE THEM IN A CLOUD OF DUST

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her broad, green knee invitingly, he deserted his mother and crossed over to her. He had serious, brown eyes, fat little legs, and a little, round, sober face. One of the legs of his home-made trousers was longer than the other.

"Oh, isn't he a dear little boy!" gasped Ann Eliza, interrupting what the light-hearted gentleman was saying.

The gentleman shrugged his shoulders. He did not appear to take any vast amount of interest in little boys. The young woman beginning to worry aloud as to whether the stage would get to town in time for the excursion train leaving for out West at two o'clock, he pulled an ornate gold watch out of his pocket. He observed that there would be plenty of time to make the train going West. He did not, however, speak in the direction of the young woman who cared so much for her husband.

"Old enough to go to school, Bubby?" the old lady asked presently, when the little boy's sandwich had been devoured, with an astonishing number of crumbs.

The little boy said, "Yes." He added that he liked to go to school.

"What do you like to study best?" she pursued, inquisitively.

He sat up proudly. "'Rithmetic," he lisped. His little, sober face glowed.

Ann Eliza's purse slipped out of her shaking hands and fell down to the stage floor. The merry gentleman, picking it up, handed it back to her, touching her fingers with his.

"I can add most everything in the whole world," the little boy announced, with a dignified air.

The crumpled old lady had on a queer, top-heavy bonnet, decorated with a green feather. Bowing in admiration as she bowed now, the feather fell so far forward as to tickle her nose.

The little boy sat swinging his legs to and fro. He gave a shy glance by and by at Ann Eliza and her valise. "I'm goin' out West," he vouchsafed, politely. "Where you a-goin'?"

Ann Eliza's hands went up to her throat. "I'm—I'm going to town," she stammered.

The light-hearted gentleman laughed. He remarked to the little boy that the West was a good place to go to.

"I can't tell you," said the young woman, rousing up again from her tiredness, when the stage had passed a signpost pointing to town, "what a time I had choosing a few things from the furniture we had here to ship out West. We couldn't afford to take everything—it costs so much to move so far. Jim wrote for me to bring just enough to get along with, and to sell off the rest. I couldn't pick out anything to leave behind. I wanted all the things Jim and me and little Jim's been used to. I believe I cried a riverful, trying to make up my mind what to take. I left out Jim's old kitchen arm-chair, one that he always sat in noon-times back here, when he was resting, and little Jim's cradle, and the old desk we started to housekeeping with. Then I took 'em—for I'd 'a' died without 'em."

"Yes," agreed the old green lady, "you probably would. You can't get along without things like them."

"Oh!" said Ann Eliza Weatherby to the gentleman beside her.

The stage, crossing a bridge over a dwindled creek, the little boy wriggled away restlessly from the knee which had been proffered him and transferred himself to Ann Eliza's baggage. "Your satchel's just about as wored out as ourn," he volunteered, frankly. "We've tooked a satchel to go out West." He tumbled, with a lurch of the wheels, in between Ann Eliza and the merry gentleman. The latter, who was still saying something every once in a while into Ann Eliza's ear, would have assisted him back to his own place, but the child shoved off his hand and leaned trustingly against the countrified blue suit. He contemplated Ann Eliza soberly from his steadfast eyes, which were not the color of his mother's. "It's awful far out West," he volunteered further. He hitched up the leg of his trousers which was longer than the other.

"Yes," answered Ann Eliza Weatherby, dully, "it's awful far."

The little boy's mother leaned over. "There, Jimmie," she warned, "don't bother. Mebbe the lady don't like little boys."

"Oh yes," said Ann Eliza; "oh yes, yes, yes!" Her trembling hands did not tremble quite so much as she drew the

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child more closely to her. The light-hearted gentleman did not go on talking. The little boy rubbed his ear against Ann Eliza's.

The old lady, taking a lemon covertly out of her reticule, started to sucking it discreetly, with as little disturbance to other people as was compatible with the proceeding. The young woman sat nervously untying the strings of her bundles and tying them up again. The stage-driver prodded his horses frequently.

Rumbling up a hill and down a hill and across a reach of level land, the omnibus came to a standstill to take on two other passengers, in the shape of a couple of old gentlemen resembling each other. They had much the same clear, open look, and the same rosy cheeks and the same spare, wiry figures. One of them wore a crape band around his well-preserved, steeple-crowned Panama hat. He carried, in addition to a market-basket, a stiff bouquet of old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers. As he took his seat with his companion, he spoke pleasedly to Ann Eliza.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Weatherby?" he said. "And how is your husband to-day? I don't know whether you know my cousin from town—"

Ann Eliza Weatherby, speaking, with her white face, to the two old gentlemen, replied that her husband was well. Then she drooped her head farther over the little boy.

After the old gentleman with the crape band had sat for some time, nodding over his own reflections, he sighed gently. There was a shadow on his kind, rosy face, which was absent from the other old face accompanying him. Setting his basket down on the floor, he jerked out a clean handkerchief from his coat-tails.

"There's nobody, John," he said, turning himself so as to make his speech of a private character, yet speaking in so loud a key that it was not at all so, "knows what it means to lose a good wife but a man who's lost one!"

Ann Eliza Weatherby jumped.

The crapeless old gentleman, with one palm placed suggestively to the side of his head, said that he could very well believe that.

"To lose a good wife," continued the first speaker, "'s a blow almost too much for any man to bear. I don't know how I'm going to bear my loss! To come into my house where Mary's always been, and to think I hear her voice, or see her in the room, and then to have it come over me that I'll never see her in that house any more—it's something awful, John. I've been so used to Mary! Why, we worked together, and thought together, and pulled together ever since we've been married. And we've sorrowed together, too. If I hadn't had Mary, and Mary hadn't had me, we couldn't have borne them children of ours slipping away as they done. And now Mary's gone, too. I'm just like an old ship without a rudder. I don't know how to get along. My sister that's in the house can't take Mary's place. She don't know how to do like her, nor cook like her, nor make the house pleasant like her—not that she ain't doing the best she can. She don't know where my things are. I can't find none of my things. That old bottle of lin'ment for my back just dis'peared off the face of the earth! I don't know where it is. Mary'd know."

"Ah!" said his companion, sympathetically.

Something bright fell out of the old gentleman's eye and dropped down on his bouquet. "But I've got to be brave, John. Mary would want me to keep up. It helps me, when I go to town, to go and put flowers on Mary's grave. She planned it out, if she went first, to be buried in town. She thought it 'd give me something to do, after she was gone from the house, to come to town to see her. She thought it 'd keep me from being so lonesome. Mary was always planning for me. There wa'n't never anybody as faithful unto death as Mary was." He straightened his shoulders.

Ann Eliza Weatherby made a choking sound above the little boy's head.

It grew too hot and too dusty for any one to say anything more. The wheels took up the conversation again for the next half-hour. The little boy gradually went to sleep upon Ann Eliza. His warm, fat little arms spread out over her lap. He did not wake up until the roofs and spires of town were standing out against the

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hot, blue, afternoon sky, and the old gentleman with the crape on his hat was taking his foot out of his market-basket, where he had inadvertently placed it.

When the stage-driver had drawn up before the dusty park in front of the railroad station in town, all of the passengers climbed out. Whether or not anybody wanted to go farther up-town than the station, the stage did not take them there. It stopped at the park, coming in from the country, and it stayed there until it started back on its return trip to the farms. The two old gentlemen marched off up the street, arm in arm. The old green lady offered to help the tired young woman onto the train with her bundles and her little boy. She liked, she said, to see a train start for out West. The stage-driver, getting down from his seat, took the hand-trunk he had taken on at the Orchard place onto his back.

"Ye ain't going West, are you, Mr. Crane?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the merry gentleman, merrily. He had his suit-case in one hand and Ann Eliza's shabby, brown bag in the other. "Come; fly away, little bird!" he said, caressingly.

The little boy, going off with his mother and with the old green lady toward the station, pricked up his ears. "I ain't your little bird," he said, stoutly.

The light-hearted gentleman laughed most light-heartedly.

Ann Eliza Weatherby stood still on the park grass. Her hands did not shake any more. They had grown, all at once, very calm. She put out one of them for a second. "Good-by," she said.

An odd sort of a blink came into the gentleman's fair, smiling countenance. He began to talk very quickly, looking from Ann Eliza to the station clock, which pointed to a quarter to two.

Ann Eliza Weatherby stood shaking her head. Her head shook now instead of her hands. The dust of the country road had streaked her face. Her hat, trimmed with forget-me-nots, was badly askew. The fat little boy, leaning against her, had mussed up her suit. She resembled a small, draggled bird, who had flown far enough in the dust and the heat.

The gentleman's face lost its merriment. It grew darker and darker. The stage-driver came back to the omnibus and took his horses across the street to the town pump. The hands of the clock moved forward. People went hurrying up the station steps. There was the puffing of an engine back and forth.

"Good-by," said Ann Eliza again.

The light-hearted gentleman turned heavily on his heel. As he stalked off to the station he threw a black, biting, and cruel look backward over his shoulder.

Left alone, Ann Eliza picked up her wedding valise from the park grass. There was a clang of train bells. Where the excursion train, going West, had stood on the tracks was only a puff of gray vapor.

Ann Eliza Weatherby crept out of the country stage, halting that night at the Weatherby farm. She had not stayed in town, after all, for her shopping and her visit to her friend Sallie Ames. She reached out her arms in the dark toward the steep fields and the farm-house. She could see Floretta Weatherby moving about up-stairs with a candle. Daniel Weatherby's lantern was bobbing in from the barn. There was no light down-stairs. She slipped into the house, and, going swiftly into the dining-room, lit the lamp on the black-walnut desk. Daniel Weatherby's newspaper lay still folded and ready for him to read before he went to bed. The note she had put between its folds was untouched. She held it over the lamp's flame. It uncurled slowly as it burned. "Dear Daniel," she could make out, opening her eyes like one awakening from a dream, "I did not tell you the truth. . . . I'm not going to stay in town. . . . I'm not coming back any more. . . ."

Then the note she had written that morning with cold fingers was gone. It was only a little puff of gray smoke.

Daniel Weatherby was in the kitchen. He opened the door into the dining-room.

Ann Eliza Weatherby turned. Now she had such warm eyes.

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The New Wealth

BY WALTER E. WEYL

IT is a far cry from the present day to that long-ago morning in 1732 when there issued from the presses of Benjamin Franklin, printer, the first damp pages of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Poor Richard escaped the common fate of almanacs, which are not presumed to outlive their year. It survived because, more than any other publication, it expressed the practical ethics of the people, their shrewd, hard, humorous sense. It was America's living philosophy at a time when America was still poor. It appealed to apprentices, journeymen, tradesmen, husbandmen, fishermen, and whalers; to a whole population of poor, ambitious men. It preached to these ambitious poor the ethics of ambitious poverty. It preached self-reliance, individual success, sobriety, frugality, industry.

Let us listen to these teachings. "Time is money," says Poor Richard, "credit is money; money begets money." "He who kills a breeding sow destroys all her offspring, to the thousandth generation." "After industry and frugality," says Poor Richard, "nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings." It is all very canny, near-viewed, and common-sensible. It is the early American version of that immortal, ever-rewritten book, *How to Get On in the World.*

Yet how strangely sounds the worldly wisdom of that day in the ears of the worldly wise of to-day! Is it still all true? Is it still true in the same sense as before? In this day we beware of being over-industrious or over-frugal. To work too hard and too long is to work yourself out, and conservation, like sundry other virtues, begins at home. It is not economy to save overmuch on clothes, which are the poor young man's advertisement. We must dress up to our jobs, even to the jobs we merely hope to get. Success, moreover, depends not a little on environment, on luck, on the favor of others. Chances, astounding and romantic, come to those who stand and wait as well as those who toil continuously. Our future may depend less on the hours that we work to-day than on the words or the smile we exchange with some anonymous fellow-passenger in the office-building elevator. America has changed since 1732.

Of that multiform and complex change, no single factor is more important than the astounding increase in our national wealth. Whoever studies the statistics of that wealth, of our commerce, banking, insurance, manufacturing, mining, agriculture, understands forthwith why the excellent virtues of Poor Richard seem a trifle old-fashioned. Nor are statistics necessary. One need but look out upon the face of the country to see everywhere signs of an abounding prosperity. In total wealth America easily leads the world; in proportion to population, we are among the wealthiest, if not actually *the* wealthiest, of nations. Even more significant is the *rate* of our accumulation. The statistics which indicate this accumulation are from certain points of view unsatisfactory, unmeaning, and even misleading, but they at least confirm direct impressions and are worth quoting. From seven billions of dollars in 1850 our national wealth increased by 1912 to one hundred and eighty-seven billions. America, poor in 1732, still relatively poor in 1850, is now growing astoundingly, one might almost say fantastically, rich, despite its ever-remaining fringe of hopeless poverty.

This wealth does not mean degeneration. There is an old and stubborn belief that poor nations are honest, rugged, industrious, and pious, while rich nations are faithless and decadent. "Ill fares the land," proclaims the poet, "to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumu-

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lates and men decay." The sociologist, however, fails to find any necessary connection between poverty and virtue, between wealth and vice. All our statistical tests disprove the ancient doctrine that accumulation of wealth means decay of men. Prosperity has its uses as well as adversity, and each has its customary virtues and vices.

It is true that prosperity creates new problems. Wealth often produces inequality, changes modes of life, separates rich from poor, and sows the seeds of hatred and distrust. As a poor, undifferentiated community acquires wealth, and this wealth comes to men unequally, classes arise, and men dress, live, get money, marry, and fight according to the traditions and morality of their own class. Luxury enters. Sparta cannot maintain her strict regimen, her iron money, her rigid simplicity and hardness of life, once the Lacedæmonians acquire wealth. When, under Solomon, Judea becomes opulent, classes arise, morality and religion itself become gilt-edged, and eloquent prophets preach in vain against the avarice, cruelty, and pride of the rich. In Egypt, Babylon, Carthage, great wealth involves subtle and revolutionary changes.

There are men who believe that as Rome grew rich and fell, so America will grow rich and fall. Wealth will beget luxury, and luxury will breed a weak race of soft-handed men. We shall surrender ourselves to a feverish, unresting search for gold. The rich will despoil the poor and corrupt the law. In such a mercenary commonwealth, writes a great American teacher, "the magistrates of the nation will judge for a consideration, the priests thereof will teach for hire, the prophets thereof will divine for money, the princes thereof will be companions of thieves; every one loving gifts and following after rewards."

The error in these doleful predictions lies in a failure to distinguish between ancient wealth and modern. The analogy with Rome halts on all-fours. Rome suffered not because it was wealthy (it was poor compared to the England, France, Germany, or America of to-day), but because its wealth was ill-gotten, ill-used, and ill-distributed. Wealth came to Italy through exactions from conquered populations, not from the labors of free Roman citizens, and such spoliation destroys booty in the taking. Nor did the wealth, so obtained, go back into productive enterprises. It was squandered on palaces and arches, on armies, and on hordes of destitute, careless, and oppressed proletarians. It flowed into the leaking coffers of gluttonous senators, instead of spreading wide among an industrious population.

To learn the influence of American wealth upon American character and conditions we must study our problem, not in Rome or Judea or Carthage, but nearer home. We must clear our minds of the inveterate prejudices that cluster about our conceptions of wealth, and must look at the results of our modern accession of wealth as they obtrude themselves upon our view everywhere.

The most striking result of these greater possessions of ours is a rapid increase in American luxury. "Easy come easy go" is the maxim of all get-rich-quick civilizations. As wealth grows the multitude of hard-working spenders grows also, and there develops simultaneously a leisure class which escapes our common debt of labor and lives at its ease, though not always easily, upon the annual fruits of vast private accumulations.

At no time, of course, was luxury completely absent from America. Men spend when the purse is full, even though the purse be small. Not all the sumptuary laws of seventeenth-century Massachusetts could prevent sober Puritans from launching into extravagance; from purchasing apparel—"wollen, silke, or lynnen, with lace on it, silver, golde, silke or threed." Even the pious slid back into embroidered doublets with slashed sleeves, into "gold or silver girdles, hatt-bands, belts, ruffs, beavr hatts," while women of no particular rank appeared in forbidden silk and tiffany hoods. A century later we encounter disapproval of John Hancock's "show and extravagance in living," of his French and English furniture, his dances, dinners, carriages, wine-cellars, and fine clothes. Washington starved with his soldiers at Valley Forge, but lived like an English gentleman in his home at Mount Vernon. Luxury, pomp, cere-

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monial were not absent in the eighteenth century, and even ardent democrats, who cheered Citizen Genêt and the glorious principles of '89, and who dearly hated all aristocrats, were not beyond the temptation of an occasional venial luxury.

Fundamentally, however, the prevailing spirit of America, especially in the North, was averse to high living and ostentation. Puritanism was dominant. Its grave, earnest, ascetic conception of life and its strong antagonism to worldly pleasures were strongly reinforced by a social poverty which made the immoral luxuries difficult, if not unattainable. It was virtuous to toil and scrimp, because capital was scarce and hard working and hard saving were necessary. Many of our virtues are of this color and derivation. They are rooted in the soil of stern necessity.

Even after the need for saving had departed, luxury was held back by tradition. There was a stalwart prejudice against it, and innumerable Biblical texts of incontestable validity backed up the prejudice. Gradually, however, one "younger generation" after another moved further along the primrose path of spending. Religious sanctions dissolved; descendants of Puritans compromised; the comfortable children of frugal Friends abjured gray and affected finery long before they forgot their "thee's" or dropped the pious custom of calling Sunday "First Day." Each decade introduced new and unseemly luxuries, and generations of moralizing old gentlemen and ladies, who in their youth had themselves been moralized over, now shook their white heads sadly over the calamitous decay of American simplicity. By 1840, a nervous, high-tensioned, quickly growing America of canals and railroads and speculative Western farms was spending at a rate which broke all conventions; by the early sixties, sudden new expanding fortunes, born of the war, demanded, and obtained, a spectacular expression.

It is a curious commentary on the way our human minds work, that in the very midst of the desperate carnage of our Civil War, men who were not unpatriotic found the heart to spend millions in strident and vaunting amusements. While the armies in the field were being clumsily butchered, while long trains were bringing up fevered cripples to overcrowded hospitals, the vainglorious new-rich of the North, fresh from dubious army contracts, opened wide their bulging pockets. At Saratoga, women in costly creations from Paris flirted and strenuously dawdled, while the men were "liquoring up" and gambling at track and table. Never before were theaters so crowded; never before were negro minstrels so tumultuously acclaimed. Italian and German opera flourished. The curled and crinolined "young persons" and the white-vested and chokered "dandies" invaded Broadway stores, where Brussels carpets, diamonds, pearls, and camel's-hair shawls rose to unprecedented prices in the depreciated currency. Extravagance became a cult.

But this luxury, though it confounded our fathers and filled our foreign critics with the sense of an invincible and wicked American levity, was niggard parsimony compared with the spending of to-day. We need not here describe that spending; it is a matter of common knowledge and notorious. We have been adequately derided by native and foreign critics for our maladroit spending, our wanton extravagance, our vast and ludicrous adventures as art-collectors and castle-buyers. The constricted palaces which crowd Fifth Avenue, the "cottages," country houses, private parks, private cars, steam-yachts, bronzes, canvases, ivories, and jewels of our wealthy fellow-citizens have been duly chronicled by laudator and satirist. Perhaps we have even exaggerated the pathetic absurdity of some of these purchases. Not all have been as grotesque as is commonly supposed; not any has been as significant.

After all, this loose spending of multi-millionaires, though stupendous in its aggregate, remains, in proportion to the total outlay of our hundred million Americans, a very, very small thing. It is merely a straw in the wind. Its true significance lies in its indication of a custom and attitude more general, in its hinting at a wider lavishness—a lavishness which affects not only the immoderately wealthy, but also the well-to-do, the comfortable, the men in straitened

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circumstances: in fact, all classes, not entirely excluding the poor.

Wherever we look we find evidences of this new prodigality. The statistics of our consumption of wealth tell a consistent story of gradually rising standards of living. Our growing love of athletic sports, baseball, golf, riding; our increasing patronage of opera, theater, moving-picture, and circus; our epidemic of motoring—are all effects of this powerful impulse. Even more significant is our enormously increased expenditure for dress. To-day, more than ever before, "the fashion wears out more apparel than the man." The advertisements in newspaper and magazine, as well as the wide offerings of department stores, indicate the extent of the new spending.

Much of this expenditure is wise and educative. Pleasure is good; spending is not bad; luxury lies along the path of the race's progress. Even ostentation itself is not all evil. Where our spending is bad is where we do not perceive the ordained limits of pleasure. It is only enjoyment in ignorance and excess that is evil. The fortune which is the making of the man who makes it is the undoing of the headlong youth who inherits it, his pulses beating fast. All pleasures in excess lead to pain; all are limited by capacity of nerves and brain. Doubling wealth is not doubling pleasure; a hundred-dollar mechanical doll may be less "fun" than a ten-cent rag baby. Above all, pleasure is limited by the time to enjoy it; in enjoyment, time is more than money.

It is forgetfulness of this fact which makes much of our American spending banal and sterile. With much money to spend and few hours in which to spend it, we become addicted to quick, concentrated, expensive pleasures. We cannot imitate the placid, fruitful economy of the Teuton, who takes his beer and music inexpensively and at his leisure. Nor are we like that abstemious German professor who, on his vacations, traveled on the slowest *Bummelzug* because that way the joyous trip lasted longer. The meteoric flights of our tourists through Europe are in point; the automobile, also, illustrates the nervousness and swiftness of our pleasures. Motoring is broadening and delightful, but we are rushing into this amusement with more than our usual national abandon, and hardly even find time to speed. When a pleasure becomes the vogue, conveniences and even necessities are sacrificed to it. We are like those travelers of old who sold their lands to see other men's.

As spending, good and bad, becomes more lavish, and indulgence in many pleasures, common and venial, there follows a relaxation of strict old customs. Dancing and card-playing cease to be the lure of the Evil One, and a lady of excellent repute may smoke an after-dinner cigarette or take a "high-ball." The theater competes rather effectively with the church sewing-circle, and a rigid disapproval of enjoyment is banished to country districts more and more remote.

All these new morals and manners, introduced by our accession of wealth, do not mean, however, that American nature has been fundamentally altered. National character changes slowly; what we call a revolution in such character is nothing but an inconsiderable change in the relative influence of different groups. Doubtless there lived in Puritan England witty, gay, and roistering gentlemen who preferred cock-fighting to psalms and a bawdy song to an orthodox sermon. Under the Restoration, in a merrier but laxer England, there lived Miltons and Bunyans and Praise God Barebones who would have gone to the stake sooner than to the playhouse. In the earlier time the precisian, in the later the easy-going, sensual man, was in the ascendant. Both groups, however, lived at both times, and their relative numbers probably changed but slightly.

To-day, as always, two temperaments and two philosophies oppose each other in America, but, as our wealth increases the line of cleavage constantly shifts, and more pleasures are considered permissible and even estimable. People who have always abjured the theater now make exceptions in favor of Shakespeare, Barrie, and Lew Wallace; others who formerly insisted upon a strict Sabbath observance now lose zeal as social conditions change. The two

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extremes persist. We still have millions addicted to a morose godliness, and taking pleasure in hating pleasure. Our glittering watering-places, on the other hand, are studded with plethoric, middle-aging pleasure-seekers, with lolling, gilded youngsters, with over-jeweled, over-strained, greedy young women—hedonists all. Between these extremes, however, are millions of serious, tolerant, pleasure-loving, hard-working men and women, who live more liberally and more largely than did their parents, and yet "draw the line" at vicious or merely foolish forms of extravagance.

Whether we use our new wealth wisely or unwisely, however, there are many who believe that its mere increase will intensify our proverbial American materialism. For many decades we have been upbraided for our flaunting of gold, for our naked worship of wealth, for our applying merely pecuniary standards to the highest and the best. Concerning our materialistic check-book vandals, the late Henry D. Lloyd wrote with burning indignation: "Of gods, friends, learnings, of the uncomprehended civilization which they overrun, they ask but one question: How much? What is a good time to sell? What is a good time to buy? . . . Their heathen eyes see in the law and its consecrated officers nothing but an intelligence-office, and hired men to help them burglarize the treasures accumulated for a thousand years at the altars of liberty and justice, that they may burn their marble for the lime of commerce."

It is doubtful, however, whether America really grows more materialistic as it grows wealthier. Are rich nations more mercenary than poor? Do peoples strive harder for what they have than for what they lack? Are we more materialistic than French, Italians, or Swiss, or more openly and crassly materialistic than were the Americans of Grant's day or Washington's? Ours is still "The Land of Dollars," but surely our present materialism is at least somewhat tempered by idealism. Here and there in our American life we encounter an idealism, linked seemingly with our wealth, practical, business-like, but sincere, almost sentimental, almost romantic.

A curious illustration of a certain over-moneyed idealism is found in the benefactions of some of our very wealthy men. In America, where class sentiment is weak and men have no peerage to which to aspire, and no well-defined leisure-class opinion to which to appeal, even the wealthiest are not entirely above the common judgment of the nation, nor beyond the need of the approval of their fellow-citizens. We consequently find that multimillionaires, who have acquired their wealth legally and illegally, morally and immorally, make wise donations to hospitals, libraries, research laboratories, art-museums, and other works of social progress. These benefactions have their evil as well as their good side, but no fair man can doubt their impulse. A little vainglory, a little ostentation in competitive benevolence, weighs but lightly against the real sense of social obligation which these gifts reveal.

These benefactions are significant. They show vividly the effect of an enlightening public opinion working on the wealthy as upon the rest of us. The merely vacuous spender we have always with us, but to-day a "monkey dinner" or a similar grotesquerie is hardly "good for" a newspaper head-line, while the doings of the Rockefeller Institute are of perennial popular interest.

Even more important is the light which these gifts throw upon the nature of our vast private accumulations. To-day acquisition by our very wealthy has outstripped enjoyment; it has become, for them, easier to get than to spend. Enjoyment, like property, becomes attenuated, secondary, vicarious. There is more actual pleasure in giving away a library (which in a rather real sense you still own) than in keeping bonds and stocks (of a railroad you have never seen) in a safety vault into which you cannot enter except with the consent of a stolid, gray-coated guardian. The man who owns a thousand-acre farm may know every tree, rock, rail fence. In what sense, however, has a man *ownership* in a share of an option to subscribe to a certain stock at a certain price? In what sense does any man own ten millions of dollars? It is this mocking contradiction, inherent in the possession of unimaginable resources by

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a single finite, petty biped out of which our gigantic and increasing donations arise.

It is not, however, by donations and benefactions, munificent as these may be, that the great new wealth of America can be applied so as to bring to the nation the maximum of advantage and the minimum of harm. The final influence of American wealth upon American character must depend upon its distribution. Our wealth has not exerted the smallest fraction of its possible beneficent effect. The fruitful waters have not evenly submerged us, but have come unequally, disproportionately, a flood here, a drought there, insecure and dangerous. We have paid too scant attention to the channels through which this vast wealth flows, and are only now learning, to our cost, that wealth which spurts and gushes and trickles uncertainly, a torrent here, a trickling, dying stream there, may do damage as well as good.

To-day opposing tendencies reveal themselves in the concentration and in the diffusion of this national wealth. We have intangible, elusive fortunes, with the fluidity of quicksilver, daily, stupendously growing. We see dismaying contrasts between men who have more than they need, and men who need more than they have; between multimillionaires, bewildered by the magnitude of their possessions, and abject wretches brutalized by want. And yet these spectacular contrasts tell only part of the story. Simultaneously there occurs a slow but immense diffusion of our national wealth.

To prove this diffusion we might pile up statistics concerning the rise in American wages, the increase in savings-banks deposits, the extension of life insurance, the increase in quantity and improvement in quality of goods consumed by the masses of the people, the rapidly growing number of stockholders in great American corporations. For all this, however, we have not the space. One fact will show the tendency: in the decade ending 1910 the value of our six million farms increased twenty billions (twenty thousand millions) of dollars. Some twenty million people found their property worth twenty billion dollars *more* in 1910 than in 1900.

It is not wholly a favorable development—this increase in the value of farm property. It simultaneously means a higher cost of living and a greater difficulty in securing a farm. But merely as a deflection of wealth, a deflection of twenty billions of dollars, this development is highly significant. It means an unparalleled sprinkling from a vast reservoir. An ever-larger section of the people is emerging from former poverty, is getting into a position where life may be faced from the vantage-ground of a high wage or of a small property. This diffusion means a far higher standard of comfort in country as in city, among well-to-do, comfortable, and moderately poor people. It means a lessening death-rate. It means that babies can be more carefully treated by physicians and nurses, and can be assured of a better diet. It means that the children of America may be better fed, better clad, better housed, better amused, better educated than before. The new wealth, to the extent of its diffusion and to the extent of its social utilization, means a better school attendance at better schools, an enormous increase in secondary education, a far wider spread and democratization of university education.

Even our inequality in wealth, enormous and incomprehensible though it is, does not deflect all advantages from the masses. Our income is far less unequally divided, and the use of wealth is more general than its possession. The rents of the great city landowner are paid to him; his houses are *used* by the people. Directly or indirectly, modern wealth goes largely to supply the needs, improve the position, and increase the power of the great mass of the population.

If America were to go into the hands of a receiver, if our total assets were to be taken over by one single intelligence, interested uniquely in making the best use of our hundred and eighty-seven billions of wealth, we should doubtless find, after a few decades of such stewardship, that America had changed and American characteristics, qualities, and aspects had changed equally. Our vast new wealth, wisely applied, would mean the passing of illiteracy, the abolition of pathological child labor, the careful

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preparation of our entire population for all the difficult requirements of modern life. It would mean the end of low wages, of dangerous and unsanitary factories, of excessive or deleterious toil, of unemployment, of under-employment, of industrial uncertainty, and that long train of vices which follow casual labor. It would mean the end of evil housing conditions; the building of new and healthful, if not always beautiful, suburbs; a bold and successful campaign against typhoid, tuberculosis, and other plagues; a diminution of city mortality, an increase in the amount and a betterment of the quality of life. It would mean improved recreation, enlarged pleasure, a diminution of drunkenness and disease, and an escape from that haunting fear of poverty which so accentuates the gambling element in our civilization. It would lessen that ruthlessness, recklessness, and cynical egotism with which our present-day wealth is so intimately associated.

In the absence of such an omnipotent social intelligence, we must rely upon faultier instruments to secure a larger social dividend from our increasing wealth and our increasing economic power. It is not a question of long division, for a twenty-millionth part of one hundred and eighty-seven billion dollars would not satisfy us, and much of the wealth would disappear in the very process of division. What is required is a far more difficult operation: a change in our attitude toward society, a responsibility on the part of each for the wealth that each possesses, a responsibility on the part of all for the social and equitable distribution of the new wealth as it pours out unceasingly. The prevention of senseless and socially perilous differences is a part of the adjustment which we must make. Our hope lies in a social reorganization which will make both opulence and poverty impossible, which will increasingly apply the wealth of society to the common needs of society. It is a realization pressing hard on the nations of to-day, and especially upon America.

One might believe that this hope of a better, abler, and happier nation resting upon the broad pedestal of national resources and national wealth was an ideal bounded by the sharp limitations of our existing wealth. After all, one or two hundred billions of dollars is not very much. Our proper adjustment to our present wealth, however, is but the *beginning* of the true getting of wealth. A better distribution and a better utilization of our present wealth would mean an increase in the intelligence and capacity of the people who acquire wealth, than which no better investment could be made. Measured by the men of the coming generations, we are to-day singularly unproductive. We are still pitifully ignorant of natural science, pitifully ignorant of social science. About us are powerful, silent genii, unreined natural forces, which will rear our civilization once we call them—and we do not even know their names. We live in a veritable welter of social waste, and exist upon the mere scanty fragments of a booty torn to pieces by contending claimants—and we know not how to allay the strife. We are only slowly—very slowly—learning.

As we look forward, we are overcome with the sheer magnitude of our probable future wealth and with our uncomprehended responsibility for its use. What we now have is but an earnest of the incomparably greater stores beyond. We have not yet begun to exploit the resources of our continent. We have not begun to learn from science the magic which will open the earth to our needs. We have hardly approached the study of those great problems of social reorganization and of popular education which will make of these gifts of nature a blessing and not a curse. We are like an ignorant savage starving in the midst of fertile fields; like the pioneer Balboa, wading timidly into an ocean upon which great vessels are destined to sail.

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Party Lines

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

RANNY had been accumulating experience for nine years, and thought he had the main facts of life pretty well under control, but it was not until one breathless August day of bands and bunting and a lemonade-stand at which they gave one very little for a nickel that he learned of that high wall that divides the world into two classes, Our Party and the Enemies of Society. For a week rumors had been trickling in upon Ranny's dusty field of activities that this Thursday was to be somehow superior to all other possible Thursdays; billboards admitted as much, and the *Bulletin* had been hammering at the matter night after night. A great man—a senator, in fact—was to come and sound the keynote, and there was to be such an ourpouring, the *Bulletin* said, of the friends of prosperity and law and order and the flag and those who remembered Valley Forge as would sweep the county into the victorious ranks of righteousness on the sixth day of next November. Ranny remembered Valley Forge perfectly, but he had been occupied of late with the activities of a hoop-rolling club and had not given these more remote matters the attention they seemed to deserve. Upon the morning of Thursday itself an event occurred which convinced Ranny of its unique place in history.

"Well," said father, as the Dukes breakfast was drawing to a close, "there's a lot going on to-day. I suppose a young politician must have money to spend."

To Ranny's gratified amazement father reached into his pocket and delivered over a quarter. And though mother tried to destroy the value of the gift by hedging it about with conditions—such as not eating too much and getting sick—the young politician was of no use in practical affairs until he had broken up the Rucker family and dragged Tom off in search of band music.

The largest voluntary donation in Ranny's memory should have prepared him for anything, yet he was astounded at the change that had taken place in the business section of Lakeville. Bunting adorned the store-fronts, and a great flag was suspended from the *Bulletin* office over the street bearing at its lower end the slogan, "Perkins and Prosperity." A lemonade-stand had sprouted mushroom-like at the curb, and upon the court-house lawn men were putting eleventh-hour touches upon a speaker's stand and benches of fragrant, yellow lumber, with a by-product of sticks and sawdust. At the most important corner the "Jamestown Silver Cornet Band," (a person had to invert himself to read it all on the base-drum), stood in a circle dispensing melody; and here, before half an hour had passed, Ranny fraternized with all the youth of his wide acquaintance and several strangers who wore shoes and stockings. Although they came from another town, these fops were not insulted, but only stared at; at festive times the ordinary duties of life may be neglected. Boys whom Ranny knew intimately in private life were holding sheets of music and ostentatiously ignoring the friends of humbler days. One of these animated music-racks was "Fatty" Hartman, who danced attendance upon a slide-trombone player. "Fatty's" soul was really with the base-drummer across the circle; his head was turned in almost the opposite direction from that of Nature's plan, and his hands did very much as they pleased. As a result "Fatty" was not only poked slightly, but at the end of the "Washington Post March" was relieved of further responsibilities. The trombonist held that no human being could read music waved about in that eccentric way. "Wadda you think I am," he said, in part, "a giraffe?"

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Pulling Tom aside, Ranny proposed that they set about the main business of the day. Tom was all for Lem White's ice-cold lemonade.

"They ain't very big," said Ranny, regarding the sample glasses set out upon the counter. Tom admitted the charge.

"Have some candy, then," said the vender, who was pouring some alluring pink paint over a rope of taffy.

They indulged in taffy, and in the ensuing thirst they also bought lemonade. This they found as lacking in strength as in quantity.

"Le's go over to the pump and git another one," said the guest, with brutal frankness.

"What do you want for a nickel?" asked the irritable Lem White, who at less stirring times worked in the livery-stable and found public life something of a nervous strain. "Some people makes me tired."

This speech cost him dearly, for his late patrons stood about for some time warning young spendthrifts that Lem's lemonade was no bargain.

When Tom and Ranny had nothing to spend but time, they rejoined their companions. Train No. 9, welcomed in person, proved to contain a great delegation from near-by villages, including another band. The band had to be marched with back to the public square, and compared unfavorably with that of Jamestown. At a quarter to twelve the rumor was passed about that free buttons could be obtained at the Young Men's Perkins Club. Ranny went home to a perfunctory dinner with an itchy feeling in the neckband, due to sawdust, a lack of interest in food, and a button proclaiming that he was for Perkins and Prosperity.

Two o'clock found Lakeville's rarest spirits crowded upon the top of a freight-car upon a siding near the depot. Ranny suddenly noticed that there was something the matter with his friend Tom.

"Hey, where's your button?" he asked.

"Aw, my father wouldn't let me wear it. I ain't for Perkins. I'm for Chanler."

Ranny searched the familiar freckled face half expecting the fancy, movable ears to give a derisive "wiggle." But Tom was incredibly serious.

"Why ain't ya f'r Perkins?" Ranny asked.

"He's a tool of the int'res'. My father said so his own self."



"FATTY'S" SOUL WAS REALLY WITH THE BASE-DRUMMER ACROSS THE CIRCLE

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"WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR A NICKEL?" ASKED THE IRRITABLE LEM WHITE

"I bet he ain't."

"What 'll you bet?"

Ranny wagered a nominal million and appealed to Bud Hicks, a political authority who wore upon his blouse three Perkins-and-Prosperity buttons, as well as one which inquired, "Is it hot enough for you?"

"Aw, whatcha talkin' about?" Bud demanded of the luckless Tom. "'Course not." A straw vote of the top of the box-car revealed not one person who would believe evil of their favorite candidates, Perkins and Prosperity.

"What did you do with the button?" asked Bud, the prominent collector.

Tom produced the emblem and traded it for Bud's innocuous remark about the weather. Bud was now for Perkins and Prosperity three times on his blouse and once on his cap.

The great man came at last in a special train, which exercised its right to be late. The home band, which led the procession to the court-house yard, had a drum-major whose unseasonable fur hat was the highest that had been seen in town that day.

The boys, by superior squirming and dodging, got excellent seats at the very front, where they could hear every word if they cared for that sort of thing. A glee club poked delicious fun at Tom Rucker's candidate, and a man of local renown made a speech of introduction. This was "Colonel" Bacon, who wagged his head earnestly; he seemed to shake out his words as one shakes balls out of a Roman candle. Finally the sounder of keynotes arose.

"The remarks of your chairman," he began, when quiet was restored, "remind me of the story of the Irishman—" Ranny did not get the full meaning of the joke, but joined the freight-car contingent in the applause.

The applause, however, was not unanimous. Tom refused to be swept away from his hereditary principles by mere oratory. In fact, after the great man had slumped into exports and imports and national debts, Tom went so far as to say:

"Le's git out; this ain't no good."

Bud Hicks also found that he had all the statesmanship his system craved, and there was a general exodus of squirmers and dodgers. But Ranny, who did not take his convictions lightly, elected to stay and suffer for Perkins and Prosperity.

It was no easy martyrdom. The afternoon was torrid, the great man floundered in statistics, and little crea-

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tures came up out of the grass and bit the ankles of the friends of law and order and Valley Forge. Ranny was almost ready to surrender when suddenly he detected a new quality in the senator's address, a quavery and shivery note:

"And when, on the sixth day of next November, the sun sinks to rest behind the western hills—" It was glorious and thrilling, and it ended in a tumult of applause. The great man himself sank to rest, the glee club predicted overwhelming victory, and Ranny was free to associate with merely pleasant people.

In the late afternoon, in front of the hitherto attractive Rucker homestead, he made one last appeal to the better side of Tom's nature. "Aw, come on an' be f'r Perkins," he said. "Nobody ain't f'r Chan'ler."

"They are, too."

"Who?'

"Lots of people."

"Jus' tell me one."

"My father, an'—lots of people."

"If you ain't f'r Perkins you'll be sorry—that's all."

"What 'll *you* do?" asked Tom, scornfully.

"It's all right what I'll do." Ranny was sparring for time. "You'll find out soon enough."

And so, to Ranny's deep regret, they parted. He and Tom had fallen out and in again on minor matters, but this was permanent and irrevocable. How could he be friends with one who was not in favor of the Stars and Stripes or anything?

The next morning Tom was missing from the activities of the hoop-rolling association, of which he was a prominent member. The object of the organization was to conduct races, preferably over the bumpy place in Webber's cement sidewalk. Tom had been an ornament to this diversion; he could go fast or slow, and he was an artist at turning corners. His absence hurt the sport, but it led to a great idea.

"Who you for?" Ranny asked "Fatty" Hartman, who on this hot morning was only a theoretical hoop-roller. From his recumbent position "Fatty" ranged himself upon the side of law and order. There was no point in asking Bud Hicks, for Bud had unearthed further Perkins-and-Prosperity buttons and a badge marked, "Usher." Ted Blake, a doubtful non-voter, was open to conviction.

"I tell ya," said Ranny, "le's be the—I tell ya—"

"Well, tell us," said "Fatty," tolerantly.

"Listen a minute, can't ya? Le's be the Perkins an' Prosper'ty Hoop Club."

"Whatta we hafta do?" asked "Fatty."

The object of the new society seemed to be to keep traitors from enjoying life.

"Nobody can't belong if they ain't f'r Perkins," Ranny explained—"Tom Rucker—or anybody like that."

Ted Blake accepted membership on condition that Bud Hicks give him a button, his own having been sold for a mess of pottage. Ted volunteered to inform Tom of his non-election to the new club. Tom sent back word that he didn't care in the least, that they all thought they were smart, and that Chandler was the people's champion.

"*Yes*, he is," said Ranny. "Where'd he hear that?"

"He said it was in the *News*," Ted reported.

"That paper ain't no good," said Bud. "It only comes out once a week. They don't have carriers or anything. A big boy turns the printin'-press by hand."

All enjoyed hearty snickers at the absurd little sheet with its boy-power press, and the work of building up the new organization was begun. Every youth who came along was asked, "Who you for?" and, if satisfactory, was taken into the club. Clarence Raleigh was not sure, but would go home and ask his mother. He never came back, either because his political complexion was wrong or because his mother didn't want him to become overheated.

Along with recruiting went racing, practising, and informal yelling. When Mr. Webber came home from the store at twelve he seemed to regard the breach of the peace as excessive.

"What's all this?" he asked. "There's too much hullaballoo around here."

"This is the Perkins an' Prosper'ty Hoop Club," said Ranny. "We're—we're havin' a meeting."

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"Sounds more like a whoop club," said Mr. Webber, but his face relaxed, and he made no further protest against hullabaloo. Evidently Mr. Webber was not only a reliable druggist, but sound politically.

Perhaps it was the doubly reliable druggist who carried the good news down-town. At any rate, the *Bulletin* paid tribute to the new organization in a short article entitled, "Rolling on to Victory," in which the republic was pronounced out of danger not only this year, but in the future. The rising generation had its eyes open; the forces of disruption would find no comfort there. The *Bulletin* furthermore supposed that the Perkins and Prosperity Hoop Club would henceforth be found in the parades of the friends of progress.

The parade idea was well received by Randolph Harrington Dukes. "Could we do it?" he asked father that night as the article was being read and reread.

Father pretended that the thing was highly unlikely, but undid all his work by agreeing to supply bunting with which the patriots were to wrap their hoops in case of parade. Henceforth Ranny searched the paper for news of rallies, keynotes, and outpourings.

For a time Perkins and Prosperity rolled on without hindrance. The hoop club prospered and Tom's attempt to get up a rival among the friends of the people met with gratifying failure. But when September came, and nights were beginning to be cool and education was mobilizing its grim hosts, there was a rude awakening for country-savers.

The first intimation of trouble came from father. "Better stay around home to-day," he said one morning. "There will be a lot of rough characters in town."

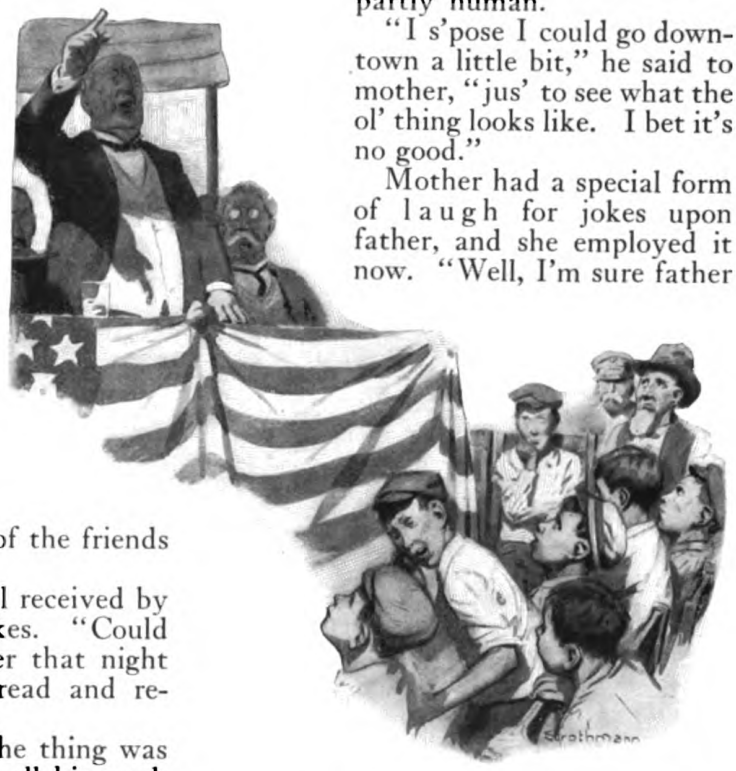
"What's goin' on?" asked Ranny, who had seen nothing in the *Bulletin* to justify alarm.

"There's a Chandler rally," said father. "This is Tom Rucker's day, not yours."

Ranny got out his hoop for patriotic exercises, but instead of companions he got only strains of distant music. To be sure it was not his day—but bands are bands, and patriots are partly human.

"I s'pose I could go down-town a little bit," he said to mother, "jus' to see what the ol' thing looks like. I bet it's no good."

Mother had a special form of laugh for jokes upon father, and she employed it now. "Well, I'm sure father wouldn't mind. But look out for the rough characters."



"LE'S GIT OUT; THIS AIN'T NO GOOD"

So Ranny, resolved to be scornful of everything, started down-town to see how the other half lived.

The few familiar blocks had taken on an ominous air. The streets were full of rough characters driving in from the country in dusty teams and automobiles. If he had not known better, Ranny might have thought that these characters looked strangely like those who came to town for Saturday trading, and very little rougher than those of the celebrated Thursday. Far worse was the display of bunting, and Chandler pictures in the homes of people hitherto supposed loyal to the republic—homes where Ranny had come and gone safely

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for years. There was the house of Mr. Harrington, who was a kind of relation to mother, though of a nature too complicated to be understood. As long as Ranny could remember he and Mr. Harrington had possessed a joke in common: the genial elderly man always threatened to cut off Ranny's ears, but while searching vainly for his ear-cutter as often as not he found a penny. Ranny resolved never to play this game with Mr. Harrington again. If the man had turned against his country—!



BUD WAS NOW FOR PERKINS ON THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS JACKET, BUT STOOD WITH CHANDLER ON THE RIGHT

The morning was one long disillusion. The Chandlerites made shameless use of the flag, the court-house yard, and the railroad. Lem White sold weak lemonade to the unjust as well as the just. Only the *Bulletin* office was loyally unaware that anything was going on.

On the street corner the venal Jamestown Silver Cornet Band was playing the same old tunes. And what was Ranny's horror to find "Fatty" Hartman holding sheet-music for the enemies of society. "Fatty" was now working for an unimportant horn that went *oom blah! oom blah!* To his exacting duties he brought all his native lack of concentration and of musical talent. His discharge from the band was all that saved his membership in the hoop club.

But Ranny's effort to discipline erring hoop-rollers broke down completely over the distressing case of Bud Hicks. That exterior decorator had found the source of Chandler buttons. Bud was now for Perkins and Prosperity on the left side of his jacket, but stood with Chandler and the people on the right. The best that Ranny could get out of him was a whispered admission that he was still for good government.

It was impossible not to see how Tom Rucker was carrying on. Tom was spending money like water. He haunted the buttered popcorn wagon, and came back again and again for peanuts in the one-cent size. Once he was discovered coming out of Alleston's grocery-store with a blissful and lumpy face. Ranny's too tolerant companions accepted refreshment, but he declined to take Chandler candy into his pure young system. Ranny was of the stuff of which fanatics are made.

Being under no obligation to suffer statistics on the court-house lawn, he spent the afternoon in the neighborhood of his own home. The entertainment there, though unobjectionable, was of a low class. With the hoop-rollers out following strange gods, the time dragged wearily. The only light in the gloom was the arrival of the *Evening Bulletin*, which asserted that although the fine weather and the artificial stimulus of bands and bunting had brought out a fair-sized crowd, there was a notable lack of enthusiasm. It was evident that the efforts of the Chandlerites to stampede the county by the expenditure of

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vast sums of money had already failed. Fortunately for Ranny's peace of mind, the Dukes home was not one of those which contaminated itself weekly with the *News*.

While the nation's future hung suspended it seemed foolish for the processes of education to begin again, but the authorities did not see things in that light, and school opened as usual. Nor was Tom barred from the class by his subversive views. Relations continued strained, and Ranny associated with persons either of sound opinions or of none at all; but secretly he resolved that when the Chandler heresy was disposed of, on the sixth day of next November, he would forgive Tom to some extent, and see what might be saved out of the wreck of their friendship.

On an October Saturday another great rally of the friends of progress brought back the weaker brothers, and the Perkins and Prosperity Hoop Club was allowed to march in the parade under the banner "Rolling on to Victory." Rolling did not prove entirely practical, owing to the tendency of the bunting-covered hoops at the low speed to run off and mingle with the body politic, so the young man in charge of the section decreed that they be carried in the hand. Tom Rucker declared openly at the school-house pump on the following Monday that the hoop-rolling on the occasion had been the worst in his experience. Water was poured upon Tom for his frankness.

The fateful day in the nation's history came at last, sunshiny and crisp—"regular Perkins weather," father said, on the theory that rough characters would come out on any kind of day, but the better element could not be expected to save their country if the weather was inclement. Ranny and his associates inspected the various polling-places and stood about until chased away by special marshals who thought they were smart. No holiday had ever passed so slowly, and Ranny thought the sun was never going to sink to rest behind the western hills—as though some modern Joshua were interfering with astronomy.

Supper was an empty form, for the organizer of the hoop club had been granted, for distinguished services, the boon of going with father to hear the returns. It was named in the bond that if necessary they would stay up until midnight. Father chose the rooms of the Young Men's Perkins Club, which by eight o'clock were filled with the better element and cigar smoke. Ranny was jovially greeted on all sides and was frequently asked whether he voted the ticket straight.

When conversation had succumbed to violent pounding upon a table, "Colonel" Bacon arose with a yellow paper in his hand:

"Pennsylvania: Thirteen precincts out of twelve hundred and eighty-nine in Alleghany County give Chandler nine hundred and sixty-five; Perkins"—rhetorical pause followed by triumphant blast—"*two thousand, two hundred and thirty-seven!*"

There was deafening applause, to which Ranny contributed a voice of high efficiency. When the tumult had subsided somebody wanted to know how those precincts had stood four years ago, but the chairman had no time for such quibbles, because the third ward of Youngstown, Ohio, had just crawled upon the rock of sound government by a majority of twenty-three.

Ranny found himself singularly calm in the hour of triumph; how easy it was to save a country when everybody helped a little, with hoops and all! His only fear now was that the thing would be settled so quickly that father would take him home long before midnight. In Ranny's ideal world the nation would be saved at eleven forty-five.

Announcements became more frequent as the evening grew older. Sometimes the chairman leafed through a number of telegrams and chose those from the most important states. Even so the news was not invariably good, and at times there were headshakings. Once father distinctly said to another man, "That's bad." Still the Perkins figures continued to be both large and loud. At this point Ranny decided to subject Tom Rucker to ridicule for a day or two before forgiving him.

At last the chairman made a surprising announcement.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is growing late and most of us are tired out with

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the work of the campaign. I suggest that we repair to our homes." He said that the rural districts, the backbone of sound government, were always the last to be heard from, and the morning would show the complete triumph of Perkins and Prosperity. When they got outside Ranny was grieved to find that the court-house clock showed only half-past ten.



A CARICATURE OF PERKINS RECUMBENT, WITH TOES POINTING TOWARD THE SKY

As they passed the office of the ridiculous *News*, uncouth noises poured forth from the lighted rooms of the Chandler club up-stairs.

"What 're *they* a-hollerin' for?" Ranny asked his father, who seemed to have grown strangely silent in the last hour. "Mebbe they think they won."

For some time Ranny was to remember how happy he was when he made that ignorant speech. With it the heyday of youth was closed—at least for repairs.

"They did, son." Father seemed to part with these words with deep regret. "Chandler is elected."

"But the m-man said—"

"I know. Bacon won't admit it for three weeks."

"Mebbe in the morning it will be all differ'nt."

"No, Ranny. Things always get more-so overnight."

The last defense was gone. So with an aching throat and holding tight to a warm and comforting hand, Ranny plodded homeward through a cheerless, Chandlery world.

"What 're we goin' to do?" he found voice at last to inquire. He had a vague idea that they might move to some civilized country like Mexico or Beluchistan.

"The election is over and we are all good Americans now. We'll take our licking and stand by the President. Four years from now," father said, inconsistently, "the people will be good and sick of him."

"Is Chan'ler people good Americans, too?"

"Yes, in their way. The best American I know is for Chandler—though she doesn't talk about it much."

At school next day Tom Rucker's face wore a grin that threatened to become chronic. He received dishonorable mention for drawing a caricature of Perkins recumbent, with toes pointing toward the sky. His conduct did not make things easy, but Ranny was tired of being separated from Tom by party lines. So at recess he isolated his old friend and took the conversation by the forelock thus:

"Well, I'm glad we won."

Tom was so astonished that he lost the power of speech.

"What's the matter with ya?" he presently succeeded in saying. "Are ya crazy, or what? Perkins got licked awful."

"How do *you* know I'm f'r Perkins? Mebbe I'm f'r—" the word did not come easy—"Ch-Chan'ler."

"How could ya be f'r Chan'ler? A person has to be what their father is."

Randolph Harrington Dukes offered the following amendment: "A person has to be what their father is, or their *mother*."

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Before the Mast

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

GRUDGINGLY moving his chattels a rod along the dock, the late steward of the packet-schooner *Dairymaid* returned to berate the captain of the vessel he was leaving.

"Don't make out *you're* firin' *me*, because you ain't! I wouldn't spend another night in that sardine-box you're so fond of callin' a 'roomy fo'c's'le,' not for any Lord's amount o' money. It's dangerous to life 'n' limb, I tell you."

Captain Hannum lifted a face surcharged with ire. "Git off the dock, I say. Ye gi' me typhoid, the sight o' ye!"

The other clung to his post, loath to relinquish his first opportunity for free speech in seven hard weeks.

"'Tain't a *man's* ship," he flung back. "It's more like a tea-parlor. What you need ain't a *cook*. What you need's a housekeeper—a fat one. Nice, fat old woman with a mop-rag and a feather-duster and—and some potted plants, and—and some screens stuck in your ports, so's you won't keep seein'—that is, keep *thinkin'* you're seein' flies in the—"

"'Twas *so* a fly! I bit into it, I guess! And flies ain't *all* I've see one time or another, either."

"Shouldn't think they would be, way you lap it up. Bottle after bottle, like water. No wonder you're an old man before your time."

Captain Hannum, a stalwart Baptist and, since the demise of his wife some years past, a comparative abstainer, put a further strain upon his blood-vessels by getting to his feet and pleading with his retreating defamer to come back and say it again.

"An' now what's wrong with *you?*" he demanded, shifting his belligerent gaze to the mate, who was standing by. "What ye snickerin' at? Say!"

The mate gained time by burying his face in a still redder handkerchief and sneezing violently. "At Old Man Nickerson," he gasped, inspired by the sudden appearance of a head protruding over the dock above them. "His nose, I mean."

Old Man Nickerson was sniffing in the direction of the main hatch, where a top layer of the vessel's cargo gave up its fragrance to the morning air.

"When I let you have 'em," Nickerson ruminated aloud, "I had the idea they was *summer* apples. But there! We can't stop the seasons changin', can we? And, anyhow, I'm insured. I always make it a point, whenever I have a dealin' with Dave Hannum or Lem Snow, to get everything covered, down to the house and lot."

Ignoring Captain Hannum's efforts to make reply, the apple-merchant turned his eyes across the wharf to where the masts of a second schooner and the upper portions of a human head, crimson with listening, were visible.

"I always thought till now that Lem Snow was the slowest mortal man, and look what he done this mornin' of his own free will—come to me and allowed he's goin' to make a special effort to catch a tide one of these days and get his half of the consignm'nt down to the city in time to heave it onto the winter market. Nothing like an early autumn to put ambition into a man—*some* men. Well, Cap'n, I'll have to be stirrin'. No, no, don't say a word. I know how 'tis. I'd like to spend my declinin' years settin' here, too, only Lem's words has shamed me. See you later, I warrant!" he added, bitterly.

Finding his thoughts a drug on the market while the merchant was about, the master of the *Dairymaid* got rid of them after his departure, wording them

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in a style so alarming that Peacock Small, the third and last of the vessel's depleted complement, retreated toward the shelter of the forecastle, his white head trembling and his ears pink with outrage. A hopeless subordinate at sea, in church ranks Peacock enjoyed a position to which nothing less than advancing age could ever hope to elevate his employer, and, as a result of this unnatural cleavage, moments such as the present one were inevitable aboard the *Dairymaid*.

He was still wondering whether he had better not turn back this time and say something to his superior when the sight of a boy, a wheelbarrow, and a huge canvas-covered trunk coming down the dock arrested his attention. Observing the plump, middle-aged female following in their wake, he sat down on the water-barrel to await developments.

The captain likewise seemed to have the caravan in eye, but the accumulated injustices of the morning had so dulled his better instincts that he allowed the woman to trudge all the way down the sultry pier before he deigned to disillusion her.

"This ain't the boat-landin', lady. The boat-landin's two streets down, turn to your left. Yes'm, right down that way, ma'am."

The woman looked blank for a moment, and then, shaking her head vigorously, began to beam at the astonished mariner. "You're Mr. Hannum, ain't you?"

"Am I Mr. Hannum?" The captain sat down heavily on the wheel-box, his instinctive uneasiness not in the least lightened by the sense of Peacock's brooding eyes.

"My name's Mrs. Beedle," the woman went on. "I'm the woman you sent for, you know. But how in the world—" her roving eyes settled on the main shrouds as the nearest point of approach —"how in the world do you expect me to get down there? Not by this rickety rope ladder, I hope?"

"No, no, no," the captain assured her, in a weak voice. "Not by that rope ladder." For the moment this seemed the end of his conversational tether. Unable to credit his own ears, he was still distressingly aware of Mr. Peacock Small's powers in that line, having had more than one experience with his subordinate's capacity for believing ill. It was not till he observed unmistakable preparations above to hazard the shrouds that the latter part of his answer came to him. "What ye want to come down for?"

He had lagged again. Brushing some of the deck dust from her skirt, and setting her small hat straight once more, Mrs. Beedle gazed about her with an air of inquisitive anticipation.

"Do you know," she said, "I b'lieve I'll like this place. I left my last on account of her husband—and he was that respectable-lookin', too, at first sight—and before that I was in a hotel, and you know what a hotel is!"

The captain knew what a hotel was, but he should not have nodded.

"Well, I hope I'll do. Your nephew seemed sure I would, though."

"My—my nephew?" Captain Hannum had no nephew, but light came to him—a light tinged with red—as he recalled the last words of the discharged steward. "Don't tell me he had a mole on his nose!"

"Yes, as I rec'lect it. And very polite-spoken—politer-spoken than some. He seemed quite certain I'd do."

"Well, ye won't," mused the other, forgetting his urbanity.

"I won't? Oh, dear suds, now—and *why*, I'd like to know?"

Captain Hannum opened his lips to explain, and then, coloring a rich mahogany, snapped them shut again. Unable to meet the lady's eyes, his own wandered desperately over the vessel's meager living-quarters, and his color continued to deepen as the silence became more and more interrogative.

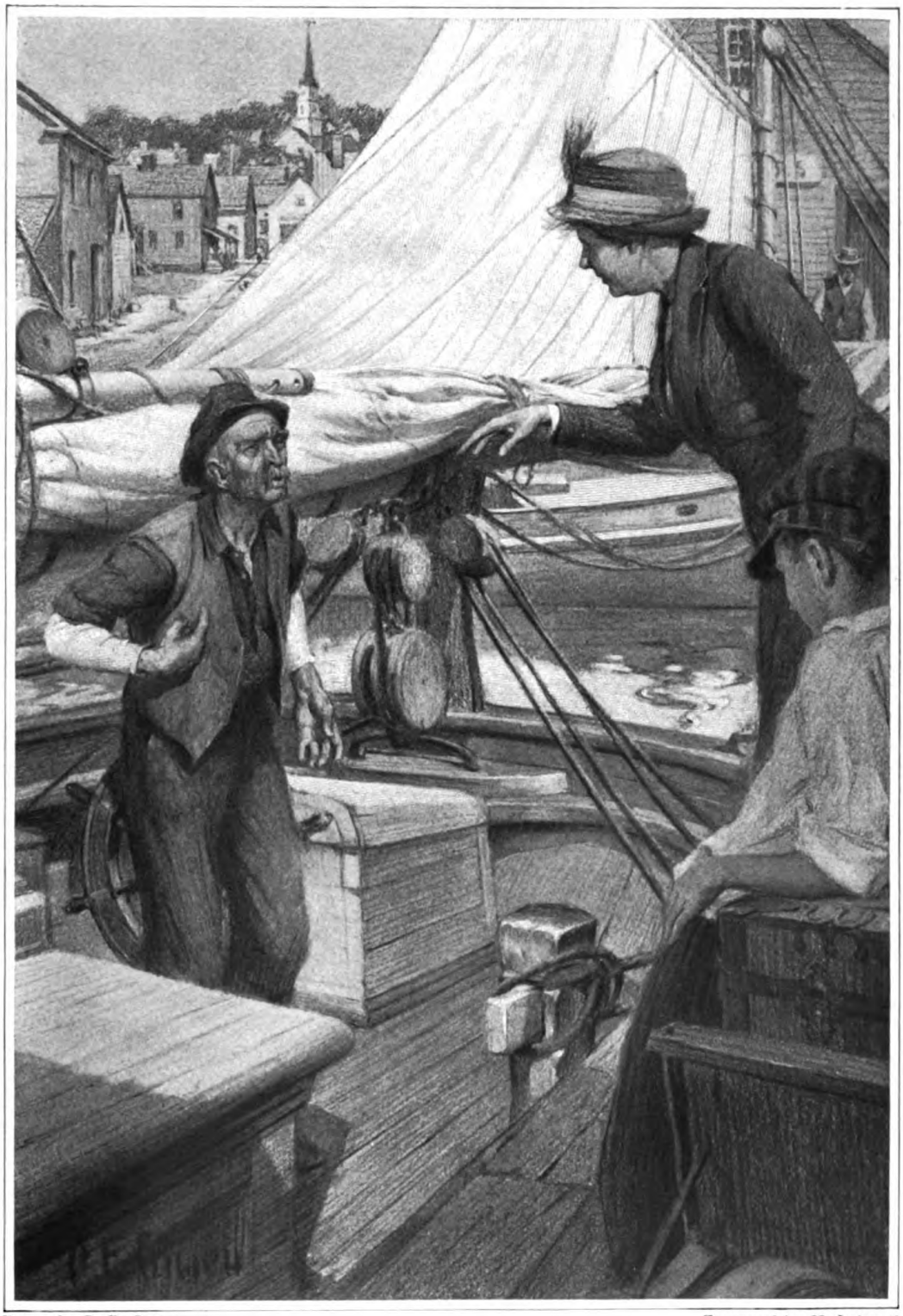
"'Twa'n't intended," he blurted out at length. "Not for women to go t' sea! Not in her."

"Oh, pshaw, now!" Mrs. Beedle laughed heartily. "If you mean seasick, I warrant my digestion's as stout as the next one's."

"'Tain't that!"

"Well, then?" Mrs. Beedle's eyes narrowed and a note of hostility crept into her voice. "If you've got a notion

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Drawn by P. E. Cowen Engraved by H. Leinroth

"THIS AIN'T THE BOAT-LANDIN', LADY"

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I'm not tidy or somethin's wrong with my cookin'—"

"'Tain't *that!*" The captain slapped his pockets in a frantic endeavor to locate a handkerchief for his streaming brow. The spectacle of Peacock Small leaning on his elbows in an attitude of morbid attention inspired him. "Peacock!" he bawled. "Lay aft here a second! Meet Mr. Small, Mrs. Beetle!"

"Not Beetle—Beedle!"

The captain acknowledged the amendment from half-way up the shrouds, where he had gone with an alacrity which would have warmed the heart of the apple-merchant.

"Beetle's right! Oh, Peacock, lay over here a second, and look alive, because I'm in a hurry. Ye'll have to explain to 'er," he whispered between the ratlines.

"About what?"

"About the—the—sleepin'!"

He kicked his ankle free of the outraged seaman's grasp, and, stifling a compliment to the departed steward at sight of a pair of potted geraniums alongside Mrs. Beedle's canvas trunk, made his way ashore. The dignity of his bearing became even more pronounced as his eyes fell upon his friend, Lem Snow, sitting in the shade of Nickerson's store and performing with his right arm a pantomime whose significance could not have escaped a half-wit. His rather formal bow was met by a discreet dipping of the other's eyelid.

"All right," Captain Snow reassured him, falling in step. "I won't say nothin'. Mum's the word. Only ye used to be so strict that way, Dave. Well, well!"

Captain Hannum stopped short. "Lem," he said, "ye're all off your course. I'd explain, only I 'ain't got time—not now. I'm on the lookout for a cook."

"Anythin' ye say, Dave. Friends is friends. Huntin' a cook, eh? So'm I. Bill was took bad again this mornin'. Know of any?"

Hannum increased his stride, eying the other over his shoulder with a newborn suspicion.

"I only know of one," he growled. "An' I got *him* spoke, mind ye."

"All right," his companion agreed, mending his own pace. "I'll jest keep along with ye, though, if ye don't mind. Mebby he'll shift his plans when he hears about *me*. It's natural a man 'd rether have a reg'lar bunk to sleep in than a bureau drawer."

"Bureau drawer!" Hannum wheeled, stung by the other's treachery. "Ye been listenin' to Peacock an' the mate, that's what. Some men 'd think ill of a palace—always whinin' and carryin' on. That fo'c's'le's a mite *cozy*, mebby, but as for comfort—why, I tell ye, Lem, I'd as lief sleep in that fo'c's'le myself, if 'twa'n't for discipline."

"I must 've been thinkin' of another craft," murmured his companion, fumbling for his watch. "Well, mornin's slippin' away, and I'd figgered on ketchin' the afternoon tide, if ye don't mind."

"*I* don't mind," Hannum protested. "Ketch it!" Turning in at the gate of his house, and fishing a door-key from his pocket, he spoke over his shoulder: "Jest come to me I'd better look 'round an' see everythin's tight. I'd ask ye in, only the house 's been empty so long it's all upsot. See ye later, Lem."

Not catching the discreet squeak of a door opening and closing on the far side of the house, Captain Snow waited at least a quarter of an hour in the hot sunshine before he began to realize that he had been thrown definitely on his own resources.

When Captain Hannum returned, shortly after twelve, he noted with satisfaction that the canvas trunk had been removed from the dock; with less satisfaction that Lem's vessel, the *Abbie Snow*, was warping slowly out into the fairway; and with some wonder that Peacock and the mate, seated cross-legged on the deck of the *Dairymaid*, were eating dinner from their laps, picnic fashion. He regarded them indulgently.

"'S nice, if your fancy runs that way. Almost like a clam-bake."

"New cook's cleanin' house," the mate explained after waiting some moments for Peacock to do so.

"Already? Why, 'twa'n't over an hour ago I sent 'im down."

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The diners, choking simultaneously on green corn, had to pound each other on the back, a coincidence so striking that the captain had already lost a shade of color before a hail from the *Abbie Snow* made him turn his head. Her master, placing a hand on the shoulder of a young man with a stew-pan, began to execute a slow dance with his feet, more symbolic than dignified. Captain Hannum was forced to contemplate upon the slowly retreating deck of his rival's vessel the cook that he had engaged only an hour ago for the *Dairymaid*.

"I *told* that fellow," he stormed, after a preface of profanity which brought Peacock to his feet, "turn to your port hand," I told 'im, very last thing."

"He did," the mate reflected. "Only stayed a short time, though. Mrs. Beedle seemed put out. There was strong language passed before he finally went off 'bout his business."

The captain sat down on a pile and passed the back of a wrist across his dry lips. "Don't tell me that woman's—"

The plea was cut short by the sight of the cabin companionway in active eruption, an avalanche of the captain's cherished possessions being followed by a head which took time only to recognize their owner with the nod of a busy woman before it dived to deeper profanations.

Peacock discovered a knot in the planking near his foot. "I spoke to 'er," he mumbled, "'bout the—the sleepin'. She seemed to think 'twas all right," he added, after a moment.

"*What?*" All the captain's blood appeared to have lodged in his ears.

"She seemed t' think it could be 'ranged."

The mate broke in, dreaming at his reflection in his now immaculate plate: "That's the fust good, square, home-cooked meal I put into my stomach for a month, and—and she's gone to work an' cooked up a couple apple-pies, too."

"That's right," murmured Peacock.

The captain's mouth hung open for a moment while his scandalized gaze went from one guilty face to the other.

"*What!*" he bellowed. "Ye don't mean t' tell me— So *that's* the lay, is it? Peacock! Peacock! If 'twas the mate alone I could 've b'lieved it. But Peacock Small!" He got up, wagging his head, and stalked aft to the wheel. "So be it," he announced, in a tone of sudden decision. "If ye're both on ye willin' to put up with it, I don't see 's it's any o' *my* lay. I'm a sea-cap'n, not a minister, and 'twon't make no diffrunce in *my* manner o' life aft here."

"Don't say a word," he advised, observing Peacock's lips attempting to open. "Don't go no deeper. It's all right. Take a part o' the bow-line 'round the capstan-head, heave off the stern, and stand by to h'ist the main, the both on ye, an' look alive 'bout it."

Mrs. Beedle's head appeared in the forward companion coincident with the sound of a light coughing on the wharf.

"Don't look at *me*," the master threatened, hotly, turning his attention to the apple-merchant. "Look at Peacock Small, if ye want t' look."

"I don't want to look at anybody," sighed Nickerson. "It's your vessel and it's your crew. All I got to do with is the apples, and apples 'ain't got no partic'lar name to lose—not *that* way. I figger to keep pretty well tied up tendin' my *own* business, thankee."

"I'm glad t' hear it!" Hannum bawled across the widening space of water.

He steered all that afternoon, sitting on the wheel-box in a state of glum preoccupation. Only once did he break into speech, when, after glaring for a time at the festal geranium blooms desecrating his cabin ports, he murmured, "Wait till I ketch 'im!"

He was of two minds even about relinquishing the wheel, claiming a freedom from hunger, when the mate came aft to announce supper. At table Peacock's elaborate relish of the cookery put him still further out of humor; he countered a eulogistic reference to the chowder by finding a fish-bone in his throat, and thereafter refused to touch it, filling in the time instead by reciting gruesome memories of friends who had died from such accidents.

"I'm more used to a reg'lar steward," he sighed. "They ain't so fancy, mebby, but they're keerful."

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His satisfaction in the gasp from the direction of the stove was dampened by sounds of ensuing mirth. "You wouldn't b'lieve it," the lady laughed. "But for a second I was actually struck a-heap to hear you — like my first husband come back to the flesh."

Avoiding Peacock's eyes, Captain Hannum turned his own to a study of the forecastle itself. His lips pursed tighter and tighter as the meagerness of its dimensions and the intimacy of its architectural arrangement bore in upon him. "Ye've got to rig up a curtain," he said, briefly, to Peacock.

Captain Hannum retreated aft to the sanctuary of his cabin. He had been below but an instant, however, when the mate, who was steering, became aware of his face in the companionway. "Lord sake, Cap'n!" he exclaimed, getting to his feet. "What's a matter? Ye et somethin'?"

"What's this trunk doin' in my cabin —*open?*" The inquisitor pressed on in the same accusing tone: "What's these duds I see sprawled over my extry bunk? Say! Mate, where ye goin'?"

"Peacock Small!" he addressed the new face at the wheel, and then moderated his voice with a gulp as he realized that Peacock was not alone. Mrs. Beedle had come into view so abruptly, in fact, that a collision at the head of the steps was barely avoided.

"Oh!" she gasped, "*you're* down there, are you?"

"I'm down here, eh?" He paused a moment, his face blank. "An' if I make bold to ask, ma'am—why shouldn't I be down here?"

"That's so; why shouldn't you?" Mrs. Beedle turned away slightly and her cheeks gathered a little color from the flaming sunset. "Gettin' your things for the night, of course."

"No, ma'am, I wa'n't thinkin' o' gittin' my things for the night, either. What I was figgerin' to do, if ye must know, ma'am, was to crawl in my bunk an' go to sleep."

"Down there? In my room?"

For a moment or so the silence was unbroken save by a sound of heavy breathing. The woman's eyes, turning away from the captain's fascinated gaze, searched the horizon astern, but the last faint loom of land had dipped away an hour since.

"It's always the way," she reflected, wearily. "Always the way! You'd think I'd learn. Only just be natural and cheery and companionable, and right off they get the notion—"

"Look here!" thundered Captain Hannum.

"I'll do no such thing," Mrs. Beedle retorted, grimly. "I'll do my lookin' at Mr. Small."

"So," said Captain Hannum, "will I!"

Peacock, who during the past few minutes had been doing perhaps the most conscientious piece of steering in his long career at sea, gave up in disgust.

"I tried 't tell the *one*," he burst out, indignantly, "an' I tried t' tell the *other*. But the both on ye's so all-blasted sot ye wouldn't let me."

Breakfast next morning was a gloomy function. Mrs. Beedle, it is true, found it hard to refrain from commemorating a sound night's rest by snatches of melody over the stove, but at the table the master's spirit dominated. His sufferings from numerous bumps and bruises acquired in a night-long battle with the steward's bunk were as nothing to the mental anguish of not being able to discuss them. He endured as long as he could the mate's frank study of a blue spot over his left eye before taking him up sharply.

"I'll thank ye to 'tend to your coffee, which is sloppin'," he rasped, making capital of an unusual ground-swell. His gruffness had the effect only of lowering the others' voices to a pitch so confidential that it strained his ears to follow them.

"Recall the whoppin' bumps steward used to have all over 'is head?"

"Special the one he got that trip to Rockport. Rec'lect, mate?"

"Yep. Went aft an' complained to the cap'n 'bout it."

"Showed it to 'im, by Jink!"

"What was it cap'n says? Boils, wa'n't it? Asked 'im if any of his fam'ly had leanin's that way, an' 'vised him to clean out 'is blood."

The captain, normally a hearty eater,

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left his pie untouched and went above-decks. A few moments later his face reappeared in the companionway, flushed from stooping. He addressed the regions of the stove with a labored sarcasm.

"Mrs. Beetle, I'm afeard I'm goin' to have to do a shameful act, but there's *some* things—charts, I might say, and instr'ments—down in my—that is, in your cabin, an' I—"

"Don't be a silly old dodo," Mrs. Beedle advised him, cheerfully. "Of course it's your cabin—in a way. And my name isn't Beetle."

Captain Hannum spent the day in conspicuous isolation. The following morning his hurts were still worse, due to a cross-sea during the night, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he kept his hands to himself when the mate offered earnestly to show him a knee-brace and elbow-hold much in vogue among former occupants of the bunk.

Maintaining his rôle of scrupulous injury, he pointedly kept away from his cabin all the morning. Outraged nature claimed him early in the afternoon, however; catching himself in the perilous act of nodding on the taffrail, he stalked below, locked the cabin hatch behind him, and stretched himself grimly in his bunk. But even here he was destined to despair. The place which had been home to him for years had taken on a sudden and poignant strangeness, and every time he opened his restless eyes they fell on a porthole framing the morbid curiosity of the mate. Driven back at length to the open air, he found Peacock with a brush and paint-pot freshening the bow-works under the eye of Mrs. Beedle.

"I thought it was all right," she explained. "You don't mind?"

"Mind? Sca'cely! Been tryin' to get 'im to do it for up'ards of a year, myself. Why, Peacock Small!" he gasped, shocked at sight of an unmistakable blush mantling the seaman's face. "Why, ye're an old, old man."

"Age isn't only a matter of years," Mrs. Beedle put in. "I'm sure Mr. Small has the figure of a young man." Her gaze rested abstractedly on the captain's own voluminous waist-line till, turning on his heel with a muttered unpleasantry, he took it out of sight.

"Jest one more night o' this," he soliloquized between tight lips, staring at the sky-line ahead where a dim, blue headland had come into sight, surmounted by an impalpable dome of smoke.

He elaborated the thought the next morning when the *Dairymaid* snugged up alongside Tedd & Company's dock, almost in the shadow of the Atlantic Avenue "L," and her crew went down to breakfast. He waited, however, till Mrs. Beedle had gone out for a moment.

"This night," he prophesied, grimly. "I sleep *aft*."

"How's that?" Peacock put his cup down to save it from spilling.

The mate, less easily taken aback, winked slowly at the deck-timbers overhead. "I hope t' codfish I'm about when she hears of it."

"Mrs. Beetle has made up 'er mind to leave."

"Since—s-s-since when?" This time Peacock failed to get the cup down in season.

"I'll thankee to remember who's cap'n aboard this craft." Hannum stared fixedly at his subordinate before addressing the mate. "Mate, Mr. Tedd's promised to have a gang o' stevedores aboard in half an hour. What I want ye to do is get his share o' the cargo cleaned out this forenoon—no, no, don't say a word—an' have this vessel ready to clear the minute I get back this afternoon—in a hurry, understand. Never mind cleanin' decks nor nothin'; we can do that over to Charlestown. All *you* got to figger is t' have 'er ready—an' the spring line cast off. That's all—that's the end, I say." To make finality doubly final he arose hastily and went above, moderating his pace somewhat as he approached the poop-deck. "By the way, Mrs. Beetle!" Discovering a speck on his business suit, he took time to remove it with a thumb-nail. "I—I always figger to git the marketin' off my mind fust thing I make port. Now if ye'd mind gittin' your shore duds on, I'll show ye the shops that see t' do the best by me. Ye never been here before, have ye?"

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"In two seconds," agreed the delighted woman, "I'll be ready."

Peacock discovered a growing uneasiness as he watched the pair making off up-dock, Mrs. Beedle's arm through the captain's, the good woman having overrated an offer of assistance over the vessel's rail.

"I don't b'lieve she's goin' to leave," he argued, desperately. "Why, only this mornin' she was tellin' me she'd never had a place in 'er life she liked half s' well."

"And her so trustin'!" The mate wagged a sad head. "Like a lamb walkin' out with a wolf. I only hope he don't do nothin' he could be took up for—that's all I hope."

"In the name o' Heaven, mate, what ye hintin' at? If ye know anythin' I don't, I'd call it only Christian to pass 'er a word when she comes back."

"That's the p'int, Peacock. She'll never come back."

"Wh-why?"

"She won't know the way, Peacock."

It was almost one o'clock, and the last of Tedd & Company's apples were preparing to swing to the wharf before the mate's lugubrious prophecy was given the lie by the return of the lady herself, unaccompanied. She got down to the after-house with Peacock's excited assistance, and for some moments fanned her face with her bonnet.

"Well," she breathed at length, "if that's what he calls a bit o' marketin', I'd like to know what shoppin' would be. Tram-car after tram-car, miles and miles and miles, and then nothin' bought at the end. I declare I don't know how ever I'd have found my way back alone if 'twasn't for a nice-spoken delivery-man with an automobile wagon gave me a lift clear in almost to the wharf. Whew!"

"But where's the cap'n?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say. Probably still huntin' for me, poor man. I s'pose I ought to 've stayed right stock still where we got separated, instead of startin' out to try and find *him*. It's my fault, in a way, but I'm sure he couldn't have lost me better if he'd been tryin' to. I do hope, though, he won't hang around there all afternoon— Well, I declare! Speak of angels—!"

The rapidly approaching man was looking so intently over his shoulder that he had come quite close to the dock's edge before he became aware of the group on deck. Then he sat down on a barrel which chanced to be handy.

It was Mrs. Beedle who at length brought the silence to a close. "You needn't pinch yourself, Mr. Hannum. I'm not a ghost."

The look in the captain's eyes changed to one of deep weariness. "I won't argy," he muttered.

For an hour thereafter his only lapse into speech was occasioned by the mate's reminder of the vessel's readiness for departure. "A man 'd think, t' hear ye talk, the world's comin' to an end before sundown. There's time, ain't there? Time a-plenty!"

"But you was so eternal anxious," hazarded the mate.

"I tell ye I won't argy," his superior reiterated, and, turning on his heel, stalked off forward, where he sat on the capstan-head till three o'clock, a monument of study. At three he left the vessel without a word.

Any one with an eye or an ear would have known him for a different man when he returned, an hour or so later, chuckling and rubbing his hands together. He stood over Mrs. Beedle, who was scrubbing the poop-deck, storm gathering on his brow.

"I declare," he threatened, "if there's no other way t' git ye to stop wrackin' yourself to death, Mrs. Beetle, I'm goin' to have the police in. I'll go t' work an' lay charges agin ye, I will, if ye don't go straight away an' put on a frock an' set down an' fold your hands for a spell. And as for Peacock Small—"

Peacock, who was trying desperately to seem anything more than a rag after the terrific labors of the morning, quailed under the captain's regard.

"Peacock Small, ye work too hard!"

This, after years of the other thing, was too much for Peacock. "I'm all right," he muttered, warily.

"Don't say a word. You go straight to your bunk an' take a nap. No, no! Don't thank me. I know I've kep' ye on here a good sight o' years beyond your time agin better men's advice, but nobody can't say ye 'ain't done ye're

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best t' meet me half-way. *Now, now,* go 'long, I tell ye, an' by 'n' by I'll see to it ye git a cup o' tea."

"I wisht t' Heaven the mate was here," the able seaman complained, as, from the shadows of the forecastle, he brooded aft with a singular bitterness. But the mate was already well on his way up-town, smacking his lips over a crackly dollar bill and wondering how the captain had ever come to mistake this for his birthday.

He was so genial when he returned that Peacock could get little satisfaction out of him. The hint that he had observed a "dark-complected man with idle hands" hanging about the dock-head was too obviously a flower of the imagination to help much. He refused to regard the matter in anything but a satirical vein until Captain Hannum, breaking a habit of years, decided to take supper in his cabin, with a table-cloth. Sobered by cold victuals, the mate's musings took on a deeper tinge of realism. He ordered Peacock finally to go aft and "have a peek."

"He's got 'er settin' down to the table, *eatin'*," announced the returning spy. "An' she's got 'er bunnet on!"

The mate stared at his plate, chewing very slowly. "Devilment! That's what it is—devilment! Same 's ye read in the papers—gettin' her off her guard. Peacock, I and you'll get fetched into this, ye know—witnesses—bein' as we seen 'er goin' off with 'im."

"If they go!"

"They'll go, all right. You watch an' see."

"If they go," the seaman repeated, grimly, "Peacock Small goes with 'em."

They went, and, true to his desperate word, Peacock went with them, steeling himself against a series of glances which grew more and more pointed as the trio moved up-town. The captain turned on him at length.

"Peacock," he challenged, cocking his arms: "Where ye layin' to go to?"

"I'm layin' t' go where I please," the other retorted, graying slightly, but standing his ground. "An' to keep an eye onto whoever I please," he added, significantly. "This ain't the *Dairymaid.*"

Captain Hannum started to say, "Two's company," and then, with a sudden shift in strategy, substituted, "The more the merrier," and turned to move on again. In response to an obscure gesture, a hackman of dark complexion clucked to his horse and resumed a snail's progress along the curb.

They had reached a crowd before a moving-picture theater before the captain halted again.

"This here's the place, ain't it?" He craned up to read the name blazing over the façade and, seeming satisfied, got his money in hand. His attempts to reach the ticket-seller, however, elicited nothing but abuse from the people ahead of him; he gave over finally on the urgent advice of a policeman and turned a rosy face just in time to intercept Peacock's grin of compassion. Peacock himself had slipped quietly into the waiting line and was advancing upon the booth in a fashion so knowing and orderly after the other's blundering efforts that the honest captain gasped.

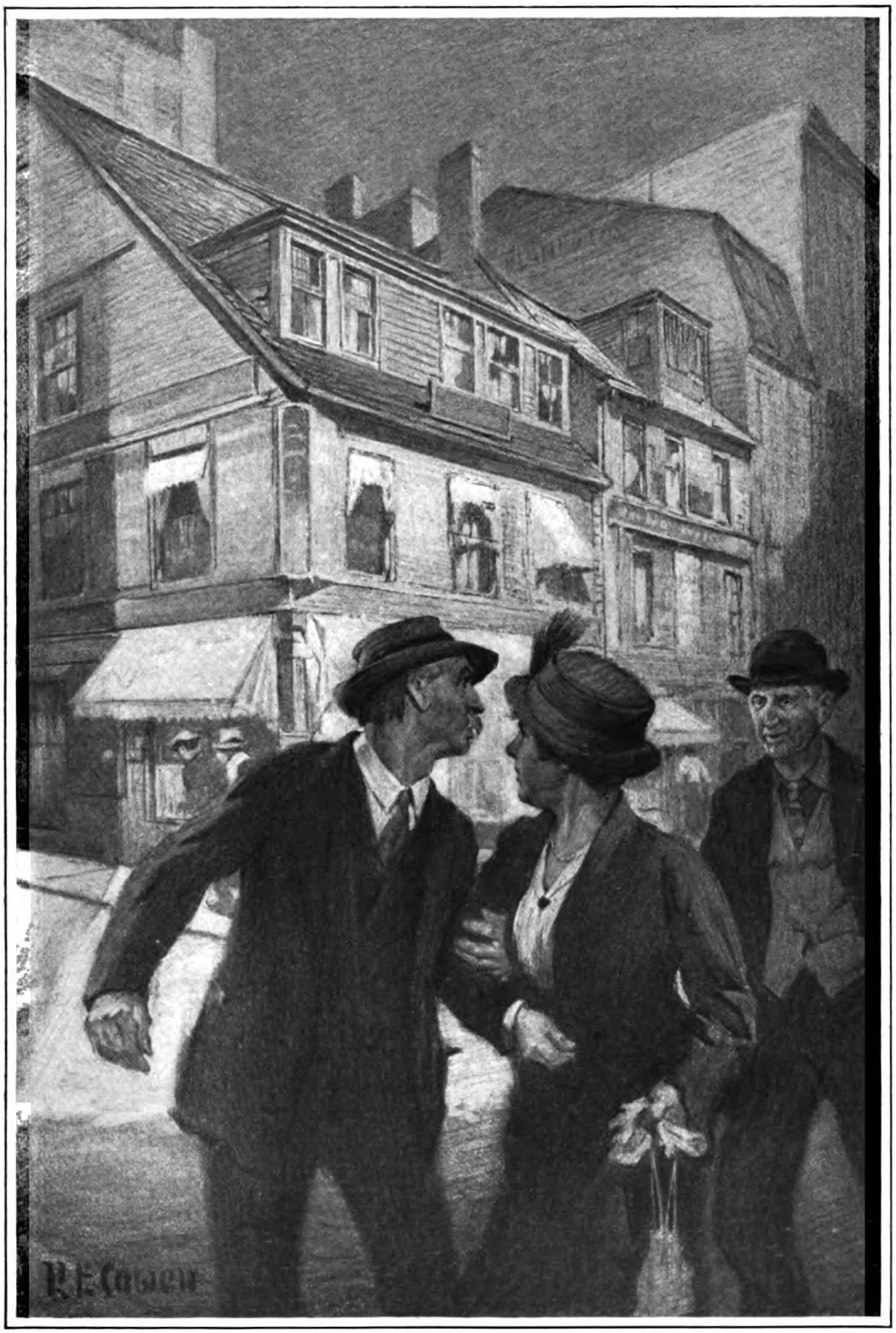
"Ye got me there, Peacock," he admitted. "Here's the money, if ye can reach it— Or no; git three tickets an' I'll pay ye. That's better."

It was not till Peacock had run the shuffling gantlet, and with the triumphant tickets in hand returned to look about for his companions, that the scales fell from his eyes. He stared after a hack which seemed vaguely familiar, but wisely gave up a first impulse to pursuit upon noting the pace at which the vehicle moved. By and by he began to think of recouping his losses, and he had to be told twice what happened to ticket-speculators before he finally turned his steps toward the *Dairymaid,* a figure of profound dejection.

It had grown late and the mate had discussed the matter from every possible angle before the pair in the forecastle were aware of a disturbance on the dock, followed by the soft thud of an arrival on deck. Almost at the same moment Peacock's face was in the companion-way. Coming down again, he relapsed on the bench and dried his forehead with a sleeve.

"I swan t' man!" he breathed. "Now what d'ye make o' that? She's actu'ly come back with 'im, an' she's got tight hold on 'is arm, an'—an'—"

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Drawn by P. E. Cowen

"PEACOCK," HE CHALLENGED. "WHERE YE LAYIN' TO GO TO?"

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"An' they been follered," supplied the mate.

A perspiring face appeared in the aperture above. "How—how are ye all? Ever'body all right?"

"All right?" Peacock, pulling himself together, waved aloft a sheaf of pink cardboards. "See here, Hannum, ye owe me money—'mong other things. I—I 'ain't got the change," he went on, less assuredly, shaken by the prompt banknote in his hand.

"That's all right," the other murmured. "Any time, old man. By the way, mate, ye see that consarned, lopsided, three-cornered bunk there? Well, d'ye mind handin' me up them duds in it?"

Peacock endeavored to stay the mate's hand, but too late. "What ye layin' to do?" he questioned, fiercely, and then, casting away the last remaining shred of discipline, "Hey, come back here an'—" Divining the futility of words, the old man scrambled up the ladder, close-pressed by the mate.

They brought their quarry to bay beside the mainmast.

"What ye mean?" he challenged.

"What ye mean, yourself?" Peacock countered, darkly.

"I told ye what I meant this mornin', an' ye ought to know by this time I'm a man o' my word. I've slep' forward my last night!"

"David Hannum!"

"Good herrin' alive! what's this contraption?" It was the voice of the mate, who, by a crafty flanking movement, had brought up in the master's rear. "I wish ye'd tell me what's the idee of fetchin' a shoe home that way, tied to your coat-tails with a bit o' ribb'n. And groc'ries in it, too!" The mate snorted and slapped his thigh. "And rice!"

A chorus of young hoots from above held up proceedings for a moment and an impalpable rain of white grains fell on the *Dairymaid's* decks.

"There comes the other shoe," announced the mate, and ducked.

The captain ignored him.

"Peacock Small," he growled, "don't look at me that way. Land-a-mercy, ye'd think t' hear ye talk, 'twa'n't done every single day o' the world. Now, now, that's enough."

In a Hospital

BY SARA TEASDALE

DEATH went up the hall
Unseen of every one,
Trailing with twilight robes
Past the nurse and the nun.

He paused at every door
And listened to the breath
Of those who did not know
How near they were to Death.

Death went up the hall
Unseen by nurse and nun,
He passed by many a door,
But he entered one.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT was the Easy Chair's very great pleasure to see, in December, two such English comedies as it has celebrated in a former paper for being better in texture than our own dramatic things. Probably when this comes to the reader he will still have the chance of seeing one of these charming plays for himself, but the other he will hardly see unless he finds it in the uncertain reaches of the Road fleeing from adversity on the metropolitan stage. One could understand why the charming piece — for "The Quinneys" was certainly charming—was not formed for prosperity, when the Easy Chair saw it given with admirable skill and touching courage by an English company little less in number than the spectators darkling rather silently before them. The subject of commerce in antique furniture and its partial reproductions was evidently so caviare to the general, or that part of the general which knows itself in our theaters as a New York audience, that one could not help foreboding an early exile for the good story so well told. All the parts, which were all good, were well taken, and there were two uncommonly well-imagined Americans in the piece—dry, good, shrewd, moneyed, but not corrupted by their wealth, from the farther West, who bought an honest dealer's old chairs, and were no more surprised at his returning their payment when he finds them a partial restoration than they would have been if he had kept their money. The dealer was very satisfyingly English of his class, short-tempered and quick-tongued and masterful, but finally submissive to his wife's revolt; and the wife was very interestingly new in that perception which so many women are beginning to have of their power over their husbands when their husbands are in the wrong. But perhaps newer yet was the courage of the dramatist in the creation of such a type as the stenographer who has the courage of her absolute love for a man she is willing to have whether he is willing to have her or not; in fact, he won't have her. The author's intention was perfectly interpreted by the actress, who had a face of tragic pathos, as if she had been born for the part.

"Hobson's Choice" was altogether comedy, and told itself rapidly and gaily, without moving the audience to compassion at any moment. It was, of course, too reminiscent of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" in the character of the girl whose prepotence so amusingly and convincingly operates the whole action; but Miss Pearson had an artistic subtlety which differenced Maggie in the new part from the Bunty she could not help recalling, and she had fresh work cut out for her in the incidents of "Hobson's Choice." Her business-like yet very woman-like love-making to the young shoemaker in her father's shop, whom she decides to be her only escape from her father's bullying, is really something wonderful, and not less wonderful is William's helplessness and final helpfulness in her hands. She takes him, and then she makes him, but there is the stuff in him for the making of a man, true, kind, and dutifully obedient to the woman who takes him and makes him. Hobson, the bullying father and snobbish tradesman, is so well managed that no one is sorry for him in his final defeat and subjection, even when his other daughters selfishly abandon him to the severe succor of Maggie. These daughters in their different ways are subordinate to their sister, but are essentially part of the design which includes the lovers so well fitted for them, and for their sister's

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convenience in working out the general problem. It is not at all a subtle problem, and involves only an every-day sort of psychology. In fact, the play has never the moments of high imagination, but the story gets through without going to the right or left to violate probability, and arrives at the end of its fourth act without making the spectator wish that it had stopped at its third.

It was not so with either of the American plays, equally well played, which the Easy Chair saw next. The heroine in "Our Mrs. McChesney" had in fact nothing to do in the third act, which was eked out with something very like horse-play between the janitor of a flat on Riverside Drive and the movers bringing in the furniture of the son and the daughter-in-law whom Mrs. McChesney has taken it for. The best part and the freshest is the first, which so satisfactorily places itself in the office of a hotel at Sandusky, Ohio, with its atmosphere of drummers, and the entrances and exits of the characters native or natural to such a place. The best of these is the fat drummer who is really precious, and it is a pity to have him fade from any real usefulness as the play goes on. Mrs. McChesney is freshly imagined, and was of course vividly realized by the excellent artist Miss Barrymore always is; but, except in a few poignant moments, which she accentuates, she does not hold one's interest at the first high level.

In this play, as well as in "The Quinneys" and "Hobson's Choice," the time pays its duty to dominant womanhood as well as in "Abe and Mawruss." Woman is not unused to all sorts of triumphs in the theater, and she perhaps rules there only a little more obviously now because she is so soon to rule in the civic world. It is the greater pity then that the dramatist in that delicious comedy obliges her to the rôle of a true wife luring a false lover on in order to turn his fell designs against him and save her husband from financial disaster. The like never happened in real life, and "Abe and Mawruss" otherwise abounds in real life; the same sort of real life which overjoyed us in "Potash and Perlmutter," who are now "Abe and Mawruss." As in "Our Mrs. McChesney," the best part of "Abe and Mawruss" was the first act. That was as nearly perfect as anything in the fallible theatrical world could be, since it was entirely the play of characters and characteristics in the Perlmutter family and the guests of their wedding anniversary. After that the plot began, and sorrow with it for the lover of the best art. The art which portrayed Abe and Mawruss as characters did not fail; they were always Abe and Mawruss in whatever tiresome and impossible circumstance.

Throughout the manœuvering of Mawruss's wife they remained true to their nature, shortsightedly selfish, but not dishonest or ungenerous, and following a wandering ideal of right conduct through the devious paths of the two-piece-suit business. They are a delightful pair of commercial Jews, seen only as Jews can see themselves, and we could wish to meet them again and again in the author's admirable stories and the admirable plays written from them, whenever they are not made the pivots on which some stage-worn, silly intrigue turns. Why should so clever a man as Mr. Montagu Glass doom such a charming creature as Rosy to that part of a wife leading on an evil-meaning admirer to his ruin? Who can care for such a woman? "Potash and Perlmutter," without rubbish, was a pretty nearly perfect comedy; even with that rubbish "Abe and Mawruss" made us laugh indeed when we could ignore it; but it could only make us grieve for the author when we remembered it.

Very constantly and abidingly pleasant was Mr. George Cohan's play of "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," which he so frankly calls a farce. It is in fact a farce, but of that rare sort which leaves a clean taste in the mouth, and which has a good word for a good cause, instead of the mocking jest that farce habitually has for all good causes. It asks you to imagine such a basic impossibility as a brilliant and high-minded New York barkeeper who comes to a country town to mix the drinks of a new hotel about opening to destroy the old temperance house; but he takes so great a disgust for the bullying brewer and his son who run the town and who own the

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new hotel that he turns upon them and espouses the cause of temperance. When you have supposed this situation, the rest is easy, and you readily believe that Holliday becomes the champion of every virtue hitherto crushed in that town by the two bosses, and drives them to ruin by his almost instant control of the good instincts of the place. It is an inevitable incident that he should win the heart of the rector's daughter who has taken up manicuring in the good old temperance house, and is practising her art as a means of self-support and general usefulness; but the love-making is reduced in bulk to a single kiss, which comes almost as a surprise to the spectator, no more in the secret than the rector himself, and is a great comfort, after the surfeit of embraces one is given on the stage. Holliday himself abounds in a joyous bonhomie throughout, and is of a natural rightmindedness which lends verity to every improbability of the design. He is always *good*, but so are the bad people opposed to him, and the village keeping, both active and passive, is delicately respected. The opening scene is in the barber-shop of the faltering temperance house, and when we tell the reader that several shaves are operated there on as many different types, including Holliday himself (who gives a dollar tip even to the bootblack), he will realize that we are in the midst of life that is home-town American. When it comes to Holliday's employing in the manufacture of the temperance landlord's invention of Nearly Beer (strictly non-alcoholic) the hundred employees of the brewer-boss's works which have been shut down to distress them to the extent of running Holliday out of town, we are aware of being in God's Country as we could be in no other. The satisfaction of it goes deep in our American nature, and we fully share in the fury of the fun that comes from the arrival of letters and telegrams by the bushel imploring Holliday to lecture for temperance all over the Union. The incidents crowd upon one another, and not one of them is wicked, or even ill-natured; even when Holliday pulls the nose of the brewer's blackguard son, you feel that the action is redeemed, almost consecrated, by the cause. The slang is of the last moment, hot from the very latest baseball-field, and the whole thing is kind and wholesome.

There is no sense of ethical non-arrival such as the spectator has in Mr. Bernard Shaw's psychological farce of "Major Barbara," which was so precious by its truthfulness to human nature. It is of even more actuality than Mr. Cohan's farce, dealing as it does, finally if not primarily, with the dreadful fact of manufacturing munitions of war and the adjustment of the several consciences and conventions of the persons of the drama concerning it. The plot need not be much minded in speaking of the play, though the audience, packed to the limit of the house, was keenly interested in how it was coming out. They listened at times in the moments of irresponsible sympathy which Mr. Shaw's audience share with him, mounting at times to shameless delight in the way he cuffs our social idols of wood and stone about. Nobody in the affair is reasonable, or expects to be entirely foolish; in proportion as the characters have any sense they are entirely nonsensical. This dramatist has surprised the prime secret of life, the art of not arriving, and, after not arriving with him, you like it. Throughout the thing is a revelation of human meanness and hypocrisy without the implication of mortal sin which these traits are supposed to entail upon their possessors. There is an extremely anomalous father who is not on familiar terms with any of his family, but lives mysteriously apart from them, and when he becomes known to his children is either abhorred or despised by them as the immensely prosperous and vulgar manufacturer of cannons, bombs, and deadly explosives of all sorts. Yet he wins the heart and surprises the respect of the candid witness by his unvarying truthfulness and open-mindedness concerning his atrocious business; and when his family go to see his foundry and the model village, with every modern improvement and its perfect hygiene, they have not a word against him, but on the contrary accept him as a peculiar species of reformer. Even his daughter Barbara, who has won the rank of major in the Salvation Army, but has left it

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because of its acceptance of his tainted money for use in its good work, yields to the universal filial impulse and recognizes a philanthropist in the disguise of a manufacturer of munitions, though she shares his own reserves in the matter, and does not applaud him beyond his asking. By this time she has renounced her majority and her faith in the efficiency of the Army's work, which by the dramatist's showing leaves much to be desired.

The dramatist's showing need not be accepted as final proof, and it would be going too far to say that it was so accepted by the audience filling every place in the theater and manifesting at every point an eager intelligence very uncommon in that "New York audience" which is always recruited from the floating population of our hotels. Apparently the spectators missed no point of the author's cutting irony and audacious humor; a constant ripple of enjoyment ran over the house, and the author, if he had been there, must have felt that he had come into his own in all the length and breadth of his intention, which he is not always at the pains to make clear. In fact, Mr. Shaw is the comic analogue of the tragic Ibsen, and goes no further than to make the witness look where he stands, even while cutting the ground from under his feet.

The perfection of his art, as a mere playwright, was quite without a flaw, and showed, in contrast with that of Tom Taylor in "Our American Cousin," how far the English dramatists had come since 1850, when the only artistic plays were those which they stole from the French. Mr. Sothern had revived that faded farce for the pleasure of those who had seen or not seen the Lord Dundreary of his father. As we remember that, he had kept rather more of the original play, and he left us to live through this as we might. It so abounded in the old stage artifices that each of the different caricatures habitually delivered himself in an aside or a soliloquy, as nobody now does, in or out of the theater; of course, Lord Dundreary himself remained a great, if foolish, delight. In the presence of such phastasmal memory of the original Dundreary of the elder Sothern as haunted us, this revival of him was quite as well done as of old, if perhaps less mellowly, though for that matter every part of the foolish thing was well done by the different actors of the parts. Their devotion gave one a high regard for the histrionic art which seems to be dismayed by no impossibility in the art of the dramatist.

We cannot be sure that we were moved by the same impulse to see "Lord Dundreary" as had carried us to the revival of "Secret Service," but somehow we associate the two plays, if in nothing but the great contrast they offered. "Secret Service" was as artistically put together as any most modern play, and it had the charm of Mr. Gillette's really beautiful rendering. Within his limits, which he seems voluntarily to have fixed, he is unsurpassed, and that we do not see him oftener is our very great loss. The construction of the piece is of classic shapeliness, and there is no more soliloquy or aside in it than in Mr. Shaw's play. The people say what they have to say to one another and not to the audience, and no clue to their moods is given but through their words and actions, except for now and then some muted murmurs of old, romantic music which amusingly steals forth in the expression of inarticulate emotion. The great scenes were as great as ever, and Mr. Gillette's triumphs were achieved with the same incomparable blending of dignity and agility as of old. He made every one in love with his Secret Service man, just as he used to do, though the fellow was at the best nothing but a devoted and patriotic spy, who, after professionally playing the Confederates false, comes dangerously near betraying the Federals. He sublimely weakens at a supreme moment, but there is really no reason, except that everybody loves him from President Davis down, why he should not have been shot, except again those reasons, plentiful as blackberries, which romance always has at hand and which we were so willing to find convincing.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

ONE great advantage of the story over the essay is its concrete presentment. A situation is visualized, something is going on in space and time and under conditions like those of actual or imagined life.

The story may not be convincing—it may be a myth that has lost any realness it ever had; a highly colored fantasy or dream of faery lore; a moral-ridden allegory; a hollow, dramatic mask, or any other thing too remote and flavorless for sense or imagination to own up to—but it would convict itself of its unreality. The equally empty essay, without one haunting lineament, would insist upon its pertinence and finally, instead of cleanly taking itself off, would leave a troublesome litter behind.

The modern story-teller, even if his sole object is entertainment, rather than to be convincing in the realistic sense, aims at lifelikeness and a reasonable degree of plausibility. He seeks to sustain the illusion he creates; if he is really creative, that takes care of itself—the character seems spontaneous and the action inevitable, though the issue be, as indeed it must be, a surprise. Life furnishes the trope.

The essay is fitly named, being an attempt, with a distinct object in view, a trial at something, usually for the purpose of explication or clarification, a definite analysis as a preliminary to composition. In our school-days it was called a "composition." These literary exercises are often continued into maturity by formal thinkers and professionally literary writers, who acquire proficiency in analysis and formulation, constructive skill, facility of expression, and, it may be, an elegant and ornate style. We all know the kind, and how largely it bulks in the ephemeral literature of every generation. It consists of loose cogitations about life, systematically arranged and with logical consistency, but having no root in experience; and it is eagerly accepted by minds that have reached a like stage of sophistication.

Nothing gives an immature intellect such satisfaction of assurance as a mental theory—the kind of assurance it has that "figures cannot lie." Logical certainty is easily accepted as reality, which is never a fixed certainty. The diagram is imposed upon life, and it is adjudged the fault of life if it does not fit the formal pattern.

Now this kind of thing that the essay so often is bears no resemblance to the essay that we cherish in the literary retrospect, and which has had the luck to last mainly because of its divergence from the hard-and-fast type.

The earliest of great essayists, Aristotle, "the first of those who know," a master of analysis, seems to have held to the diagramatic type. Almost he seems to have created it, and therefore spoke with authority, inspiring the scholasticism of all intervening time up to the present. His great and comprehensive intelligence, undisturbed by temperament and devoid of humor, brought within its scope all the phenomena known to the natural and mental science of his time. In his vast Organon of human knowledge he included also politics, poetry, rhetoric, and the drama, seeking to reduce all these to system; and the terms of his scheme, his categories and predicaments, and all the rest, are still in use—the framework of all scientific dogma that seeks the "naked truth."

Aristotle thus stands as the prime and permanent exemplar of the essayist who writes theses. There are always, as we have said, numerous writers who follow the example. Some of them, like the great scholastic theologians and the

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thinkers who have marked epochs in science and philosophy, have been masters in their own right; but most of them have served a formal and transitory use, generally didactic, and been forgotten. The older masters in this field are read only by special students who are interested in the historic trend of philosophic thought.

The essayists, past and present, whom we do read and who are thinkers and teachers, have not followed the Aristotelian pattern. They have largely accepted the mastery of life, and their thought leans toward human experience. Hence Plato, Aristotle's master, wrote dialogues instead of treatises, willing that his argument should be disguised by individual humor and temperament, feeling that by following the flowing lines of life what was lost in fixed certainty was gained in reality. Job, who was distracted by dialogues with his various tormentors, would have been better satisfied if his adversary had written a book, entrapping himself in the hard-and-fast net of definite proposition. Plato, in his serene frankness, would give free play to the discourse of reason in the give-and-take of living speech.

The interlocutors were real characters with marked individualities, and it was not merely discourse that went on; sometimes an amusing episode was introduced to enliven the discussion, pertinent and illustrative, but objectively pictorial and dramatic. The freedom and openness of the street, so dear to Socrates, pervaded the Academe. The spacious atmosphere suggested spiritual largesse, an expansive and spontaneous idealism, the dominion of the essential, the clearly visualized scene preventing the lapse from realism to notionalism. Thus were caught some of the main elements which constitute the allurement of the story. If representative art had in his time passed beyond the drama into fiction, perhaps Plato would have written novels.

But such a transition would have involved as much a transformation of Platonism as of representative art, for Platonism was the prototype of transcendentalism. Like the Athenian drama, it was not quite human. It was an "ism," and it dealt with types; and, while escaping the formal and notional in quest of the essential, it evaded reality. The Dialogue, as Plato used it, was dialectic in the technical sense; it had the human guise, as the stage mask had, but it was a ladder of ascent into a region of abstract ideas, as detached from human life as a Greek tragedy.

Yet it was too suggestive of the concretely real for Aristotle, who for a time followed his master's example and wrote dialogues, but soon found that method too free, discursive, and elusive for the presentation of the naked truth in a dry light, and concentrated his thought in theses.

How sterile logic seems to the modern realist as a means of human progression! It seems like an attempt to corner truth by our sense of relativity, by that mental detachment from things as directly perceived through which we give up content for contour, instinct for ratiocination. But how else could there have been a distinctively human development? The syllogism, to an already trained mind, is a truism, but it is the beginning of a selective mentality, the first step toward an inductive philosophy. Abstraction is the concomitant of man's reaction upon things—upon his human as well as upon his natural environment—and the ever-increasing complexity of these reactions has given him the mastery of the world and institutional civilization. In the fullness of our achievement we are apt to forget the way we came, and to contemn the conceptualism which was the ladder of our ascent.

The makers of theses, though thin their air and dry their light, deserve universal gratitude. We have not been able to dispense with diagrams, much as we love pictures. There is something suggestive in the earliest leanings of human decorative art toward geometric design; also in the part which numbers play in all ancient speculation. Aristotle is not free from this numerical hypnosis. To the Greek all learning (*mathesis*) developed into mathematics. It begins with the handling of things, man-fashion—that is, as fashioner from without, an adjuster—with that awareness of measure and of relativity which is the first stage of mind-making.

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The development of the mind of man widens with his contacts and the recognition of his relationships. In the whole course of it we note a kind of reaction of man upon the material and human world like nothing else in the entire realm of nature, with equally different results—experiments, machines, theories, and institutions. But other elements and forces enter into human experience, as if room were made for them by the expanding scope of rational contemplation. From these, as from some hidden source, we derive the sense of beauty, of mystery, and of charm, the feeling of eternity—the quality and content of life that has rhythm beyond the measures and ratios we become aware of from our reactions upon the world.

We see, then, why art in its beginnings leaps prophetically and intuitively, in decoration and music, toward forms and intervals which, long afterward, scientific speculation, not without creative imagination, divines as a part of the rhythm of living nature.

The sense of reality in life and in living Nature does not come by explication; it is a seeing or, as we have come to call it, an intuition. In the fashioning of material for our uses, the explanation of any part of the process is easy; the mind has a reflex of it, and one can teach it according to a plan. But let something enter into the fashioning which makes the object a thing of beauty, and it becomes inexplicable either as to its outward rhythmic form or as to what inward manner informed it. We can no more explain it than we can give a reason for the intervals of the diatonic scale in music. It does not occur to us to ask for explanation. Reality has displaced certainty, inducing a feeling of inevitableness, of spontaneity.

In all our relationships, excepting those grounded in instinct, we depend upon rational processes, in which thought is tentative and action empirical, making mistakes and correcting them, by a revision of formal judgments. This we call experience—a course of trials with things which we maintain in the practical affairs of our existence, including our social adjustments; but it is not a living experience, save as it is informed by creative life, overtaken by a manner and a meaning not even suggested by any outward environment or defined by formal relations. The form of reality is inseparable from its quality.

Thus depth of psychical sensibility comes with the dilation of conscious experience. Discursive thought finds its path of return, and is sensible of its true center as a source of light and sympathy.

The imagination, in its scientific quest as well as in its artistic creations, has given up its projectile course of detachment, and has found its real satisfaction in the intimate regard of Nature and of human life. Thus we are on the way to the restoration of broken integrities. When we find the true center, we see that it is not merely a mathematical point, but dynamic and harmonic, or, as Copernicus found it, the source of power as well as of light. It was but a step from Copernicus to Newton and a new sense of wholeness, not to be expressed in the geometric formula that "the whole is equal to the sum of its parts." It was the *attraction* of gravitation—the dynamic quality—not the law of it, mathematically formulated, that was prophetically impressive, indicating the modern tendency of Science to wait upon Nature for the disclosure of her own harmonies instead of attempting to reduce her procedure to a formal scheme.

In like manner we wait upon life. We see it for what it is in its own quality, independently of rules of conduct, of any discipline imposed upon it from without, as the ancients could not. They had representative art, but it did not include the direct representation of human life. A sense of the integrity of humanism was impossible; that integrity itself had not found its dynamic center in human sympathy.

The essay and the story that take their tropes directly from life are, therefore, ultramodern forms of creative art. They are interesting because life itself, in its human quality and in the free play of its spontaneous activities, has become so interesting. In an important sense, they date from so recent a writer as George Eliot, who was both essayist and novelist, and whose constant fear was lest she should let "the picture lapse into the diagram."

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

How Mr. Possum's Tail Became Bare

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ONCE upon a time, when it was a very pleasant afternoon, and the Hollow Tree people were sitting along the edge of the world, hanging their feet over and thinking, Mr. Possum went to sleep, and would have nodded himself off into the Deep Nowhere if his strong, smooth tail hadn't been quite firmly hooked around a little bush just behind him. All the others noticed it, and said how lucky it was that a person of Mr. Possum's habits had a nice, useful tail like that, which allowed him to sleep in a position that for some was thought dangerous even to be awake in. Then they wondered how it happened that Mr. Possum's family had been gifted in that peculiar way, and by and by, when he woke up, and stretched, and moved back in the shade, and leaned against a stump to smoke, they asked him.

Mr. Possum said it was a very old story, because it had happened about a hundred and fifty-six great-grandfathers back. He had heard it when he was quite small, he said, and would have to think some to get it straight. So then he shut his eyes and smoked very slowly, and about the time the Deep Woods people thought he was going to sleep again he began telling.

"My family is a very ancient one," he said, "one of the oldest in the Big Deep Woods, and there used to be only a few, even of us. That was when Mr. Painter—or Panther, as we say now—was King of the Deep Woods, and he was very fond of our family, which helped to make them scarce, and was one reason why they got to slipping out at night for food when Mr. Painter was asleep.

"We were a pretty poor lot in those days, and whenever Mr. Painter took after one of my ancestors the only thing to do was to climb a tree and run out on a limb that was too small to bear up Mr. Painter, and just cling there, because Mr. Painter would climb up, too, and shake the limb, and very often he would shake an ancestor down, like a pawpaw, and the only thing to do then was to make for another tree; or, if the next tree was too far, to play dead, because Mr. Painter did not much like anything he hadn't killed himself. That is how we got the playing-dead habit, which others sometimes try and call it 'playing possum,' because nobody can do it so well as our family, and I judge some of our family didn't do it perfectly the one and only chance they got to try it, or else Mr. Painter was smarter, or hungrier, at those times.

"Well, my ancestors got so that they could hold to those limbs very firmly with their hands and feet, and Mr. Painter had a hard time to shake them down, though he didn't like to give up, and would go on shaking all day, sometimes, until my folks would get tired out. They used to try to hold and



ONE DAY A NEW AND VERY HANDSOME MR. POSSUM CAME INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD

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"MUCH OBLIGED, MR. PAINTER," HE CALLED OUT

brace themselves with their tails, too; but we had just big, ornamental tails in those days, covered with thick, bushy hair, and of very little use, like Mr. Squirrel's and Mr. Coon's."

When Mr. Possum made that remark, Mr. Coon and Mr. Squirrel sat up quite straight and were just about to say something, but Mr. Rabbit motioned to them and said "Sh!" and Mr. Possum went right on without noticing that anything had happened.

"Those tails were no manner of account, but just in the way, and some of my folks thought it would be almost better if they didn't have them at all, but just a funny bunch of cotton, or something, like Mr. Rabbit's."

When Mr. Possum said that, Mr. Rabbit sat up quite straight and was just about to say something, but Mr. Coon and Mr. Squirrel motioned to him and said "Sh!" and Mr. Possum didn't notice that anything had happened.

"You see," he went right on, "every little while it happened that one of my ancestors would start up the tree not quite soon enough, and Mr. Painter would just manage to get his claws in that bushy ornament, which would settle it for that ancestor right away. Of course, my family would be proud of those big, plumy things—people being generally proud of their most useless property, something they would be better off, and live longer, without. My folks thought those great tails were handsome, especially our young people, who would walk about waving them and practise carrying them in new positions; and about once a week would do up the long, thick fur on them in little knots, tied with tough, twisted grass, which would make the hair curl and look very showy indeed. Even some of my ancestors who happened to get old acted in that foolish way; and when the fur got thin would wear some kind of false stuff, though any one but a blind person could always tell it.

"Well, one day a new and very handsome Mr. Possum came into the neighborhood, from some place nobody had ever heard of before, and none of our folks had ever seen anything like him. He was stouter than our breed and lighter colored, and had a very long, bushy tail that curved in a peculiar way and stayed beautifully curled without ever being put up in grass at all. He said so, and my ancestors watched him, to prove it.

"That young man called himself Somers, and he certainly became popular with the young Miss Possums of our section. They went crazy over him, and of course that made all the young Mr. Possums jealous of him, though they would have given anything to be like him. They knew they couldn't be that, so they hoped something would happen to him, and used to tell him of nice new and interesting walks to take when they thought Mr. Painter might be in that neighborhood. Then they would follow, and hide around in the bushes and watch, expecting some time to see Mr. Painter get his claws into that curly, blond duster before Somers could reach a limb or shake him down afterward.

"Well, just as they expected, one day when Somers went out for a little promenade alone, Mr. Painter happened along; but Somers saw him first and made for a tree, with Mr. Painter after him, reaching for

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that fine plume and just missing it as the handsome stranger went up the tree and out on a limb, with Mr. Painter right behind and making very savage noises. Then he began shaking the limb as hard as he could, and my ancestors, who were watching from quite a safe place, thought Somers would drop pretty soon, for they didn't think he could be trained to holding on—such a fine person as he was.

"So they watched, very hopeful, and, sure enough, about the third hard shake Somers dropped—just let go with his hands and feet and rolled off, almost as if he really didn't care. My ancestors said that was what it looked like, and that was what it was. Somers didn't care at all, for, when he let go and dropped, he didn't fall, but just swung off into space and stayed attached to that limb, hanging head down, by his tail!

"My ancestors had never been so astonished in their lives, nor Mr. Painter, either. He couldn't believe it. He thought at first Somers had got caught, somehow, and gave one more shake, but when Somers swung back and forth, laughing and calling out, 'Much obliged, Mr. Painter, much obliged for the nice swing!' Mr. Painter climbed down and took out for home as hard as he could, without looking behind him, for he thought it was some kind of magic. And pretty soon Somers climbed down, too, and brushed himself off a little, and fixed his tail in a nice position, and walked along smiling; and my ancestors hurried to him, and said they had just arrived in time to witness his great performance, and begged him to show them how he did it, and offered him anything if he would only teach them to handle those useless ornaments of theirs in that grand way.

"So then Somers told them all about it. He said he was the inventor of the idea, and of the medicine that made it work. He said he was very soon going back to his own people, but before he went he would make up some medicine which would make their hair and tails both curl and would explain how to take it.

"Well, they were so anxious about it that he began next morning, and sent out different ones for different things—special kinds of roots, and several sorts of very twisty things, such as grapevine clingers, and honeysuckle, and a great lot of love-vine, that yellow stuff that winds about everything and can choke even a ragweed to death. Then he put it all into a big kettle and had them pour water on it and put a fire under it, and he boiled it for two days and nights without letting the fire get down, and after that poured it off into a big gourd to settle, and told them just what size swallow to take of it, and how to practise the new habit when they felt the curling begin. Then he said he must be going, as his family would be worried about him being away so long, and my folks all gathered to see him off, and gave him as many presents as he could carry, and he went away somewhere to the southeast, and they never saw him again.

"Of course, as soon as he was gone and the medicine was settled nice and clear, our whole family collected to take it. There wasn't a Possum in the Deep Woods that wasn't there, and they had to get in line, because every one wanted to be first and be sure to get some of that magic juice.

"Well, perhaps they were too anxious,



MR. WATERS HAD TO TAKE WHAT WAS LEFT

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IT TOOK MR. WATERS ALL THE AFTERNOON TO PRY MY ANCESTORS LOOSE

and took bigger swallows than Somers told them to; or it may be the stuff was a little too strong, or Somers got in too much of the love-vine which has such an awful twist; or it may be he wanted to play a joke on some of our family for being jealous, and wanted to get him caught by Mr. Painter—whatever it was, that medicine had an awful power and did even more than he said it would. When every one had taken a good swallow, except the last one in line—he being a middle-aged person named Waters, who had to take what was left, which was only about a teaspoonful, and very disappointing to Mr. Waters—they all felt the curling sensation begin, and commenced the new muscle practice Somers had mentioned; and just then Mr. Painter, who had probably heard that Somers had gone, came tearing through the timber, and my folks quit practising and broke for trees and limbs, with Mr. Painter after one plump young chap which he didn't quite get, and pretty soon he was shaking a limb in the usual way, only harder, being hungrier than common. That plump young person was scared half to death, never having had such practice holding on, anyway, and in about a minute he was obliged to let go with his hands and feet and just give up everything, shut his eyes and drop, expecting next minute he would hit the ground, and it would be all over.

"But right there that plump young fellow got the best surprise of his life. He had been so scared that he had forgotten all about Mr. Somers's medicine, but the medicine hadn't forgotten about him. During the little minute he had been sitting on that limb his tail had curled itself around it as tight as if it had grown there. Mr. Painter couldn't have shook him loose in a week. He hung down just like Somers, only not so far, and he didn't swing much because that strong medicine had taken up all his slack, and there was very little room for play. He didn't care for that, of course, not then. He got brave and very cheerful right off, and called out to Mr. Painter, just like Somers:

"'Much obliged, Mr. Painter, much obliged for the nice swing. Swing me again, Mr. Painter.'

"And when the rest of our folks saw what had happened, they all let go and dropped, and began calling from the different trees:

"'Come and swing us, too, Mr. Painter; stay all day and swing the rest of us!'

"And when Mr. Painter heard that, and looked around and saw all my ancestors hanging head down and making fun of him, he thought the whole Deep Woods was full of that strange magic, and he piled down out of that tree and took out for the bushes, and was never seen in the Big Deep Woods again.

"My folks called after him just as far as they could see him, and, when they were sure he was gone, thought they would come down and celebrate. But they didn't do it—not just yet. There wasn't one of them that could unwind himself from his limb except old Mr. Waters, who had got only a teaspoonful of the medicine, which very likely was just the right amount. Mr. Waters swung quite loose and free from his limb, and got down without much trouble, and it took him all the afternoon to go around from tree to tree and pry the rest of my ancestors loose and unwind them, because those newfangled tails would snap together like springs, and it took several days' steady practice and straightening before they were really useful at a moment's notice. By that time another strange thing had happened: The fur on them had curled so tight at first that it was like very close wool; then it kept right on getting tighter and tighter until it

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seemed to curl itself clear out, and by the end of the week there wasn't one of our family whose tail wasn't as bare as your hand, except old Mr. Waters, who had a handsome, curly plume like Somers's, and which became a great curiosity, the only one that we ever had like that in our tribe.

"All the others thought the fur would grow again, but it never did, and when they got used to its absence they decided they were much better off without it, especially since they had learned the Somers habit, which they said worked easier and better in the new, smooth form. They were sorry, at first, that Mr. Somers had not left them the receipt for that medicine, on account of the new little Possums that would be coming along. But they didn't need the receipt. That medicine was strong enough, the amount they took, to do our family at least a thousand generations, and maybe more. Somers never came back, and they never heard of him again. Some of my ancestors used to say that he was not a real person at all, but something that could take different shapes and work magic, just as Mr. Painter believed he did. Anyhow, he was a great blessing to our family, as you may have noticed."

Mr. Possum moved over to the edge of the world in the sun, hooked his tail about the little bush, and went to sleep again. The other Deep Woods people looked at the way he did it, as if it was something new that they had never seen before. Mr. Coon said:

"I think I'd like a little, just a little, of that medicine; Mr. Possum's gift certainly would come handy at times."

Mr. Squirrel nodded.

Mr. Rabbit looked out over the Deep Nowhere and said nothing at all.

"A Dresscessional"

BY CAROLYN WELLS

GIRL of the Future, feared of all,
Chasing the far-flung Fashion line,
What awful things may yet appal,
Hung on your human form divine!
Girl of To-day, stay with us yet,
Lest we regret! Lest we regret!

The tunic and the peplum dies,
The plaiting and the flare depart;
Oh, what must we next sacrifice
To future of a fearful art?
Girl of To-day, stay with us all,
Lest worse befall! Lest worse befall!

The blouse and bodice melt away,
For ever fades the silhouette;
Lo! all the mode of yesterday
Is one with puff and pantalette.
Girl of To-day, stay with us, do!
Lest worse ensue! Lest worse ensue!

If drunk with mad designs we loose
Wild styles that hold no art in awe—
Such clothing as the Fijis use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Girl of To-day, stay here with we,
Lest worse may be! Lest worse may be!

For foolish maid who puts her trust
In French tailleur or smart modiste,
In valiant men of mien august,
Without discernment in the least—
For frantic fads of Fashion's whirl,
Have mercy on us, Future Girl!

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The man ahead (to novice), "What dy'r think you're doin'—playing croquet?"

No Returns

WHEN any young woman of Spriggs Corners attempted to coquette with Elisha Boggs, or to draw a compliment from him, she was sure to have "uphill work."

"My brother Tom has a sore throat; he's had it for nearly a week," said a damsel whom Elisha was solemnly escorting home from the social evening. "If it hadn't been for that," she added, with a slanting glance from under her lashes toward Mr. Boggs's impassive features, "I'd not have had to trouble you to see me home, Mr. Boggs."

"What we need in this town," said Mr. Boggs, "is another doctor and a spryer one. The way trifling little ails linger on under Doc Jones is enough to drive folks crazy."

Synonymous

MARY, writing a letter: "Which shall I say, 'Mrs. Brown called last evening,' or 'Mrs. Brown called last night'?"

Earl, looking up from his paper: "Either expression will do; they mean the same thing."

"If that is the case, why do we say 'Good evening' when a visitor calls, and 'Good night' when he goes?"

"From force of habit, I presume. Evening and night are synonymous terms."

"Well, they may be synonymous, but when my name appears in the society column I guess you would rather have the report say that I appeared clad in a tasteful evening gown instead of saying I was clad in a tasteful nightgown."

The Last Resort

LITTLE Ruth had never felt the weight of the rod during her six years of life; she had been ruled by moral suasion alone. Of late, however, she evinced a disposition to disobedience, and one morning she achieved that end three times in ten minutes. Her mother felt that more vigorous means should be taken in regard to molding the child's character, and she accordingly took an ivory paper-cutter from the writing-table and struck her smartly across her bare little legs. Ruth's surprise was equal to her indignation. She pondered deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the door with an angry, disapproving countenance, she pealed forth:

"I'm going to my room to tell God about that paper-cutter. And then I shall tell Jesus. And if *that* doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"

Responsibility

MRS. EDGERTON always impressed upon her little daughter Bessie that when she was naughty it was Satan who made her so.

One day Bessie was particularly naughty, and finally there was considerable disturbance in the nursery, with much stamping of tiny feet and derangement of the furniture. Mrs. Edgerton hastened to learn the cause of the noise.

"Why, Bessie," cried the mother, "what does this mean?"

"Oh," replied Bessie, "I s'pose it's your old friend Satan again!"

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The Ruling Passion

RECENTLY there entered the office of a busy man in Chicago a stranger of most prosperous appearance, who thus addressed the man at the desk:

"You probably don't remember me, since I am so prosperous. But twenty years ago, when I was a poor, humble boy, you gave me a message to carry—"

"Yes, yes," cried the busy man. "Where's the answer?"

A Distinction or a Difference

A CONGRESSIONAL committee went to a Northwestern state to assist in the opening of an exposition. There was a parade in the morning, in which all the visiting statesmen rode in automobiles. The local committee brought the cars around to the leading hotel. The scheme was to have two Senators or Representatives and two local men in each car.

After the Vice-President and his party had been sent away, a local notable who was acting as a major-domo came into the lobby of the hotel, where the statesmen were waiting, and bawled:

"Two Congressmen and two gentlemen, please!"

Hero Worship

HAROLD was passing through a period of soldiering, and to him any one with epaulets was all-wise and wholly infallible. He went one day with his mother to call on an elderly widow whose husband had been a general in the Civil War. Harold gazed in awed admiration at the general's portrait on the wall, while the two ladies chatted. During the course of their conversation they became involved in a mild disagreement as to some trifling thing of momentary interest. Harold endured it for a time, then he observed, chidingly:

"Mother, don't you think a *general's* wife ought to know?"

Safe Deposit

AN old lady, who was sitting on the porch of a hotel at Asheville, North Carolina, where also there were a number of youngsters, was approached by one of them with this query:

"Can you crack nuts?"

The old lady smiled and said: "No, my dear, I can't. I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then," said the boy, extending two hands full of walnuts, "please hold these while I go and get some more."

Not Carnivorous

AN American tells of a visit to a Zoo in Ireland, on which occasion he was much interested in a solitary sea-lion.

Turning to one of the keepers, the American asked, as he pointed to the solitary beast, "Where's his mate?"

"He has no mate, sor," responded the Celt. "We just feed him on fish."



"You've surely had enough breakfast. Haven't you, Effie?"
"I don't know. What are we goin' to have for lunch?"

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BRAKEMAN: "*Hey, there, ye'd better keep that head o' your'n inside the car-window. If you damage any of the iron work on the bridges you'll pay for it.*"

An Election-day Poser

A SUFFRAGIST doing picket-duty on Election Day in New York City was remonstrated with for her mistaken views by a polite but determined Irishman. Equal suffrage spelled calamity to Pat in the immediate appointment of women judges throughout the country. The suffragist attempted to reassure him that appointments to the bench would continue to be made on the merits of personal qualifications, in case of either man or woman, adding:

"Why shouldn't the judge be a woman, if she were fitted for it?"

"Aw, lady," said Pat, "now phwat chance do yez think a man would stand fer wife-beatin' before a lady judge?"

Poor Little Willie

"WON'T you please croak like a frog, Grandfather?" asked Willie.

"Croak like a frog?" asked the bewildered grandfather; "why, little man?"

"Because I heard daddy say that when you croaked we would get five thousand dollars."

True Friend to the Cause

BY mistake a farmer had got aboard a car reserved for a party of Princeton graduates who were returning to their alma mater for some special event. There was a large quantity of refreshments on the car, and the farmer was allowed to join the others. Finally some one asked him:

"Are you an alumnus?"

"No," said the old man, earnestly, "but I believe in it."

Logical

LITTLE Mary had never seen her aunt Anna and was much delighted when a visit was promised by the aunt. When the day arrived that the aunt was due a telegram was delivered at Mary's home which read:

"Missed train. Will start at same time to-morrow."

Mary stood quietly by while her mother read the telegram and then burst into tears.

"Why, darling," cried the mother, anxiously, "what in the world is the matter?"

"Oh, mother," replied the child between her sobs, "I will never see my auntie Anna, after all."

"Never see her!" exclaimed the mother in surprise. "What do you mean, dear?"

"Why, mother," explained the child, "she says she will start the same time to-morrow, and if she does she will lose her train again, won't she?"

His Wants Are Few

"MAN wants but little here below"—
He wants the best life can bestow;
He wants to come, he wants to go,
He wants his friends to act just so,
He wants that he shall have no foe,
He wants his pathway free from woe,
He wants to do great things, and, lo!
He wants to own the world, and though
He wants it all, he'd have you know,
"Man wants but little here below".

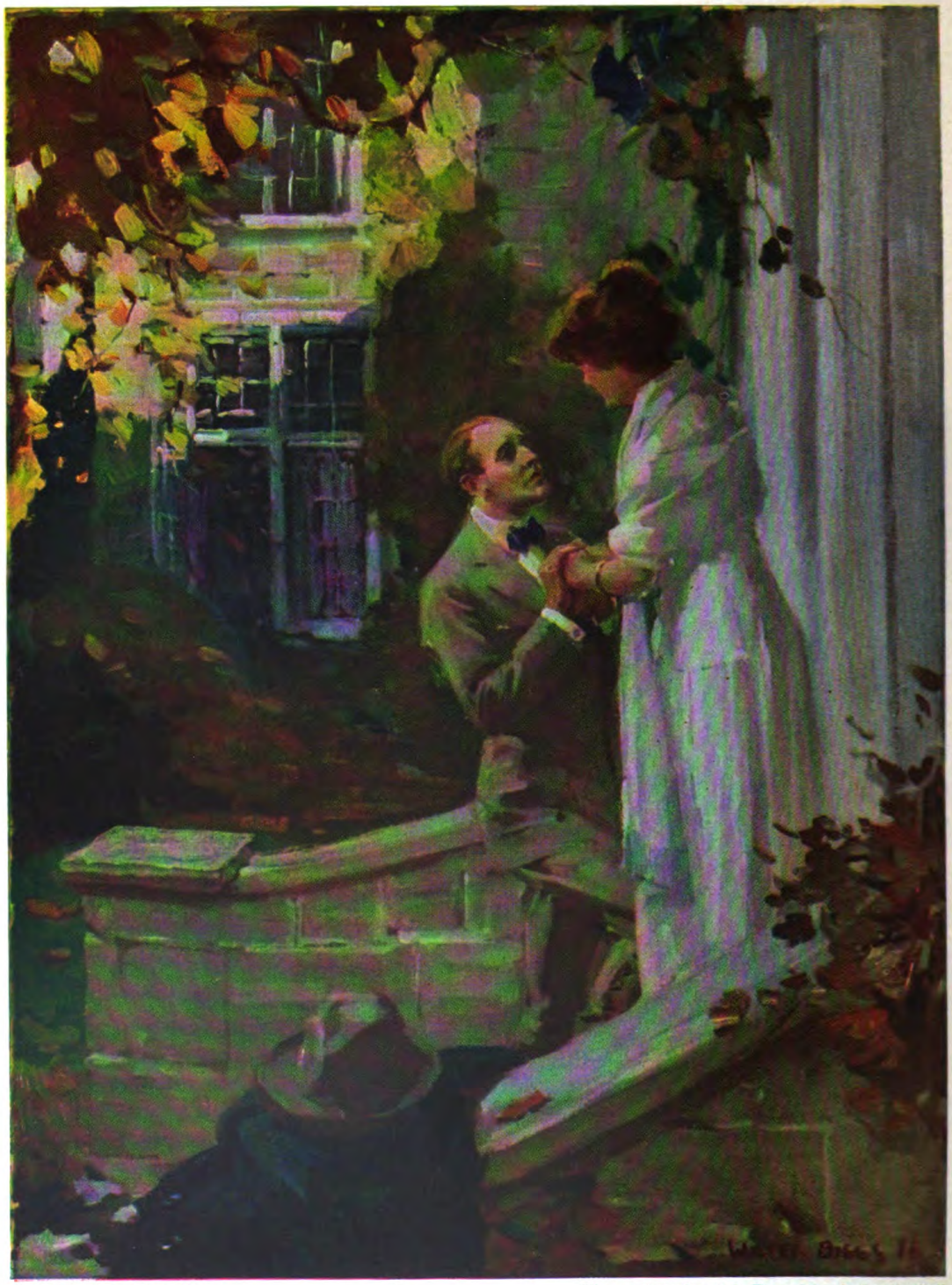
V. M. S.

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Painting by Walter Biggs Illustration for "A Favorite of the Gods"

"THERE AREN'T ANY WORDS TO SAY HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS TO FIND YOU HERE"

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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Across the Atlantic in a Shallop

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

SAILORS disagree as to the exact definition of a shallop; but as that is what a member of the expedition called our twenty-two-ton schooner, the *Kitty A.*, we let his appellation stand. She was a little two-master, fifty-three feet on the water-line, and sixteen-foot beam; black-hulled and tall-sparred, she lay rakishly alongside Pierson's Wharf at Newport.

As the Canary Islands and adjacent groups offered opportunities for further scientific research, the "West African Islands Expedition" was organized, and, after many delays, June 27th found eight men aboard the little schooner. All had seen some subtle Circe beckon from the mystic land of discovery and adventure, more irresistible than the effete, sedentary callings our increasingly fixed order of things imposes.

In these days of steam and electricity, the picturesque "wind-jammer" is fast disappearing below the horizon of time; the old life of those who go down to the sea in sailing-ships is fast going by, passing forever — with its creaking blocks, bellying sails, and rakish spars; with its sailors' chanteys, lore, and vernacular, and all that element of romance and chance due to dependence on winds, currents, and tides.

The eight men comprised the schooner's owner, Henry R. Amory, who captained her; William G. Erving, M.D., and myself; H. Buvig, mate; three sailors; and a cook, Wilson by name. The mate—short, muscular, and fifty-five—like his Norse ancestors, followed the sea. "Three times," as he expressed it, "I was wrecked and the only man saved, except once there was me and the dog."

The youngest sailor, barely twenty-one, was fair-haired John Hanson, a powerful Dane. At thirteen he was bound for Iceland, "ki-yi" brushes and "holy stones" in his tender hands for the daily work—3 A.M. to 8 P.M.—at three dollars a month. When John learned that the *Kitty A.* was a "sailer," he saw a chance to save long-voyage money, with a touch of excitement in the game.

Harold Ness, short, blond, and husky, who hailed from Christiania, had a propensity to ship wherever there was adventure. Since fourteen he had crowded on full sail into the latter portion of his twenty-seven years. Once down with "yellow jack" in a Cuban coast town, he was caged like a wild animal and left alone for days in delirium. His last experience was drifting in mid-ocean in a ship's boat after the ill-fated *Denver* went down.

It came about that Harold and Henry Wyman, ten years his senior, "hove to" by a ship-chandler's shop on the harbor side of Atlantic Avenue—that attractive mud-hole of Boston's water-front. Henry, a picturesque Down-East sailor, sinewy and shrewd, had taken his turn at mechanics and lumber-jacking. But

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his last venture was following the African Grain Coast for the American Tropical Trade Company, on a bark affectionately known by her crew as *The Drifting Curse*.

"Where are you shipping?" said Harold, as he ranged alongside.

"Me? I'm logged for the yacht *Sea Call*. But there's going to be ladies aboard, and I've 'bout decided I can't be touching my hat and polite on the lingo all the time. I'd rather ship where there ain't no skirts. Where are you going?"

"To Africa in a rowboat," says Harold. "Why don't you come?"

"I'll talk it over with the shipping commissioner."

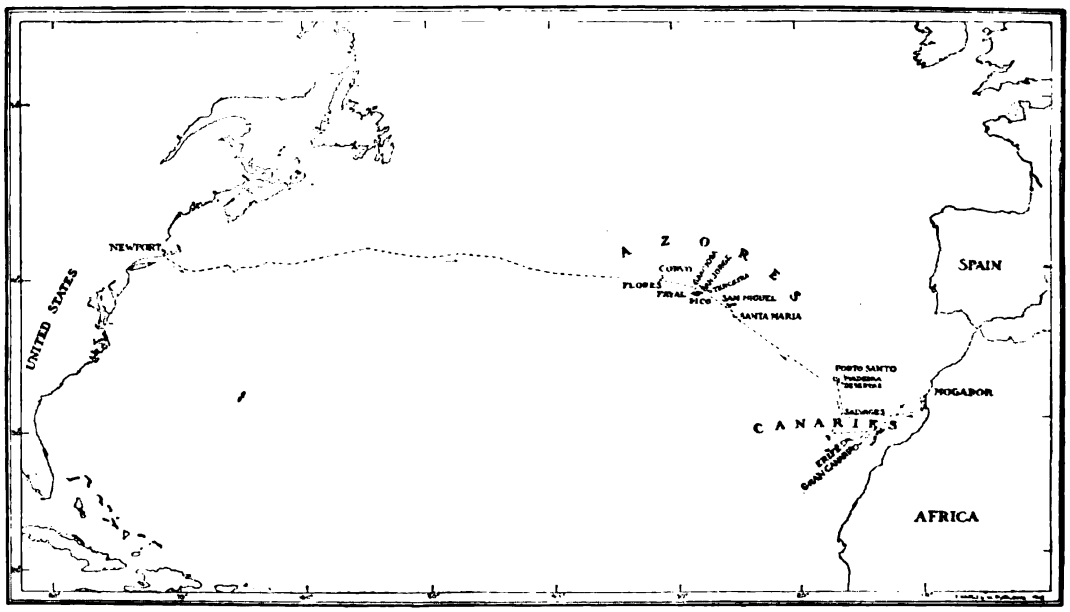
Of Wilson, the cook, there is little to be said. One night, overhearing us discussing a recent piratical attack on a stranded steamer along the Moroccan coast, he decided the African seaboard as a health resort was no place for him, and the next day deserted.

Notwithstanding five months' work outfitting, those last few days presented a busy scene; carpenters hammered and sawed while the crew swung cargo aboard by screeching blocks and tackle. Spare sails, spars and ropes, duplicate parts for the little emergency engine, scientific outfits, personal outfits, and supplies for eight men for four months crowded deck and wharf—all to be stowed away; also a deck cargo of twenty-one large barrels of oil and water, and two large dories.

Rumors of submarine activity off the Azores and north African coast caused us to comply with the maritime custom and paint the American flag on each side, for should a submarine torpedo mistake our vessel for a filibuster, the result would be—a shower of toothpicks.

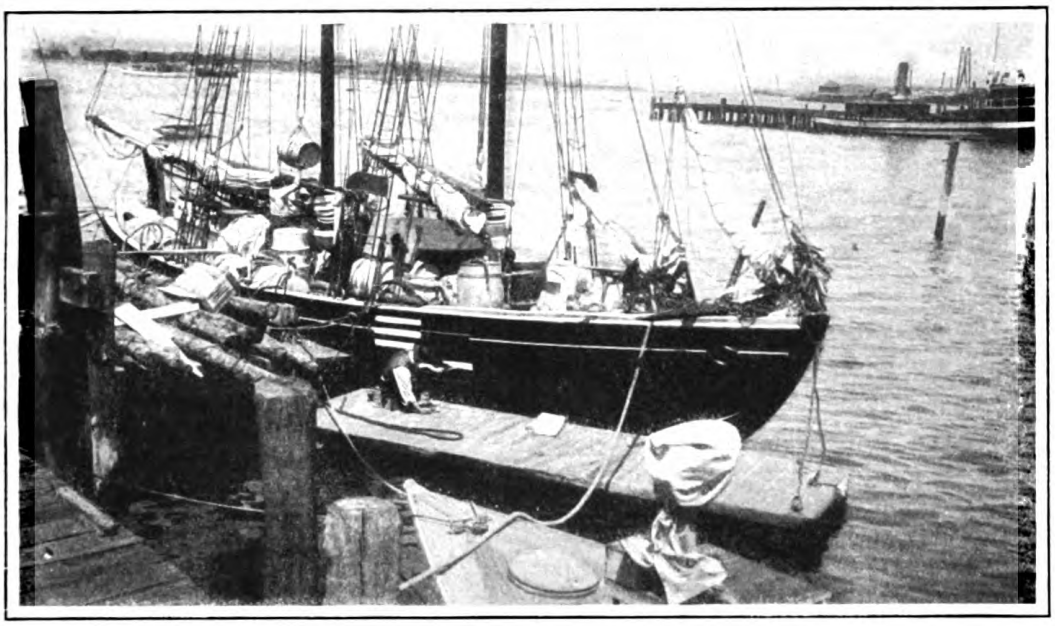
Some last purchases were made at Sea-going Tony's, and the crew was signed on. Late that night Manouel Emilio, the new cook, plump, five feet, and Portuguese, climbed aboard. "*Chiquito*," as Harold promptly nicknamed him, had cooked on whalers. To thwart further desertions, Amory decided to pull out into midstream under power and anchor overnight. Dawn dispelled the morning mists, and soon, with all sails set and fair wind and weather, the three-thousand-mile voyage was begun. Brenton Reef Lightship disappeared astern, and we set oceanward in a craft over one hundred tons smaller than Columbus's carack, the *Santa Maria*.

Since man first stretched his skins athwart the breeze above his hollowed



MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE "KITTY A." ON HER VOYAGE FROM NEWPORT, R. I., TO THE AZORES AND WEST AFRICAN ISLANDS

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FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE. LOADING CARGO, AND PAINTING AN AMERICAN FLAG ON THE "KITTY A"

log, "the call" has set the sails of countless argosies wind-bulging, treasure-troving to new and strange lands. Our treasure was neither gold, slaves, nor precious stones, but the skins of rare birds of the Eastern Canaries, age-hidden facts of the Gaunches—a people long extinct—and records of the present inhabitants of the West African Islands and the neighboring mainland. The schooner's rakish rig belied her speed; her tendency to yaw and broach required constant alertness at the wheel, and there was no motion which the *Kitty A.* did not describe.

Seasick? Yes! every man aboard, including the cook, who was laid on the shelf all the first forty-eight hours, and in the next twenty-four discovered that, through a slight geographic prevarication on the part of the shipping commissioner, he—the cook—was bound for Africa instead of Halifax.

The schooner, once a fisherman, had served her time "on the banks." The fish-hold amidships was now converted into the main cabin. Cleverly devised drop-seats, take-down chart, mess and laboratory tables economized space, while in out-of-the-way yet handy corners were the book-shelves, fire-extinguisher, emergency salt-water condenser, three chronometers, and our dunnage.

In the cabin we three and the mate had our bunks. A door led to the forecastle containing the galley and sailors' quarters; aft the cabin let into an unpartitioned section in which were the cook's bunk, auxiliary engine, and main supply-lockers. From each compartment the deck was reached by hatch-ladders. There was no cockpit; only a foot-high bulwark protected the deck, along the main run of which a wire cable was stanchioned to help prevent our being swept overboard.

"Take in fisherman's tops'l!" came the order the second night out. The wind had freshened from the south, bringing fast-scudding, murky-looking clouds.

With the crowded deck cargo it was hard to keep the running rigging clear. So the topsail ballooned. As the only weight on the end of her clew-halyard was my one hundred and forty pounds, I was soon yanked up the mast, futilely trying to achieve a knee-and-toe clutch upon the sail rings. Slap! yank! went the canvas. It was let go or be roved through the block—a sort of camel-through-the-needle's-eye stunt—had

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not lynx-eyed John sprung to my assistance.

Night wore on, the wind turned into a gale, and we soon snugged down under forestaysail, reefed foresail, and storm trysail. At dawn we looked out over a vast, heaving, foam-streaked sea. Through the spume and the spray and the driving rain a huge, gray-painted liner passed like a phantom ship.

The glass went down, the heavy seas went up; then we had to "heave to." With deck constantly awash, it was marvelous how the little cockleshell escaped foundering. The heavy deck cargo of barrels and dories made us a bit top-heavy. Lashed as they were through the scuppers, there was a possibility of a heavy sea ripping off barrels and rail together. A herd of crazy iron barrels running wild about deck would be as dangerous as a stampede of Texas longhorns. Though battened down, things below-decks were wet, and the cabin floor occasionally awash, requiring pumping every few hours, and for some reason the afterquarters were filled with nauseating gasolene fumes. There was not a motion in kinematics the little craft did not describe, or an object, from cook's crockery to stores aft, unless nailed down, that did not go crashing athwartships.

"War is hell!" filtered through the forecastle, "but this is worse!" More poetic, though, was the low humming from the picturesque Down-Easter at the wheel. The salt brine, blown in wild fury over his glistening oilskins, reflected innumerable cold high-lights from the rushing cloud rifts overhead and from the leaden surges below. It was an old chantey:

"For now we're in the Gulf Stream,
An' the wind begins ter blow.
Lay aloft, take in yer tops'ls!
Or it's overboard yer go!"



"CHIQUITO," THE COOK"

Then after each verse came softly the refrain:

"For it's blow ye winds aloft!
An' it's blow ye winds below!
An' it's clear away yer runnin'-gear,
For it's blow, blow, blow!"

So the schooner labored, rolled, and pounded heavily through another night. Astern was no place for an "absent-minded beggar," and sometimes a bit unhealthy for a man in full possession of his faculties. There was danger of being swept over the low, twelve-inch rail by heavy seas, but in wicked weather the stern was as hard to cling to as the hurricane deck of a bucking bronco. One thing was well understood: a man overboard in that maelstrom would never be picked up; it would be madness to even try to do so.

The gale, instead of backing, worked to northwest, just as any self-respecting gale should do. Thus we had our first baptism of "Gulf weather" and proved out the mate and crew. No skipper could have asked for a better lot of sailormen.

Though the sea was too heavy to risk the forestaysail, with reefed mainsail, we retrieved a little of the distance we had been blown north, working back toward our course, which followed the Great Circle.

The wind died out, but the seas ran

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high, slaking along in ponderous, oily undulations of murky slate. Like a cork, the wee schooner would boil along with the scudding foam on the crest of a huge comber, then slush rapidly down the long, gray sleek of a greasy sea to wallow in its liquid hollow without a breath of air to steady her or stop the everlasting slam and roll. Our clinometer, with a 40-degree maximum, indicated her listing, but frequently, with her heavy deck-load, the needle turned far beyond that limit. Would she ever come back? But somehow she did, often with a jerk which all but snapped her sticks and seemed as though it must part every line and stay.

There was little sleep or peace day or night from the rattle and slam of spars and tackle, not a moment's let-up from the ceaseless wrenching and jerking. This is what wears out crews on long sea voyages in small craft. But through it all the *Kitty A.* held her own.

The auxiliary would have steadied her, but refused to budge. There probably was leakage somewhere, and the nauseating fumes put a short time-limit on working below decks, though Erving worked pluckily at it. This gas first told on Chiquito, the cook, who preferred the floor of the crowded and stuffy forecastle to his bunk aft. The mate soon followed, relinquishing his bunk. Mine, opposite and nearest the engine, received least ventilation, and became a pocket in which the heavy gas settled; so I suffered off and on throughout the voyage from semi-asphyxiation and gas poisoning. This condition was responsible for the general nausea which afflicted the vessel's entire company of veteran sailors.



DR. ERVING AND A FLYING-FISH WHICH FLEW ON BOARD



HAROLD, THE NORWEGIAN

Throughout the Glorious Fourth we still rolled in the leaden swell. An occasional smoke had trailed along the horizon; and now and again a steamer, hull up; but we saw no vessel close at hand until a big freighter in ballast bulged over the sky-line, holding west-northwest. We were steering southeast by east.

"Southeast by south!" came the order.

"Southeast by south!" echoed from the wheel. Up went our ensign and code number, then her "answer" pennant was "broke out" and the great leviathan slowed down. It was the *Austrian Prince*, storm-streaked and war-brindled, flaunting the Union Jack astern. A grim reminder of the great conflict raging beyond us, she probably had been carrying war horses to France

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or Italy. Her complement gathered astern to view us, now a scant two ships' length away.

"*Kitty A.*, of Boston," megaphoned Amory.

"'Kitty' *what?*" came back.

"*Kitty A.*—bound for Azores. Will you report us?"

"Yes," we could hear distinctly.

"Any war news?"

"All right; quiet." The gap was widening.

"So long!" and the *Austrian Prince* churned westward.

There is a strange fascination in speaking to a ship at sea; to hear human voices calling across the waters of mid-ocean; talking with a voice whose owner you cannot even recognize—a strange voice which gives you news and agrees to do you a kind turn.



THE LOOKOUT ALOFT

First thing each morning, in order to save our fresh water, we lowered a bucket overside and washed ourselves in salt brine. Its continued use is not to be recommended for the complexion—it works better on duck clothes. Sometimes the wind blew the water out of the agate basins, two of which winged overboard, leaving one for eight men. So with washing, drying, and mending clothing, airing bedding, overhauling outfits, navigating and plotting, cooking, reading, writing, collecting and putting up sea specimens, splicing, making fenders from the spare spar and deck work about ship, time never hung heavily on our hands.

But something evidently did hang heavily on Amory's mind, for one morning I detected him glancing furtively a number of times from the glassy calm to me. Then late in the forenoon he scanned the horizon twice, and suddenly turned upon me: "Did you ever cut hair?"

"No, but I once took a course in sculpture and clay modeling."

"That ought to help some. Suppose you try it."

With a small comb, a rusty pair of shears, and a ship's paint-brush, the task was performed—to my eye with neatness and despatch, certainly with despatch.

We were now well into the Gulf Stream. Its blue water was patched with yellowish seaweed, the "tropic grape" (*fucus natans*) of Humboldt, strung out in long lines by the wind.

We skirted only the northernmost edges of this sea vineyard, the great center of which lies in that mysterious ocean swamp, the Sargasso Sea. In that almost pulseless center of the Atlantic floats this weedy mush, swept by the Gulf Stream from the shores of the West Indies. Sailors say that many a barnacled, seaweed-tressed derelict floats in the mysterious center of this fate-meshed sea.

Henry quickly improvised a dip-net, and soon had specimens of this berried, soda - and - potash - incrusted weed aboard. They abounded in sea life. I found diminutive fish and a peculiar little red-and-yellowish creature, seemingly half animal, half fish. A sharp horn protruded above its eyes; its fins in appearance and motion resembled legs, the two front ones growing in a single limb half their length. Its only gill-like apertures visible were where

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these side appurtenances joined the body, thus breathing *via* its leg-like fins.

Out on this vast deep, the smallest thing aroused interest. We fed, almost from hand, the little Mother Carey's chickens ever following in our wake, or watched a gull wing its dark flight across the crimson afterglow. Little gelatinous "Portuguese Men-of-War," ballasted by their maroon-colored tentacles, bobbed buoyantly by in purple-carmine iridescence. One was transferred from our net to a bucket of salt water for study.

"No, sir!" remarked Henry, as he watched me sketch the beautiful specimen. "When you find anything colored like that, it's poisonous. Those colors ain't *natural!*"

Our schooner was so low in the water that we often leaned overside after meals and used the Atlantic for a finger-bowl; she was so small that two like her placed within the hide of one of the great whales which sported about us would still have left enough room for our crew to play tag. Perched high up in the swaying cross-trees, I often looked down on the tiny, floating wooden tray, the subjective center of a vast liquid disk of azure. One felt intensely that he was an integral part of the life about him. The sudden splash of storm spray on my cheek helped me to understand why the porpoises reveled in whipping by in a smother of foam against the wind; prone on the deck, the first warm balm of the sun on my body made me feel akin to the motionless sea-turtle sleeping on the glazy calm.

The scudding schooner, with all she could carry, seemed to outvie those glinting bits of opalescence—flying-fish—which, skimming the wave-crests like ocean dragon-flies, occasionally flew aboard. Now and again, slanting shark fins carved their way parallel with our craft. When tempted to plunge overboard as the schooner lay motionless on the almost imperceptible heave and breathe of the sea, these gruesome man-eaters deterred us, for every sailor knows the shadowy side of the keel is often the shark's favorite lair.



JOHN, THE BIG DANE



HENRY, THE PHILOSOPHICAL DOWN-EASTER

Floating spars, barnacle-covered and green with slime, bespoke long voyages; a palm trunk wafted us visions of the Trade-blown Indies from whence it had come; while a metal caisson, apparently a floating mine, we just escaped running down. So passed the flotsam and jetsam; so, too, passed the days.

Before approaching the Azores, we had only light breezes and thunder squalls, being well content that the closest contact between the lightning

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and our galvanized iron barrels of gasolene and oil was its vivid glint upon them.

On sunny days we sought the mainsail's shadow for reading. Here Erving could usually be found, his arm-chair the top of a water-cask, the main shrouds for a back. Our favorite place was astern, indulging in "The Cruise of the Falcon," Kipling, Humboldt; and even Lecky's "Map of Life" was mentally traced in a general way, while Amory, in a more specific way, plotted our immediate course across a United States hydrographic chart. The afterhatch served as a table not only for putting up specimens in alcohol, but for putting down food in—quantities. What suppers those were aft in the golden sunset, the form of the helmsman cutting dark against it! Grub over, the ship's orchestra—a black, revolving disk—occupied the hatch, with rollicking airs and celebrated solo repertoires.

"There's something hits you when you hear a woman's voice out here," came from a coil of rope. But it was that rugged, national song of Norway which gripped us and those hardy Norsemen of our crew, who, like so many "scalds of the gods," lounged about aft, at the hour when day grades into night, and were stirred by the saga, pine-and-crag permeated, "Gamle Norge."

We were chatting and smoking in the cabin at the end of the supper hour on the sixteenth day out. "Sail ho!" came from the deck. From aloft we made out a three-masted bark under full sail, in the sun saffron-pink against a shadow of violet clouds. Our courses were converging. She was in heavy ballast and evidently from South America. It was decided to speak her. Meantime I did up some newspapers with a note in a waterproof bag.

What a picture she was as we quartered toward her! Down went our staysail. Up went our ensign.

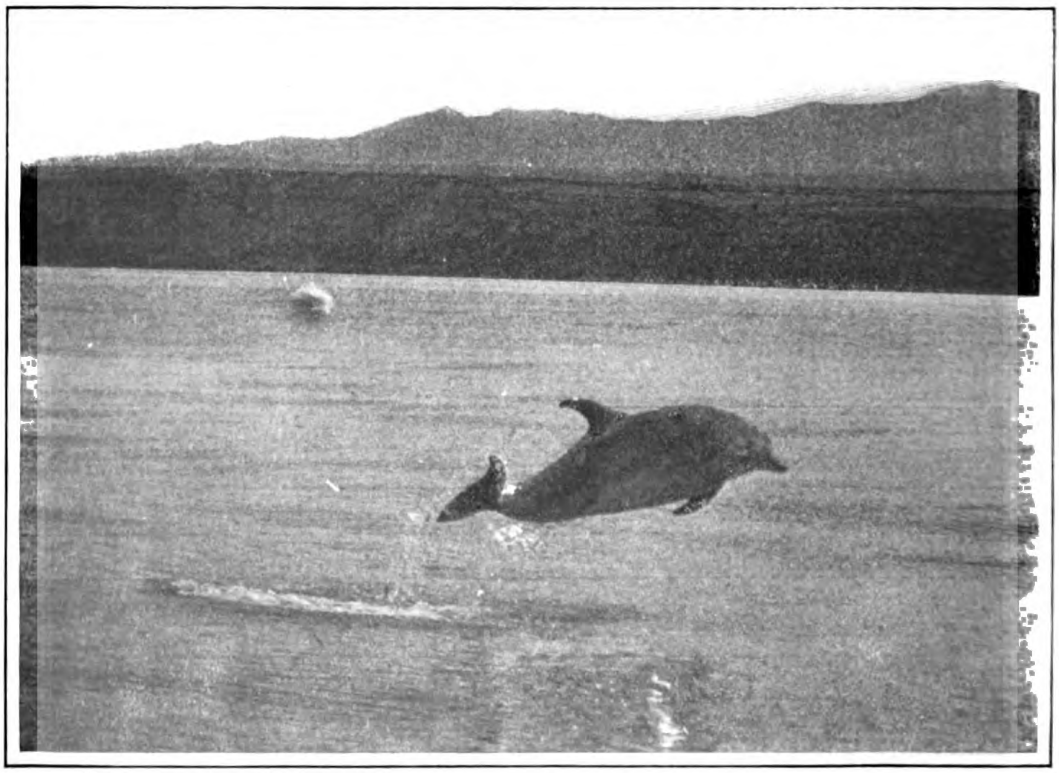
"Bark ahoy! Do you want some papers?" yelled Amory, as we rounded her stern.

"Aye, aye!"

"Stand by to throw us a line!"

"Aye, aye!"

Holding parallel, the wind over our



FOR A FULL HALF-HOUR THE DOLPHINS REVELED ABOUT THE SCHOONER

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port quarter, we ran within thirty yards of her—a bit risky in the darkening twilight and increasing wind. The crew, some in her rigging, crowded aft, silhouetting against the afterglow. The captain we could discern in white clothes and Panama hat.

"Come on with your line!" Amory shouted. Swish! The coiling line snaked through the air and fell—a perfect shot. John quickly "bent it on," over the bag went, sousing through the brine, and was hauled aboard.

"Where are you from?" Amory megaphoned from the main shrouds.

"Portland, Oregon."

"Where are you bound?"

"For Queenstown, with grain."

"Do you want us to report you?"

"Yes."

"How many days out?"

"A hundred and fifty-five. How is the war going on?"

"All right."

Evidently, by their three cheers and waving caps, the crew took this to mean favorably from their point of view.

"Do you know about the *Lusitania?*"

"No."

"She was torpedoed last May by a submarine, off Queenstown."

"How many lost?"

"Over twelve hundred."

We veered away from the majestic old wind-jammer, as she ranged along, every line, block, and spar stenciled a distinct blue-black against the spectrum sky. Between her topmasts the crescent of the new moon played hide-and-seek through the interstices of her rigging. Eight bells reverberated over the water, the only ship's bell besides our own which we had heard during the entire voyage. Soon she was lost in the merge of night.

The water was 72°, and the sky took on a tropical quality in its color, and we now felt the heat. Resin oozed from deck planks, and the deck was so hot it burned the soles of my bare feet.

"According to my reckoning, we should sight Flores about three this afternoon," one morning remarked Amory, who had done all the navigating. "A cigar to whoever first sights land!" Eight pairs of eyes, keened by long night watches, constantly swept the cloud-hung eastern horizon.



CAPTAIN AMORY TAKING OBSERVATIONS WITH THE OCTANT

The Azores are said to be in the most tempestuous part of the northern Atlantic. But a few miles off our course, and we would miss the island altogether, which, being less than a seventh the area of New York City, was a mere pin-prick in this vast of blue.

"Land ho!" It was the centuries-old clarion call of sailors, and came from the young Dane, perched on the foretruck. About 6 P.M. we could see Flores from the deck, streaking its low, twelve-mile length under a cloud canopy; then only its northern tongue occasionally licked out from its vapor-veiled lair; the mists shut down, so did night.

We were approaching a rock-pinnacled, cliff-bound coast with few landings and no harbor. Not wishing to emulate the giant Cunarder *Slavonia*, and crumple up against it, we loafed along until daybreak, then followed under great cave-punctured mountain walls. Above, the verdant, terraced fields of the islanders dropped here and there down ravines into the sea.

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We soon lay peacefully in the only available anchorage, a half-mile below the little island capital, Santa Cruz, of about a thousand souls, some ten of whom soon appeared alongside in the customs boat. They said that two days previously four British submarines laid in just north of Santa Cruz and transferred supplies from a mother ship, and that the Azores were a strategic point, being within the zone of possible submarine activity.

This western sentinel of the Azores is visited by steamer but once a month, so our arrival was an event. "Hunting for a bird with five more pinfeathers than other birds, in the midst of war times," as a friend of mine put it, might seem a poor reason to the Portuguese authorities for our adventure. So when we gave as our last port a social summer resort of New England, it took all our papers to convince them that we had actually traversed the twenty-two hundred miles of ocean in the little craft. But if their incredulity and suspicions were evident at first meeting, the hospitality and exceeding kindness of the people of Flores will long be remembered.



OUR FIRST SIGHT OF LAND—THE ISLAND OF FLORES

Our runs between the quaint little Old World ports of the West African Islands rarely lacked wind or excitement. On the night of July 21st, we slowly felt our way into the little port of Fayal. Just before we dropped our mud-hooks, a big, four-funneled mass loomed against the night.

"It's the *Tennessee!*" I had last met her in the Strait of Magellan in 1908 when she and the *Washington* formed the Special Service Squadron of the Round-the-World Fleet. At the beginning of this war she was known as the famous "Gold Ship," while her latest episode was when the Turks fired(?) at her in Smyrna. We saw her gangway lights flash out and a launch take visitors ashore.

"Launch ahoy!" I hailed as it returned. Shortly Erving and I were on the broad reach of the *Tennessee's* majestic deck, to us as roomy as a race-track.

"Very sorry, sir," said the watch officer, "but the captain has just retired."

"Can you send down my card?"

The orderly promptly returned. "Captain Decker wishes you to come down," was the reply.

"Good heavens! Where did you come from?"

"Across the Atlantic in a shallop; at least that's what Erving here calls it."

And so in this little out-of-the-way port we made a late evening call on my old friend Decker, heard of affairs in Smyrna and the Near East, from whence they were homing after an absence of eleven months.

"We weigh anchor at eight-thirty; better breakfast with me at seven."

Next morning found us to the minute running alongside in proper man-of-war style, in our little green dory, rowed by John and Harold in white-duck sailor uniforms. There was not a Jack Tar off duty who did not crane over the

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rail with a grin—they knew the New England "cut of her jib."

"You *must* have wanted to go to sea!" commented Decker, looking down the great wall of steel, as later we shoved off. The ship's band struck up, her great blades painted the first dash of her homeward wake on the waters of the bay. Then her tapering Homeward Bound pennant was paid out astern, and its six hundred and ten feet, like a great aerial serpent, majestically looped, doubled, and curved back upon itself.

"Way enough!" I ordered. "Stand by to toss! Toss!" Up went our oars like two matches in a toy boat; but no sixteen-oared, double-banked navy launch ever made a more loyal salute; I doubt if so small a craft ever received one in return from the commanding officer of so colossal a battle-ship, for we could plainly see Decker's white hat doffed in reply, and could almost feel the grin which I am sure encircled the entire ship's company. The pennant became a long, fine line. The strains of "Home, Sweet Home" became softer and faded away, like the *Tennessee*, in the distance and the mist.

None of us will ever forget an early, still morning in late July when we approached the little, brown, scorched island of Santa Maria, looking as though nature had dropped a crinkled autumn leaf in a pond of quicksilver. The water all about us was alive with birds and sea life.

"Get the harpoon! Here they come!" A large school of dolphins came rushing alongside, under our keel, across and ahead of our bows. The long, barbed weapon hurled from the cook's hand—a splendid shot. Out sped the line following the weapon, gliding through the water with the speed of an arrow, then something parted—"He's gone!"

Recovering the harpoon, we found the powerful dolphin had bent the half-inch iron nearly double. For a full half-hour they reveled in jumping, diving, and sporting about the schooner. Peering into the depths below, I could trace their long shapes, a luminous, lighter blue against the darker azure of the water, like spirit-wraiths of fish.

In strong contrast to that quiet morning off Santa Maria was our run from Madeira to Teneriffe. Our consumption of supplies had left us too light in ballast in view of our heavy deck cargo, some of which should now have been stowed away below. We put out from Funchal in a living gale with the intention of landing on the uninhabited Salvages, one of the treasure caches of the famous Kidd, there to follow other adventurers and try to unearth some of their superfluous wealth.

But the gale that night forced us far to leeward, and the Salvages, or any other land, was the last thing we wanted to see the loom of. This run left its water-mark on the pages of our diaries and came near recording "Finis" to the expedition. Twice between 2 and 3 A.M. she all but turned turtle. Just another little slop of a wave under our bilge at the psychological moment would have done the trick.

"A little wind last night, sir," commented Henry at the wheel.

"Yes, a little breeze," I replied.

"Well, sir, that's the nearest I ever come to Davy Jones, and the mate says it's the nearest *he* ever come, sir." Then his eyes, drawn a bit from the hard night's strain, looked squarely into mine. "Well, I s'pose some day I'll go to Davy Jones; but then, you know, sir, for every sailor what's drowned, one is born."

"South by west!" came down the wind.

Henry "gave a spoke" at the wheel.

"South by west, sir!"

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Scientific Social Service of Mr. Small

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AMONG the young women employees of a neighboring factory, in which, I may say parenthetically, I am a large stockholder, I have noticed a regrettable tendency. A majority—I speak conservatively—wear low shoes much run over at the heel which gives them an exceedingly ungainly, somewhat bovine, and wholly unmaidenly appearance. It was a phenomenon of such general manifestation that there must be some underlying cause. I determined to discover, and, if possible, to eradicate it.

I drove to the offices and sought an interview with the General Manager.

"Why," I asked, "do your female employees wear low shoes run over at the heel?"

"Is it a conundrum?" he asked.

"No," said I; "it is a fragment of sociological data."

"In this factory!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! We would never tolerate it. We allow our girls to have measles, sunburn, housemaid's knee, candy-kitchen colic, and even kleptomania, but never such an ailment as that."

"It is not a disease," I replied, patiently. "I see you can be of no assistance to me. I think I shall speak with some of the young women themselves."

"Certainly, certainly!" he exclaimed, with an alacrity for which I could see no reason. "I will go with you myself. I am sure—" And here something seemed to get into his throat to an extent that I offered him a lozenge—"I am sure the —interview will be well worth listening to."

He led me from the offices into the factory, where I found a clamor of mechanical devices in rapid motion that was most irritating to the nerves. Numerous young women were busily pushing things into machines. As we entered, each and every one turned her face toward us, and I observed another interesting phenomenon—namely, the jaws of each moved rhythmically and in time with the chugging of the machinery.

The General Manager motioned a young woman to approach. She was under medium stature, and somewhat over medium width. I observed her feet as she approached, and was glad to see in her a splendid example of the run-over-heel type. She seemed, indeed, to be walking practically on her ankles. This is only a slight and pardonable exaggeration.

"Miss Tippins," said the General Manager, "this is Mr. Simeon Small. He wishes you to give him some information."

"That's the only thing I can afford to give away," she said. "Are you one of them investigators?"

"I am acting in the capacity of a collector of sociological data," I informed her.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, and there intervened a brief pause in her mastications. "Do you git many? Social dates, did you say, mister? I don't quite get your drift, but are you invitin' me to go somewheres with you? 'Cause if you are, I've got a stiddy young man that works in the shippin' department."

I looked from her to the General Manager, completely baffled. I did not follow her.

"I don't—understand you," I said, presently.

"Then the score's tied," she said; "let's start over."

"What I desire," I informed her, "is to discover why an overwhelming major-

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ity of the young women employed here wear shoes lamentably run over at the heels—such, for instance, as those I observe on your own feet?"

She lifted her dress a trifle and looked at her left foot. This she replaced on the floor and performed the same scrutiny upon her right foot. Then she turned her eyes on me, and I was startled to observe that they were undoubtedly angry, indeed threatening.

"Say," she began, stridently, "what call you got to be fresh with me, eh? Say, if the boss wasn't here—"

"My dear young lady, no offense was intended. I do not understand your anger. I have but asked a simple question. My observations have shown me the condition I describe. My desire is to discover its cause, and, if possible, to remove it. I hope I make myself clear."

She looked inquiringly at the General Manager, who, if I am not mistaken, committed the vulgar impropriety of winking at her. It was done very swiftly and covertly, so I am not in a position to assert it as a fact that could be unquestioned. At any rate, the anger left her eyes and an unmistakable twinkle took its place.

"I got a baby brother jest like you," she said. "He's curious about things, and he don't know no better 'n to ask whatever comes into his head."

For an instant I was inclined to be offended, but on reflection I perceived the young woman was using some rude figure of speech, doubtless familiar to her class, and was intending no personal criticism. So I passed the point without comment.

"About the heels?" I reminded her.

"To be sure—them heels. Well, it's like this. The girls has to have their little amusements. There's winter trips to Europe or Floridy or Californy, and summer vacations down to the ocean. Us girls needs our outin's after workin' here in the factory ten hours a day."

"To be sure," said I. "But the shoes?"

"Them trips costs money. Then there's eatin' and sleepin' and clothes, and other bare necessities of life like



"I GOT A BABY BROTHER JEST LIKE YOU," SHE SAID

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movin'-picture shows and ice-cream sody. When you have to do all them things on seven and a quarter a week you jest have to run over somewheres, so we've sort of settled on our heels as the best place to do it."

"But," said I, "you can procure excellent shoes for ten dollars the pair."

"Mister," she replied, "ten dollars would keep me in shoes till my grandchildern was able to work, and I don't calc'late to git married till spring, neither."

I seemed to be arriving at nothing definite. Doubtless I had not given the matter sufficient study before entering upon the investigation, but, I confess, the keynote of my character is action. I determined to pursue my inquiries no further, but to proceed homeward and lay out a method that would promise greater success than the present one. Therefore I bade Miss Tippins good day and retired.

That evening I dined at Chief Justice Jones's. It had been arranged between the judge and myself that following the meal we should discuss Dr. Littneur's pamphlet, "The Monosyllabic, Non-declensional Dialect of Certain Tribes of British Guiana Contrasted with the Terse Patois of the Patagonians." This we had read severally and disagreed upon.

I arrived somewhat early and found Mrs. Jones on the veranda with a young woman who was at once presented to me as a niece, Ellen North. We had chatted for but a few moments when I chanced to let my eyes wander downward toward Miss North's feet. They fitted into the line of thought I had been following throughout the afternoon. The feet were, if I may be permitted the expression, the antitheses of those of Miss Tippins of the factory.

"Miss North," said I, "I perceive that your heels are not run over."

She appeared startled; why, I cannot imagine, unless she heard some sound which escaped my ears.

"Did—did you *expect* them to be run over, Mr. Small?" she asked, after a slight pause.

"I merely wished to inquire why they are *not* run over."

She was silent, evidently puzzled, so I proceeded to enlighten her. "I have been endeavoring to discover why certain young women invariably wear shoes run over at the heel. As yours are decidedly *not* run over, it at once appeared to me that if I could discover why yours were *not* it might give me some hint as to why the others *were*. Am I clear?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Small, but somewhat —astounding."

"Mr. Small is constantly investigating something," said Mrs. Jones, "in the interests of science."

"I knew it could not be mere vulgar curiosity," said Miss North, "and I understand that in the sacred name of science one can be as nosy as one wishes. For instance, 'As a bit of scientific data, Mrs. Smithers, will you tell me if it is true that your husband used to be a bartender?'—Perfectly decorous, but leave off the part about science and Mrs. Smithers is entitled to call one a prying cat."

This was an interesting distinction concerning which I made a mental note, but just now my object was heels.

"But the heels—the run-over heels," said Mrs. Jones. "My vulgar curiosity is itching. Why *don't* you wear run-over heels, Ellen?"

"I do not wear run-over heels," she said, speaking very thoughtfully and carefully, "because the psychology of my individual entity is such that any departure from the correct perpendicular in heels would be abhorrent to it—like—like 'Nature abhors a vacuum,' you know."

"It is a matter of psychology, then?"

"What young women have you been observing?"

"Employees in a factory."

"Who earn weekly—?"

"About seven dollars."

"With them, I should imagine it would not be so much a matter of psychology as one of finance."

"I do not," I informed her, "follow your argument."

"How much do you imagine I spend a year for shoes and boots and slippers?"

"I have had no experience of the cost of the various articles going to make up the feminine wardrobe."

"About two hundred and fifty dollars," said she. "Your run-over girls

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earn about three hundred and fifty in the same length of time."

"True. You will perceive they would still have a balance of one hundred dollars," I pointed out to her.

She regarded me a moment with a look which I read to be one of astonishment.

"Mr. Small," she said presently, "why don't you swear off studying books awhile and study people for a change?"

"I think I may, without boasting, assert a reasonable if not profound knowledge of humanity. I have perused Mr. Herbert Spencer's principles of sociology until I could, if necessary, pass a searching examination on its contents."

"But it didn't teach you how to live on seven dollars a week."

"True," I replied. "There is something in what you say. I shall adopt your suggestion. I shall—er—create a laboratory for the study of human beings."

"Let me suggest that you create a social center for your factory girls. A sort of club where they can gather—under the supervision of some one capable of setting them an example in dress and deportment; where, in short, they could familiarize themselves with the ways of a society which does not tolerate run-over heels."

"Splendid!" said I. "Also I can observe them functioning in their own social orbit, so to speak."

Those who know me best are aware that I am not one to dally when something is to be done. I am a man of decision, and once my decision is made my actions follow without delay. I lost no time in communicating with my agent, who informed me that in a building owned by myself there were quarters suitable to my enterprise. The quarters had been arranged, he told me, for the meetings of an organization called the Knights of Never-Ceasing Excitement, but owing, as he declared in a jocular manner, to the sudden ceasing of the promised excitement, the Knights had abandoned the premises. There were parlors, a hall for dancing, and a kitchen equipped with the necessary implements to purvey refreshments.

These rooms I set about equipping. First, in the reading-room I provided a suitable list of magazines: the *Edinburgh Review;* the *Geologic and Geodetic Quarterly;* the *Philological Journal*, to which I am a more than occasional contributor; Monthly Reports of various learned societies with which I am affiliated, and (I quite compliment myself on the thought) *The Shoemaker's Weekly.* This I considered to be directly to the point. I added a few light, ephemeral magazines for the more exuberant spirits, such as the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review.*

I proposed to institute classes in subjects which I believed would appeal to the young women, such as The Social Life of the Andaman Aborigines, with Special Reference to Their Marriage Rites and Customs. I believed this would interest them as showing them how others, a trifle less civilized than they themselves appeared, conducted their intimate affairs. It was suggested to me that some instruction in music might interest them. It puzzled me how this could be made profitable until I fell upon a small book by Herr Albrecht Von Hegelfobber, entitled *The Development of the Wind Instrument from Antediluvian Days to John Philip Sousa.* This ingenious work sought to prove that the origin of the wind instrument lay in nothing save the sleeping human nose; that, briefly, the primal inventor had his suggestion from the sounds produced by a slumbering companion. There were to be classes in French, in Speculative Sociology, and other subjects calculated to enlighten and broaden minds such as those I expected to come in contact with.

About the room set aside for dancing I had placed a number of glass cases, each exhibiting a mode of feminine footgear. These consisted of a pair of shoes worn by wooden feet with limbs clad in suitable stockings. These limbs I had severed slightly above the ankle in order to give no offense to the doubtless severely Puritanical ideas of my protégées. Each case contained as well a placard reciting the suitable and approved time and occasion for wearing the shoes exhibited. I was careful to select nothing out of the reach of the

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financial resources of the young women. No pair of shoes represented an expenditure of more than fifteen dollars, and they descended in price as low as seven dollars. The psychological effect of this suggestion would, I considered, be noteworthy.

When all was ready it seemed wise to launch the project with some event that would prove attractive to the young women who were to make use of the rooms. Here I was at a loss, but I am not one to be daunted by obstacles. Indeed, I may say without failure of modesty that I am not altogether lacking in resourcefulness. I was not surprised, then, when the name of Miss Tippins, the young woman I spoke with at the mill, occurred to me. It was inspiration. I would interview her immediately and have her ideas on the subject. With characteristic promptness I had myself driven to the office and requested that Miss Tippins be sent in to me.

"Miss Tippins," said I, when she appeared, still much run over as to heel, and with jaws working on what I do not believe I was mistaken in surmising to be gum—"Miss Tippins, doubtless you remember me?"

"Remember you! Say, mister, I've got pop'lar through my imitation of you. No gatherin' is complete without me to give it."

"Imitation," said I, "is the sincerest flattery." I was, as a matter of fact, pleased that the young person should have found that in me worthy of imitation. It spoke well for the adaptability of her mind. I explained my project to her, ending by saying, "I wish to launch the scheme appropriately, and therefore came to you for advice. What would you suggest?"

"For a grand openin'? Is that what you're tryin' to get at?"

"Something of the sort," said I. Sometimes the descriptive power of primitive phrases is astonishing. This one was peculiarly apt.

"Hum! . . . Well, I sh'u'd say the thing would be to start it off with some kind of a entertainment—not too much of it—then come along with a dance and a good orchestry. And don't forget refreshments. Don't go in for nothin' dainty. Have 'em fillin'."

"I follow you," said I. "Your idea is good. I shall obtain from this office a list of our employees and see that all our young women have formal invitations."

"And don't forget to tell 'em to fetch their gentlemen friends. You can't dance without gentlemen friends."

"True," said I. I thanked her for her interest and went to complete arrangements.

As for the entertainment, it seemed best to provide something light, almost frivolous in its nature; something, in short, that should be bright and cheering and in no wise taxing on the intellect. So I wired Professor McTish McTavish to come and deliver his justly popular lecture entitled, "The Progress of Life-forms from Protoplasm to Superman." I also had our leading stationer prepare engraved invitations to be sent to the guests of the evening.

That very evening, while I was taking my daily prescription of walking exercise, I met Miss Tippins, and, stopping, I accosted her.

"Are you abroad alone?" I asked.

She regarded me silently a moment with her head tilted to one side, and then answered, "If you mean am I right here without anybody escortin' me, then you guessed it without an error."

"Indeed!" said I, interested and seeing an opportunity for observation and the collection of data upon the leisure hours of her class, "and may I inquire what object you have in view?"

"There wasn't any view in special. I was alone after I got through with my ham-and, and got kind of fidgety, so out I come after a chocolate sody."

"Chocolate soda? A beverage, I understand. I have seen them, I fancy, but never tasted. May I not accompany you and try one?"

"Nothin' to prevent if you've got the price—and from your looks you're probably jinglin' with it."

I was right in accepting this as permission. We turned in at a drug-store, and the young woman made known her desire to the clerk. I signified that our wants were similar. It appears two implements are necessary to the consumption of the refreshment, which partakes of the nature both of food and

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THE CLERK STARED AT ME AND THEN SAID TO MISS TIPPINS, "WHERE'D YOU COLLECT IT?"

drink. One eats the solid—a something intended to represent ice-cream—with a spoon, and draws the fluid into his mouth through a small tube of paper. I was unable to see why they were not eaten separately, and put the question to the clerk, who stared at me with his mouth open briefly and then said to Miss Tippins, "Where'd you collect it?"

"Aw, shut up!" Miss Tippins replied, brusquely.

When we were outside I paused. "I presume," said I, "that you will now return to your home."

"Not if somethin' better turns up," she said, and looked up at me with a peculiar and not altogether unpleasing air. "I'm open to argument if you've got any to make."

"I beg your pardon," said I.

She shook her head and made a clucking sound. "I'll write it to you in a letter," she said.

I did not even pretend to understand her. "You said but a moment ago that you were going home if—I believe I quote you correctly—'nothing better turns up.' What would you regard as something better, and in what manner would it turn up?"

"Well, for one thing, spendin' the evenin' in Schweiner's Park. And it would turn up if some fellow happened along and asked me to go."

"Schweiner's Park? I am unfamiliar with it. Is it frequented by yourself and your companions? If so I should be interested to go there. Could I, without offense, ask you to accompany me?"

"He come to it at last," she said to herself; then she smiled up at me and said that asking her to go to the place named was no way to make her mad. I once met a man who spoke this incomprehensible patois, but never before a member of the female sex.

"Shall we proceed, then?" I said.

We entered a portion of the town into which I had never before penetrated, and presently arrived before a high board fence, along the top of which extended numerous electric lights. Just before us was a gateway of florid architecture, hinting at the Javanese, but

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confounded somewhat with Early Peruvian and modern Los Angeles. It was incrusted with lights. Here we stopped. Miss Tippins pointed to a small window and signified that tickets might be had there.

This was a new preliminary to entering a park in my experience. Parks were, I supposed, playgrounds and resting-spots for the public. I procured two tickets of admission, and we proceeded within. I was nonplussed, not to say startled. The scene that met my eyes was not at all one I was prepared for. To me the word "park" signifies an expanse of grass and shrubbery, with perhaps lagoons or canals to add to its beauty, and with benches here and there upon which pedestrians might rest themselves.

Here was nothing of the sort. There was no grass; there was no shrubbery; there was, to put it briefly, a scene of inexpressible confusion. A large area was garish with light. A band played loudly. In one place a huge machine bearing passengers revolved endlessly; near to it rose a huge framework about which scudded with sickening speed small conveyances bearing individuals who behaved without restraint. There were booths at which various articles might be purchased. To enumerate what lay before my eyes would require considerable space. I have the articles catalogued and described, and shall at my leisure write a monograph on the subject. I believe I am justified in saying that no Hindoo festival, no Aztec carnival, no feast of savage or barbarian presents to the observing a more interesting and puzzling spectacle.

I drew a note-book from my pocket, but I must confess that during that evening's stay in the place I did not set down one fragment of data. Before I parted from Miss Tippins I am quite sure I had lost sight of the fact that such things as data existed, and sought only to preserve myself intact in limb and intellect.

"How—how do we proceed?" I asked, my voice a mere whisper.

"The merry-go-'round's stoppin'," she cried in my ear. "Quick! Get tickets before it's loaded."

She directed me to the spot, and I went forward with the matter, little dreaming where it would lead me. However, seekers after true knowledge and disciples of science meet strange adventures and encounter unexpected perils. I flatter myself that I am not in a position to claim rank with the most venturesome.

The tickets in my hand, Miss Tippins pushed me toward the contrivance that I had seen whirling around and around. Now I saw it to be a circular platform upon which were mounted wooden beasts, which as a zoological exhibit were, to put it mildly, capable of disseminating misinformation. In many details the creatures were distorted and untrue to nature. For instance, the elephant and tiger, which stood side by side, were of equal size. All the animals were of equal size. I made a mental note to speak to the management about this oversight.

"What 'll you choose?" Miss Tippins cried in my ear. "Let's ride on the camel and the rhinoceros."

I followed her. What was my surprise to see her mount the camel astride, and motion me to do likewise with the rhinoceros. I did so. Science demands these things of us. Scarcely was I mounted when the affair began to revolve to the accompaniment of a huge music-box; and what words will describe the distasteful sensation that appeared in the pit of my stomach when it was brought home to me that, in addition to going around and around with the platform, the awful effigy upon which I sat also moved up and down sickeningly!

Miss Tippins cried out with glee. As for myself, I grasped the rhinoceros about the neck and thanked Heaven for long arms; I also rested my head upon its head and shut my eyes. The following period of time is one I would not repeat save under severe compulsion.

When I had recovered sufficiently to be able to move about, Miss Tippins led me to an instrument unknown to the Inquisition called a roller-coaster. Here one sits in a small car which flashes about on a flimsy framework—one sits and waits for sudden death. It has been said publicly that my conduct toward Miss Tippins was more intimate than

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propriety smiled upon. However, she made no complaint, and what I did was done unconsciously. I believe it to be true that I clung to her. I clearly recollect that the individual having the machine in charge was obliged to pry my arms loose from about her when we arrived at the bottom in safety. This insignificant detail has been made much of by malicious tongues. Indeed, the whole affair has been grossly misinterpreted.

Let science say what it will, I balked against further torture, and Miss Tippins, perceiving that I was not to be enticed into other devices whose purpose and peculiar horror I was not acquainted with, led me to a seat. A waiter came, and she ordered beer.

I am not given to drinking this beverage, but on this one occasion I found it grateful. As I was in the midst of a draught, Miss Tippins exclaimed, in a tone which I interpreted to be one of startled surprise:

"Gosh! There's Mike!"

Standing in the doorway I perceived an abnormally large individual with red hair. He was regarding me balefully.

"It's my steady," said Miss Tippins, faintly. "Most likely he'll beat you up."

Before I grasped the meaning of this *argot* the large person was bending over our table, his prognathous jaw jutting out alarmingly.

"Say somethin'," he said to me. "Jest say somethin' to give me an excuse. That's all. I don't ask nothin' more. Jest bat an eye!"

I was beyond fright, also I was beyond words. Miss Tippins rose to the emergency.

"Mike Rooney," said she, sharply, "you git out of here and don't make no disturbance. You hain't got no mortgage on me. This here's my friend and is entitled to respect as such. You're buttin' in, and if you don't grow scarce 'round here you don't never need to



I GRASPED THE RHINOCEROS ABOUT THE NECK AND SHUT MY EYES

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knock on my door again. You don't need to, nohow. One of these days, Mike Rooney, when I'm ownin' my own auto I'll be givin' you a job beatin' the rugs. Now you git out of here."

Mike turned slowly from me to her; then he looked down at his fist, which he slowly opened and closed.

"Git," said Miss Tippins, "before I holler for the bouncer."

The individual left us, muttering gruffly.

"As soon as he's gone," said Miss Tippins, "we'll beat it. And if you've got the price of a taxi, here's the time to blow your coin. It 'll keep you out of the hospital."

"I—I don't comprehend the—eruption of this person," I said.

"All you need to comprehend," she said, succinctly, "is that he's erupted. . . . Now come on."

I left Miss Tippins at her door and was driven home. There I realized that not one question had I asked her concerning the opening of the social center the following Friday evening.

On Wednesday I was called from my dinner to the telephone.

"D' you know who this is?" asked a female voice.

I confessed that I did not.

"It's Miss Tippins."

"Indeed," said I.

"And you never knew my voice," she said, in a tone of some reproach.

"I recognize it now," I said.

"I called up to tell you I can't go Friday night."

I was sorry to hear this, because Miss Tippins presented such a variety of interesting data that I was eager to have further opportunity to observe her. "What," said I, "prevents your coming?"

"Mike," said she, monosyllabically.

"Mike?" said I.

"Mike," she responded.

She then explained that she had depended on this Mike to be her escort, but that since the episode of the so-called park she and the individual had severed all communication, and because of this she would be unable to appear.

I cogitated briefly. "Rest at ease," said I. "You shall come. On my way to the rooms I shall have my chauffeur stop at your home, and it will be a pleasure to escort you to the 'Grand Opening.' You see," said I, "that I make use of your own phrase."

"Honest?" she said, sharply. "Say, you're all right. Maybe some of your machinery's gummed, but it moves just the same. What time 'll you be droppin' in?"

"At eight," I said, and the conversation ceased.

Professor McTish McTavish arrived next morning, and we spent a delightful day of profitable discussion. In proper season we started for the place of entertainment. The Professor seemed somewhat surprised at the inclusion of Miss Tippins in the party, and I noticed his curious regard resting on her through the brief drive. I could fancy him envying me my opportunities for studying such a promising subject. Her conversation was at its idiomatic best; she may be said to have scintillated with *argot*. Some of her observations brought an expression to the Professor's face that I took to be one of envy.

The hall was crowded with young women and their escorts, and when we arrived the orchestra was rendering a selection. As we entered scores of heads turned to observe us. I am not wrong, I feel sure, in saying that we created a sensation. I caught the sound of diverse whispers, only a few of which were intelligible. One of these consisted of the words:

"Tippins is the limit. She's made good like she said she would."

And the reply:

"She bragged she'd be ridin' in her own auto, and she sure is makin' a flyin' start."

I found a seat for Miss Tippins, and then the Professor and I proceeded forward to the platform. Presently I spoke briefly, and introduced the Professor. The audience did not greet the announcement of his subject as warmly as I had expected, but seemed, nevertheless, to be in a receptive mood.

The Professor, a tall, thin individual with exceedingly sparse whiskers, arose and stepped forward. He is the victim of a slight muscular ailment in the left side of his face which, on occasion, causes him simultaneously to draw down

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the corner of his mouth and close his eye. Such afflictions cannot be too much regretted.

He began his lecture, and I moved down from the platform to mingle more closely with the audience. His first words were something to the following effect:

"When, eons ago, the nebulous maelstrom of whirling, flaming, gaseous matter which was the parent mass from which the earth emerged grew cold, and, growing cold, congealed and solidified into the matter of which this planet is formed, there moved upon it neither life nor the similitude of life."

At this point Professor McTavish's ailment manifested itself in a closing of the eye and a drawing down of the mouth. He paused. The audience looked from one to the other—and then, to my astonishment, burst into roars of laughter.

"Did you git that? Goin' to be good, I'll bet. I wasn't on to him at first. Thought he was serious about that nebulous guff."

"He's one of them humorists like the fellow that lectured on the Peanut down to St. Aloysius's Hall."

These and similar whispers arose.

The Professor went on. At times his hearers were quiet, but for the most part they rocked and shouted with laughter, and at each recurrence of the Professor's muscular twitching I feared they would work themselves some harm, so unrestrained was their mirth. Doubtless the speaker was astonished, but he neither halted nor hesitated. At times he scowled; two several times he interrupted his discourse to rebuke the young people for their merriment, at which it only redoubled.

"Ain't he a wonder? What's he lecturin' for? He ought to be in vaudyville. That's some dodge, makin' b'lieve he's mad, eh?"

So whispered the young woman on my right.

When the lecture was completed Professor McTavish was given such an ovation as few lecturers ever receive, and admiring comments were made on all hands—but wholly incomprehensible to me. One young woman, with tears of laughter in her eyes, observed:

"Think of his sayin' we was descended from some kind of bugs swimmin' around in a swamp. That's funnier 'n monkeys. . . . Gee! I'll bet he's good company. Kind of runnin' over with big words, though."

The Professor, instead of being ruffled, as I feared, came to me chuckling.

"Mr. Small," said he, "I have never had my lecture received in precisely this manner, but also I have never met with such warmth and spontaneity. I fancy I have made for myself a reputation as a humorist. It is better so. If I mistake not, the interest of this audience in bacteria or protoplasm is negligible."

"I am at a loss to understand what has happened," said I.

"Doubtless," said he, and chuckled.

Chairs were cleared away and the room made ready for the dancing. As the young women passed to and fro I was no little interested to notice there was not a run-over heel among them. Every heel was, as one might say, in a perfect state of preservation. Apparently it is their custom to go about in run-over heels only during the daytime. All forms of animal life manifest strange inconsistencies.

I retired to a seat and found Miss Tippins by my side.

"It was great!" she said, and laid her hand on my arm.

This made me feel vaguely uncomfortable, but I did not draw away. The true scientific mind must not shrink, no matter what is demanded of it.

"Ain't you goin' to dance?" asked Miss Tippins.

"It is a form of exercise I have never attempted," said I.

"Then," said she, "let's go out onto that balcony. I'm 'most roasted."

We conversed while the music played inside, and I was able to glean much valuable information from Miss Tippins as to the manners, customs, and general mode of life of the class of individuals of which she formed a part. At last it occurred to me to learn her ideas on the subject of marriage. Primitive ideas of this relation are always curious and sometimes exceedingly informing.

"Now," said I, "as to marriage?"

"Oh, Mr. Small!" she exclaimed, and drew somewhat closer to me.

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"I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D ASK ME SO QUICK"

"You have not, of course, been married yourself—"

"I ain't never even been engaged, though Mike and I had a understandin', which is all off now. You needn't have no worry about that."

"I have none. But, to continue—would you, or would you not, like to become a wife?"

Even now when I look back on that question I see no hidden danger in it; I see nothing that could have caused Miss Tippins to conduct herself as she did. It was an ordinary question. But it drew from her strange manifestations.

"Oh, Sim," she said, using only the first syllable of my name, a familiarity I have never permitted. "Oh, Sim!" she repeated, and threw her arms about my neck and precipitated her whole weight, which was not inconsiderable, upon me. I was nearly pushed from my chair. She followed this by sinking her face against my shoulder in such a manner that her hair caused a highly disagreeable tickling sensation in and about my ear. "I never thought you'd ask me so quick," she said.

"Miss — Miss Tippins!" I gasped. "This—this is very disturbing. What is the meaning—"

"I'm so happy," she said, tenderly. "I told them girls I'd be ridin' in my own car with one of them shoffers, and now I'm a-goin' to. Oh, Sim! . . .

At this point she drew my head toward hers and, to my consternation, did not hesitate to implant a kiss upon my lips. I uttered an exclamation and arose with abruptness to my feet.

"This—this is very upsetting," said I, sharply. "It cannot be customary with you. Are you ill? Is — is there any taint of mental inefficiency, of *non compos mentis*, in your family?"

"Why, Sim," she said, "set down. Nobody's lookin'. Ain't bein' engaged sweet? When did you first begin to fall in love with me?"

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"When did it first come to you that you was goin' to ask me to marry you?"

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"Marry you? Miss Tippins! No thought was further from my mind. I do not want to marry. When I do so it will, I trust, be quite a different sort of person—one, I may say, not addicted to run-over heels in the daytime."

She cried out abruptly. "Myrtie" was the name she called.

"I'm here, dearie," said a voice behind us.

"Myrtie," said Miss Tippins, harshly, "did you hear him?"

"I did," said Myrtie. "He asked you as plainly as a man could."

"And you seen him pull me into his arms?"

"I done *so*," said Myrtie.

"And now—and now," Miss Tippins said, bursting into tears, "he's denyin' it. He asked me, and now he's tryin' to back out. Deceivin' a poor girl on a balcony! That's what he's doin'."

"Never mind, dearie; he sha'n't get away with it. I'm a witness, dearie, and I'll appear in court and swear to it till my hair falls out."

"But, Miss Tippins—" I began.

She answered me only by uttering a piercing cry and permitting herself to become noisily hysterical. Her wails attracted undesirable attention, and straightway we were the center of a curious gathering.

"He asked her to marry him, and then tried to back out," Myrtie explained to them loudly.

I could see them eying me with unfriendliness; some of the men scowled and muttered and drew closer to me. It appeared I was about to become the victim of violence. Then—then the crowd was thrust hither and thither as some one of powerful physique approached. It was the huge individual whom I had encountered at the so-called Schweiner's Park. At sight of me he emitted a sound curiously resembling the bellow of an enraged bison and came forward with even greater rapidity and vehemence than before.

The next few moments are vague in my recollection. I have still with me a chilling sensation of terror. I visualized myself torn limb from limb by this quasi-gorilla. The balcony was not distant from the ground—perhaps a dozen feet. There was no time to weigh chances of breakage to leg or arm. With commendable promptitude I urged myself over the low railing, stooped to find a hold for my hands, and let myself down. There I hung, between heaven and earth—certain mutilation above, possible serious injury below. I chose the latter and dropped.

I have never reckoned myself athletic, but there reside in me potentialities of which I did not dream. I was myself astonished at the rapidity with which I drew away from that locality, and at the distance from it I found myself when I permitted my speed to abate.

I had outdistanced pursuit. Now, somewhat weary, and experiencing no little difficulty in the functioning of my respiratory organs, I turned homeward.

An hour later Professor McTish McTavish appeared. He walked up to me and extended the hand of sympathy; then, abruptly overcome by contemplation of the horrors through which I had passed, his shoulders began to heave. He turned his back, pressed his hands to his face, and went out of the room making sounds of unmistakable grief. Such depth of feeling could not but endear the man to me.

Ten days have passed. My lawyers inform me that Miss Tippins agrees to surrender her claim to my hand in consideration of a considerable sum of money, so I shall not have to marry her, as I feared. That is well, but the publicity attending the matter cannot be cured. Nothing but time can erase that, and even after years I fear some recollection will remain in the minds of my acquaintances, for the public prints alluded to the matter in regrettable jocose terms and at considerable length. I think I shall close my house and go abroad indefinitely.

Above all else, one regret remains with me. All my efforts, all my application, observation, study, were set at naught in an instant, nor shall I ever summon courage to undertake the valuable work again. The world must trust to some other than I to solve the problem of the run-over heels.

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An Ancient Village on the Marne

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

WE went through Essomes with hardly a look at its abbey church. For night, we thought, was not as far distant as Château-Thierry, and we had set our hearts upon entering the gateway to Champagne before sunset.

The towns were nearer together than we anticipated. Just beyond Essomes the Marne makes one of its every-kilometer bends. As we hurried along the tow-path, Château-Thierry, hidden by a railway bridge until we had passed beneath its span, stood suddenly before us. Quaint houses in rows at cow-path angles crowded down to the water's edge on both sides of the river. They were joined by a stone bridge of three arches. The towers of Saint-Crépin and Balhan rose above the jumble of roofs awry. Dominating the city, the crumbling ramparts of the castle made a frame of striking severity for graceful clusters of trees, whose summer foliage showed dark against the Mont de Chesneaux in the background. We were in Champagne.

The hotels of Château-Thierry are fittingly named after animals. For Château-Thierry is the birthplace of La Fontaine. The prices at the "Giraffe" were so alluring to us that we gave no thought to the more pretentious "Elephant" and "Swan" and "Deer." We had no misgivings. In cheap hotels one sometimes runs a risk in the matter of beds; but good cooking is generally easier to find in France at five francs a day than at twenty-five. *Vive la cuisine bourgeoise!*

What matters it, then, if you have hot water in your room by the gill and beer on your table by the quart, if you are afraid to put out your russet shoes for a shine because you are morally certain that the establishment possesses only one brush, and that a black one, if sunrise brings through your window the usual barnyard chorus reinforced by teamsters' oaths and the stamping of horses?

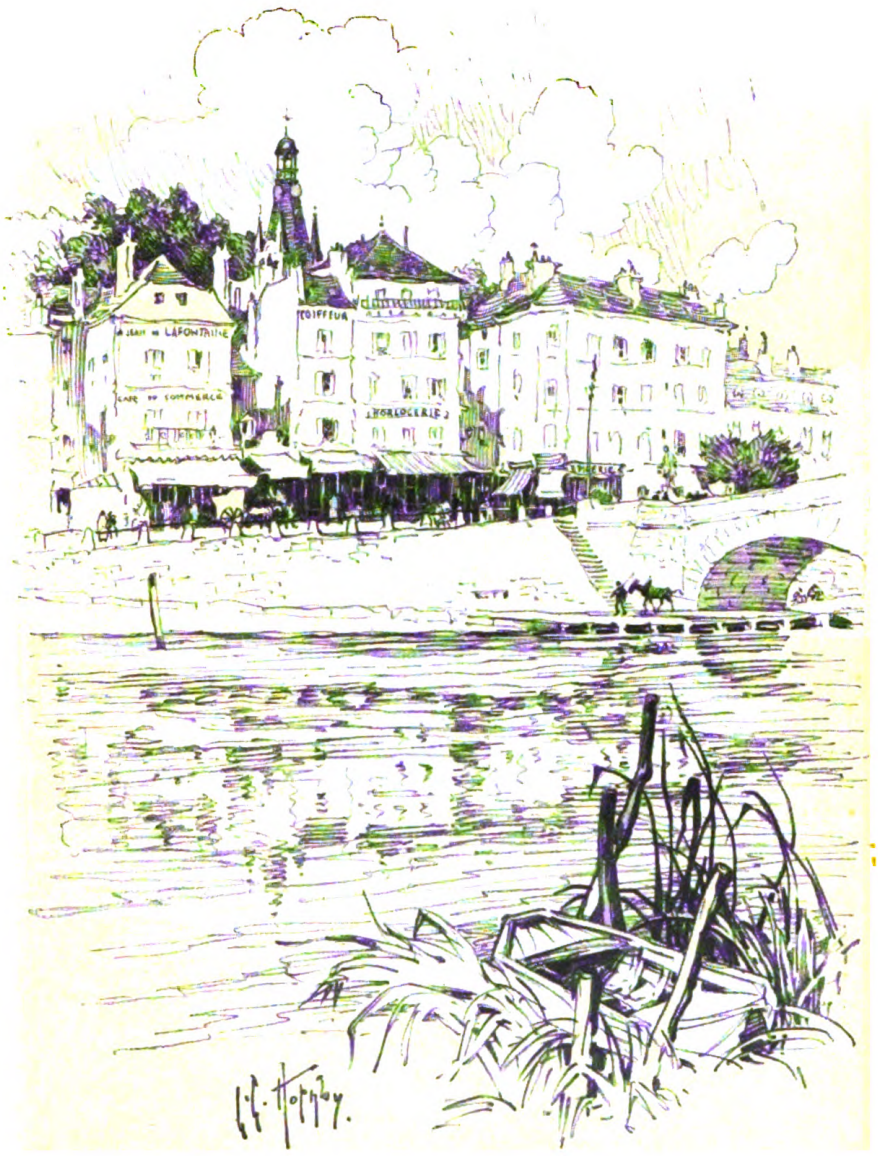
The "Giraffe" is between the tow-path and the Paris road, just outside the *octroi*. When one has passed the *octroi*, the road from Paris becomes an avenue of stately elms, in four rows. At the end of the avenue, a statue stands out in sharp relief against a background of closely interlaced lime-trees. This is Château-Thierry's memorial to La Fontaine. The first thing you see in Château-Thierry is this statue, and in your rambles through the town you are never one moment allowed to forget the fact that La Fontaine was born here. The principal *café*, the principal *quai*, the principal street bear his name.

"*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*" The inscription over the Panthéon is indicative of the attitude of French cities toward their famous children. We Americans lack the perspective of those who count history by centuries where we have difficulty in mentally spanning decades. It is not that the French live in the past, but that they are able to recognize the category of imperishable achievement. If Pittsburg were in France, one would hear less of the forty-odd "steel kings" and more of Stephen Foster and Ethelbert Nevin. Château-Thierry, for its size, shows unmistakable evidences of wealth and prosperity. On the other side of the river is a large factory, kindly sheltered by luxurious hedges and rows of tall poplars, in which the larger part of the population of the town is employed. But we did not hear the manufacturer's name, nor did we see it on the town library or hospital.

The Artist was up early in the morning. I know it must have been early, for he was fully dressed and rummaging in his sack when I opened my eyes at eight o'clock. All day on the tow-path gives long sleep to a city man.

After coffee, we started for Saint-

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CAFÉS ALONG THE RIVER MARNE

Crépin, intending to go from there directly to the citadel. But two gamins, with light hair and blue eyes and freckles, reminiscent of unmixed Frankish ancestors, hailed us. They knew better what we wanted than we did. No excuses were allowed. We were evidently strangers. We were evidently out to see the sights. *Ergo*, we must first be led to the house where La Fontaine was born. In vain we explained that we had no particular interest in La Fontaine's birthplace. Their eyes opened wide with incredulity. They saw only a stratagem to shake them and save a *pourboire*. The evident remonstrance in their "Mais, Messieurs" put us in the wrong. We were forced to justify ourselves. We pointed to the fleeting sun, and spoke of the glorious view that could certainly be seen now from the hill, and might be lacking later. No use! To La Fontaine's birthplace we had to go.

As we mounted the stone staircase to

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IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HÔTEL SWAN

the upper rooms from whose casements one looks out over the lovely landscape of the gateway to Champagne, from some remote memory cell came the lines:

La cigale, ayant chanté
Tout l'été,
Se trouvait fort dépourvue
Quand la bise fut venue.
Pas un morceau
Du blé ou de vermisseau . . .

Rare is the skill of writing for childhood, and the choice spirits who have possessed it hold high rank among the immortals. Their fame is as universal as it is imperishable. The audience is the same the world over. It does not change in taste and sympathies as do succeeding generations of "grown-ups." I have found the *Thousand and One Nights* as successful for a rainy day in Idaho as in Constantinople. *Mother Goose*, *Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding-Hood*, *The Tortoise and the Hare*, *Br'er Rabbit*, *Aladdin*, *Ali Baba*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Sleeping Beauty*—are they not written on the tablets of early Mesopotamia? They must be! For the themes of stories for children are world-old.

Translators are damned by the criticism that their work, however fine, is not creative. Is it really Chapman's Homer or a certain sonnet that makes us know who Chapman was? But La Fontaine is esteemed none the less because there was an Æsop before him. In fairy-tales, folklore, and fables the gift is not in the subject-matter, but in the telling. He strikes a chord of understanding in the child heart who peoples the world with imaginary folk and makes the animals talk. Yet one could easier deceive a master financier or the shrewdest buyer among merchant princes than the ordinary child. To children miracles need no explanation, for the supernatural is not *super*. The world of make-believe is real. It exists. How ridiculous, and at the same time how much to be pitied, are the people who gravely discuss the ethical side of the Santa Claus legend every time Christmas comes around. "For shame!" we

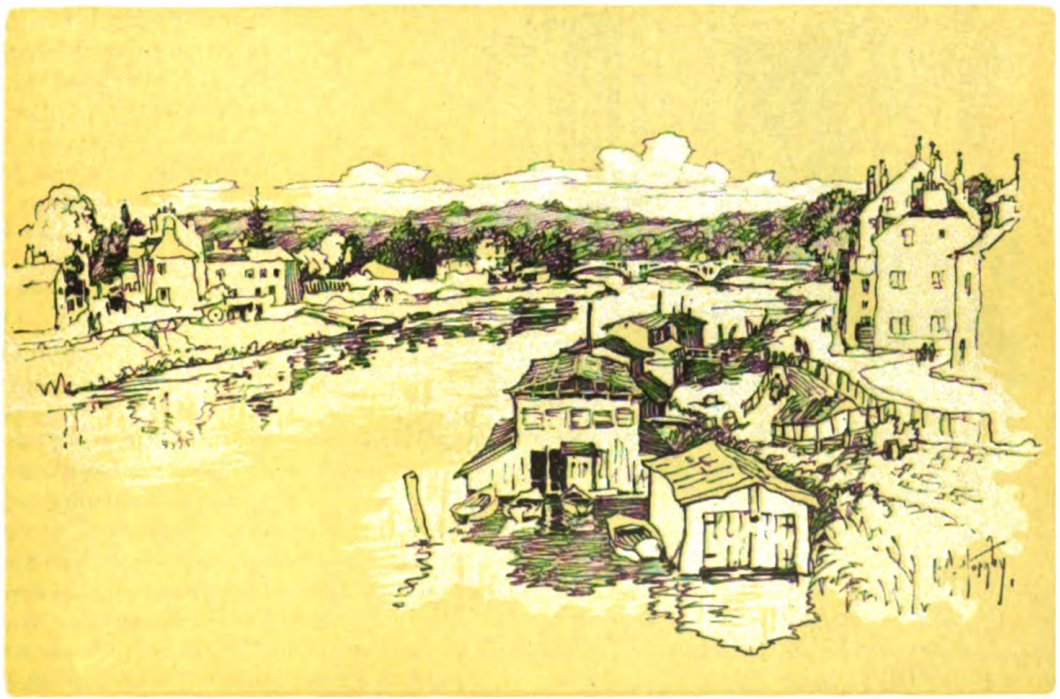
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cry the moment they begin to argue. And we are very sorry for their children. Imagination is the salt of life. Without it the world has no savor.

La Fontaine's *naïveté*, his irresponsibility, his effervescence, his quickly varying moods made possible the fables. That he could write the *Contes*, tales of shameless licentiousness, that he could lead a life of idleness and excess, and yet be neither a worthless nor a vicious man, is explainable only by the hypothesis that he never grew up. He thought as a child and saw as a child. How else could he have been able to place before millions of children the picture of Mr. Crow seated on the branch of a tree, holding in his claws a bit of cheese, while Mr. Fox, watering at the mouth, looked up slyly from below? I *saw* that tree—also the curve of Mr. Fox's tongue, the flash in his eye, the smiling beak of Mr. Crow, and the coy droop of his left shoulder.

We were in a room that might have been the nursery of La Fontaine's childhood. I was wondering to myself whether I could test my theories on our guides. They were still young enough. The Artist was gazing with half-closed eyes out of the window. "There is no other country like this," he said. "The light is never two minutes the same. The clouds are continually chasing one another over the sun, who is playing peek-a-boo with the earth." I looked at him curiously. The fact upon which he was commenting was striking enough to arouse one's interest, but it was the way he put it which delighted me. *Bien entendu*, it was not his usual method of expressing his thoughts. "The sun, *who* is playing peek-a-boo." Was he under the spell of the house?

A fascinating landscape lay before us. The Marne was flowing in as leisurely a fashion as the canal-boat whose horses were a reincarnation of tortoises. On the hillsides were the first of the vineyards which, nestled on every bit of sloping ground for fifty miles to the east and northeast, yield the most highly prized (and priced!) grape-juice in the world. In the valley, wheat and oat fields were ablaze with red poppies, yellow mustard, and blue bachelor's-buttons, the useful hidden by the beautiful. The foliage of the trees, still dripping from the morning mist, sparkled under the sun.



THE RIVER MARNE AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

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When we left La Fontaine's house, the boys felt that they had done their duty, and that we had done ours. In fact, as they pocketed their *pourboire* and pointed out the road to the castle, they explained that we could get through up there in an hour, and that there was a train for Paris at 2.46! We were amused, until it occurred to us that this idea of values had been imposed upon these youngsters by their dealings with our fellow-countrymen.

Turning to the left, we continued to climb the street that bears the poet's name. In a few minutes, we had on our right tiers of ancient walls which formed the outer defenses of one of the historic castles of France. Nearly up to the level of the castle site was an old city gate, the Porte St. Pierre. Passing through it, we found ourselves in front of the Porte St. Jean, unique entrance to the castle of Thierry.

The Artist walked immediately under the arch, squinted a bit, found his subject, and sat down on his three-legged stool to record the Porte St. Jean as it appears when you are *leaving* the castle inclosure.

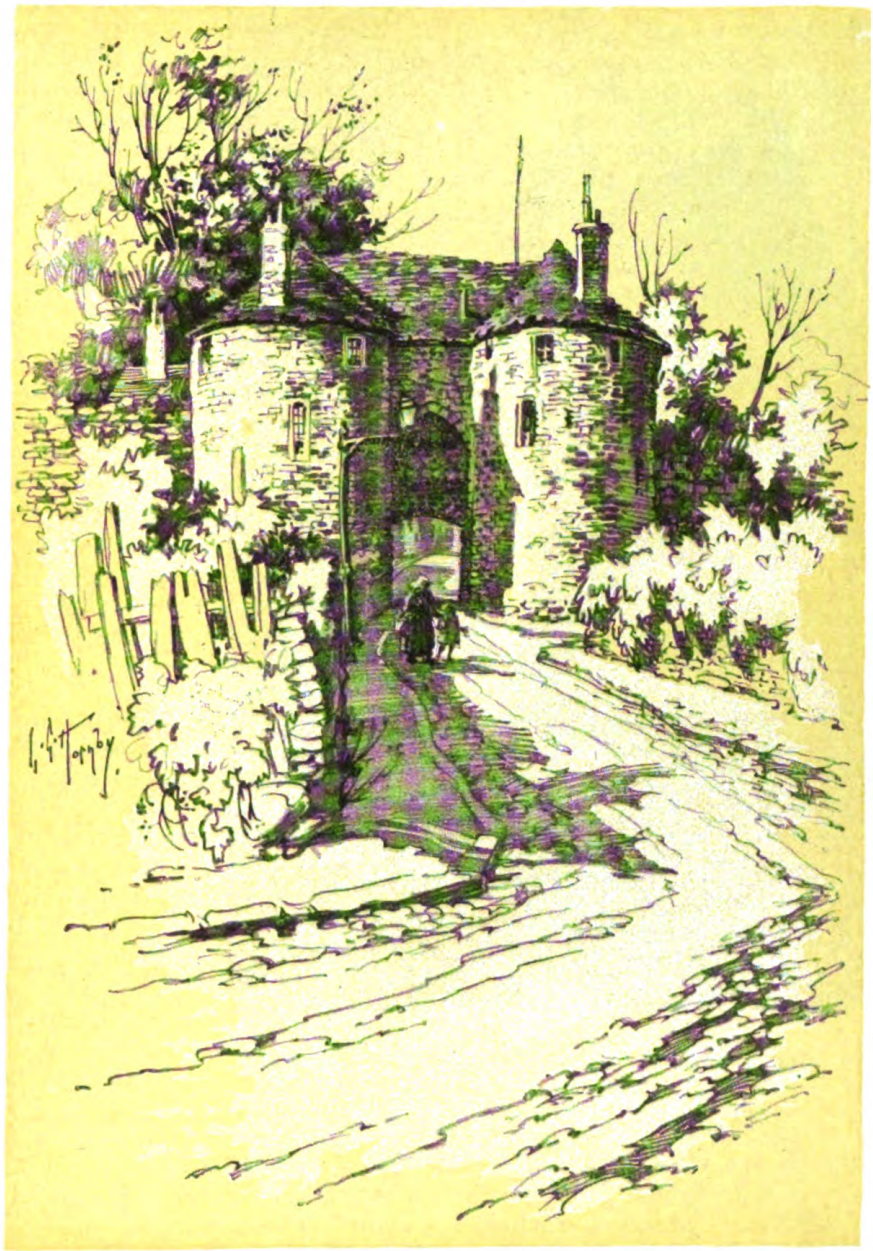
I did not go in immediately. Perhaps it was the attractive footpath in the moat, flanked by lime-trees, perhaps it was two massive polygonal towers peeping out at an angle a few hundred feet away, that drew me. A sign read, "Chemin de Ronde." I followed it. Past the Tour Rouge, the Tour Bouillon, the Tour du Roi, the Tour du Guet, a ruined postern and the bastions that protected it I walked, and had gone almost down into the town and up again before I completed the circuit of the castle as it stands to-day.



DOORWAY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF LA FONTAINE

The *enceinte* of the castle is in ruins. With the exception of the towers mentioned above, the walls have fallen, and their line of stone, peeping out from ivy and bushes, is distinguishable only by the terraced substructure. The plan of the fortifications is manifest, but one has to use imagination to conceive the picture that must have been present to the eyes of past centuries. The acropolis on which the castle was built seems to have fallen from the mountain behind, and to have stopped in some mysterious way on its downward course a few hundred feet from the Marne. On the lower side, toward the city, one looks up to the sheer mass of stone which the hand of man has

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THE OLD CITY GATE OF ST. PIERRE, ON THE ROAD TO SOISSONS

placed upon, or rather against, the precipitate slope of the acropolis. On the upper side, when the tour of the *enceinte* is completed, one does not observe a very deep depression to mark the separation of the castle site from the Mont de Chesneaux. That this must always have been a pregnable side would be a natural inference, even if remains of many lines of outer walls did not tell the story of chatelains endeavoring to raise an artificial barrier where nature had failed.

This time I entered the Porte St. Jean. The Artist was still camped in the roadway, puffing at a long pipe to keep the mosquitoes from tasting his water-colors. "Do you know," I asked, "that on this spot" (I dug my cane into the grassy mound beside where he sat) "Louis XIII. had a house—it must have been a large one from the extent of these

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AN ANCIENT TAVERN—RENDEZ-VOUS DE MARINS

light—" But I had turned away to pace out the size of Richelieu's dwelling. The Artist was not interested in the fruits of historical research.

From time immemorial there has been a fortress on this spot. When Attila destroyed the Roman city of Otmus on the Mont de Chesneaux, shortly before his defeat at near-by Châlons, men were just beginning to build in the valleys rather than on the hilltops. So the inhabitants of the country used Otmus as a quarry for the new city which grew up on the Marne under the shadow of the advantageous acropolis. Charles Martel, after the battle of Soissons, chose this site for the prison — although it was ostensibly a gala residence — of Theodoric IV. Château-Thierry first saw the shadow of the Carlovingians falling on the Merovingians. Within a few years the house of Clovis was supplanted by the house of Pepin. By an odd coincidence—a retribution, might one call it?—Château-Thierry just two centuries later became the prison of the last really independent descendant of Pepin, Charles the Simple.

lines—built in six weeks for Cardinal Richelieu? When Louis brought the court to Château-Thierry, Richelieu made a big kick because there was no place within the castle inclosure where he could be properly housed. It is a pretty keen indication of how thoroughly Richelieu was on the job that he had the house put where he could keep his eye on every one that went in or out. In those days it was a case of see the cardinal first, and the king only if Richelieu so decided."

"I haven't read the guide-book yet," answered the Artist. "But isn't it great the way the road dips under that arch, and how those bushes crowd down there on the left? Now, you see, in this

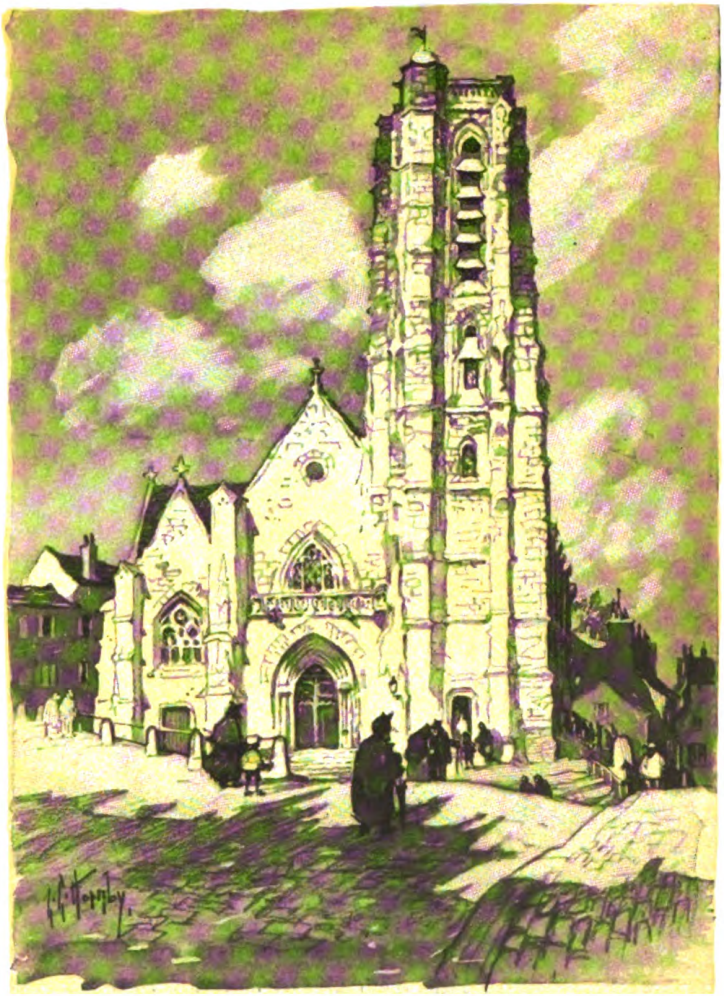
Owing to its strategic position in the valley of the Marne and at the gateway to Champagne, Château-Thierry has seen more of the vicissitudes of war than any other fortress of France. Visited by the Huns when they threatened Paris; won and lost in the civil wars of Franks and Burgundians; pawn in the resistance of the great French vassals to the growing power of the monarchy; stormed by the English in the Hundred Years' War,

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and retaken by Jeanne d'Arc on the triumphal coronation march to Reims; captured by Charles V. and the Spaniards, by the Duke of Mayenne and the Leaguers, by Charles of Lorraine and the Frondeurs, by the Bavarians after the retreat from Leipzig, by the Russians after Waterloo, and by the Germans after Sedan; scene, under the name of Égalité-sur-le-Marne, of the wildest excesses and orgies of the Revolution—is there any humiliation in the history of France in which Château-Thierry has not had its part?[1]

Napoleon I., regarding the castle as no longer valuable for military purposes, gave it to the municipal authorities, who in the course of the nineteenth century turned the whole castle area into a park. If they had kept it as it was until the time of Napoleon III., the reconstruction of the medieval castle might have been intrusted to Viollet-le-Duc, and the confines of Champagne might have boasted of another Pierrefonds. No, not another Pierrefonds would France have had today, but a different and earlier type of castle. For Château-Thierry, as one can see from the plans preserved in the national archives, was laid out in an age before the convenience and comfort of the chatelain came to be considered as an important factor by architect and builder. It is difficult to trace in wandering through the modern park—at least I found it so—the scheme of buildings, but one readily sees that the home of the chatelain was an insignificant factor in comparison with the claims of the defense. The inclosure is divided in half by a deep, wide ditch, the inner moat. The outer court contained buildings for mercenaries, who were not trusted when it came to a question of final defense. Here were the stores and windmills, and here the people of the city took refuge in time of danger. Passing to the castle proper, a rustic bridge has replaced the portcullis. The walls of the donjon just beyond are still partly standing. When you have successfully resisted the importunities of a guardian who wants to show you subterranean galleries which,

[1] Shortly after this was written Château-Thierry saw for the third time in a hundred years the German helmets. It was occupied for several days by the German general staff, and suffered from the cannon of both armies in the battle of the Marne.



THE CHURCH OF SAINT-CRÉPIN

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A RAINY-EVENING SERENADE

from his description, would make the miners of Butte or the builders of a New York subway envious, you find that everything else within the castle inclosure has disappeared.

Beautiful as the park is, my first thought was to regret it and to curse the imbecility and lack of appreciation of the city ediles, who had so little respect for the treasure intrusted to their care by Napoleon. As I walked around, my second thought was not so harsh. A park like this is well worth the climb, even if one be not a pilgrim bent on historical memories. And there is historical continuity in this park, for it signifies that the spot is still adapted to the uses of the age, as it has always been. The impatient protests of travelers over the desecration of historic places must seem ludicrous to the natives who hear them. In our own land we should do what we condemn here. Each generation lives for itself and for the future, never for the past. Is not the park, with its trees and grass, its rhododen-

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drons and wild flowers, its winding paths and occasional welcome bench, far better than the dust of dismal ruins, or than the endowment of a hospital sunk into the reconstruction—only a guesswork, after all—of an obsolete and useless institution?

It is a warm day, my bench is comfortable, and the view of the city below and the winding valley of the Marne is far more pleasing than if I were standing in the glaring sun, precariously perched on a crumbling wall, fearful of the union of blue serge and lime dust, and of arousing bats, and annoyed by the unpastoral tinkle of thoughtless visitors' sardine-cans from the persistent efforts of goats to eat off attractive paper labels. Ought not historical memories to come as easily at Baux as at Carcasonne, at Château-Thierry as at Pierrefonds? We travelers have sensibilities, we have imagination, and can build as we dream. Why let Viollet-le-Duc and his ilk do it all for us? Why do we feel that we ought to be grateful for restorations? For example, those flying-buttresses at— The Artist is calling me, and I am going, because my pipe is cold and I have no more tobacco.

Friday is market-day at Château-Thierry. The square of the Hôtel de Ville, with its background of houses rising in terraces and a street of steps leading up to the castle, is given over to the immemorial occupation of the human race. It is morning, and the country is selling to the city. Peasants have left their wagons and carts on the quay, and are squatting here wherever they find room to display their wares. Only a few have improvised booths. For the most part, their fruits and vegetables, their chickens and rabbits, their cheese and butter and eggs, their meat and fish are sold directly from the producer's hamper to the townswoman's basket.

Everything good to eat produced in Champagne one finds here in artless confusion. You pick up a rabbit by his ears to judge his weight, and his angry protest comes not from rough handling or from presentiment of his fate, but because you have removed him from delightful proximity to a bunch of carrots which he had been nibbling. Your butter is given to you in grape-leaves, your eggs are dished out of a basket of spinach or lettuce, you bargain for blackberries with the same merry-eyed grandmother who assures you that her bones are not entirely meatless and make the best sort of soup.

On the market-place there is no distinction of sex, no limit of age, no privilege of large producer. Men and women, seventy and seven, the rich farmer with huge panniers of vegetables and fruits, tubs of butter and pyramids of cheeses, and coops crowded with fowls, rub shoulders and share the pavement with the old woman who has brought two chickens, and the little boy with a kerchief full of eggs. Each has equal opportunity to sell.

The trading instinct is alert when once you stop to inspect; it becomes keen when you want to buy. But there is no importunity, no undue solicitation, as you wander along through the rows; no unpleasantness if you ask a price and then move on. Everything is fresh; everything is useful. The peasants are serene in the knowledge that what they have to sell man must have. If a local purchaser does not come, there is always the Paris buyer waiting to take at market price what is left.

After selling comes buying. What is life but an exchange of things? Market-day is not over when the last of the peasants tie together their empty baskets, rub the legs that have gone to sleep, and lift skirts to shake off dust and to stow away the purse in some mysterious hiding-place. For in Château-Thierry, as elsewhere, there is at work the inexorable law which forbids purses to stay hidden and baskets empty till the farm is reached. There is a second market. Now is the townsman's turn. He wants his money back.

While the Hôtel de Ville has been looking down benevolently upon its weekly guests, while housewives have been replenishing their larders, the shopkeepers of the city have been hurrying their goods out into the alleys or elms along the quay. Booths are erected in the twinkling of an eye. When the peasants are ready to leave the market-place, they are confronted by the bewildering display of all that Château-

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Thierry has to sell. Here it is, clothing, finery, household goods, knickknacks, the things needful cleverly mixed with the things ornamental and useless. This is ever the story of the city. It cannot buy if it does not sell, but what it sells represents neither the work nor the worth of the country's offerings.

Not all, however, that the morning brought is turned back in the afternoon. These peasants of Champagne are ants, not grasshoppers, even if they do sing as well as, and while, they work. In France, every city of the size of Château-Thierry, every city large enough to boast of such a market, has three buildings bearing the signs *Crédit Lyonnais*, *Société Générale*, and *Caisse d'Épargne*. These are visited *before* the townsmen's market. Here is the secret of the happiness and prosperity of France. Each week something is laid aside for the rainy day, for the daughter's *dot*, for the son's marriage portion.

The atmosphere of a Champagne market-day is more than that of good nature. It is an atmosphere of good cheer, of gaiety. For to the Champenois work is a pleasure. Out of the everyday round of life they get the joy of being content.

It is the last evening of our stay. The proprietor-chef of the "Giraffe" has done his duty well, and Madame-waitress generously urges us to second helps. So we are quite content with ourselves and the world when we leave the dining-room. Some of the long day's light lingers. Down the avenue of elms the statue of Bon Jean can still be distinguished. We go to the Café de la Fontaine for our coffee, and sit out on the pavement nearly opposite the end of the bridge.

A crowd has gathered on the quay in front of us in a three-quarters circle around four chairs which the *garçon* has placed in the street not many yards from the terrace of the *café*. Tied to two of them are torches, the like of which I have not seen since I had the joy as a little shaver of carrying one in a procession to celebrate a Cleveland presidential victory or defeat — I forget which. In the midst of loud applause and good-natured witticisms, four men in civilian clothes come into the ring and occupy importantly the chairs. It is a concert, a band concert! As soon as they start to play we realize that their instruments, if of local origin, are not a good advertisement for the factory across the river.

Our delight, however, is not to be in the music. The leader and soloist introduces his *collaborateurs* in turn with pointed flourishes of his flute as *ancien soldat de la musique* of such and such a regiment of the line. Before each selection he impresses upon the audience with an impassioned speech the difficulty of the heralded rendition, and how much better they can play if encouraged by a generous *pourboire*. The musicians, while he speaks, pass through the crowd, holding forth the yawning ends of cornet, trombone, and bass-horn as receptacles for the *quête*. The proprietor of the *café* does his share. He sends the *garçon* out with a table, and orders him to keep full the *demi-litre* glasses. French musicians are averse to the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein," but they imbibe the same inspiration—even at the gateway to Champagne! Night has now mercifully hidden from view the reproachful vineyards.

As we look around us we see that almost every one is drinking beer. But the atmosphere is far from ultra-rhenane. The Champenois are children —perhaps "half tiger and half monkey," like other Frenchmen, but always children. It is no *fête* that we are witnessing. And yet the people are having the best sort of a time. The world is without cares. But we know that if, at this moment, a vine-grower on the Paris side should try under stealth of night to introduce a load of grapes across that bridge, every man and woman in the merry group would join instantly in dumping the cart into the Marne. No outside grapes can enter Champagne.

Effervescent like their wine, quick to tears and as quick to laughter like their climate, hiding their well-rewarded industry and the suffering of toil under a gay mien like their wild-flower-dominated grain-fields, the people of Champagne are a product of the land that nurtures them.

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The Trio

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

VISITORS drifted up the broad stairway, and on through the doors that led to the galleries beyond. Now and then strangers, undecided which way to go, paused to glance inquiringly toward the man in attendant's uniform standing so motionless before his picture, and then consulted their catalogues and went on without inquiry. Something in the tensity of the silent figure forbade interruption. One would have thought him a great lover of art, so long had he remained in that selfsame position, so wholly absorbed in the picture before him.

At last, and as if by a tremendous effort of will, he turned and began to walk resolutely away. Half-way across the floor he stopped, and in the manner of one hoping to surprise some one or something he whirled about, facing the picture abruptly. With a little sigh of utter capitulation, he retraced his steps and became once more absorbed in his strange experiment. Closing his eyes, he would open them suddenly, to be greeted each time anew by that amazing burst of sound from the canvas. For it was not art that enthralled him, nor beauty that filled his eye.

It had begun on the day the picture was hung, a huge, square canvas, facing the grand stairway. The name "El Trio" was inset in the wide, gilt frame. Against the background of a smoke-grayed and stone-floored room, a trio of Spanish peasants, two men and a woman, all strong and heavily muscled —vineyard workers, perhaps—singing a lusty song to the accompaniment of a small stringed instrument like a guitar, and castanets in the hands of the woman. The mouths of all three opened wide on a full robusto chord—just the pendent instant before it broke in the familiar Spanish lilt, either upward or downward—a long note they had *been* holding; the woman's voice sounding that peculiar metallic note at once unmusical and pleasant, characteristically Spanish—a high, harsh chord—a lusty and vigorous double fortissimo. They laughed as they sang, with their eyes, with their limbs, with the tilt of their heads, and the castanets clicked merrily in the hands of the woman, accenting the note with a little crescendo roll, just ended the instant you looked.

It was this note which, with the suddenness of an unexpected shout, had greeted the ears of Jeremy Bell, coming unprepared upon the picture that first day, drowning the murmur of visitors' voices that came forever through the doors of the galleries beyond, filling the immense space of the rotunda, striking against the walls, to be thrown back again, reverberating; but when he continued to look, dying away like a held chord on a piano. Yet when he turned his head for a moment, and looked back quickly over his shoulder, it struck again, loud and full as before.

If there had been in the life of Jeremy Bell the least precedent for such an experience, it might have astonished him less. But there had been nothing—nothing whatever. He had lived until now entirely untouched by any experience outside his normal and humdrum existence. He was not even interested in the pictures, or in the Museum at all; but the pay was regular, and it was not unpleasant, looking up names and numbers in the catalogue, and answering questions, and directing people to this collection or that. He had been there for years, and nothing had ever happened until these full-blooded peasants had destroyed his peace with their one maddening note of that roistering song.

For the phenomenon of the sound itself issuing from those painted lips was overwhelmed and lost, in the terrible need that beset Jeremy Bell to know what came before and what came after.

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Why had they stopped on that particular note? Why could they not as well have broken on the lilt and assuaged the tense listening nerves, fulfilled the halted measure? If only one could feel the note to be permanent—if they had just begun it, and the whole note was yet to be sung; but to be poised so on the edge—on the verge almost of the lilt itself!

The basso—a huge, swarthy fellow—sat on his rude bench, in front of the other two, his legs wide apart, his feet set firmly on the stone floor, a red scarf bound round his forehead and so tightly tied in the back that the two short ends stood out straight from the hard knot. His head lifted a little to one side on the note, so that one heavy brass ear-ring lay against his brown neck, and the other hung away, arrested in the very end of the movement. It had not fallen outward as far as it was going to fall. He held the small, stringed instrument like a plaything in one big hand, while with the other he had the moment before struck the accompaniment to the note, but the hand was free of the strings now; the voices alone, and the castanets, sustained the chord.

The woman stood almost awkwardly upright, her whole vital body intent on the song, her head thrown back, her eyes leveled at you, her arms upraised, unconscious of pose, unconscious of anything except the expert click of her castanets. The other, a sturdy young fellow, leaned to her, blending their harmonies, the cords of his strong throat straining taut where the loose collar fell away. And even he was about to let go; already his bright, black eyes anticipated the next rollicking measure; already an upraised hand poised itself for the down stroke that would mark the beat.

And yet the break never came. The long, high note expelled itself from the canvas with never-ceasing intensity, hung steadily forever on the edge of the turn. As long as you looked it was so, but the moment you looked away they went on with the song, only you could not hear, and when you turned back quickly it was always the same thing over again.

Jeremy Bell had tried to surprise them —he walked away across the broad landing, made a detour of two galleries, and came back from the other side, casually, as if he were not thinking of it at all. Pretending he had never seen the picture before, he looked up—and instantly the full, round *a-a-a-ah!* smote his ears, high, metallic, fortissimo.

To be sure, if Jeremy Bell had been an imaginative person he might have attributed the extraordinary phenomenon to all sorts of causes—to indigestion, perhaps, or, if he were very imaginative indeed, to imagination itself; but Jeremy had no imagination whatever, so when he heard what he heard he accepted it, inexplicable though it might be. He knew when he had heard a thing, and there was no doubting the evidence of one's own ears.

And so poor Jeremy Bell, arriving for the twentieth time before the picture that morning, and hearing that maddening note assail his ears, had cried out, sharply, "Stop yelling!" And at the sound of his own voice whirled about quickly, covered with shame at having done so foolish a thing. No one was near; no one had heard. His face was red with the thought of how silly he must have seemed speaking out loud like that to a picture. And yet no more silly than the picture itself. Men are supposed to speak, but pictures are not supposed to do anything except to be paintings.

Softly, as if eluding a ghost, he went down the stairs. At the foot, the Mares of Diomedes plunged and reared on their great square base. They were made of bronze, as he knew; they were works of art—of that he was conscious. He admired them as much as anything in the Museum, found new points to like about them every day, but as for *believing* them, as for trying to *stop* them, that had never occurred to him.

Art in the Museum was right; but this was no place for flesh and blood Spanish peasants who took personal dislikes to a certain attendant who had done them no harm. Perhaps they were trying to get him discharged. Well, he would let them see whether they could harass him that way. Up-stairs he went again, and paused at the top.

The three uttered their long, high

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note at the top of their lungs—and what lungs they had! The woman seemed to laugh derisively at him out of her half-closed lids. The basso almost threw his guitar into the air, he enjoyed the joke so much; and the man at the back gazed steadily over Jeremy's head, ignoring him pointedly, pretending he did not see. And from that day forth there was no rest for Jeremy Bell.

The note, like one word out of a sentence, repeated itself endlessly, meaningless, yet hinting of much that had gone before, and promising falsely much to come after.

At first it had been only the break—whether the next note went higher or lower—that consumed Jeremy's mind, but gradually it had grown to be the whole song he must hear, from beginning to end, so that he should know every word of it, so that he might come one day and fling the thing in their faces.

He stood for hours at a time oblivious to everything passing about him, trying to remember Spanish songs he had heard. "La Paloma" was the only one he could really recall; and that only in his mind, for the moment he tried to hum it aloud the tune went hopelessly astray. Standing perfectly still, like a man in a trance, his eyes fixed tenaciously on space, and one hand vaguely beating the time, he mentally sang it through to the end; but nowhere in it was there a note like the one the three peasants sounded. He knew he ought to remember "The Spanish Fandango." A fellow who lived in their street when he was a boy had been able to play the "Fandango" on a guitar. He had heard him often enough; he remembered that it was jerky and gay, but just *how* it went he hadn't the faintest idea.

He asked the attendant in Gallery 21 if he knew how "The Spanish Fandango" went, and he replied that he couldn't be exactly sure, but he thought it went like this. And he hummed something enough like it to make Jeremy know there was nothing in that. He asked him if he knew any other Spanish songs, and he said no. The "Fandango" was the only Spanish piece he ever knew, and he didn't even know that.

So Jeremy was again thrown back upon his own resources. "Juanita" came into his mind. They used to sing that in grammar-school; but he had a vague idea that it was not exactly Spanish, and anyway there was nothing in it. It was all slow and solemn; there was not as much *go* in the whole song as in that one note the peasants were singing.

Then he recalled a big, brown-covered volume which had lain for years on the under shelf of his mother's parlor stand. It was lettered in gilt, *Golden Gems of Art, Literature, and Song*, and somewhere in it were the words and music of a song called "In Old Madrid." He could see just how the notes went, and the first two lines of the words: "In old Madrid, long years ago," or "Long years ago, in old Madrid"—he was not sure which. Although he had never heard any one sing it, he had the same feeling about "In Old Madrid" that he had about "Juanita." There was not enough *go* in it, and surely nothing to laugh about as the peasants were laughing.

He began to watch visitors. Some hurried by with the merest glance toward the trio; many stopped for a moment, smiled, and passed on. Some said, "Good color, there," or, "Striking—a thing like that"; and almost every hour some one would say they could just "*see* those three."

But now and then one halted with a little abrupt gasp, then went on with almost invariably the same half-puzzled glance back for corroboration. Yet no one spoke of it; no one seemed to hear.

One day a lady, glancing back over her shoulder as she left the picture, returned and stood a long time before it, her head bent slightly forward, as if she, too, might be listening. Jeremy watched, scarcely drawing his breath. Could it be she was hearing it *all?*

He found himself beside her. "Can you hear them?" he asked.

She glanced up quickly and smiled. "Yes," she said, "one *does* hear them."

Jeremy put out his hand eagerly as if she might escape, and drew closer to her side.

"Do you know what song they are singing?"

The lady smiled again, a little, non-

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committal, half-withdrawn smile. "That *would* be interesting to know," she said, and began to move away, because it was evident to her that if one began by being nice to these attendants, they invariably ended by taking advantage of it and becoming familiar. She had thought at first that this young fellow might have the real appreciation, that he had felt the picture as she had. It *was* a realistic bit of work; one *could* almost hear what those people were singing.

Afterward he asked a man, who had turned back like the others a second time, and who answered:

"I don't know what they're singing, but it's too loud for me." He made the motion of stopping his ears, and went on into the next gallery, while Jeremy, too much astonished to move, stood gazing after him, speechless. He never saw the man again, though he watched ceaselessly for him the rest of the afternoon; and in the end half believed there had been no such man at all.

He began to avoid the picture, passing it by with averted eyes, but drawn to it always by the sheer will of those three on the canvas. He knew the woman's eyes were upon him. And if he so much as let his eye stray toward it, there was audible on the instant a fragment of the note—a fragment disappearing the instant he looked away, as if it were a concrete thing thrown off by the canvas, a tangible thing to be divided and subdivided.

He tried scheme after scheme to outwit them. He stayed late at night, after the others had gone, pretending first to go home, getting his hat and coat, and going out at the gate the visitors used, and then slipping back up the stairs when everything was quiet, to be greeted by the selfsame note. He took every precaution, but they were wary—they knew.

He took to listening outside places where music was being played, perhaps somewhere he should hear it. One night, passing a house, he suddenly heard the note—loud, aggressive, triumphant. He stopped, transfixed. A fine, rich barytone held it—a full minute it seemed—then, softly, rhythmically, in a gentle legato progression, the note flowed upward into another of equal length, just a modern English song, with its full-toned measures, its equal beats—not his song at all, nor anything like it. The Spanish thing went — not like that. It went . . . ah, it was just outside the radius of his hearing, as if he might step one pace nearer and catch the whole of it. And always the same disappointment.

If he had known any one to ask, he would have gone to them. But who was there to know any better than he what the trio were singing. Day after day and night after night he tried to think. And then one day it came to him—*the artist who had painted the picture would know.* He might even show him the people themselves! He had painted them from real people, of course, and had heard them sing the song over and over! Why had the artist never come into his mind before? It was like an illumination, brightening everything.

"I've got you!" he fairly shouted in the faces of "El Trio." "I'll find out what it is!" And with the echo of his own voice mingling with theirs he turned and went down to the ground floor and into the curator's office. Instinctively the plan had formed itself; in the instant he flung back his defiance.

The curator was very much pleased to have his employees interested in the pictures. It was what he called the "intrinsic justification of art"; so when Jeremy wanted to know about the artist who had painted "El Trio," he got out his catalogues and clippings and told him all about it. The artist's name was Alviso, residing at present in—the curator looked through several lots of clippings before he found the right one—yes, in Seville, where he maintains a studio and spends most of his winters. There was no further information he could give the young man? Very well, then, he hoped he should feel free to come any time he had questions to ask. He was happy to see this spirit manifesting itself among the attendants.

Three days afterward Jeremy Bell disappeared from the Museum. He had gone to Seville to ask Señor Alviso where the Spanish peasants lived, and to hear them sing their song.

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It was very prosaic and very sensible and very simple, and of course no man of imagination would have thought of doing it. But then Jeremy Bell had nothing to do with such fanciful adventuring of the spirit as most men are wont to indulge. He had followed only the plain and obvious course of existence, appeasing the simple necessities of life and thinking of nothing more, so that when it became necessary to hear a certain Spanish song he went about the matter in the most direct way possible. He drew his savings out of the bank and bought passage to Spain.

It was six weeks before he returned. And during that time he had found Señor Alviso at work in his great studio one sunshiny morning, and had asked him his questions. And Señor Alviso had received him very graciously, and he was not insensible to the great compliment the American Señor had paid him in coming so far to consult him, but he very much feared that Señor Bell had overrated his work; that he had, as a matter of fact, taken the picture altogether too seriously. It was one of his earlier works, done years ago, as Señor Bell no doubt knew. As to the present whereabouts of the models, he could not say. Two of the figures, the woman and one man, were composites of several models, while the other, as he recalled, was sketched altogether from memory, with possibly a man in from the streets now and then for a pose of a head or the turn of a wrist. So far as Señor Alviso knew, the models he used were not singers at all — merely poor Sevillanos found in his wanderings about the city and brought in for an hour or a day. No, Señor Alviso himself had had in mind no particular song; he had painted them that way, singing, as one will, to gain an effect; and he was most happy to know that he had struck so true a note. He begged to suggest that it is unwise to look too literally upon any work of art.

And Jeremy had found the interview ended, himself standing outside the house of Señor Alviso, and the thing he had never suspected made plain. It was not the painter who had put the song there; it was the peasants themselves who had harmonized their voices into that tremendous chord. They alone knew what they sang.

That day and the next, and all the days after that, until his money was gone and only his passage home remained, Jeremy searched for the song along devious winding streets, whose names he could not understand, in cafés, wherever the sound of music came to his ears. And always and everywhere was the sound of castanets, leading him on. In the dark doorways of shops he lingered to hear some voice from within; he stood for hours in the beating sun before a house where he had heard some one sing, hoping to hear them again. He passed through the beautiful streets of Seville, the ancient streets of romance and splendor, seeing nothing, only his sense of hearing alive. He stood more than once in the shadow of the Giralda, with its bronze figure of Faith turning gently with the breeze on the topmost tower, and did not so much as look upward. The sound of music lured him into the Cathedral—the magnificent Santa Maria de la Sede; he peered without seeing through the pillars of the great nave stretching, it seems, "halfway across the world," and when he had heard that it was only the choir-boys at practice, turned away disappointed.

Many songs he heard, but never *the* song. Yet he could have sworn it was there in Seville. He could have sworn they had chosen a song their ancestors had sung at weddings, on feast-days—a song rooted in the soil of Spain. Once, in the Barrio just outside the city gate, he had heard for a moment his note—a woman's voice, high, metallic, sustained; a child's cry cut into it sharply, breaking the note in half. When he came to the door a mother was scolding her *niño* of three, interspersing her words with jerkings and slappings of so vigorous a nature that Jeremy hesitated long before he found courage to ask her, in English, to go on with the song. She regarded him suspiciously out of her black eyes, and shook her head to explain that she had not understood. And Jeremy, failing in signs, was forced in the end to sing the note himself; an experience which brought him to feel, more than anything else, the extremity of his need. But she understood, and,

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laughing, sang a few words, inquiringly, experimentally. They were enough. It was not his song.

And so it had gone. Always the promise, always coming to naught. Like a knight in quest of some strange Grail, he wandered up and down—but a practical knight, who, when his gold was gone, gave up the search and turned his face homeward again.

And that is why, so early one morning that no one was abroad in the streets, Jeremy Bell came alone through the silent avenue that led to the great Museum, looking furtively about like a man fearing detection; why he went so stealthily up the broad steps, and let himself in, eased the door to behind him, and, with the air of one bent upon an important and secret task, oblivious to all else, slipped quickly and noiselessly across the broad rotunda, past the plunging Mares of Diomedes, and, grasping the stone balustrade, pressing close to the side, began to creep up the broad stairs. You would have said he was a man stealing upon an enemy.

Within six steps of the top he crouched; then abruptly, and trembling with excitement, leaped upright—

"*A-a-a-ah!*" The strident end of the note burst forth, echoing and reverberating in that empty chill immensity like a hunter's shout in a cañon.

He saw the woman laugh in his face, saw the basso chuckle at his defeat, and the cool insolence of the other.

He advanced toward them. Huge, massive fellows they were, those two; and the woman alone, by the strength of her arms, could crush a slim fellow like Jeremy Bell. But discretion had left him. He shook his clenched fists in their faces.

"You can't do this forever!" he shouted; "you can't do it, I say!"

Again the long, high note.

And then, without warning, a bright flash struck at the woman's mouth, tore downward, spilling the note, gashed through her throat, then out and straight at her heart; leaped then to the throat and heart of the basso—murderous, frenzied; and when only the one remained sounding his long, high note, the insolence still in his eyes, a great, jagged cross like forked lightning struck, and he doubled up, hung limp—hung silent and limp and expiring.

The next moment Jeremy Bell fled precipitately down the steps of the building, a knife held high and outstretched before him, as if keeping away from the dripping of blood—fled down the silent avenue, turned aside at last, and burst in at the door of the station-house.

"I've come to give myself up!" he shouted. "I've just killed two men and a woman . . . murdered them . . . up there in the Museum. I stabbed them to death with this knife—"

The knife clattered down on the table. An officer took it up.

"There's no blood on it," he said, turning it round in the light.

"No blood?" cried Jeremy Bell. "No blood? Well, what do I care for that? I made them stop singing!"

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A Harvard Undergraduate in the Thirties

FROM THE DIARY OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Edited, with Comments, by his Son, Edward E. Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE in later life, as he is remembered by many—as his likeness may still be seen in the Public Garden of Boston, for instance—was a very different figure from the college boy of fourteen who began, in 1837, a Journal of his Proceedings. The college, too, was very different from the Harvard of to-day. My father entered college in 1835 at the age of thirteen. He did not, however, at that time keep a journal, nor did he at once begin. The diary, which he began to keep in college and continued for several years, begins in January, 1837, in the middle of his sophomore year. It contains for the first three years about a thousand closely written pages, perhaps fifty times the material of the present article. These selections are chosen, however, to illustrate as many different elements in his college life as possible.

My father entered college, as has been said, at the age of thirteen. He did well, however, in his college work. He had parts in the sophomore, junior, and senior Exhibitions, won prizes for two Bowdoin dissertations, was one of the first eight elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated second in the class. The educational system of Harvard at that time has been rather severely criticized—by my father himself at a much later date, and by others who were in college at about the same time, among them James Freeman Clark, of the class of 1822. There appears to have been little done by the tutors and professors except setting lessons and exercises and hearing or receiving them, with some courses of lectures in the later years.

Whatever we may think of such education, it certainly had some good results; my father learned much, and what he learned in the main stayed by him. He kept his classics and modern languages through life; he kept and improved the facility in writing which he often ascribed largely to his work with Prof. E. T. Channing; he kept his interest in the sciences, which he never pursued much further. And besides all this he developed under such teaching the self-reliance and independence which was a marked element in his character. He got his lessons as a matter of course, and pursued in addition whatever else interested him—reading novels, studying history, gardening and hunting for wild flowers, doing "philosophical" experiments, and helping carry on the different college activities in which he was concerned. He was obviously one of the effective men of the class; he was at different times secretary of the I. O. H., (a sophomore society, which has now passed away, similar to the Institute of 1770), the Harvard Union, the Natural History Society, and the Davy Club, and he appears now and then going about to get men to play cricket or go sleigh-riding or such things. He was also one of the "literary men": poet of his year in the I. O. H., and class poet on graduation. In fact, a good "all round" man, as he wished to be.

We have added very few notes, but some explanation of names that occur often will be useful. Of the members of his family mentioned, Nathan was his elder brother, who had come to college the year before; they lived together in 22 Stoughton. His two sisters, Sarah and Lucretia, are also mentioned, the latter well-known later as the author of *The Peterkin Papers*. Abel Fullum was the family man-servant, who remained attached to the fortunes of the Hales for half a century and more. "Uncle Edward" was Edward Everett, at this time governor of the state. Of his

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teachers mentioned, Professors Benjamin Pierce in Mathematics, Felton in Greek, Longfellow in Modern Languages, Lovering in Physics, Channing in Rhetoric, and Webster in Chemistry will be remembered by many. The names of other teachers or of classmates, though not known, will not cause confusion.

E. E. HALE'S JOURNAL OF HIS PROCEEDINGS FOR 1837

January 9, 1837.—Met Meyer at Farwell's, and he agreed to join the German section which Sam. Guild and I were attempting to raise. Spoke to [Samuel] Longfellow at dinner about the German, and he said that he thought perhaps his brother, who had just returned from Europe, would take it, so he agreed to say nothing to Bokum till that was settled. After French more Latin exercise. In the evening went into Williams' rooms and got the Œdipus. This lesson finished Œdipus Tyrannus. Came home, finished exercise, got Horace and went to bed.

January 10.—Longfellow told me this morning that he had not seen his brother, but the President had told him that his election for the Prof'ship must be confirmed by the Senate as a part of the board of overseers. They will meet on Thursday and I suppose will settle it then. If Longfellow will take the section, we had rather recite to him than to Bokum. . . .

January 16.—After reciting to Channing today walked down to the bridge with Donaldson talking about the I.O.H., the interests of which he has a good deal at heart. Came home and read some in Rev. Mr. Emerson's "Nature." It is an odd sort of book but I like it better than most everyone else seems to, though to be sure there is a good deal in it that I can't understand. In the evening Nathan undertook to Animal Magnetize me. I got horribly sleepy but I believe it was the natural effect of sitting still five minutes without speaking, and feeling his hands stroking me down so. . . .

February 23.—All day Nathan was making experiments in sound, which I inspected and assisted in. In the afternoon finished woodcut, upon which I put so much time that I did not get the lesson in Mechanics in time to recite, and so had to say "not prepared," which vexed me horribly, particularly as it was my own fault. In the evening went to Dawes' room to meet the rest of the Library committee [of the I.O.H.]. We decided on buying Pope's Homer, Ion, Clarence, Cooper's Sketches of Switzerland 2 Part, Abercrombie's Intellectual faculties, &c. &c . . .

March 3.—Slept over prayers this morning and did not get up till nearly breakfast time. First time I have missed for a long time. Found at breakfast that we had a miss in Greek, so that my absence did not hurt me or anybody else, in respect to that. The cause of the miss seems to be that Felton went in to the theatre last night with Profs Pierce and Longfellow, so that he could not get up in time to give the 1st section an exercise, and we had none in consequence.

March 14.—After Latin went into the Library and got out a volume of Moliere, returning a volume of Bisset. Went to Eustis' room and returned his volume of Moliere. Bought some chalk and saleratus at Deacon Brown's. Chemicals intermingled with poem till dinner time.

The poem here mentioned was one he was writing for the I. O. H., called "Noise." It was a satire written in ten-syllable lines, of a kind not uncommon at the time. The few lines which follow will show the style:

Do Harvard's groves ne'er ring with clamors loud?
Do shouts ne'er echo from her buildings proud?
Say nought of sounds of wild hilarity,
Say nought of glee clubs or sodality,
Nought of debates for which we've often met,
Nought of soft flute or squeaking flageolet—
Are no examples in her halls descried
Of what rules old and young, rules all beside?

April 26.—We recited in German for the first time to Prof. Longfellow. The recitation, or rather the exercise, for we had had no lesson set before, was very easy. I think we shall like the study very much. Played cricket in the evening. . . .

April 27.—After recitation today went to a meeting which was called to know who wished to join a singing class. About half college was there. I did not sign my name but I think I shall join. Played cricket till dinner time.

In the afternoon we had a miss in Mathematics. After supper I went to walk to see if I could get some Anemones. Found that they were budded but not blossomed. Played cricket till 7½ P.M. and then went to I.O.H. Both lecturers were absent but we had a tolerably good debate. . . .

May 17.—After recitation in Latin today, I found a request on my desk that I would go to the President's study. I went and he informed me that I was reported to the Faculty for wearing a coat of an illegal

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE AND A GROUP OF HIS FORMER CLASSMATES

The photograph, taken about twelve years after graduation, is of a club formed in Boston. Edward Everett Hale is seated at the extreme left of the picture; Samuel E. Guild is at the extreme right.

color on Sunday. I had appeared last Sunday in a dark brown one. Got Logic lesson in the Library as we had no fuel to make a fire withal. . . .

May 27.—On going for the paper today, I met the President's freshman who had a list of those who had parts at the next exhibit, and was going round to tell them to go to the President's study. I was sent for among them. After breakfast I went up and found my part was a Latin dialogue with Longfellow.

For this dialogue he and Longfellow looked about a good deal. After considering Coleridge's "Remorse," Addison's "Cato," Shakespeare's classical plays, as well as Racine's, and a translation of Sophocles, and also "Miriam" by Talfourd, they settled on a passage in Glover's "Boadicea."

July 17.—Exhibition day. After breakfast went to the bookstore to get some orders of exercises for exhibition, but they were not out. Went up in front of Hollis and shouted at the names of those who have parts at the next exhibition. Returned to the bookstore and got some orders. Walked to Craigie's woods with Longfellow and got some flowers. Almost all the time at home till 11, when with the various people who had collected, viz: Mother, Father, Sarah, Lucretia, Aunt Lucy, Uncle Edward, Aunt Charlotte, etc., etc., I went down to the Chapel. Deposited them and went back to black my pumps. Returned to the chapel and robed. Got through speaking very well, unrobed and went round to the other side of the Chapel. The exhibition was not over till after 1, and the folks staid in my room till nearly 2, so I lost my dinner. In the afternoon I was at home most of the time for the entertainment of guests. Nearly all the class came up in the course of the afternoon. I went up into Bell's room, into Ellis', and Longfellow's before prayers. Also walked over to the Fosters' to carry a bundle for Sarah. In the evening at about 7¼ started in a carryall with Howard, Hayward, and Dawes, to go to a class supper. We got up to the hotel [the Massasoit house, in Waltham] by a little after 8, but we rode on for a mile farther, so that we got out at the house at about 8½ P.M. There were cards in the reception rooms wherewith those who wished

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played. At about 9½ we were ushered into the supperroom where there was a very good supper provided whereof we ate and drank.

July 18.—At 5 minutes past 1, I and my carryall associates rose from the table, went down stairs and ordered our horse and vehicle, No. 18. . . . We rode down as quickly as possible and got down by 20 minutes past 2, when I went to bed immediately. Got up to prayers not feeling at all sleepy. On communing with others I found that the last supperians departed about 3 from the scene of action. . . .

This was the last day of our Sophomore year. During that year we have read the Alcestis of Euripides, the Oedipodes Tyranus and Coloneus and the Antigone of Sophocles, besides the odes, satires, and epistles of Horace. I with a section of the class have read about half a dozen plays of Racine, as many of Moliere, Fontaine's Fables and have begun the study of German. We have been over Whately's Logic and Rhetoric with Prof. Channing, and Farrar's Calculus and part of his Mechanics with Prof. Pierce. I for one am perfectly satisfied with my progress during the year.



JOSIAH QUINCY
President of Harvard, 1829-1845

August 31st he went out to Cambridge to hear the Boylston and Phi Beta Kappa speaking. He records his impression of Emerson's oration at the latter occasion: "It was not very good, but very transcendental."

September 18.—At 11 A.M. went to Prof. Longfellow's first lecture on Goethe's Faust. The lectures are to be extemporaneous translations of the German with explanations; as he called it recitations in which he recites and we hear. He made a long introduction to the matter in hand very flowery and bombastical indeed, which appeared to me very much out of taste. I believe however that it was entirely extemporaneous and that he was carried away by the current of his thoughts. In fact he appears to say just what comes uppermost. The regular translation and explanation part of the lecture was very good.

September 22.—Pretty busily engaged all day in writing forensic. At 11 A.M. went to Prof. Longfellow's second lecture which I liked a good deal better than the first. I was a good deal interested to know how different fellows would write, yet I found the forensic reading stupid altho' this was our first time.

October 17.—At 11 I went down to the Chapel and staid there most of the time till the exhibition was over. The performances were tolerable, perhaps as good as usual at an exhibition, but nothing more. I liked Jim Lowell's part better than any of the others. It was different from the ordinary routine of exhibition parts; consisting of a comparison of the fate of Homer during his life and after his death, giving a sketch of the way in which he was obliged to beg from house to house, and then contrasting it with his fame as the first epic poet of the world. . . .

Staid at the Foster's till about 3, when I came up into the yard and went with a number of other fellows into Howard's room. He had a part today and in conformity with established usage gave a *blow* to the class. Almost all the class were up there and staid till 3½ when we adjourned to Sams. Guild and Eliot's room where was another blow, they also having had parts. I staid there till about 4 and then left them all singing and enjoying themselves, drinking etc., to go to the Fosters [where he had left his sisters, with whom he went in to Boston].

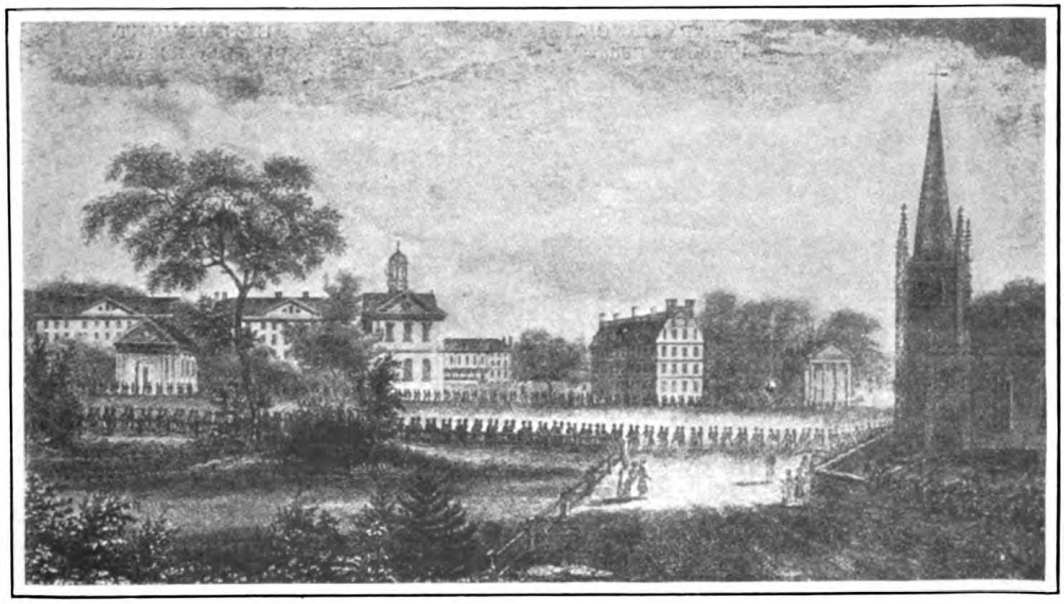
October 18.—On conversing this morning with those who had been present at prayers, I

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found that there had been considerable noise, and that one or two of our class were *drunk*. We soon learned today that the Faculty would take notice of this. They held meetings in the morning and the afternoon, the result of which was that in the early part of the afternoon A. and B. were sent off till the next commencement for intoxication, and C. and D. till the end of the term, "for entering the Chapel arm in arm, stamping, apparently excited by liquor." They also sent for Sams. Guild and Eliot and gave each of them a public for giving a blow without leave of the government. This made us very angry. Everybody acknowledged that A. and B. were drunk and deserved their fate accordingly, but it was universally agreed that C. and D. were not, and that their punishment like Guild and Eliot's was too severe. A class meeting was called for 7 in the evening. I went down, but after organizing itself the meeting adjourned to procure a fuller attendance at 8½. At this meeting nothing of importance was done. There were only 36 present, hardly a majority of the class, nevertheless it was voted a class meeting and we proceeded to business. After one or two preliminary resolutions, a resolution "that the class signify their disapprobation of the measures of the Faculty by stamping in prayers tomorrow morning" was put and negatived. A resolution that we signify disapprobation by smashing proctors' window was almost unanimously opposed. After various ineffectual resolutions, to adjourn till next Tuesday, sine die &c., it was voted to adjourn till the moderator should call the meeting together again.

October 19.—On going to morning prayers found a good many panes broken in Univ. window. There was a good deal of noise in Dr. Ware's recitation room, this morning, not at all connected with the prevailing fuss, but for nothing but *fun*, as we used to say at school. There were one or two apples and a lemon which were being thrown constantly from one side of the room to the other, to the imminent danger of the heads they happened to be aimed at; and all this was done without attracting Dr. Ware's particular notice, except once when Ellis, who was reciting, made an allusion to the circumstance. He spoke loud enough to be heard all over the room, but so quick that Dr. Ware could not understand him. He seemed to perceive that Ellis had said something he ought not tho' he did not know what. Poor old man, he is too old for such a situation. His eyesight is very poor so that he can't even tell who is present and who is absent. The other day when he called on Haven, I thought he called me and recited, when he called me, Haven recited. This has happened twice, once by a mistake of each of us. . . .

October 20.—In the evening after supper I went into Hayward's room where I staid till 8. About 7½ heard a tremendous explosion which I thought was a pump blown up, as one or two were last term. In the morning however, I found that either by this, or a later explosion which I did not hear, was made by a torpedo put on the sill of one



COMMENCEMENT DAY AT HARVARD IN HALE'S TIME

Stoughton Hall, where Hale lived for two years, is the building at the extreme left. "Massachusetts," referred to in the text, is the high, narrow building to the right of the centre of the picture.

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of the windows of University Hall. It smashed in the sash so as to make four squares into one and broke several other panes of glass.

October 21.—The 4th vol. of Lockhart's Scott came in the evening. I pounced upon it and read considerable of it. It is an admirable book. But I never read much in it, without regretting the want of a copyright act in this country for English authors. I think if there had been one, Scott would be alive now, for he appears as far as I can learn, to have written himself to death. I wish I could have seen him.

October 24.—I finished *Attila* [by G. P. R. James] this evening. I like it very much, not the less for not having the scene laid in France, according to custom in James' novels. . . .

October 26.—I was very much surprised this evening just before six to see Fullum enter. He came out to get information of the state of things here. They had heard in town of last night's explosion, and had supposed that there was a row going on here. The fact is that there has been an explosion or two almost every night since last Friday. Yesterday morning the President read us the vote of the Faculty, that those suspected of explosions should be Grand Juryized next December, if a confession was not previously made. After this, the exploders showed their contempt of it by a louder blow than ever, last night. It is reported that there is to be a patrol tonight. The secret of the exploders is very well kept. I doubt if the Faculty suspect one person any more than another. . . .

October 27.—We had our last lecture in Prof. Longfellow's course in Faust today; that is the last on the first part of Faust which is all which we are obliged to attend. A volunteer section will have lectures on the second part, but the whole cannot, on account of the difference in books, all the editions not having the second part in them. I shall not go. The lectures are tolerably interesting, but not enough so to compensate for the time taken up by them.

November 20.—I went to the Library both before and after this to get materials for a lecture which I intend shall be on American Antiquities, dilating principally on Dighton rock on which I consider myself *au fait.* While I was in the Library, as I afterwards learnt, Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, was there. I had merely observed that there were a couple of ladies there with Prof. Felton, and that one of them looked rather lionish.

November 24.—Rain in evening, cloudy most of the day. Wrote some on a theme this morning. It is 'Draw the Character of a Misanthrope.' Sketching character was never my forte. I don't like the subject much. . . . After recitation in German I went into town. I got in about 6 P.M. After I had been at home for a few minutes I went to Uncle Edward's to see a book he has, recently published by the Danish Northern Antiquarian Society, which contains copies of some of the Icelandic books descriptive of the early voyages of the northerners to this country. It contains an hypothesis of Dighton rock, viz. that it was left as a monument by those Danes some time in the tenth century. I staid at Uncle Edward's looking at this till 5'7. . . .

November 29.—At home nearly all day. I went out once or twice before dinner to get luncheon, but besides this stirred round but little. Nathan read some of Ossian aloud this morning. I never read much of it before, and he began to read this for fun, but he read one or two poems. It is amusing to hear, it must have been capital fun to McPherson to write it, with all the fudge about lost passages, etc. etc.

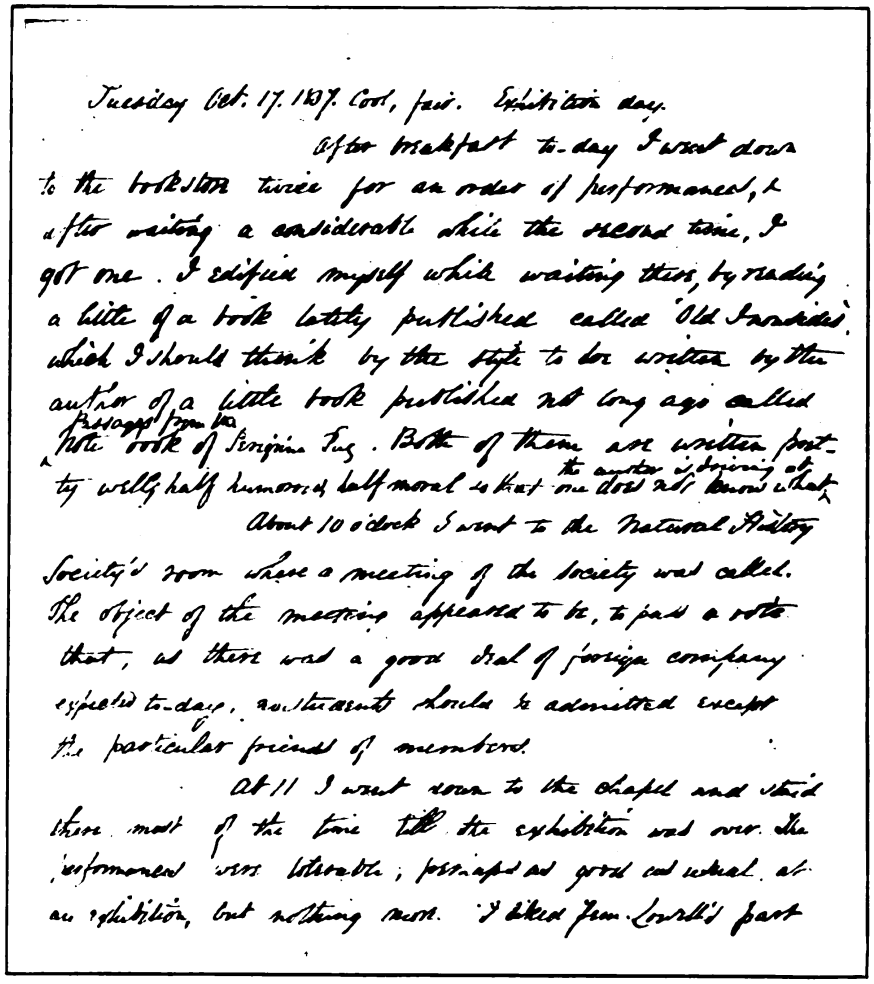
At this time (December 1st to December 11th) he was kept at home in town by another sore throat.

Nathan who has brought me the Cambridge news, and George Hayward who called on Saturday, have told me of an account given by Mr. Quincy [the president of the college] in chapel of a box of hand grenades and powder amounting in all to twelve pounds, prepared in the cockloft of Harvard Hall with a train to the door which was discovered a year or two ago. The account is now made public for the first time as a defence of the Faculty for their conduct in appealing to the Grand Jury for the preservation of order in college, intending to show what bad things had been done and ought to be prevented. It appears that X. of our class has confessed all he had to do with the explosion on condition that he shall not be dishonorably expelled. Y. unwilling to testify has demanded leave to take up his connexions which was refused, i. e. he cannot depart honorably. . . .

January 15, 1838.—At 9½ this morning I went into the Library to find a piece to speak in Hansard's Parliamentary debates. Made ineffectual search there almost all the time till 11, when I went to Prof. Longfellow's introductory lecture on Dante. Much to my delight, he rather advised those who had not finished the Ital. course not to attend till next year, which advice I shall follow. . . .

February 2.—I should have mentioned at the beginning of today's entry, but it slipped my mind at the moment I was writing, that

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Tuesday Oct. 17. 1837. Cool, fair. Exhibition day.
After breakfast to-day I went down to the bookstore twice for an order of performances, & after waiting a considerable while the second time, I got one. I edified myself while waiting there, by reading a little of a book lately published called 'Old Sanders' which I should think by the style to be written by the author of a little book published not long ago called Passages from the Note book of Peregrine Pug. Both of them are written pretty wellly half humorous, half moral & that is the extent of my knowledge of the matter, for I do not know what
About 10 o'clock I went to the Natural History Society's room where a meeting of the society was called. The object of the meeting appeared to be, to pass a vote that, as there was a good deal of foreign company expected to-day, no strangers should be admitted except the particular friends of members.
At 11 I went down to the chapel and staid there most of the time till the exhibition was over. The performances were tolerable; perhaps as good on whole as an exhibition, but nothing more. I liked Jem Lowell's part

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S DIARY

when we went to prayers this morning we found the chapel in great confusion, owing to the explosion of a bomb placed in front of the pulpit. The windows were all broken, almost every pane of glass being destroyed, the front of the high platform on which the pulpit stands was blown in, the plastering broken in several places where pieces of the shell had entered, woodwork of pews, window panes and seats hurt in some places, the clock injured, part of the curtain inside of the pulpit torn away, and a couple of inscriptions in immense letters on the wall to this effect "A bone for old Quin to pick." Nobody appears to have any suspicion who did it, and everybody manifests great indignation; it is going rather too far for a joke.

February 5.—There is a great deal of conversation here today about a plan for holding a meeting of all the undergraduates, that they may express their disapproval of the blowup in the Chapel. There was an attempt made by some of our class to get up an idea that it was a plan of the Seniors to pass resolutions disapproving of our row last term. This did not succeed very well, as it was evident that it was not the case. A paper was circulated to obtain the opinions of people, those in favor of holding a meeting signing on one side and those opposed to the plan signing on the other. I had found it very difficult to make up my mind about it; one minute I thought that disapproving the meeting seemed like dodging the question and this induced me to favor it; another minute I would think that it would establish a precedent of expecting students to disavow, in all cases of disorder, and this made me dislike the project. It so happened that I was in the former opinion when Whitman called with the paper, so that I signed in favor of one, for which I was afterwards a little sorry, for I suppose nobody will believe any statement of students asseverating that they do not approve; that is, nobody who would think they did approve. The meeting therefore can do no good, and it may possibly by being made a precedent, do harm.

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I finished, copied, and gave up to Dr. Beck today, with my other Latin exercise, a Latin letter which he had demanded, and which I began yesterday at home. I addressed it to John Smith for want of a better name, mentioned in it my trip to the House of Representatives last Saturday, spoke of the prolixity of American legislators and told the following story of Pres. John Adams which I heard in Mr. Charles Adams' lecture before the Historical Society. In writing to his wife Adams was complaining of the tediousness and prolixity of the proceedings of the Continental Congress and said that he believed "if any one should move that two and two made four, we should debate it for two days and bring up every argument, historical, logical, rhetorical, and mathematical, and then should pass the motion *unanimously* in the affirmative." It made a good deal of laugh at the time, being one of the very few things I have heard to produce the least influence on the Historical audience, who generally sit perfectly still, and manifest as little emotion as so many paving stones. . . .

February 6.—We had the meeting of undergraduates today at noon and passed two or three resolutions expressing disapprobation [of the explosions] and voted to publish the resolutions in the Boston papers. . . .

Our reading room petition was rejected by the Faculty. The President told me pretty much the same as he did last night;—that there had been a reading room some years ago which the government were obliged to break up; that newspapers were fascinating things "even to us old men" and that they would take young men away from their studies. A very weak argument this: it amounts to "we like to read newspapers very much, so we can't let you." I had a little argument with him, but it did not do any good. He said he believed no opposition was made to the rejection. . . .

February 9.—Wrote a forensic this afternoon on the question of the expediency of directing early education to the profession the student intends to follow. I opposed it on the ground that it prevents the student from making his own choice, and that he will be sure to dislike the profession his parents choose; that circumstances may prevent the adoption of that profession, in which case he is badly off; that no new department, arising from improvements in science or art or any other change, could be filled without previous notice; that the man of general information is a more happy, entertaining and useful member of society than he who is only skilled in one topic. . . .

This view he held through life, though perhaps on different grounds.

February 23.—Had no theme or forensic to write today. I employed my leisure in getting my piece, an extract from the 3rd canto of the Corsair, describing Gulnare's murder of Seyd and her previous interview with Conrad. I doubt if I ever exerted my memory so before. Between 11 in the morning and 3½ in the afternoon I got the whole of the piece (excepting ten lines I learnt last night) amounting to 121 lines; this too besides recitation in Italian, dinner, and a half hour or more interview with Guild, in which he read me some of the Italian lesson and I read him some. We make this arrangement occasionally when we want time, each getting part of the lesson and then meeting and each reading his part to the other.

March 4.—After recitation to Mr. Bokum I went down to work on my garden. I was somewhat surprised on approaching it, to see Revere and McCleary, two freshmen, working on it. They appeared perfectly willing to give it up, supposing there had been some mistake, which indeed proved to be the case when we got Dall to the spot. He assigned them another piece on which they went to work very contentedly.

There were a number of these gardens near Divinity Hall.

April 8.—Mr. William Swett, familiarly termed Billy, preached today. We knew he was going to preach, and I for one was sorry and expected to have a very stupid sermon. But I was very agreeably disappointed. His voice is bad, but he speaks very fluently, sensibly and with a kind of independence of manner which is attractive. His sermon in the morning was on the declining influence of the pulpit, which he ascribed to its having had an undue influence in the days of the reformation, and to the frequent practice of introducing foreign topics in preaching. He was rather severe on Dr. Channing and other clergymen who cannot mind their own business. "Judea," he said, "has given way to Texas, and antislavery and Canada take the place of salvation." In the afternoon he preached a rather singular sermon on the rather quaint text "Study to be quiet and do your own business." He animadverted severely on people who take such good care of other people's business that they can't look after their own.

April 24.—Finished Grahame's History of the U. S. this morning; that is, the first part of it, extending to 1700. I believe this is all which is published. We went to Mr. Lovering's first lecture today. It was better than I had expected, tho' still, I think, too flowery in style. The sublime was strained so high as to be apt to verge on the ridiculous.

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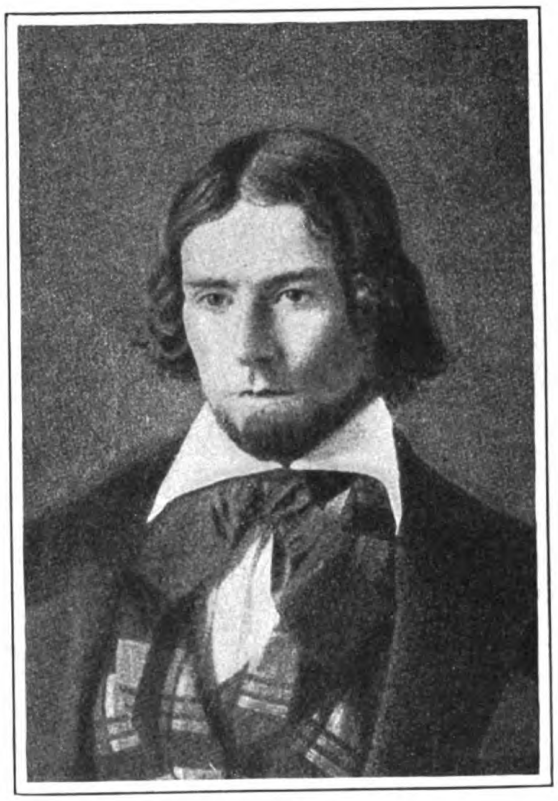
Played cricket between 12 and 1. Wrote and gave up a Grk. exercise today. Played cricket in the evening, after when I went up into Hayward's room and staid till about 9, when we adjourned to the oyster shop and eat some oysters. Came home just at 10.

May 19.—An announcement made to me yesterday which I hardly believed then that I am "elected" a member of Φ B K was confirmed today. I am glad of it, because it is considered an honor, and gives some evidence of rank in college, but the Society, I suppose, exists now little more than in name, nothing is ever done by it, that is, as a society, excepting as far as its Oration and Poem go.

May 29.—Wrote some on my dissertation after I got home. I have been working vigorously on it for the last few days and flattered myself today that I need write only ten pages more, which indeed appeared a great plenty, as it must be given up by Friday. On looking at the subject, however, which I brought into town in vacation and which I have not looked at since, I found that while that read "Supernatural Beings created by Popular Superstition or Poets," I have been writing on "Superstitions created &c," which blunder I knew would cancel from 6–12 pages of my work. . . .

June 11.—Went to garden after breakfast and staid there an hour and a half, watered the whole garden but was rather discouraged to find that by the time I came away those parts which I had watered first were nearly dry. At 10 we were examined in chemistry, on account of which we had no regular recitations all day. The examination was very ridiculous. The most ludicrous answers were given to simple questions, but Dr. Webster never made any corrections, thinking, I suppose, that if he kept still the committee would never discover the mistake. . . .

July 3.—The President sent for me this morning and told me that my dissertation had been awarded the second Bowdoin prize of 30 dollars. A similar prize was awarded to Morison, none of the dissertations of our class being thought worthy a first prize. I was very agreeably disappointed. . . .



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
From a daguerreotype taken at Philadelphia in 1844.

July 16.—Exhibition. The President stopped us after prayers and announced to us officially that there would be no dancing or drinking Tuesday afternoon. After prayers I went to my garden, where I staid till nearly 8. Came up, hurried thro' my breakfast and went home, where I found a notice requesting me to attend the President at his study at 8 o'clock. Went there and found the parties collected. Was glad to find I had the English oration. . . .

July 17.—Senior's Class day. About 10½ went to the omnibus office to meet Lucretia and Margaret who were coming in the omnibus. Staid till 11, during which time two omnibuses came in, neither containing the girls, who, I supposed, had changed their minds. I went to the oration accordingly. It was very good indeed, delivered by Coolidge. There was no Poem, Jim Lowell the Poet having been sent off about 3 weeks ago.[1] . . .

[1] A curious comment is found in a letter to my father from John Donaldson, a classmate who had left college: "Several things that you told me of and that I've heard from Williams grieved me much though not much surprised. One would think that it was time for the Faculty to introduce conciliatory measures and not by fostering discontent to goad the students into rebellion. *Troja fuit* will be written on Harvard walls in a few years if a radical change does not take place.

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September 3.—[The fall term opened on Sunday with sermons morning and afternoon by Henry Ware, Jr.] After prayers and supper went upon the Delta to see the freshmen and sophomores kick football; the sophomores beat of course. After the other classes joined, I played in two games and came home.

September 20.—After prayers I went to Watson's room, told him that I had got my letter done, and that there was a gentleman going to Paris who, as Mr. Sales told me last night, would be willing to take the package of plants and thus any difficulty of getting them to M. le Directeur would be obviated. So we picked out about a dozen plants, for we only wanted to send a few to show them how we could preserve them, and then brought them over here and packed them up. . . .



A BURLESQUE OF UNDERGRADUATE ATTIRE IN 1838

A pencil sketch by Samuel Longfellow, brother of Henry W. Longfellow.

October 1.—Dr. Ware, Jr., preached this morning. The sermon was decidedly the most sectarian one I ever heard in our chapel." I felt sorry at first that he preached it, as I think all sectarianism ought to be abolished in every literary institution, but afterwards I thought that if we were to have the credit of being an Unitarian college among people generally, we might as well have the advantage of it.

October 3.—Kicked football in the evening. We had some very good games, in the course of which I tore one of my coat tails half off, tore one pant three or four inches up from the foot, and ran against some one so forcibly as to give me a pain in my chest all the evening. In my case, unlike Mr. Pepys's, these were things of some importance, but I did not mind them. . . .

October 16.—Exhibition day. Aunt Charlotte, Uncle Edward, and cousin Charlotte came in a little before 10, and about ¼ past the party from home. The exhibition fortunately went off very well. I did not read, which gratified me, and the whole, short and sweet, was over before 1, when all the invited guests came up here. . . .

October 26.—Theme this afternoon on the causes and expediency of our custom of entering college, earlier than Europeans. I assigned as the cause the want of labor and capital in the country; and argued that the custom was a good one, because one takes the world easier and learns its ways better and more pleasantly when young than old, and because life before entering college is nearly useless, while afterwards it is very important. . . .

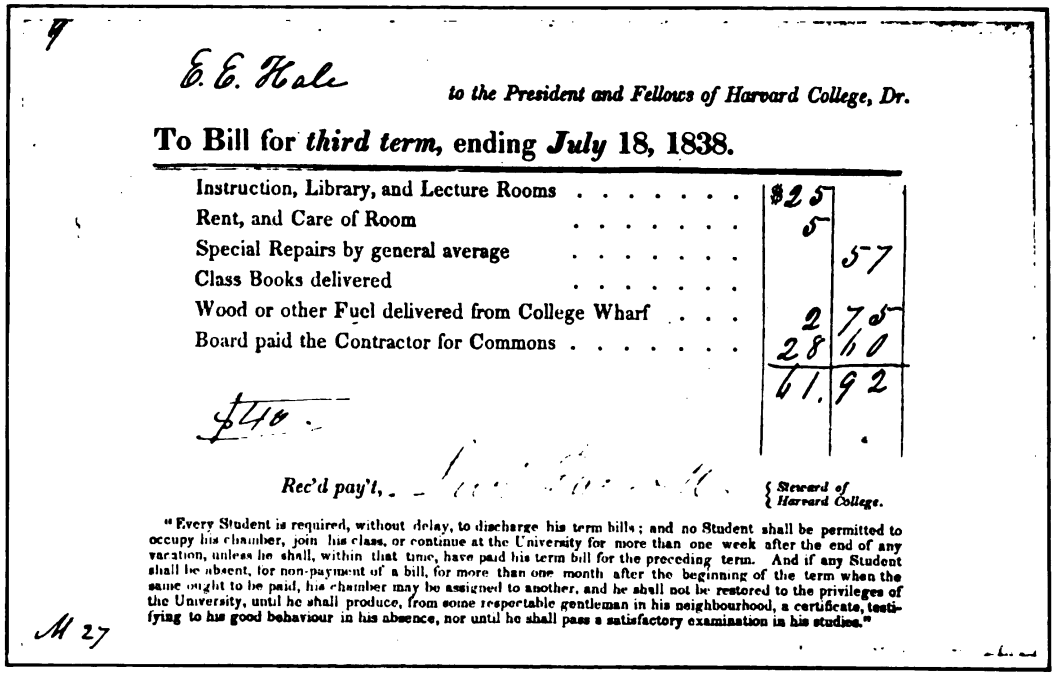
November 6.—As I came back from the Bookstore and Post office I called to see Mr. Eustis about studying Hebrew.

November 8.—While I was there [at the bookstore], Channing came in and asked me if I should like to be one of six or eight to watch for the meteoric shower next Monday night. I told him I should, and went with him to his room to see the last number of "Silliman's Journal" which contains an account of the phenomenon as observed last year. . . .

The watching for meteors holds an important place in the diary for the next week.

November 25.—The President requested "the members of the seminary" to remain after prayers and he then announced that two of the commons waiters had been found insensible, having imprudently slept last night with charcoal in the room. At break-

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E. E. Hale to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Dr.

To Bill for *third term*, ending *July* 18, 1838.

Instruction, Library, and Lecture Rooms	$25	
Rent, and Care of Room	5	
Special Repairs by general average		57
Class Books delivered		
Wood or other Fuel delivered from College Wharf	2	75
Board paid the Contractor for Commons	28	60
	61.	92

$46.

Rec'd pay't, [illegible] { Steward of Harvard College.

"Every Student is required, without delay, to discharge his term bills; and no Student shall be permitted to occupy his chamber, join his class, or continue at the University for more than one week after the end of any vacation, unless he shall, within that time, have paid his term bill for the preceding term. And if any Student shall be absent, for non-payment of a bill, for more than one month after the beginning of the term when the same ought to be paid, his chamber may be assigned to another, and he shall not be restored to the privileges of the University, until he shall produce, from some respectable gentleman in his neighbourhood, a certificate, testifying to his good behaviour in his absence, nor until he shall pass a satisfactory examination in his studies."

M 27

A HARVARD COLLEGE BILL OF 1838

Facsimile of one of Edward Everett Hale's term bills of his senior year.

fast some one came from the kitchen to get some of the Davy Club to go down stairs and see the doctors about making oxygen for these men. I went down and they said they wished to try the effect of oxygen. With two or three others I came into the Davy Club room and went to work. I was there most all day. We made as much oxygen as we could, getting the furnace a going and using an iron retort. The men were insensible all day.

December 25.—Christmas. As I intended to go to town early, I got up contrary to the usual custom, before the second bell, and as an almost necessary consequence, did not get to prayers. At breakfast it appeared, on comparing notes, that the bell did not toll so long as usual. I did not stay at breakfast long, and about 20'8 set out for town, where I arrived in time for a second breakfast. We drew from our papers of wishes at breakfast time. I got "a well laden ship safe in harbor," alluding to the present standing joke about the arrival of the ships of the different members of the family. My ship just now being the projected Latin School Mastership [no pun], and perhaps, as one telegraphed, a plan in embryo for me to report the legislative proceedings for the Advertiser this winter.

The time for presents, etc., was still at New Year's day.

January 6, 1839.—I read some of Wordsworth's *Excursion* this morning and was disappointed in liking it very much. It is certainly much better than his minor pieces. . . .

January 12. — He [Mr. Parsons] expressed his approbation of the plan [for reporting the legislative proceedings]. He seemed to want to see me to show that he liked it, and he told me I could begin today, so having got the key to the Advertiser's reporting desk I went to the State House, but found both the houses had adjourned. However I went to my desk and made my preparations. I like the plan very much. It will not be very hard work but will bring pretty good pay, about two dollars a day. I shall come in from Cambridge every day till Thursday, when the vacation will begin. . . .

January 17.—I walked into town. Went right up to the State House and staid there reporting and writing the proceedings of the House and College Overseers till after one.

The diary becomes much more sparse for a month or two.

January 30.—Reporting at the House in the morning. A little debate about Seekonk R.R., reference in which of course the House decided wrong. This led my meditations to the subject of governments, and I came to the conclusion, not for the first time, that the

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form of government of the State of Massachusetts is a very poor one. Whenever the legislature get together they do as much harm as they can, and the only check to this is in the shortness of the sessions. It seems ridiculous that because the English government after fermenting away for two or three hundred centuries settled down into two bodies or legislature and King and cabinet, and turned out to be a pretty good government too, that every other nation should copy it. Bolivar in making the constitution for Bolivia or one of those states of S. America deviated from the rule and had three bodies. I should be tempted to have only one of ten or fifteen men. Now things are not as they were when it was not possible to trust much power to such a set without their abusing it. The directors of a Bank or R.R. form something the kind of government. I should give my state, annually eligible, and with a proper system of exposition of state affairs, so there should be no outrageous (?) secret proceedings. . . .

April 2.—I went to the Α Δ Φ room awhile after supper, and since then have been up here all the time getting the [Hebrew] verb ... for tomorrow's recitation, reading some for my mathematical part at exhibition, "Lunar Theory," and reading *Chronicles of the Canongate*. Scott does beat the field in bookmaking. "Fictitious narrative was his forte."

Tonight closes my seventeenth year. It closes what is at least on a most extravagant supposition the fourth part of my life, the fourth too which passes the slowest. [An average life of sixty-eight years; he lived nineteen years more.]

May 13.—This evening I have been two hours at the Φ Β Κ meeting for the choice of the six additions from our class. This is the third meeting we have had, there being a fundamental point of difference, one half the members wishing to follow exclusively the Faculty list of the highest scholars in the class and the others refusing to do so. [They compromised.]

July 12.—Immediately after breakfast I carried my Class Poem, the copying of which I finished last night, to the President, for his approval. I desire to be thankful that it's done, and when the curtain shall fall on the last act of the farce . . .

It has convinced me what I knew perfectly well before, that I am not, nor ever was, a poet or have I ever had the least claim to the title. I believe its only merits are its brevity, and that there is nothing in it in strikingly bad taste. I have been reading Childe Harold this evening, the third Canto, which I never read connectedly before. There must be some pleasure in writing like that. . . . At 12 I got my MS. from the President. He was pleased to say it was all very proper.

There are few entries concerning college life after this, no account of Class Day or anything till August 7th, when he went out to move his things to Boston. There is not even any account of Commencement or Φ Β Κ day. We may add a passage from a letter to his sister Lucretia:

July 21, 1839.— . . . First then therefore, of myself, for I believe egotism is an accompaniment of all good letters. After I parted from you Thursday evening we had another dance, and then formed in procession and marched round to cheer the buildings, halting in front of each one and giving three or nine cheers as the case might be. Then we marched back to the dancing place again, danced round the tree and then round the ladies present in crowds; sang Auld Lang Syne, etc. and departed to our several whitherwards. I went with Mrs. Eliot to her house, where I teaed. Thence I rode over to the supper with the rest of our party in a carryall. The supper was at the Maverick House. We got there a little before 9, sat down to supper at 9 and got up at half past 3, having had about the best time that was ever known. It was daylight when we started, and we had a beautiful auroral ride back to Cambridge, where we arrived a little after four; we then marched round in the yard, danced and sung till about 5½, when I went to bed. I did not feel much tired after all this rantipoling and was up at half past eight again, and got into town by twelve.

The diary continues, but the last college entry is as follows:

August 30.—Fullum came out to Cambridge early this morning to move in the Commencement entertainment relics, and to move Nathan's furniture to his room. I got up and dressed, after but few hours sleep, for if I had begun in the right place, the day's journal, beginning at 12 o'clock, would have described my passage from Lincoln's room to Hayes's with six or eight others, then sitting till 3 o'clock this morning making night pass merrily with our drinking, singing and laughing, as we sat together for the last time. That circle I shall never meet again. We were, counting as we sat, from my right:—Pope, Walker, Furness, Austin 2nd, Hayes, Eliot, Hayward, Rogers and Lincoln, ten including myself, altogether a chance party, withal a very pleasant one, but such as will be so separated that it will be a long time before we are ever all together again.

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Pragmatic Patricia

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IN the beginning, Patricia herself would have been the last to believe that her jest could have serious consequences, for when she suggested at a dinner-party that some one ought to found an Order of Female Knights Errant to succor gentlemen in distress, she certainly had no intention of adopting chivalry as a career; and when she and the Honorable William Blair Blaisdell, American Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay, home on leave, further amused themselves by planning a spectacular campaign, whereby one of these hypothetical Guardian-Angels-at-Large should rescue young Bob Chamberlain from the snares a middle-aged and mercenary widow was weaving about him, neither of them remotely contemplated playing a leading part in such a comedy.

But so it fell out. For the next day a cousin of Chamberlain's begged Patricia to put her fantastic scheme into practice in his kinsman's behalf, and while she argued at first that the undertaking would be both preposterous and vain, Blaisdell's somewhat heated insistence that it would be unfeminine, as well, presented a challenge which she promptly accepted, departing forthwith on her quest. Thereupon, the perturbed diplomat broke any number of engagements, both social and official, and betook himself in hot haste to the field of operations, where, for reasons of his own, he persistently harried the angel-at-large in her efforts to disentangle the young millionaire.

Neither Patrician or Blaisdell ever revealed the other's secret purpose to any third person, however. Even when, at the last, she confessed her mission to an engineer named Frederick Howard, she still did not mention that the minister had known of her intention. She thought that the inference of his motives in deliberately planting himself as an impediment in her path would be obvious, and his whole connection with the affair seemed, at the moment, a personal detail, entirely irrelevant from the engineer's point of view as Chamberlain's friend. It was many days before the consequences of this reticence overtook her. Meanwhile, no sooner had the full significance of her achievement dawned upon Howard than he exclaimed:

"By George! Would you be willing to do it again?"

"Again?"

"Yes—for me? I've a young brother-in-law who's been terribly hard hit in a love-affair, and in consequence he's smashing up everything within reach—including his own life. Thus far nobody's been able to stop him, but—by George! I believe you could pull him out!"

"Oh no! No—I couldn't!" she protested. "If I'd dreamed what this Chamberlain affair would involve, I'd never have begun it! But at first it was just a joke—a sort of dare—"

"And in the end it has saved a youth from his folly," he reminded her. "You've snatched that boy out of the very jaws of Fate and given him back his future—which is really all a young man has. Now, Jack's future— Wait!" He combated the denial of her lifted hand. "Let me tell you that story. Jack's twenty-seven. Good-looking, good mind, good family, good habits—until recently, at least—and magnificent prospects. Like all the Ordways, he's a lawyer."

"Oh, is he? I'm not much interested in lawyers." Smiling, she shook her head. "They don't appeal to my imagination. You see, Bob's an engineer,

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and that's constructive! To harness great natural forces—to make them work instead of waste themselves—"

"But don't you see that's what I'm asking you to do?" the "water-power wizard" interposed, laughingly refusing to be diverted from his purpose by flattery. "What have you done here but engineering of a high type? Where one woman has used her natural equipment of wit and charm primally, to entrap a man to his undoing and the waste of his best energies, you've used your forces like an engineer. And you've made good! Where I handle currents of earth and air, you've handled human emotions, and turned them into channels of greater efficiency. Now, if you'll only build a few dams around Jack, and swing him back into his course again—"

"With a simple turn of the wrist?" Her amusement was obvious, but he saw that his figure had caught her imagination. "Sounds like a large order. Of course, it *is* a large order, but— You see, Jack's been in love with Dorothy Alexander ever since he was a kid in college. They were to have been married this summer—and three months ago she chucked him."

"Why?"

"Well, ostensibly because of her devotion to her family. Jack's done well up there at home, but he had a flattering opportunity to come to New York, and had practically accepted it when Dorothy balked. Said she couldn't live away from her people—especially Ada. Ada's an elder sister—pushing, ambitious woman, hard as—well, I've never liked her. But she's had a strong influence over Dorothy, which Jack has always resented. It isn't the first time they've quarreled about Ada. This time he made an issue of it, and as between him and the family Dorothy chose the family. At least, that's what she said, and none of us connected Stannard with it then. To be sure, he'd been hanging about the Alexanders for some time, but Ada was supposed to be the magnet."

"Stannard?"

"Dick Stannard. Millionaire, man-about-town, and—well, his reputation's not of the best. He's old enough to be Dorothy's father, but she began playing about with him a day or so after she chucked Jack, and now she's engaged to him—which is probably a truer explanation of poor Jack's downfall than her tribal ties."

"I should say 'poor Jack' had had a lucky escape," Patricia commented, with a little shrug.

"So should we—if he *had* escaped. He hasn't. He's merely let go. Apparently he's lost his grip on everything, and is going straight to the devil."

"Drink?"

"Y-yes. But only incidentally, I think. Gambling, chiefly—though he doesn't care what he does, as long as it's nothing he ever did before."

"Has he never done this before?"

"Never! Jack's been as fine a chap as I ever saw! Straight as a die! Of course, he was a lively kid, overcharged with energy and working the surplus off in mischief, but it was always clean mischief, and he took his medicine afterward without whimpering. But now—the whole family's desperate! That's the reason Mrs. Howard's gone up there. We've done everything we could think of—made every appeal—used every spur—to no effect. He neglects his work—"

"The New York position?"

"Turned it down. Probably couldn't have it now at any price."

"That's funny," she said, contemplatively. "A man usually takes that sort of thing out in hard work—unless he has some besetting vice."

"I know—and heretofore he's been a regular shark for work. But his practice is going to pot, he's lost some of his best clients, the rest—as well as his associates—are getting uneasy, and he doesn't care! Yet I'm perfectly sure the boy's sound fundamentally. It only needs the right incentive—some one to touch him in the right way—to set him straight again. Otherwise—" His keen, kind eyes clouded, and he hesitated a moment before concluding, with a sigh—"Otherwise—I don't know! But, as you say, it *is* a large order."

"Still—" She paused thoughtfully.

Some hours later, her first mission definitely ended and victory assured, she telephoned a laughing farewell to the astounded Blaisdell, informing him that she had heard "a cry from Macedonia," which, as a conscientious angel-

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at-large she could not ignore, and even while he was shattering speed limits in an effort to reach High Haven before she should have departed, she spread her triumphant wings and soared away, leaving the crestfallen diplomat sitting in an automobile in a Long Island road, impotently gazing upward at her monoplane in flight.

About seven o'clock that night she was dressing for dinner when her telephone-bell rang, and she responded:

"Yes? This is Miss Carlyle."

"Thank the Lord!" was Blaisdell's fervent ejaculation. "I began to think you'd vanished into thin air! I've 'phoned every twenty minutes for three hours! Will you dine with me?"

"Dine with you!" she exclaimed. "Billy, where *are* you?"

"I'm in town. Came in on the first train after you left. Urgent official business." At this they both chuckled. "Will you?"

She replied that she could not. No, it was quite impossible. She was dining with some one else. She should be out late and leaving early the next morning. No, he could not take her to the station. Had she said that she was leaving by train? And when he demanded where she was going, she replied, "Away."

"Patty, do I deserve this?" His tone was reproachful, but she blithely returned:

"You do—and more!"

"Why won't you tell me where you're going?" he begged.

After a moment's hesitation, she asked, "If I do, will you give me your word not to come there?"

"I will not! Why should I?" he retorted, and, when he got no reply, excitedly demanded: "Look here, you



LEAVING THE CRESTFALLEN DIPLOMAT IMPOTENTLY GAZING UPWARD AT HER MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT

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didn't *mean* that thing about Macedonia? You're *not* framing up another fool angel-at-large stunt!"

"I deplore your qualifying term," she laughed. "But I've heard of a poor youth who's in need—oh, very much in need of an angel, Billy. He needs one right away."

"Does he, indeed?" he growled. "What Gobble-un's goin' to git *him?*"

"All the powers of darkness, apparently. At any rate, he seems to have lost his way, and just now he's running rather wild."

"And you're attempting to reform him? Is that it? Now, see here, Patty, you've no brothers—"

"I've always wished I had. Do you want to be a brother to me, Billy?" she asked, wickedly, and he hotly retorted:

"You know very well what I want to be! But *any*body would object to your trying to reform a dissipated young—"

"But I'm not!" Again she laughed. "He's not dissipated. He's just confused and hurt and desperate. The girl he expected to marry this summer threw him over for a millionaire, and he thinks his heart's broken and that nothing matters any more."

"Huh!" the minister commented, elegantly. "I guess you'll find the fragments will rebound all right!"

"Billy, you're perfectly outrageous! How *can* you be so callous? If you were suffering, wouldn't you want—"

"I am!" he cut in. "I'm suffering abominably! And you delight in it! Gloat over it!"

"No, I don't." Her laughing tone was still very soft. "But there's no reason for you to suffer."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say. You're not suffering. You imagine it. Besides, I'm not personally interested in Jack. He's just a case—a project, as it were."

"H'mph! I'd like to know why you don't show a little interest in my case!" he grumbled. "How old's this chap?"

"Jack? Twenty-seven."

"How long have you known him?"

"Billy Blaisdell, can't you look at anything impersonally? I've never seen the man in my life. Good-*night!*" Laughing, she hung up the receiver and went out to spend the evening in consultation with Howard and one of Jack Ordway's sisters as to the best way to approach her new "project."

The next night found her in a small town in western New York, not far from the city in which the Ordways lived, where her mechanician had already arrived with her plane, and where she remained until the following afternoon, when a telephone message from Mrs. Howard, on the scene of action, gave her the signal to advance.

Half an hour later, young Ordway, driving furiously along a country road, was startled to see a monoplane dart ahead, far above him, precede him for some distance, and finally swoop to earth directly in his path, its broad wings obstructing his progress. He would have stopped, in any event, as even his painful preoccupation was not proof against the curiosity aroused by the first aeroplane he had ever seen at close range, but his present temper was such that anything presenting itself as an obstacle seemed intolerable, and he called, irritably:

"Hey, there! Isn't there room enough in the world for you fellows without blocking the highway?" Whereupon, to his amazement, one of the "fellows," half concealed behind the flying-machine, lifted a piquant, smiling girl's face, and nodded affably.

"Sorry," she apologized. "But the world *is* a small place, you know, and a lot of it's marked 'No trespassing.'"

"What's that to you?" he retorted, laughing shortly, his acrimony somewhat tempered by an astonishment which was not lessened when Patricia's mechanician moved at that moment into full view, disclosing the supple figure of a young woman in khaki dress. "If it happened to suit you to land in somebody's private park, you wouldn't let a little thing like a trespass sign deter you, would you?"

"Why not?" Patricia's pleasant gray eyes scrutinized him amusedly. "Isn't that one of the rules of the game?"

"A woman can always claim that she didn't see the sign—and generally she succeeds in putting it over," was his cynical reminder.

"I suppose some of us do try to take

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MRS. HOWARD PLAYING WELL HER PART OF SURPRISED DELIGHT

advantage occasionally," she admitted. "But that sort of thing's not quite cricket, is it? Besides, it's unintelligent. The game loses interest if one ignores the rules."

"You surprise me." His tone was dry. "A woman's interest in any game seems to consist in finding to what extent she can evade the rules without incurring the penalty."

"Oh? Still—if that were an exclusively feminine characteristic, what would become of the lawyers?" she inquired.

He shot a quick glance at her, but her attention seemed to be chiefly concentrated upon the activities of her busy mechanician, and he decided that she must have spoken at random, though he suggested, tentatively, "I infer that you don't admire the practice of law."

"Say, rather, the practices of lawyers," she prodded, with a detached manner. But she waited in vain for the defense of his profession to which she had intended to pique him.

He merely shrugged a shoulder as he returned: "Oh, well, nothing's what it's cracked up to be. Respectability's only a cloak nowadays—at best, a tradition—and sincerity's as extinct as imperial Cæsar. Money's all that really counts, and never a 'successful' doctor or parson or college president of 'em all but will turn every little ethic he has wrong side out and stand it on its silly head, if thereby he can enter into the kingdom of Midas! So why rub it into us lawyers, even if some of us do choose to evade the rules—at a price—rather than to interpret them?"

"Oh! Are you a lawyer?" Surprise at the nature of his reply lent convincing color to her tone. "I beg your pardon! But you remember the Frenchman—I've forgotten his name—who said: 'No generalization was ever true—not even this one.' The very fact that you don't defend your profession indicates that you uphold its best ideals."

"More fool I, then!" he conceded,

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with another shrug and a mirthless laugh. "I happen to be heir, professionally, to one of those traditions of respectability I mentioned, and though I may not honor it especially, as yet I've not fallen quite low enough to sell it. Sentimental weakness, I'm quite aware, but at any rate it hasn't obscured my perceptions. I *know* what's what, even if I don't fully practise it."

"Then sincerity lifts its head here and there, after all," she lightly pointed out, but to herself she was saying: "He makes no defense. I wonder why?" Aloud, to her mechanician, she added, "Try that other valve, Kate."

"Perhaps I can be of service?" Ordway now offered, leaving his car.

But Patricia pleasantly declined. "Thank you. Kate will have this straightened out in a minute. I'm sorry to detain you so long."

"I'm in no haste. Unusual, isn't it?—having a woman mechanician?"

"Possibly. But isn't everything unusual until it's commonplace? Perhaps I'm not fair to the things of tradition and precedent." It was her turn to shrug and smile. "I believe in playing the game—any game—according to its rules, but I confess that the games I like best are those not yet rigidly defined. Engineering, for example." Her glance seemed entirely candid. "That's an almost limitless field. If I were a man, I'd be an engineer."

"I have a brother-in-law who's rather big in that line," he mentioned, without enthusiasm. "In fact, he's called 'the water-power wizard.'"

"Why—you must mean Frederick Howard! I know him—a little!"

"Really?" He turned startled, turbulent eyes upon her, and for the first time she realized how extremely good-looking he was. "Do you know my sister, too?"

"Yes, but even less well than I know him. I've been visiting near their Long Island place, but Mrs. Howard has been away most of the time."

"Oh yes. She was summoned to the family council. She's still here," he said, grimly. "Possibly you've heard of me, then. My name's Ordway—Jack Ordway." Defiantly the stormy eyes questioned her, but her shake of the head was deprecatingly vague.

"You see, I know them so slightly," she temporized. "I knew Mrs. Howard had sisters— And you're her brother?"

"I am. I'm the black sheep—the fly in the ointment—the as yet uncloseted skeleton—the prodigal Esau, wallowing in pottage!"

"I'm very sure I couldn't have forgotten anything as picturesque as that, if I'd ever heard of it," she declared, laughing. "But as Mr. Howard's brother-in-law, what an opportunity you'd have had as an engineer! How could you resist it?"

"I hate mathematics."

"So do I. My word! I never thought of that! Engineering *is* a mathematical science, isn't it? I'm afraid I'm chiefly attracted by adventure."

"This thing must give you plenty of that," he suggested, enviously eying her machine. "You don't live in this vicinity, do you? I've never seen your plane before."

"No; I live—as much as I live anywhere—in New York. But I'm easily bored by the conventional. I wanted a thrill. So Kate and I flew away to lose ourselves for a few days in the Back of Beyond."

"Cæsar!" he exclaimed, as his perceptions of the possibilities of new sensations grew. "You must get thrills, all right! Have you ever looped the loop?"

"I have not!"

"Why don't you? I would! How does it feel to fly?"

"Why—like flying. Would you like to go up? I'll promise not to take you too high. And no loops!"

"Explore Mars, if you like," he returned, recklessly. "I don't care!"

"Apropos of Mars, to get the full joy of flying, you must do it by moonlight," was her next light suggestion. "If you're looking for thrills—that's magical! By the way, shall we thrill Mrs. Howard by a call? That is, if there's an open space where we can land. Oh!"—he was obviously hesitating—"perhaps you haven't time?"

"Well—I'm supposed to be dining out," he explained, confirming his sister's report that he was on his way to that country house of which Patricia had heard, where play was practically unceasing and stakes ruinously high.

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"But—I say! There's a moon to-night! If you'll stay over and teach me to run this thing, I'll break my engagement!"

"Aviation in all its branches taught in one lesson. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back," she laughed. "You flatter me! Besides—"

"No 'besides' about it!" he urged. "Grace will be tickled to death to see you—and so will mother."

"But your engagement?" The protest was not too vigorous.

"Oh, hang my engagement! It's just a lot of fellows. I'll 'phone. And we've a big lawn—plenty of room to land! I'll go right back and be there to meet you." He turned hastily toward his car, but she inquired:

"How am I to know your house? By a strawberry mark on the roof? Why don't you fly back with me and let Kate drive your car? It will be perfectly safe. She can drive anything that goes by on gasolene."

So, after giving the mechanician directions, he clambered into the place beside Patricia, and in another minute they were off.

"Gee!" he gasped, as they left the earth, and again as they skimmed over a forest-clad hill, "Gee!" Later he pointed out his mother's house, and when finally they alighted, after a breath-taking dip, and ran smoothly along the wide lawn, he exclaimed: "Well, that settles it! I'm going to have one of these things! How soon can I get it?"

Mrs. Howard, playing well her part of surprised delight, insisted that the girl must spend a few days with her—an invitation seconded by stately Mrs. Ordway, although, not having been taken into the conspiracy, the mother was utterly at a loss to understand her daughter's enthusiasm for this extraordinary and unconventional young person—and in the end Patricia seemed to yield to persuasion, telephoned for her luggage, and was shown to the room already secretly prepared for her.

During dinner Jack would talk of nothing but aeroplanes, and at the earliest possible moment he claimed Patricia's promise to take him for a flight in the moonlight, though she insisted upon postponing until the next day his first lesson in handling the machine. When they had been flying for some time, she called, "Had enough?"

"No. Please! Do you mind?"

Her only reply was to lift the machine into a higher stratum of air, and when eventually she dropped down into the rolling expanse of a golf-course, they were more miles from their starting-point than at first he could believe. She said she was tired, and wanted to be still awhile, so they found a bench where they sat for an hour or more, in an isolation almost as complete, at that hour, as if they had perched on a star. In the beginning their talk was entirely technical, and she patiently answered questions until his ingenuity in framing



THE NEXT MORNING SHE GAVE ORDWAY HIS FIRST LESSON IN AVIATION

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them was exhausted, when they fell into a silence so protracted that at length he turned to look at her, curiously.

"Well?" she asked, with a little smile.

"You're the only woman I ever saw who'd let a fellow be quiet."

"That's one of the things I have my plane for — to get away. An automobile's too social. I hate to talk my passage."

"Jove!" he ejaculated. "I didn't suppose any woman felt like that!"

"'We're only human—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, healed by the same means, as a Christian is,'" she quoted, whimsically.

"Plausible theory," he dryly returned, "but it's based on externals. Doesn't pan out."

"Think not? Well, I'm a pragmatist," she told him, pleasantly. "In the words of the immortal Mr. Dooley: 'Av it worrks, it's thrue.' Equally, if it doesn't, it isn't. But to apply that test one must be absolutely fair—"

"Which no woman ever was!" he broke in, and she laughed outright.

"Is that speech indicative of your own position? Because I've heard it said that no man ever willingly gave a woman a fair chance. I've never believed it—but I'm always open to conviction," she added, mischievously.

"A woman doesn't need any chance!" was his bitter retort. "She always has the advantage—and no scruples about using it!"

"That's what a lot of women say about men," she observed, dispassionately. "Personally, I think we're much of a muchness. Some women are rotters —but so are some men. Tot them all up, and I fancy the averages are about the same."

"And none of 'em very high."

"Well"—she kept her tone of philosophical amusement—"that depends on your angle of vision, doesn't it? Of course, you can poke yourself up on stilts and pretend to look down upon your fellow-man. Or you can squirm around in the dust and look up at him. Or you can stand on your two feet and look him in the eye. Also your fellow-woman. It all depends upon the angle you choose."

For a moment he stared at her in the moonlight before commenting: "H'mph! You're a funny girl!"

"It's a funny world, if you see it that way," she imperturbably returned. "Shall we be getting on?"

Late that night Mrs. Howard stole into Patricia's room, intending to discuss the situation at length, but at the first mention of Jack's name the girl lifted a restraining hand, exclaiming:

"No, please! It will never occur to him that I knew about this before I came, and I want to be able to tell him honestly that I've heard nothing about it here. I want him to tell me himself."

"He'll never do that! You've no idea how he resents the least allusion to it!"

"That's the reason. He's bruised and sore at every point. Of course he shrinks from having anybody else touch it. But he can't let it alone himself. He's talked all around it already. And some day he'll tell me—but he must trust me first."

"You don't know him! He'd rather be flayed alive!"

"He's being flayed alive now," said Patricia, "but if he can only talk about it, he'll feel better. Anyway, it's worth trying."

The next morning she gave Ordway his first lesson in aviation, and for the greater part of two days they were together almost constantly, the new sport apparently absorbing all his thought. From time to time, however, she led him into discussions of one sort or another, when the bitterness of his spirit found vent in reckless cynicisms, which she met with a quizzical humor that generally left him laughing, albeit sardonically. But try as she would, she could neither lure nor pique him into any expression of his own ideals, whether personal or professional, nor could she discover a spark of normal interest in any serious pursuit.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, after a particularly exhilarating flight, they had dropped down into a field beside a country road, and were sitting on a stone wall, talking about a biplane belonging to a man she knew, which she thought Ordway might possibly buy, when her attention was attracted by the approach of a large and

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obviously very expensive touring-car, its metals a-glitter and its attendants resplendent in light liveries.

"My word!" she commented. "Who belongs to all that gorgeousness?"

Receiving no reply, she turned, to discover that he had stiffened into rigidity, his hands gripping the edge of the wall, his face colorless, and his miserable, despairing eyes watching the passing car, in the tonneau of which sat a middle-aged man and two women, evidently sisters, the younger of whom even that passing glimpse showed to be beautiful. Patricia was conscious of an abrupt movement of her companion's hand toward his cap, and saw the man nod, but in the scornful faces of the women there was not the slightest sign of recognition, although they made no pretense of not seeing Ordway. In another instant they were gone, and Patricia was continuing her quiet description of Tom Keeler's biplane, but she knew that her words conveyed no meaning to the man beside her, whose color gradually returned, but whose eyes were still the eyes of a creature in torment. Presently, hoping to divert him by motion, she slipped off the wall and suggested resuming their flight, but he brusquely insisted upon going home, after which he disappeared for forty-eight hours, during which even his mother and sister were scarcely more anxious than was the girl who had undertaken to restore the life of this stranger to its normal course again.

She persisted, however, in her determination to hear no further discussion



"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT NOW?" HE CHALLENGED, GRUFFLY

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of details by members of the Ordway family, and intimated to Mrs. Howard that their wisest course would be to proceed as if she were in reality the casual guest she was believed to be. Therefore, the engineer's wife gathered together a group of young people for the weekly informal dinner dance at the country club, when Patricia met, among others, the trio of the touring-car—Dorothy Alexander, exquisite, radiant, a vivid, restless flame of a girl, never in repose; Ada, her elder sister, whose brilliant dark eyes failed, somehow, to illumine a face as delicate and as inflexible as a cameo; and "Dick" Stannard, Dorothy's gray-haired suitor, upon whom many reckless and unrepented years had stamped their ineffaceable hall-mark. There, too, Patricia overheard occasional fragments of gossip, from which she gathered that although society regarded Dorothy as a heartless minx, wholly mercenary in her encouragement of Stannard's suit, it was still felt that her break with Ordway had been little less than a providential deliverance. One woman epitomized it when she said, "Of course, we all know what Dick Stannard is, but at least if she marries him she'll have something to show for it." Whereupon the angel-at-large compressed her soft lips and wagged her brown head, the more determined that the wanderer should be restored to his legitimate place among them.

The sun was rising on the second morning after his disappearance when she heard the hum of his car on the driveway under her window, shortly followed by his step in the hall; but all day he kept to his room, and the shadows were long again before he lounged across the lawn, heavy-eyed, to find her curled up in his Gloucester hammock under the trees, reading.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, surprised. "You still here?"

"Still here," she cheerfully returned. "Have a pillow?"

He caught the one she tossed him, but sat holding it by the edge, swinging it to and fro between his knees. "Well—I suppose you know all about it now?" he challenged, gruffly.

"All about what?"

"Oh, don't dodge!" He moved impatiently. "Grace has told you the whole story by this time—my immaculate past and my iniquitous present!"

"Not a word."

"What?" For an instant he looked at her, adding, with a short laugh: "Well, don't worry! She will."

"Not if you'd rather she wouldn't."

"What do you mean by that?"

"If there's anything you'd rather not have discussed, tell me what it is and I won't let anybody talk about it—to me, at least."

"No, you won't!" he scoffed.

"I suppose you'll take my word for it, won't you?" she asked, in a tone that compelled him to meet her steady, friendly glance.

After a moment he said, rather huskily: "Thanks. You're a good little pal."

"I could be," was her soft response, and presently she began talking about the book she was reading.

Half an hour later he looked at his watch and grunted: "H'mph! Forty minutes. Lord! how I hate dinner!"

"Do you? Why?"

"Can't you tell now just exactly how it will be? Correct, staring white linen—correct flowers precisely in the center—correct, shiny little tools and things all over the place—Murdoch pussy-footing around with correct food—lights low, voices low, gowns low, spirits low—Gad, how I hate it all!"

"Why not invite me to dine out, then?" she suggested. "Can't we go to some quiet little inn—miles away, where nobody knows either of us—and fly home by the light o' the moon?"

"Would you?" he asked, uncertainly, and his haggard eyes brightened a little when she agreed, but he dropped back with a dejected: "Oh, what's the use? It will only be worse to-morrow night!"

"Maybe not. Let me tell you, sir, not everybody's invited to ride the witch's broomstick! And if you make friends with her—and if, perchance, her black cat doesn't growl at you—she may work a magic. You never can tell! Besides, you asked me and I accepted. You're not a quitter, are you?"

"Oh, all right! Come along, then," he said, managing to smile as he added. "You're a brick!"

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While they skimmed over miles of uneven green checkerboard, she saw his tense muscles gradually relax, and noticed, when their destination was reached, that the hand with which he helped her out of the machine was steadier than it had been earlier. After some delay he found a man to guard the plane, and they strolled on half a mile or so to the inn where they were to dine.

"The black cat liked you to-day," she observed, with a smiling upward glance. "Did you notice how nicely it purred?"

"That's no sign it won't spit and scratch next time."

"Apropos of engines, I wrote to Tom Keeler yesterday, and asked whether he still wants to sell his biplane."

"Sorry you troubled. I sha'n't take it," he said, shortly.

"No?"

"No. What do I want of a biplane? Money! That's what counts! When I get enough of that, I'll buy all the aeroplanes in the world and smash 'em—and build more—just to prove I can! That's all that really counts—money! You can buy everything else."

"No, you can't, Jack. Do you mind if I call you Jack? My name's Patricia. Patty, for short."

"Pat's shorter. More like a pal."

"All right, Pat, then—and pal, too, if you like." She gave him her hand in a quick, firm clasp. "I'll agree that you have to pay, in one way or another, for all you get—but you can't always pay with money. Some things you have to pay for with—yourself."

"That's right!"

"Then it stands to reason that there must be some things that money won't buy, don't you think?"

"'Either it rains or it does not rain,'" he gibed. "'If it does not rain, it rains.' It doesn't seem to occur to you that a man may pay and pay and pay—with his life, by Gad—and get nothing!"

"But that's taxation without representation, isn't it? Then the next move is a revolution, to 'throw off the yoke of oppression,'" she lightly rejoined. "Because, any way you look at it, it's unintelligent not to get, one way or another, what you pay for."

"Especially if it's a pound of flesh," he mentioned, dryly.

"Well—" She seemed to deliberate. "I've never hankered for a pound of flesh, that I remember."

"Nor paid one, either," was his harsh return. "I have."

"I've thought — from some things you've said—that things had gone wrong with you." Her tone was very gentle, and when he made no reply she added, even more gently: "I'm sorry, Jack. Is it—a girl?"

"Yes."

"I'm so sorry! Tell me about her sometime."

"Nothing to tell," he said, after a long pause. "It's all over—except—"

"I know. And—the girl?"

"Oh, she's happy!" Patricia winced at his tone, and was grateful, for his sake, for the deepening dusk. "She's getting what she wants!"

"Anyway, you must be glad of that," she commented after a moment, and saw him start as he echoed:

"Glad!"

"Because that's the only way you can get what you're paying for, isn't it?"

His response was long delayed, and her heart sank under the sickening conviction that in her eagerness she had pressed too hard upon the wound, before he asked, his voice grating in his throat: "What? What's that you said?"

"A pound of flesh is a high price," she made slow reply, struggling to keep her own voice steady. "Only the finest—highest—things are worth it. Yet—if you were not willing to bear anything to give her the happiness she wants, you wouldn't really love her, would you? It must be wonderful to love anybody like that! I never have."

"Evidently! You don't know what you're talking about!" He essayed his short, bitter laugh, but it was a husky effort, and, having planted another seed, she permitted the subject to drop.

By this time she was convinced that Howard's description of his brother-in-law as "fundamentally sound" was correct, and while she was still puzzled to account for the erratic orbit into which Ordway had flung himself, she was beginning to get her bearings and to form certain definite—if plastic—theories in the matter, one of which she presently tested.

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"YOU'RE NOT STRONG FOR CONVENTIONS, ARE YOU?" SHE LAUGHED

They had dined simply and none too well, but little by little she had coaxed him back to momentary forgetfulness, and as he lighted his cigar he made acknowledgment, saying:

"This may have bored you, but it's saved me from the electric chair. I think I'd have killed Murdoch if I'd had to dine according to rule to-night."

"You're not strong for conventions, are you?" she laughed.

"Hate 'em."

"You know, you're not a bit like a lawyer," she ventured next, in a carefully casual tone. "You're much more like an out-of-door man. I should think you'd have gone in for that sort of thing —something active—constructive—productive. How did you ever happen to study law?"

"I've told you. Family tradition. Four generations of John Ordways at the bar. I'm the last."

"I see. Still—if you didn't like it—"

"I liked it well enough," he said, indifferently, whereupon she demanded:

"Then why don't you stick to it and do something with it?"

"Why do you assume that I haven't?" he countered, sharply.

"Well—you certainly haven't been conspicuous for industry since I've been here, have you?"

At this the pain shot up in his eyes again, but he shrugged his shoulders as he arose. "Oh, what's the use?"

After a little, strolling back to the plane, she resumed her investigations, but obliquely, commenting at length on the use of flying-machines in the army before she inquired, "Haven't you ever wanted to go into the service?"

"No."

"You know my father was an officer," she went on, conversationally, "and when I was little I was perfectly sure I'd grow up into a man and be an officer, too. It nearly killed me when they convinced me I'd have to be a woman. I was eight then."

"When I was eight, I ran away with a circus," he confided.

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"Did you? What was the attraction? Clowns or menagerie?"

"Neither. Horses."

"How long did that last?" she asked, still searching for a clue.

"It was a delirium of joy. But so far as ultimate effect was concerned, it lasted no longer than the licking I got."

"Anyway, you got what you paid for, didn't you?" she laughed. "But that wasn't what I meant. I meant the horse craze. I had it, too. Have yet, for that matter. Do you ride much?"

"Not at all, now," he replied, listlessly. "Anyhow, there's no real riding here in the East."

"That's true enough—though I know an Eastern man who goes out to the Pendleton round-up every year. He holds the amateur world's record for riding bucking bulls."

"Really?" There was a new vibration in his tone. "That takes nerve!"

"He's done all sorts of exciting things—that man," she experimented. "He's crossed the Atlantic in a fishing-schooner, and explored South-American jungles in a canoe." This struck no spark. "He's done stunts in the desert, too—and he can ride anything that can be saddled."

"Cattle man?"

"No. Scientist. But he has lots of friends in the cattle country."

"That was my ambition as a kid," he confessed. "I was crazy to leave college and go out West on a cattle-ranch."

"Why didn't you?" Her heart was pounding with the joy of discovery.

"Aforesaid family tradition. It was up to me, as John Ordway. Took 'em two years to make me see it, though. Perhaps I wouldn't, even then, if it hadn't been for—other things." His voice hardened again, and she remembered that he had been still an undergraduate when he fell in love with Dorothy Alexander. Believing that she had found what she sought, however, she probed a little deeper.

"Then you never really wanted to be a lawyer, after all."

"Yes, I did! I'd have been a good one, too! I worked like a Turk—as long as it was worth while." He finished through set teeth.

"Because you played the game for the game's sake? Or just because you wanted to win?"

"To win, of course! I had to win!" he flashed, and stared when she retorted:

"Then you never really liked the game. Look here, Jack, why don't you chuck the whole thing now, and do what—down in your heart—you've always wanted to do? You're not a bit interested in law. Why don't you go West and hunt up a cattle-ranch?"

"Don't want to—now."

"Why?"

"Oh, what's the use?" he flung out, savagely. "Who cares? I'm going to chuck this—but I'm not going West. I'm going to Monte Carlo. And if I don't break the bank, the bank will break me. In either case, I'll get *something!*"

"What, for example?" was her dry query. "In either case, what is there in it for you?"

"Well — anyhow, now you know. That's what I'm going to do," he told her, and once more she surprised him by laughing, but in her tone was a warm friendliness as she returned:

"You may feel like that now—everybody does, sometimes—but you won't do it, because it isn't really in you, Jack, to be a quitter."

"A quitter!"

"That's what it would amount to, isn't it? You've evidently been hard hit and you're still a bit groggy," she said, using a parlance as far as possible removed from any suggestion of sentimental appeal. "But you're not going to quit as long as there's any come-back left in you. You couldn't. You're not that sort."

"What's the use of coming back?"

"That's not the point. The point is that you're not going to lie down and be counted out—licked—as long as you can stand up. Incidentally, nothing you've lost is worth what you're trying to throw after it, Jack. If it were, your respect for it would pull you together."

"Oh, you don't know what you're talking about!" he declared again.

And she quietly replied: "Maybe not. But I know a man when I see him."

They exchanged no more words until they had dipped to the Ordway lawn

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and were stepping out of the machine. Then he asked, "What do you think Keeler would take for that biplane?"

"I don't know. Perhaps a couple of thousand." She tried to make her tone sound careless, but her breath caught in her throat.

"If I should take it— Oh, what's the use! Of course you wouldn't stay and teach me to run it!"

"I might." It was difficult to conceal her eagerness. "I have a lot of other engagements — but still — it would be rather fun. I might. Who's that?"

In the moonlight, they saw two figures approaching, and a familiar masculine voice called:

"You must have put a girdle clear around the earth this time, Titania!"

"Billy Blaisdell!" Astonishment, pleasure, amusement, and exasperation were curiously blended in Patricia's greeting. "Where did you come from?"

"Washington. I was called here suddenly — and unexpectedly — by business."

"Oh? Official business, I suppose! How did that happen?"

"The ways of the State Department are past finding out," he gravely informed her, but she knew how his eyes were dancing. "Luckily, just before I started—indeed, before I knew I was coming—I ran across Howard at Chevy Chase, and he mentioned that Mrs. Howard was still here. So, naturally, I gave myself the pleasure of calling upon her as soon as possible after my arrival. But what a happy coincidence to find you here, too!"

"Yes, isn't it?" she dryly returned, realizing that the consequences of her reticence were upon her.

Mrs. Howard introduced the men to each other, and followed with her brother as Patricia and Blaisdell led the way to the house. At the first opportunity, the girl inquired in an undertone which she tried to make biting:

"Just what do you expect to accomplish by this?"

"Uplift!" he said. "Reform! I have a passion for reform. It's my vice."

"Charity's not the only vice that might better begin at home," she mentioned. "In any case, there's no food for your fever here."

"So much the better! I can devote my attention entirely to you—which I should much prefer."

"Billy, please be good!" she begged. "If you'll just keep out of this, I'll have that fellow on his feet in ten days."

"H'm—yes. From what I've been able to learn, I should call that a conservative estimate. Those pathetic fragments you mentioned seem to exhibit a truly remarkable resilience."

"Oh, don't be an idiot!"

"I am as God made me," he piously affirmed.

At that moment they arrived at the foot of the steps, and in the glow from the light over the doorway she could see the humorous gleam of his eyes and the determined angle of his chin.

"Billy," she demanded, "*will* you listen to reason—just once?"

"Twice—or even thrice," was his prompt assurance. "I'll listen to anything from you—even reason, if you insist."

"That boy's not the least little scrap in love with me now."

"No?" The minister was skeptical.

"No. But we're all human. And if you're going to keep on meddling, as you did at High Haven—interfering with everything—"

"Butting in," he suggested.

"Precisely! Creating opposition, in other words—I won't answer for the consequences."

"To him?" he asked, with a keen glance.

"To—anybody," said Patricia, dangerously.

"Well"—Blaisdell paused to compress his lips a moment—"if all I have is a fighting chance—then I'll fight! Anyhow, I'm not going to be bluffed out!"

"Oh, you *are* an idiot!" She laughed in spite of herself, and he smiled a little grimly as he replied:

"That may be. I'm in love!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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An American Who Made Health Contagious

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

IN the Orient they have a new and significant name for Manila, the capital of the Philippines. They call it "the city without odors." Only people accustomed to Asiatic cities can adequately understand the tribute comprised in these words. The phrase is more than a tribute to Manila; it is a tribute to a new idea in Oriental civilization. Manila has taught not only the Philippines, but China, India, and the entire East a truth which they had never suspected; that is, that filth and disease are not necessarily a part of existence. For ages smallpox, cholera, plague, beriberi, leprosy, and other diseases had seemed to be part of nature's regular order in the Philippines. In the last ten years these scourges have disappeared or been controlled. Manila is not only the cleanest and most beautiful city in the Orient, but it is one of the healthiest in the world.

Dr. Victor G. Heiser, the young American sanitarian who, as Director of Health for the Philippine Islands, has accomplished this miracle—a miracle which undoubtedly represents the greatest sanitary achievement in history, even greater than that performed at Panama—returned to the United States a few months ago. "How glad you must be to get back from that dreadful fever hole!" his friends said, recalling early impressions of the Philippines. "How safe you must feel now that you are back once more at home!"

"On the contrary," replied Dr. Heiser. "I am frightened by everything I see around me. Only in the Philippine Islands do I feel secure. You people at home don't realize that sanitary conditions there are much better than here. We in the Philippines wouldn't for a moment submit to the unsanitary conditions that exist in the United States."

This is certainly a new point of view: that the United States is to learn real sanitation by way of the Philippines. But it is not only novel—it is true.

When Dr. Heiser, then only thirty-two years old, began his work in 1905, he met with general ridicule. He visited all the great English, Dutch, and French colonies in Asia, looking for public-health ideas that would help him in cleansing the Philippines. These countries, he soon discovered, had very little to teach him. In 1905 there was not a sewer east of Suez; in all the leading cities the native populations were wallowing in the accumulated filth of centuries. The scientific gentlemen to whom Dr. Heiser appealed regarded his proposed enterprise as a joke. What! sanitate an Oriental people? Didn't the Americans know that disease and the Orient had always existed, luxuriantly and peacefully, side by side? These people preferred things that way; they were fatalists, and were as completely reconciled to smallpox and cholera as to the actinic rays of the sun and the pigment of their skins. They couldn't exist happily without their frequent scourges to remove their surplus populations and give free exercise to their superstitions. Besides, the best intentions couldn't drive disease out of the tropics; the heat and the insects had the situation too well in hand. "No, no," said these experienced Europeans, "let the beggars alone—they'll be much happier and like you better. Go back and sanitate the United States; don't try to clean up the Philippines. Make a few healthy spots in the chief cities where the white people live. That's all we try to do here. That's all you can do in this part of the world." Public health in the Orient was no concern of the statesman!

The Philippine Islands, in the condition they presented when Dr. Heiser arrived, externally supported this contention. More than any other section

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near the China coast was it the country of the great plagues. More so than any other people of the Orient were the Filipinos a race of invalids. Smallpox, an epidemic disease, carried off 40,000 people a year. The very year the Americans began their work there were 128,000 cases of cholera. Other cholera visitations in previous years had destroyed whole villages and caused 1,000 deaths a day in Manila. More than six thousand lepers roamed about the islands, spreading contamination everywhere they went. Bubonic plague had raged for centuries in Luzon as savagely as in India, and beriberi destroyed thousands of lives every twelvemonth. Malaria, amœbic dysentery, and tuberculosis enfeebled a majority of the population; nearly every man, woman, and child in the Philippine Islands was ill. It was not surprising that the Filipinos looked upon disease merely as God's punishment for sin and were inclined to regard as sacrilege any attempt to interfere with this divinely instituted order.

What conditions must have been in the interior can be imagined from what they were in the Spanish city of Manila. This town was located on a tidal flat, the best parts only a few feet above tidewater, while the poor quarters were frequently flooded. Some person, perhaps inspired by sarcasm, once described the city as the "Venice of the East." The resemblance was probably suggested by Manila's most characteristic feature—the thirty miles of *esteros*, or canals, which served as water courses, as sewers, as dumping-places for garbage and other household rejecta, and sometimes, unhappily, as a supply of drinking-water. These canals gave the city a more orthodox Oriental reputation than it now enjoys—that is, it was not then a "city without odors." The water-supply of the upper classes, came from the Marauquina River, passing, before it reached Manila, about a dozen Filipino villages, which used it as a sewer. The care-free domestic existence of the Filipinos did not encourage good sanitation. The prosperous natives and the Americans and Europeans lived in what was called the "strong material" districts — in the stone or wooden houses introduced by the Spaniards. Though their sanitary apparatus was not unexceptional, it approached perfection compared with the light material areas, which housed the greater mass of Manila's 220,000 population.

Here the nipa shack represented the conventional Filipino abode. No alleys or streets penetrated these districts. The houses were built close together, a promiscuous mass of bamboo and palm; they consisted of single rooms, elevated three or four feet on poles, a provision which usually protected the inmates from the rising tide. The floor was composed of a few planks, with wide interstices, through which the family refuse was thrown into the area below, where pigs, chickens, dogs, and other animals rendered some slight service as scavengers. When the sanitarians, with their lime-pails and disinfectants, pursued the cholera bacillus in these districts, their chief means of ingress was to crawl on all fours under the shacks. These areas likewise performed another rather ghastly service; as Manila then had no insane asylums, the Filipinos used to chain the feeble-minded, like animals, to poles under their houses. When fires swept through these districts, the tenants, ambitious to save their household goods, frequently forgot to unchain these unfortunates. They treated their dead with similar informality. American visitors, in pre-Heiser days, were particularly interested in the *osarios*, or bone-piles, that existed in large numbers; they would even bring home bones as souvenirs! These represented the vestigia of human bodies expelled from their sepulchers because their relations had tired of paying the rent.

I could fill several pages with facts of Filipino hygiene more gruesome than those already given, but these details will furnish some idea of Dr. Heiser's problem. His difficulties, however, were not only physical, but psychological. The Filipinos regarded American attempts at sanitation as some strange Western method of applying torture. Dr. Heiser, in their view, had been commissioned by the American government to punish them for the Aguinaldo insurrection, then just about ended. The Spanish friars fought the early American health officers, teaching the people that

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they were engaged chiefly in poisoning wells and introducing cholera while pretending to stamp out smallpox. Dr. Heiser's plan was to do everything in cooperation with the people themselves. He recognized that the Filipinos—always excluding the wild tribes—were intelligent and self-respecting, and his chief ambition was to transform them into a race of sanitarians. To this end three hundred Boards of Health, composed mainly of Filipinos, were established, one in every province and municipality. The health inspectors and workers were invariably natives, always acting under American direction. The vaccinators, thousands of them, were Filipinos. In the public schools hygiene and sanitation became as regular a study as reading and arithmetic. The Filipino school child probably knows far more about bacteria and flies and mosquitoes than his compatriot in the United States. The press, native and American, was made part of the health campaign. An event that greatly helped was the arrival, in 1903, of the Most Reverend Jeremiah Harty as the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the Philippines. This shrewd and philanthropic cleric helped Dr. Heiser to solve his most delicate problems; for, in his sanitation campaign, he was constantly in danger of offending the religious feelings of the people. Immediately after Archbishop Harty's arrival, however, this difficulty disappeared. The priests in all parts of the islands joined in the campaign; henceforth the Filipinos did not run from the American health-bringers as though they were devils.

How superstition can help or retard such efforts was brought out in Dr. Heiser's attempt to dig artesian wells. Until Dr. Heiser arrived there was not one well of this kind in the islands. And the native populations were entirely content. If the good Lord, they said, had intended that His people should drink water out of a hole in the ground, He would have made the world that way. Surface water and ponds had satisfied their ancestors for ages; were they not good enough for their children? Wherever the well-drivers appeared, therefore, they had a warm reception. Bolomen attacked the first adventurer and gave him a ten-mile run for his life. But Dr. Heiser patiently kept at work, in one village after another, and finally sank a well. And then the people would not use the water. Finally, by one of those pieces of luck that have attended the campaign, one man who was very sick drank the artesian water. He recovered from his illness the next day—a recovery, of course, which had nothing to do with his accidental use of the artesian well. But the people immediately connected the two events. It was a sign from Heaven, a miracle—and Filipinos are fond of miracles. The news spread with incredible rapidity, and soon a motley procession started toward the once-abominated spring. They came, men, women, and children, with buckets, pots, pans, dippers, jugs—anything that would hold even a small supply of the precious fluid. And the event justified their devotional belief, for in this village, now exclusively supplied with water from this artesian well, the death rate dropped fifty per cent. Cholera in particular lost most of its virulence. All sections of the Philippines now had one consuming ambition—they all demanded an artesian well of their own. The way in which the mortality goes down in all sections where this improvement is established sufficiently justifies their zeal. Nearly one thousand were driven in Dr. Heiser's time, and even the wild Moros are insistent in obtaining their share.

Another happy stroke of luck gave the cure for a loathsome infection which prevails not only in the Philippines but in most tropical climates. This is the *yaws*, a disease whose chief manifestations are disfiguring ulcers. It especially afflicted the head-hunting tribes of the interior. Dr. R. P. Strong—recently famous for stamping out the typhus in Servia—believed that Ehrlich's synthetic remedy, salvarsan, might act as a cure. The head-hunters refused to listen to him and beat off the Americans whenever they approached. But one of the most recalcitrant, badly afflicted with the disease, was arrested as a criminal and brought to Manila. Here was a rare opportunity for an experiment! The authorities informed their prisoner that, if he consented to submit to treatment, they would not punish him for his crime

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—a proposition which he accepted. His only complaint, when the experimenters started injecting salvarsan, was that they were not treating him for his disease; they were putting nothing into his sores. The treatment had a magical effect—in a few days the man was completely cured. And then, just when the Americans wanted him for observation, he disappeared. Perhaps, Dr. Strong and his associates feared, he had gone to organize an expedition against his benefactors. But in a few days he came back, leading to the laboratory a long procession of scantily clothed head-hunters afflicted as he had been. In a short time all these were cured. The net result of this little episode is this: the wonderfully successful use of salvarsan for yaws is now general, not only in the Philippines, but in all tropical countries, and it has even conquered the disease in lands so close to us as the West Indies.

Another performance stilled all the opposition of the Filipinos and made them willing co-workers. That was the early success in stamping out cholera. Hardly had Dr. Heiser started his work when he found a fair-sized epidemic on his hands. His predecessors had shown little tact in handling the situation a few years before. The Filipinos are great family people, and their nipa huts, primitive as they seem, are domestic shrines. When a bustling American rushed in, therefore, grabbed a father, a sister, or a child, making explanation in a language which his victims did not understand, and hustled off his charge in a wagon, forbidding any one to follow, the disconsolate relative merely felt an impotent rage. The burning of whole sections to destroy infection did not increase popular enthusiasm for American sanitary methods. The Filipinos, hating the disinfectors as they did, went to extremes to make their task more difficult. The neighbors would usually crowd into a cholera house, carrying away mats, articles of clothing, food and drink—this as a friendly act to save them from the sanitary squads. This added to the work, as the inspectors, of course, had patiently to search for all these articles. The families would conceal their sick people, remove them at night into the rice-fields, hide their dead bodies under wood-piles, or throw them into the canals. Dr. Heiser's first task was to establish friendly and co-operative relations. His aim was to persuade the Filipinos that the American sanitarians were not their enemies, but friends. With this idea he placed prominent Filipino physicians in important places and selected practically all the members of his sanitary squads from the native population. Wherever these inspectors found a cholera case they acted with the utmost diplomacy. The first idea was to reassure the parents or friends, who were usually huddled in their shacks shivering with fear—not fear of the disease, but of being harshly separated from their relatives. "Your child has the cholera," they would say. "We have got to take her away, but you come, too." In fact, Dr. Heiser built quarters near the cholera hospital exclusively for the accommodation of relatives. He also established visiting hours —something practically unknown in a contagious-disease hospital. His medical associates protested against this. "This is the best way," they would say, "of spreading the disease." But circumstances showed that it was the best way of controlling it, for the possible escape of a few germs was not so important as establishing working relations with the people. The whole attitude of the native population changed; far from concealing their cases, they would run to the inspectors at the first indication of an ache or a pain. The fact that large numbers of those sent to the hospital returned made a deep impression. Filipino children, returning from school, would lecture their parents upon the cause of the disease; in particular would insist that the universal habit of eating with the fingers was an excellent means of transmitting it. These children, of course, were merely repeating the lessons taught by their American schoolmistresses.

Perhaps the greatest disseminators of the disease were the public markets. The Filipino, a born bargainer, will not purchase food until after a thorough inspection. He will take a piece of meat in his hands, hold it up and inspect it minutely before purchasing. Consequently nearly every article is handled

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by dozens of people before it finds its way to the Filipino table. With thousands of cholera-carriers around, this custom furnishes the disease a ready access to the household. A rope, a policeman, and a barrel of disinfectant solved this problem.. Dr. Heiser roped in every market, leaving a narrow passage for an entrance; on one side he stationed a policeman and on another the barrel. The guardian of the law forced each bargain hunter, before entering the market, to dip his hands in the barrel. At first the natives rebelled, evidently regarding it as some new and particularly subtle form of insult. But soon the procedure struck their sense of humor and furnished vast entertainment. The same idea was enforced at the religious fiestas, or pilgrimages, that lend so much color to Filipino existence. At the Filipino religious shrines, where on certain days as many as ten thousand people gather, the policemen and the barrels of disinfectants are almost as conspicuous as the statues of the Virgin.

Other radical changes have practically banished cholera as well as other diseases. The Americans have removed from the *esteros*, or canals, the filth that had been accumulating for centuries. They have drained and filled up many; they have built retaining walls to others, and connected them with tide-water, so that they form valuable highways of commerce. The Spaniards, three centuries ago, built a moat around the city wall—a watercourse which had long since degenerated into a swampy and stagnant morass, used by adjoining residents as a sewer and by the carabao as a wallowing-ground. This area, filled in by the Americans, has been transformed into beautiful sunken gardens and athletic fields. Not only have the Americans given the rural sections fine drinking-water from artesian wells, but they have established a splendid modern water-supply in Manila. Manila now has a sewer system that many cities in Europe or the United States might envy. The health work comprehends a movement that would be known in this country as tenement-house reform. The authorities have destroyed hundreds of acres of nipa shacks and moved their population bodily into neat cottages in newly established districts. Streets and alleys have been established where previously they did not exist; the insane have been untied from their poles and established in splendidly equipped asylums. Nearly a thousand beautiful cemeteries, located in all parts of the islands, have supplanted the now abolished bone-piles. Filipinos now can purchase food only in public markets, where it is inspected with a thoroughness that would delight Dr. Wiley's heart. If New York bought its food under such conditions, what a tremendous decrease there would be in typhoid, infantile diarrhea, and other diseases!

Manila has reached another height of glory which many American towns have striven vainly for—it is a city without mosquitoes and without flies. Here again Dr. Heiser proved not only the sanitarian, but the diplomat. He did not accomplish this miracle by "swatting" campaigns. His measures for drainage, for removing garbage and surface accumulations give these insects no opportunities to breed. Here again scientific inspection and popular education have gone hand in hand. Dr. Heiser organized mosquito brigades in all sections of the city, spending nearly a year instructing the members. After a year's preliminary educational work, Dr. Heiser advanced to the next stage. He assumed that all the people now knew how to get rid of mosquitoes; from now on, any one who tolerated the pests on their premises would be held up to public opprobrium. One morning the Filipino, opening his newspaper, saw a flaming headline reaching across the first page: "Roll of Dishonor!" This roll contained the names of all people in Manila who were still guilty of harboring mosquitoes. It spared no one; rich and poor, university graduate and slum-dweller found themselves pilloried indiscriminately as bad citizens. The day on which this publication appeared passed uncomfortably for Dr. Heiser. The Filipinos, sensitive to "honor," regarded themselves as forever disgraced; they besieged the health director by telephone, by personal visits, beseeching him to remove this stain on their family escutcheon. Who had ever heard of losing honor for a mosquito? But the

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implacable American showed them the easy way to get their names off the list; moreover, he said, unless the mosquitoes disappeared, more severe methods would be used. Manila has seldom seen such activity as now ensued, and in a few weeks all but the most abandoned had cleared the family reputation. A policeman, an arrest, a trial and a fine stirred the enthusiasm of these stragglers. The appearance of a few mosquitoes or flies anywhere in Manila now is a public scandal.

Smallpox had ravaged the islands for centuries and pitted Filipino faces were as numerous as in England before the days of Jenner. On an average, forty thousand died each year from this disease—as many as six thousand had died in one year in Manila alone. Yet the Filipino people did not regard this as extraordinary; at first they resisted violently all attempts of the Americans to destroy the disease. On the approach of the early vaccinators, the natives would hide in the woods and conceal their children in boxes, cupboards, and other convenient receptacles. But the Filipino is observant and not without logic, and one circumstance began soon to make an impression. When smallpox swept a particular village the people with scars on their arms invariably escaped the sickness. This fact and the conciliatory methods adopted under the Heiser régime produced a more receptive attitude. Filipinos were trained as vaccinators, the assistance of local dignitaries enlisted, and a complete and orderly campaign was outlined. After vaccinating Manila, the health service canvassed the whole island, district by district. The vaccinators, starting on one edge of the province, would march over the whole section vaccinating every man, woman, and child. Each village and tribe had fair warning. The priests, mayors, and influential leaders would collect their people, lecture them on the blessings of vaccination, and enjoin them to submit themselves and their children to the visitors. Even the chiefs of the wild tribes would painstakingly bring their people from the mountains. For there is one place in the world where there are no anti-vaccination societies; there is not a naked savage or headhunter in the Philippines who does not joyously believe in the practice. Not since Jenner's immortal discovery has the world had so complete an illustration of its usefulness. Dr. Heiser has vaccinated ten million Filipinos without one single death—a record that surpasses anything that even the Germans have done. Manila, where thousands died each year, has not had a single death from smallpox since 1906. The mortality in all the islands has dropped from 40,000 a year to 600 or 700! These comparatively few deaths occur in interior points that are so inaccessible, for lack of roads, that the vaccinators cannot reach them in time to preserve the strength of the vaccine virus.

Even the inhospitable Moros of Mindanao, who hate the Christian and all his works, warmly welcome the vaccinator. Smallpox had immemorially afflicted them. Stories of the miracles accomplished in the other islands, however, ultimately reached these people, and a few successful vaccinations, followed by complete immunity, fired them with zeal. On one occasion, quite by accident, a squad of army doctors pitched their headquarters near a Moro village. Presently a murderous-looking crew waited upon them.

"We have come," the leader laconically announced, putting forth his arm, "to be vaccinated."

But here was a dilemma, as the doctors had no vaccine with them. They explained that they would vaccinate in a few days.

"No," said the chief; "we come to be vaccinated to-day. You must do it now."

When the doctors protested again, the Moros drew their creeses, and only American quick wit saved a dangerous situation. The vaccinators dipped their syringes in water and injected it into the bare, brown arms.

"This is the first treatment," they explained to the delighted Moros. "Come back in two weeks and we will give you all another dose."

Before this period expired, of course, the vaccine arrived and a real vaccination followed. In a short time everybody in the island had been vaccinated, and the Moros know smallpox no more.

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Dr. Heiser has another unique eminence among medical men: he is the world's greatest "leprosologist." That means that he has seen more cases of leprosy and knows more about the disease than any other man or any half-dozen men since the beginning of time. This adventurous American has personally fraternized with nearly eight thousand lepers. Stevenson has immortalized Father Damien, who sacrificed his life among the lepers of Molokai. But Father Damien never saw as much leprosy as has this American sanitarian. His business was not primarily to immolate himself in a leper colony—though that, too, he has done; his hardest work was the really difficult one of collecting nearly eight thousand lepers from all parts of the Philippines and persuading them to spend their remaining days on a hitherto solitary island, away from family and friends. Few people love their children, their parents and friends, as do the Filipinos; perhaps this was one reason why no successful attempt had ever been made to isolate their lepers. The Franciscan friars had established a hospital in Manila, but it sheltered only a few hundred; the rest lived indiscriminately in all parts of the islands, thousands with their families. Many earned their living as workmen, salesmen, even as school-teachers, and a large number roamed around without homes or friends, living the outcast life that is the worst penalty of the disease. They were constantly infecting other people—there were about a thousand fresh cases of leprosy in the Philippines every year. So long as the disease remained incurable, there was clearly only one way to destroy it. That was to keep all lepers out of the islands and to isolate all existing cases so that the disease would gradually die of inanition. The Health Department selected the beautiful island of Culion, about two hundred miles south of Manila, and constructed here an up-to-date village of nipa huts and concrete houses, with streets, a sewer system, water-supply, a town hall, a school-building, warehouses, dining-halls, hospitals, electric lights, a post-office, a store, a cemetery, and even a pretty little theater. Here the poor leper, if seriously invalided, could receive careful treatment in the hospital under the ministrations of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. Others had the option of living a life of ease or farming, for the island abounded in fertile valleys. A special coinage was established; a police force, entirely composed of lepers, was organized; and a band—all the players lepers—enlivened life with evening concerts. Culion, indeed, constitutes a kind of San Marino Republic of lepers—the government and the administration of justice is entirely in their hands.

But that is the island as we see it today. Ten years ago, when the plans were made, the pressing problem was this: how are we to persuade parents to give up their children, and children to give up their parents, and send them to this solitary spot? This became Dr. Heiser's personal problem. He organized a corps of Filipino lecturers, who toured the villages, describing the Culion colony, illustrating it with lantern-slides, and impressing upon the people the necessity of confining all the lepers there. Again the priests and the local officials added their persuasions. A few days afterward Dr. Heiser and his medical squad would arrive. "Bring out your lepers!" was their cry. In many cases the people did so. The medical squad examined each candidate, making the usual blood test for leprosy. Dr. Heiser's inflexible rule—and this fact, perhaps more than anything else, gained the respect of the natives—was to take no person whose blood did not unmistakably disclose the leprosy bacillus. This precaution caused astounding revelations. Political hostility rages as fiercely in the Filipino village as in a Tammany assembly district, and the successful "boss" had one time-honored way of revenging himself on a political opponent. That was to denounce him or some member of his family—a favorite daughter, perhaps—as a leper. But Dr. Heiser's blood tests easily distinguished these cases of political leprosy and restored them to their families. Again, there were scores of sick people generally regarded as victims of the disease who had herded with the lepers for years. Dr. Heiser's microscopes showed that these people did not have lep-

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rosy, but were suffering from easily curable skin affections. Instead of taking them to Culion, he sent them to Manila for treatment, and in a few weeks they would return entirely well.

Reports of these happenings spread like wildfire through the islands—Heiser's name became better known in the villages and on the farms than that of any other man. Wherever he traveled—he covered more than four thousand miles, going by steamer, by canoe, by road wagon, on foot, astride a mule or a carabao, sleeping in the open or in a nipa palm shack—the people turned out to welcome him. And usually he left leading all the lepers with him. Hundreds, however, still declined to bring forward their dependents. All these Dr. Heiser sought out personally. He made no distinction of person; he visited the homes of the rich and the poor, attempting to make everybody see their obligation to produce their sick. Many met him with fierce hostility. "If you enter this door I will kill you!"—such was his frequent greeting. He purposely went unarmed, but this threat, made by a little brown man four or five feet high was not especially impressive. For Dr. Heiser is six feet and muscular—he is the champion tennis-player of Manila and an all-around athlete. So he would smile good-naturedly, take the ferocious native by the arm, sit down and talk things over. These interviews usually carried the point—and there is probably no man living who has witnessed so many heartbreaking farewells as Dr. Heiser.

In very rare cases the families would still conceal their unfortunates. There was one especially pathetic case—the daughter of a rich and cultured Filipino, who had received a splendid education only to fall a victim to this malady. Dr. Heiser visited the home five or six times, but could never find the poor girl, for whenever he approached the village the family would receive word and smuggle her away. On the last visit, however, she came into the room in tears and gave herself up. She had hidden in a cave, she said, whenever the American had approached. But the penalty she had paid had broken her heart, for her brother had contracted the disease! "Had I gone with you at first," she said, "my brother would have escaped. But my wickedness has made him a leper, too! Now we are both going with you together." And the two were presently installed in a neat concrete cottage at Culion.

One of the saddest episodes was that Dr. Heiser's Filipino boy himself contracted the disease and had to stay in the colony. But this boy, like hundreds of others, is now under treatment, with a good chance of getting well. For the Culion experiment promises to develop, in Chaulmoogra oil, a cure for leprosy. Already the hospitals have discharged twenty-three former lepers as absolutely free of the disease.

And there was that other historic scourge which has raged immemorially in the East and which still rages there—the bubonic plague. Practically the whole of Asia—India, China, Japan, the Straits Settlements—still has visitations of this disease. But in the midst of this plague-infected region there is one great section that is free. This is the Philippine Islands. Yet up to 1906 the Filipinos suffered as severely from plague as East-Indians and the Chinese. Manila under the Spanish was one of the great plague spots of the world. In 1906, however, the plague disappeared as a disease of rats, and in the following year it disappeared as a disease of men. Hong-Kong, the ports of Japan and other Eastern countries, constantly threaten the islands; ships are always sailing for Manila from their plague-infested towns, yet this vigilant American city maintains itself unscathed. Dr. Heiser long since exiled the plague; the only problem now is to prevent invasions from adjoining cities. Protection is now simply a question of quarantine.

The fact that there were *two* cases of bubonic plague in Manila three years ago, whereas in former periods there had been hundreds, sometimes thousands, produced a panic in the sanitary department. And there were only two—the "epidemic" was scotched immediately.

I could tell a similar story of the conquest of beriberi, of the progress against the hook-worm, malaria, amœbic dysentery, tuberculosis, and other diseases. And other fundamental changes promise

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to make a new Philippines. In the Philippine General Hospital, opened in Manila in 1910, the Filipinos have an institution that ranks well with the best in the United States or Europe. Many of the provinces also have modern hospitals and dispensaries. A new medical school at Manila is turning out a high grade of Filipino physician, and hundreds of young Filipino women are now wearing the conventional garb of the trained nurse. Manila has its clubs, composed of native women, who are organizing movements for pure milk and the conservation of childhood. The civilizing effect of medical work is most apparent perhaps among the wild tribes, tribes which for centuries had wandered through the hills without any medical help. The native doctors and nurses now commonly circulate in these out-of-the-way villages. The Americans have built modern hospitals for these people right in their inaccessible hills. The tribes have learned such modern lessons as the daily collection of garbage, the sweeping of streets, and the cleaning up of yards. Igorotte vaccinators, pricking the brown arms of their fellows with vaccine points, are now a common sight.

Perhaps the most satisfactory result of all this work is the way other Oriental countries are taking the lesson to heart. The colonial experts who ridiculed Dr. Heiser ten years ago are now introducing his ideas in their own countries. Following the example of Manila, Singapore and Colombo have constructed sewers. The Heiser notions on the eradication of plague, smallpox, and cholera are spreading throughout the East. Even China is making ready to introduce modern medicine and sanitation. Japan, Hong-Kong, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements, Java, India, the Federated Malay states, Australia, Ceylon, and Siam are introducing Heiser methods everywhere. At least three Oriental countries are establishing leper colonies like that at Culion. The cities of Asia are making plans to introduce quarantine regulations modeled after those of Manila. The laboratories at Manila are generally recognized as the headquarters of medical research in the Orient. These same Eastern countries, after witnessing the example of Manila and other Philippine towns, have awakened to the fact that mosquitoes can be abolished and malaria controlled. The fact that the tropics are not uninhabitable, the realization that they may be the headquarters of a prosperous civilization, even of white men, is a great modern discovery. This is the truth that Dr. Heiser has demonstrated in the Philippines.

Violin Music

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

SOMEWHERE to-night among the hills of heaven
She walks, with all her stars around her;
And I who lost her here on earth
Grow happy, knowing God has found her.

So many days along all paths of radiance
Made for her feet to tread I sought her,
Through all the wide lagoons of dawn
And mazy lanes of moonlit water.

Now know I by the path of this strange music
Beyond the world she went a-straying,
Almost you bring me where she walks—
Ah! for the love of God, cease not your playing.

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The Mulatto

BY DON MARQUIS

CARTER was not exactly a negro, but he was a "nigger." Seven drops of his blood out of every eight were Caucasian. The eighth, being African, classified him. The white part of him despised and pitied the black part. The black part hated the white part. Consequently, wherever Carter went he carried his own hell along inside of him.

Carter began to learn that he was a nigger very early in life. Nigger children are not left long in doubt anywhere, and especially in the South. Carter first saw the light—and the shadows—of day in Atlanta. The color line itself, about which one hears so much talk, seemed to run along one end of the alley in which he was born. It was an alley with a gutter and a great deal of mud in it. At the corner, where it gave into a little narrow street not much better than an alley itself, the mud was the thickest, deepest, and best adapted to sculptural purposes. But in the little street lived a number of white families. They were most of them mill hands, and a numerous spawn of skinny children, little "crackers," with faces white and sad even from babyhood, disputed the mud with the nigger children. Nigger babies of five, four, three, and even two, understood quite well that this most desirable mud, even though it was in the nigger alley, was claimed by the white babies as *their* mud. It was in every way a more attractive sort of mud than any in the little street proper; and juvenile race riots were of almost hourly occurrence—skirmishes in which the very dogs took part. For the dogs grasped the situation as clearly as did the children; a "nigger" dog, even though he may have started in life as a white man's dog, soon gets a certain look about him.

So there was no chance for Carter to escape the knowledge that he was a nigger. But it was with a thrill that he perceived in his youthful excursions from the home alley that he was sometimes mistaken for a white child. He was so white in color that one could not tell he was a nigger at a casual glance.

As he grew up, he made another discovery that elated and embittered him still more. He found out who his father was—or rather, who his father had been, since he never saw that gentleman. The white blood in Carter's veins was no common ichor. Because white people seldom speak of these things it does not follow that they are not known pretty generally among the negroes. They are, in fact, discussed.

Carter went to school; he made the further discovery that he had brains—"white man's brains" is the way he put it to himself. Given the opportunity, he told himself, he could go as far as the average white man—perhaps further than the average. The white man's standard, nigger though he was, was still the standard by which he must measure himself. But the opportunity! Even as the youth prepared himself for it he perceived, hopelessly, that it would be denied him. As he matured he began to feel a strange, secret pride in that white family whose blood he shared. He familiarized himself with its genealogy. There is many a courtier who cannot trace his ancestry as far back as Carter could. One of his forebears had signed Magna Charta; several had fought in the Revolutionary War. There had been a United States Senator in the family, and a Confederate general. At times, feeling the vigorous impulse of hereditary instincts and ambitions, Carter looked upon himself as all white man, but never for long or to any purpose. The consciousness of his negro blood pulled him down again. But, as he grew up, he ceased to herd with black negroes; he scorned them. He crept about the world cursing it and himself—an unfortunate and bitter crea-

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ture that had no place; unfortunate and bitter, cursed with an intellect, denied that mitigation that might have come with a full share of the negro joviality of disposition, forever unreconciled.

There was one member of that white family from which he drew so much of his blood whom Carter particularly admired. Willoughby Howard was about Carter's own age, and he was Carter's half-brother. Howard did not distinguish Carter from any other mulatto; probably did not know of his existence. But as Howard reached manhood, and, through virtue of his wealth and standing and parts, began to attain an excellent place in the world, his rise was watched by Carter with a strange intensity of emotion. Carter in some occult way identified himself with the career of Willoughby Howard—sometimes he almost worshiped Willoughby Howard, and then he hated him; he envied him and raged over him with the same breath.

But mostly, as the isolation of his own condition ate into his soul, he raged over himself; he pitied himself; he hated himself. Out of the turmoil of his spirit arose the one despairing cry, Oh, to be white, white, *white!*

Many a night he lay awake until daybreak, counting off the slow minutes with the ceaseless iteration of that useless prayer: Only to be white! O God, for one *little year of being white!*

Fruitless hours of prayers and curses!

Carter went North. He went to New York. But the North, which affects to promise so much to the negro, in a large, loose, general way, does not perform in the same degree. There was only one thing which Carter would have thanked any one for performing; it was the one thing that could never be performed—he wanted to be made white. Sometimes, indeed, from the depths of his despair, he cried out that he wanted to be altogether black; but in his soul he did not really want that.

Nevertheless, at several different periods he yielded to temptation and "went over to the whites." In the South he could not have done this without discovery, in spite of the color of his skin. But in the Northern cities, with their enormous numbers of aliens, all more or less strange to the American eye, Carter found no great difficulty in passing as white. He "looked a little foreign" to the casual glance; that was all.

But if there was no great difficulty in it, there was no great satisfaction in it, either. In fact, it only made him the more bitter. Others might think him a white man, but he knew that he was a nigger.

The incident which sent him back South, resolved to be a nigger, and to live and die among the niggers, might not have affected another in his condition just as it did Carter. But to him it showed conclusively that his destiny was not a matter of environment so much as a question of himself.

He fell in love. The girl was a waitress in a cheap restaurant near the barbershop where Carter worked. She was herself a product of the East Side, struggling upward from the slums; partly Italian, but with some Oriental strain in her that had given the least perceptible obliqueness to her eyes—one of those rare hybrid products which give the thinker pause and make him wonder what the word "American" will signify a century from now; a creature with very red lips and very black eyebrows; she seemed to know more than she really did; she had a kind of naïve charm, a sort of allurement, without actual beauty; and her name had been Anglicized into Mary.

And she loved Carter. This being, doomed from the cradle to despair, had his moment of romance. But even in his intoxication there was no hope; his elation was embittered and perplexed. He was tempted not to tell the girl that he was a nigger. But if he married her, and did not tell her, perhaps the first child would tell her. It might look more of a nigger than he did.

But if he told her, would she marry a nigger? He decided he would tell her. Perhaps his conscience had less to do with this decision than the fatalism of his temperament.

So he made his revelation one Sunday evening, as they walked along the boardwalk from Coney Island to Brighton. To him, it was a tremendous moment. For

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days he had been revolving in his mind the phrases he would use; he had been rehearsing his plea; in his imagination he saw something spectacular, something histrionic, in his confession.

"Mary," he said, as they sat down on a bench on the beach, "there is something I think I ought to tell you before we get married."

The girl turned toward him her big, sleepy, dark eyes, which always seemed to see and understand so much more than they really did, and looked away again.

"I ought to tell you," he said—and as he said it, staring out to sea, he was so imposed upon by the importance of the moment to himself that he almost felt as if the sea listened and the waves paused—"I ought to tell you that I have negro blood in my veins."

She was silent. There was a moment before he dared to look at her; he could not bear to read his doom in her eyes. But finally he did muster up courage enough to turn his head.

The girl was placidly chewing gum and gazing at an excursion vessel that was making a landing at one of the piers.

He thought she had not heard. "Mary," he repeated, "I have negro blood in my veins."

"Uh-huh," said she. "I gotcha the first time, Steve! Say, I wonder if we couldn't take the boat back to town? Huh? Whatcha say?"

He looked at her almost incredulous. She had understood, and yet she had not shrunk away from him! He examined her with a new interest; his personal drama, in which she, perforce, must share, seemed to have made no impression upon her whatsoever.

"Do you mean," he said, hesitatingly, "that it will—that it won't make any difference to you? That you can marry me, that you *will* marry me, in spite of—of—in spite of what I am?"

"Gee! but ain't you the solemn one!" said the girl, taking hold of her gum and "stringing" it out from her lips. "Whatcha s'pose I care for a little thing like that?"

He had looked for a sort of dramatic "situation"; and, behold, there was none! There was none simply because the girl had no vantage-point from which to look at his life and hers. He had negro blood in his veins—and she simply did not care one way or the other!

He felt no elation, no exultation; he believed that she *should* have cared; whether her love was great enough to pardon that in him or not, she should have felt it as a thing that *needed* pardon.

As he stared at the girl, and she continued to chew her gum, he swiftly and subtly revised his estimate of her; and in his new appraisement there was more than a tinge of disgust. And for a moment he became altogether a white man in his judgment of the thing that was happening; he looked at the situation as a patrician of the South might have looked at it; the seven-eighths of his blood which was white spoke:

"By God!" he said, suddenly leaping to his feet and flinging aside the startled hand which the girl put out toward him, "I can't have anything to do with a woman who'd marry a nigger!"

So Carter went back to Atlanta. And, curiously enough, he stepped from the train almost into the midst of a strange and terrible conflict of which the struggle in his individual breast was, in a sense, the type and the symbol.

It was a Saturday night in September, an evening on which there began a memorable and sanguinary massacre of negroes; an event which has been variously explained and analyzed, but of which, perhaps, the underlying causes will never be completely understood.

There was riot in the streets, a whirlwind of passion which lashed the town and lifted up the trivial souls of men and spun them around and around, and passed and left the stains of blood behind. White men were making innocent negroes suffer for the brutal crimes of guilty negroes. It had been a hot summer; not a week had passed during July or August without bringing to the newspapers from somewhere in Georgia report of a negro assault upon some white woman. A blind, undiscriminating anger against the whole negro race had been growing and growing. And when, on that Saturday afternoon, the newspapers reported four more crimes, in rapid succession, all in or near Atlanta, the cumulative rage burst into a storm.

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There was no danger for Carter in the streets; more than a hasty glance was necessary to spy out his negro taint. He stood in a doorway, in the heart of the business district of the town, and watched the wild work that went on in a large, irregular plaza, where five streets came together and all the car-lines in the place converge. From this roughly triangular plaza leads Decatur Street, at one time notorious throughout the South for its negro dives and gambling-dens.

Now and then Carter could hear the crack of a pistol, close at hand or far away; and again some fleeing negro would start from a place of temporary concealment, at the approach of a mob that beat its way along a street, and make a wild dash for safety, as a rabbit startled from the sedge-grass scurries to the brush. There was not one mob, but several; the different bands united, split up, and reunited, as the shifting winds of madness blew. The plaza, with arc-lights all about it, was the brilliantly illuminated stage on which more than one scene of that disgusting melodrama was played out; from some dim hell of gloom and clamor to the north or east would rush a shouting group that whirled and swayed beneath the lights, dancing like flecks of soot in their brightness, to disappear in the gloom again, shouting, cursing, and gesticulating, down one of the thoroughfares to the west or south. And to Carter, in whose heart there waxed a fearful turmoil of emotions, even as the two races clashed along the echoing streets, there was a strange element of unreality about it all; or, rather, the night was dreadful with that superior reality which makes so much more vivid than waking life the intense experience of dreams. Carter thrilled; he shook; he was torn with terror and pity and horror and hatred.

No white man felt all that Carter felt that night; nor yet any negro. For he was both, and he was neither; and he beheld that conflict which was forever active in his nature dramatized by fate and staged with a thousand actors in the lighted proscenium at his feet.

This thought struck Carter himself, and he turned toward another man who had paused in the doorway, with no clear intention, but perhaps with the vague impulse of addressing him, as a point of solid contact and relief from the sense of hurrying unreality that possessed both the streets and his own spirit.

Startled, he saw that the other man was Willoughby Howard. Carter hesitated, and then advanced a step. But whatever he had to say was interrupted by a crowd that swept past them from Decatur Street in pursuit of a panting negro. The fleeing colored man was struck a dozen times; he fell at the street corner near them, and the mob surged on again into the darkness beyond, already in full chase of another quarry—all but one man, who left the mob and ran back as if to assure himself that the prostrate negro was really dead.

This was a short man, a very short man, a dwarf with a big head too heavy for him, and little bandy legs—legs so inadequate that he wabbled like an overfed poodle when he ran. Carter had seen him twice before that night, dodging in and out among the feet of the rioters like an excited cur, stumbling, falling, trodden upon; a being with bloodshot eyes and matted hair, hoarse voice and menacing fist, drunken and staggering with blood-lust; the very Gnome of Riot himself come up from some foul cave and howling in the streets. "Kill them! Kill them!" he would cry, and then shake with cackling laughter. But he was only valiant when there was no danger. As he approached the negro who lay upon the ground, and bent over him, Willoughby Howard stepped down from the doorway and aimed a blow at the creature with a cane. The blow missed, but the dwarf ran shrieking down Decatur Street.

Howard bent over the negro. The negro stirred; he was not dead. Howard turned toward Carter and said:

"He's alive! Help me get him out of the street."

Together they lifted the wounded man, moving him toward the curb-stone. He groaned and twisted, and they laid him down. Howard poured whiskey into him from a pocket-flask, and a little later he managed to struggle to a sitting posture on the curb, looking up at them with dazed eyes and a bloody face.

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Howard took his slow gaze from the negro and covered his face with his hands. Carter watched him. Of all men in the world this was the one whom Carter most honored and most loved—honored and loved, while he envied; he was the only man, perhaps, that could have touched Carter through his crust of bitterness. Carter listened with strained attention for what Howard would say, as if with some premonition that the words would be the cue for the most vital action of his life.

"My God! My God!" said Willoughby Howard, "will this thing never stop?" And then he straightened himself and turned toward the shadow into which Carter had retired, and there was the glow and glory of a large idea on his face; the thought of a line of men never lacking, when once aroused, in the courage to do and die for a principle or a human need. "There is one way," he cried, stretching out his hands impulsively to Carter, and not knowing to whom or to what manner of man he spoke—"there is one way to make them pause and think! If two of us white men of the better class offer our lives for these poor devils—die in their defense!—the mob will halt; the crowd will think; we can end it! Will you do it, with me? Will you do it?"

Two of us white men of the better class! Willoughby Howard had taken him for a white man!

It was like an accolade. A light blazed through the haunted caverns of his soul; he swelled with a vast exultation.

Willoughby Howard had taken him for a white man! Then, by God, he would be one! Since he was nothing in this life, he could at least die—and in his death he would be a white man! Nay, more!—he would die shoulder to shoulder with one of that family whose blood he shared. He would show that he, too, could shed that blood for an idea or a principle! For humanity! At the thought he could feel it singing in his veins: Oh, to be white, white, white! The dreams and the despairs of all his miserable and hampered life passed before him in a whirl, and now the cry was answered.

"Yes," he said, lifting his head, and rising at that instant into a larger thing than he had ever been, "I will stand by you. I will die with you." And under his breath he added—"my brother."

They had not long to wait. In the confused horror of that night things happened quickly. Even as Carter spoke the wounded negro struggled to his feet with a scarce articulate cry of alarm, for around the corner swept a mob, and the dwarf with matted hair was in the lead. He had come back with help to make sure of his job.

With the negro cowering behind them, the white man and the mulatto stepped forth to face the mob. Their attitude made their intention obvious.

"Don't be a damned fool, Willoughby Howard," said a voice from the crowd, "or you may get hurt yourself." And with the words there was a rush, and the three were in the midst of the clamoring madness, the mob dragging the negro from his two defenders.

"Be careful—don't hurt Willoughby Howard!" said the same voice again. Willoughby turned, and, recognizing the speaker as an acquaintance, with a sudden access of scorn and fury and disgust, struck him across the mouth. The next moment his arms were pinioned, and he was lifted and flung away from the negro he had been fighting to protect by half a dozen men.

"You fools! You fools!" he raged, struggling toward the center of the crowd again, "you're killing a white man there. An innocent white man—Do you stop at nothing? You're killing a *white man*, I say!"

"White man?" said the person whom he had struck, and who appeared to bear him little resentment for the blow. "Who's a white man? Not Jerry Carter here! *He* wasn't any white man. I've known him since he was a kid—he was just one of those yaller niggers."

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Hunting for Birds'-Nests

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

BIRDNESTING! What memories that evokes in almost every man who knew a country boyhood! The predatory instinct of a boy when a bird's-nest is concerned is often, if not generally, looked upon as a species of cruelty, a manifestation of original sin, as it were. Yet, as I look back upon my own boyhood, I cannot feel that this belief is justified.

There was certainly as much rudimentary scientific curiosity and unconscious self-development through the training of the faculties of observation as there was cruelty in our search for birds'-nests. To be sure, the finding of the nest and the eggs was rather an end in itself; we lacked the modern psychologist's interest in watching the parents' behavior and the young birds' growth. There may even have been a low spirit of emulation between boy and boy to see who could gather the largest variety. But surely that cabinet, or old secretary top, which you and I and every real American boy of a generation ago had in his chamber, full of mineral specimens, and birds'-nests on their twigs, with the eggs inside, and tiny boxes of rough garnets carefully picked up on our expeditions and treasured in the belief that they were of immense value, and perhaps a stuffed owl, and a tin box of plant specimens, and maybe an emperor moth mounted on a card, and in the drawer below the precious stamp-album—surely this old secretary did not bespeak our cruelty, but our curiosity. I am very sure I should hate to give up the memory of *my* collection. In fact, I have not even given up all of the collection! Gathering dust over one of my bookcases is a catbird's nest, on my desk as I write lies a little wooden box full of garnets picked up on Mount Monadnock, and until recently my precious lumps of gold and silver quartz lay on a shelf. Alas! one evil day my wife took them all to make a rim around the garden pool, and used the shelf for the complete works of Rudyard Kipling. Yet women complain that men have no sentiment!

Still, I have to admit that any but a scientific museum collection of birds' eggs does represent a loss of bird life far greater than the gain to the collector. There are plenty of books with colored plates which will answer the purpose, too. The ideal spirit to inculcate in the boy (and the training cannot begin too early!) is a love of birds and a profound respect for their economic value, and with that a spirit of vital curiosity to see how they build their nests and rear their families. This will employ all the detective faculties of birdnesting to the full without imperiling the next generation of birds.

In the town where I live, in western Massachusetts, William Brewster, the ornithologist, during several summer visits, noted ninety-one varieties of birds, all but eleven of which conceivably might, and probably did, nest there. Ralph Hoffman, in a more detailed study, has noted in that single township, during the entire year, one hundred and fifty varieties, nine resident for all twelve months, ten winter visitants, thirty-five migrants, and ninety-six summer residents. That would make a total of one hundred and five possible varieties of nests for the hunter to find—no mean quarry—and few enough are the people who could say they have seen them all, though not as few as the people who could identify each of the hundred and five if they did find them! But no one need be discouraged by the magnitude of the task, because the essence of amateur birdnesting is not to achieve a card-catalogue knowledge, but is rather a lazy, humorously human enjoyment of what may chance on a May or June

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WINGING ITS WAY OVER FLOWER-STREWN FIELDS

afternoon, when the bobolinks sing in the meadows, or the busy wrens go chattering about their house-building in the garden bird-box, or the mother partridge in the woods seeks by every artful device to lure you from your quest.

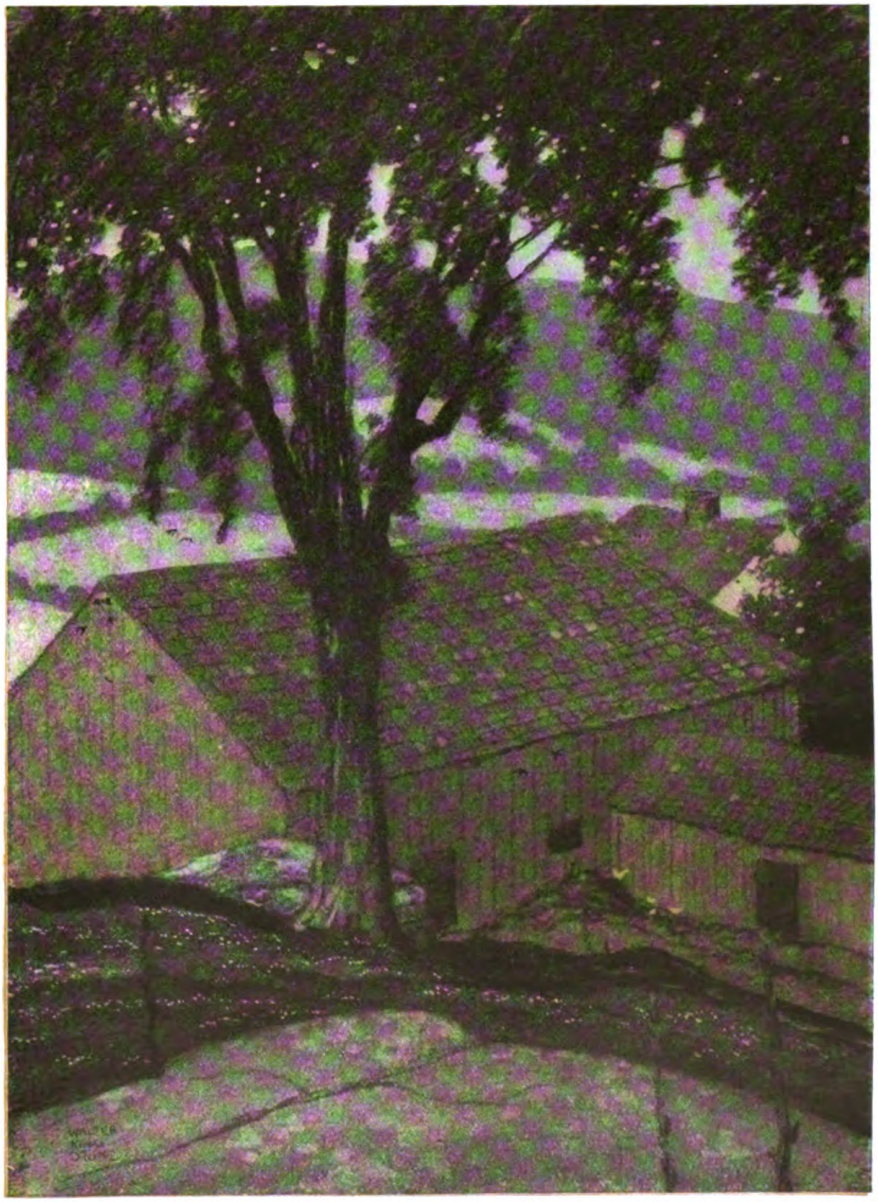
To me, the birds' nests are not scientifically divided by their architectural structure, but rather by their environment; and with each environment I love to associate the feathered inhabitants. Rather a rough classification, perhaps, but to the beginning birdnester it is the most useful one, in many ways, as well as the one yielding the largest reward of general enjoyment.

First, of course, we must begin with our dwellings, including the barns and outbuildings. There are certain birds prone to nest in, on, or about them—friendly birds who can become our companions and often (like the swallows) our best friends. Then there are birds of the orchard, which may include other trees about our dwellings. These birds, too, are our familiars, and nowadays it is pleasant to record, more and more the objects of our protection and care. Then there are birds of the meadows, birds of the swamps, birds of the pastures (the upland pastures, the cleared areas, the berry-patches), and birds of the deep woods. There are, too, birds of the river-banks—the kingfisher, for instance. Can any one think of the kingfisher apart from his stream? Finally, there are certain birds the tramper, at any rate, associates peculiarly with the roadside, the country roadside with its old stone walls, its rail fences, its brier tangles and tree hedges. Perhaps the last classification is an arbitrary one, but let it stand. The old-fashioned roadside garden, before the dust of motors and the invasion of tarvia and brush-scythes, was a delectable world of color and odor and bird and butterfly life. Its brilliant indigo birds, its gay goldfinches, its melodious song-sparrows, its protesting catbirds, who chose it as their home, still know where such gardens grow in the back country, and there they still nest.

Among the birds to look for as residents of the house, barn, or outbuildings are the house-wren, the purple martin, the barn, chimney, and cliff swallows, the phœbe, the robin, and the chipping-sparrow. All of this group are probably familiar to the average person. The

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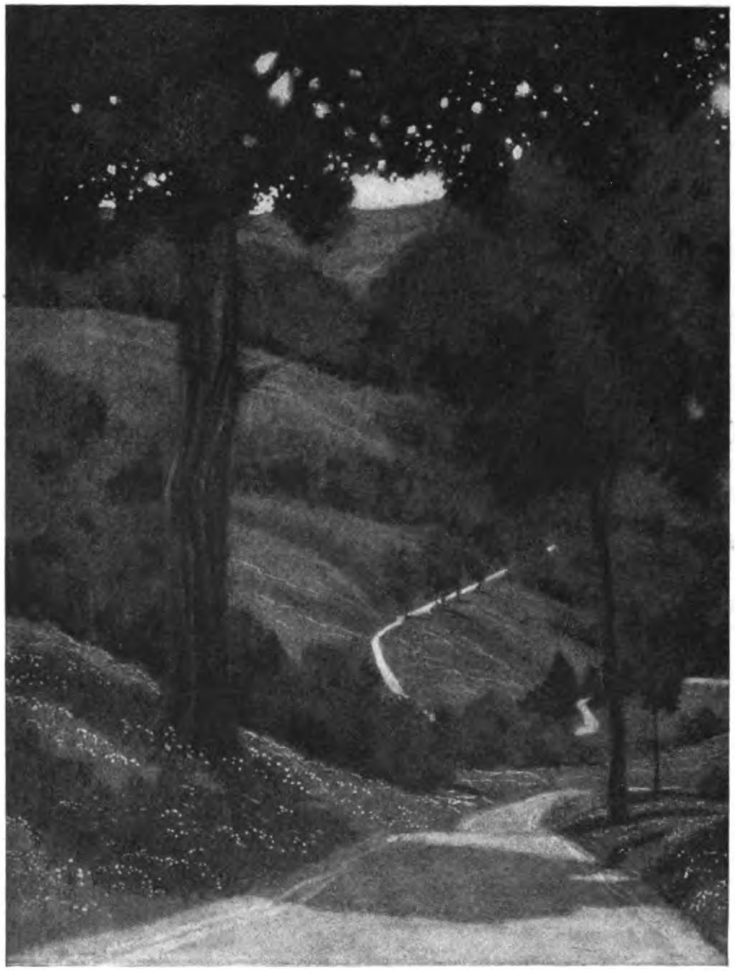
busy and domestic little wrens seldom build far from a dwelling. They will perch their nests almost anywhere—on a protected beam, behind a blind, under the eaves; but if you will provide nesting-boxes for them, placed on trees or trellis close to the house—any of the standard boxes with the entrance-hole the size of a silver quarter—they will select these houses in preference. For two years a pair of wrens built on a beam on our back porch, but after we had placed a box for them on a grape-trellis some thirty feet away they deserted the porch for this new dwelling, abandoning a half-built nest. They filled the box nearly full of twigs, and then lined the nest with soft material, including cotton batting which we put on the ground near by. After the eggs were laid, the mother wren stuck to her job steadily and silently while her mate fed her. He was not silent, however, but kept up an almost incessant sweet little chatter, hopping along the trellis close to the nest after he had passed in a bug to his wife, and singing his tuneless song over and over. When the little birds hatched they filled



HOUSES AND BARNS ATTRACT THE WRENS AND SWALLOWS

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the tiny box almost to bursting. You wondered how the mother could get in and out. One day we heard a great commotion. Both parents and all five children were making a tremendous uproar (relative to their size, that is). We ran to see what was the matter, and found that the wind had blown a branch from a near-by tree down across the entrance to the nest, where it had stuck. The parents almost hopped on our shoulders as we removed the obstruction, and the mother was up to the hole to see her babies before we were well away from the nest.



THE ROAD DROPS AWAY THROUGH A WINDING VALLEY

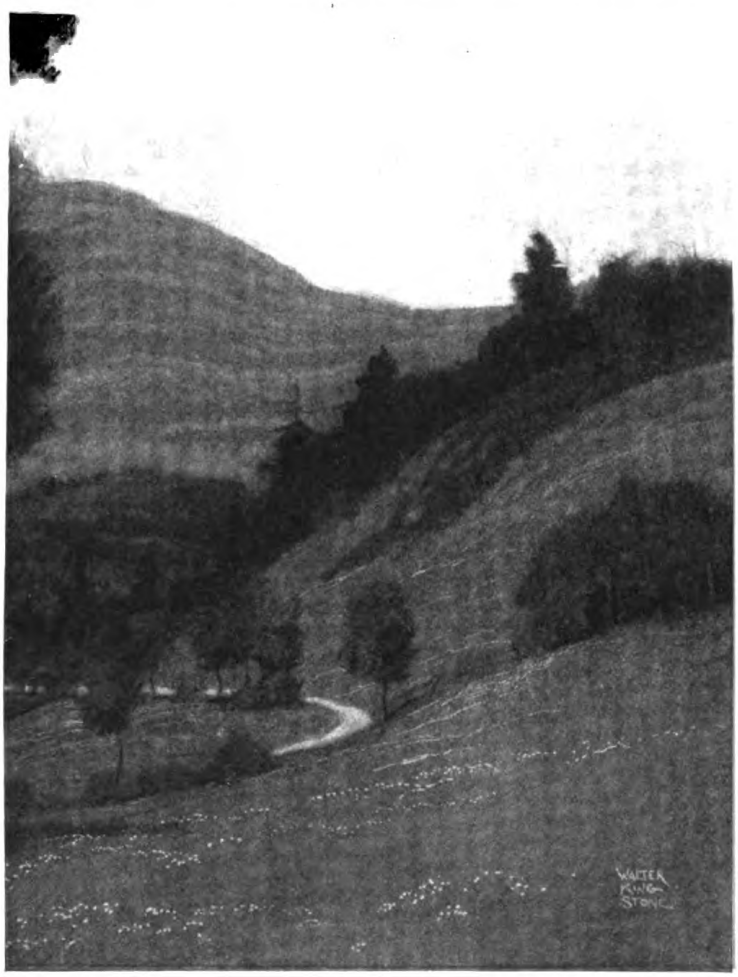
All farmers' boys, of course, know the nests of the barn and cliff swallows—the latter built in colonies under the eaves, curious affairs, like retorts with the neck sloping slightly downward. Most farmers, too, recognize the enormous value of swallows as insect destroyers, and I fancy it is pretty generally a punishable offense to molest a swallow's nest. In my boyhood, as I recall, there was even some superstition attached to the barn-swallows. They brought good luck, and if you destroyed their nests evil would follow. Like so many superstitions, this one certainly had an element of substantial fact. The chimney-swifts were less desirable, because in the autumn their nests often made the chimney smoke, and had to be fished out or knocked down by lowering a pine branch on a rope from the roof. Once upon a time, of course, these swallows built in hollow trees. But a pair of them, flying over Plymouth in 1621, spied something which looked like a new kind of tree, and the breed was on its way to a new procedure.

Possibly the fact that chimneys are safer from squirrels, coons, owls, and other possible enemies was a factor in determining the change. Then, too, it is undoubtedly easier to find chimneys to-day than hollow trees. I well remember, as a boy, hearing a noise in one of our chimneys, and pulled out the stove-pipe-hole cap in my chamber. There, directly opposite the opening, perched on a protruding brick, a swift was building a nest of sticks! I watched the whole process, fascinated by the sticky mucilage which the bird secreted in her salivary glands to fasten the sticks together, and, after the mother was sitting, gradually got her so tame—or, rather, sufficiently subdued her wildness—that

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she would remain occasionally on the nest when the cap was removed. My great desire was to see how she got the young birds up the chimney after they were large enough to leave the nest, but, alas! that feat was accomplished one day when I wasn't looking. I felt certain then that she must have carried them up in her bill, though I was laughed at for my belief. Has any one observed a chimney-swift getting her young up the flue? Curiously enough, I myself have never had another chance to watch.

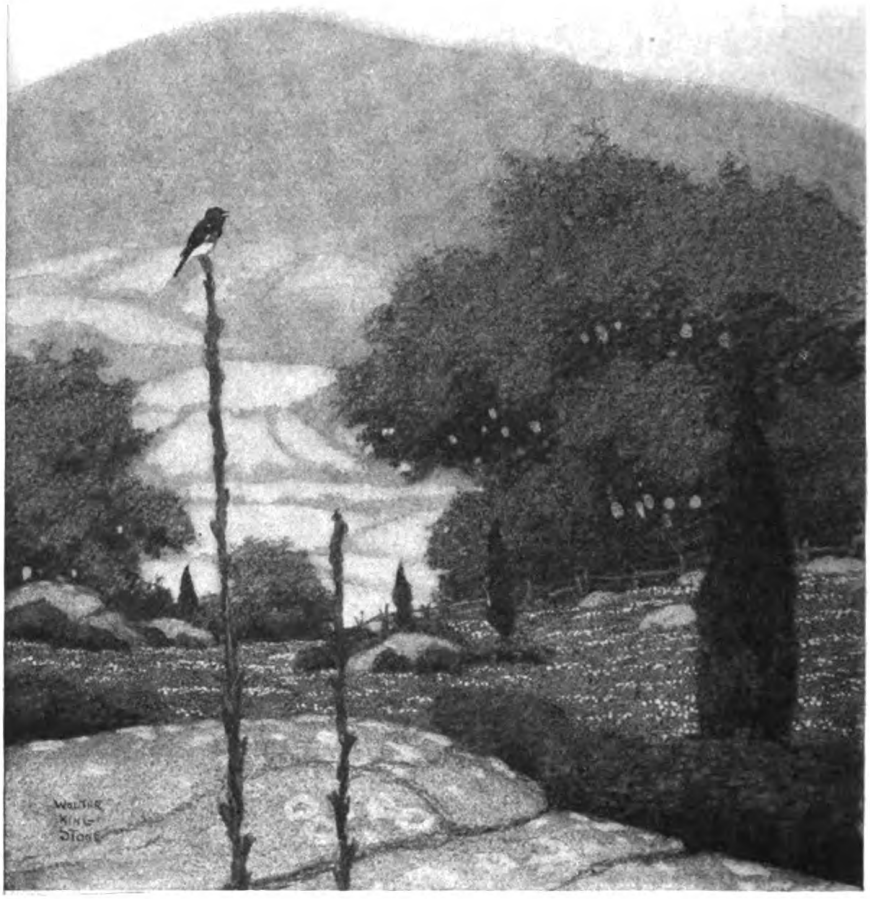
The robin, the phœbe, and the chipping-sparrow are all birds who will often nest on our houses, but also often nest elsewhere. The tame and pretty phœbes frequently raise two broods, and build their second nest on top of the ruins of their first. One year a pair built a nest on a beam on our dining-porch, so early in the season that we had not yet begun to eat out there. In midsummer, when it came time to rear their second brood, they tore the old nest down, letting the rubbish of moss, lichen, and hair fall directly on the table, and started building anew! We had some difficulty in persuading them to go away from there. For three successive years, too, a robin nested on our front porch, each year building a new nest on the grape-vine under the eaves, two or three feet from the site of the old one. I say a robin because in all the three years we were unable to detect the father giving the slightest aid. In fact, he never showed up till the nest was built. It was a most mysterious menage, suggesting the thought to our maid, Katie, that the father "was probably a traveling-man." The mother, however, made no complaint, and gave him wifely welcome when he did appear, and reared her three broods. She was exceedingly tame, and would permit us to stand on a chair with our faces level with hers, not two feet away, and look us calmly in the eye. Last year she did not come back.



UPLAND PASTURES WITH CAPES OF FIR

The chipping-sparrows, with their pretty, pert, minute little bodies, tame ways, and silvery tinkle of sound, hide their nests very cleverly, but they don't mind hiding them on a vine which grows beside a house. In one summer in our yard we found three chipping-sparrows' nests. One was so cleverly concealed about four feet from the ground in the thicket of a young cedar-tree that it

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SOUNDING HIS SWEET, SAD, ANDANTE CALL TO HIS MATE

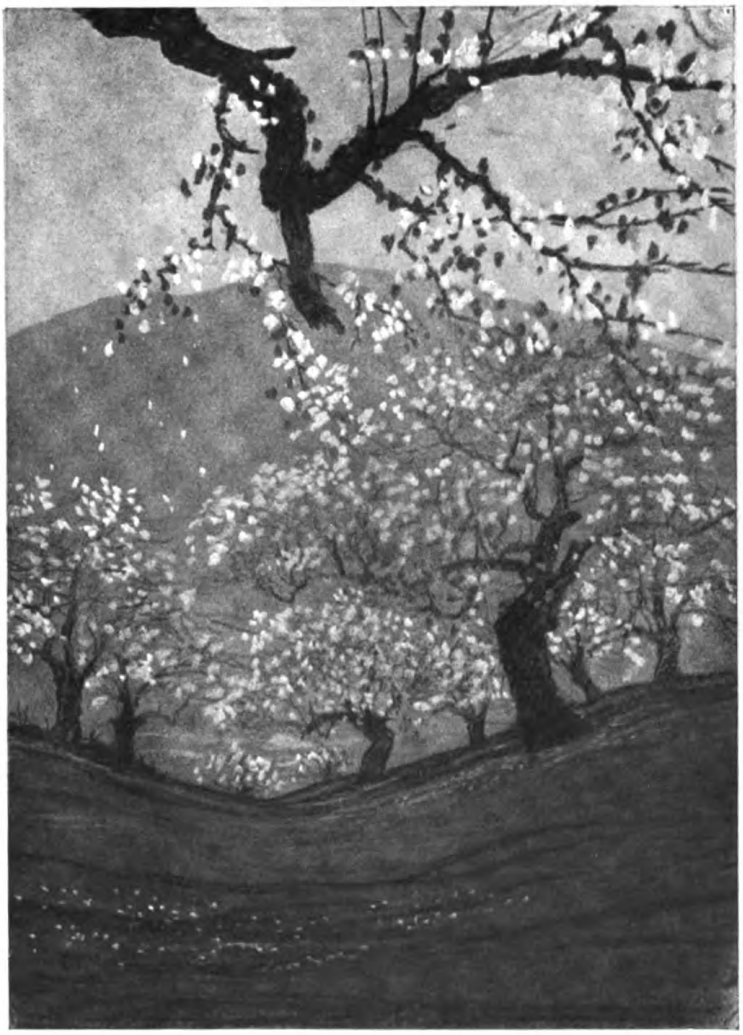
wasn't discovered till long after the birds were gone, and then only because a high wind blew the branches open. A second was hidden in a clematis-vine on a trellis. The third was about seven feet up in a richly tangled Virginia-creeper on the east side of my summer-house in the garden, where I write. The summer-house is pierced with arches, and from my table I could look through an arch directly to the spot where the nest was. But the nest was invisible. The birds did not mind me in the least, but would come and go quite fearlessly. It was very pretty, after the infinitesimal young were hatched, to hear their tiny squeals in under the leaves, and to see the parents come winging to the spot, perch a second on a leaf-twig, looking about for danger, and then dart in out of sight. On the same summer-house last year I placed a box for the wrens, but it was promptly leased by a pair of chickadees, who are usually shy, woodland nesters, for all their tameness through the rest of the year. As I can imitate (so can any one, for that matter) the call of the chickadee, I always whistled softly in

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the morning as I drew near the nest, to fool the mother. In answer to my call, out of the hole in the box would pop a tiny black-and-gray head, and two sharp eyes would peer all about while I came close and looked at her. If there is any sight in the world prettier than that of a mother chickadee's head popped out of her nest in answer to the call of her mate, I have yet to see it. When her mate was bringing her food, however, it was neither the love song nor the full *chick-a-dee-dee-dee* call which he uttered, but only a sweet, wiry *dee-dee*. Why my call deceived her I cannot say.

Among the common birds who customarily nest in the orchards or other trees about our dwellings are, of course, the robin, and then the bluebird, the orchard and Baltimore orioles, the great crested and least flycatcher (or chebek), the flicker, the downy woodpecker, and the king-bird. To this list may often be added the warbling vireo, the summer yellowbird, the screech-owl, and sometimes the humming-bird. In my own yard the catbird, who is generally associated with the wild roadsides or pastures, is a common visitor, a pair building each year either in a bush directly under my study window, or in a tall syringa near by. But one does not commonly think of them in such close proximity to our dwellings.

The robin, being a large, noisy, ubiquitous bird, usually betrays its nest in short order. It seems to have no choice of tree for its abode on our place; last season, for instance, there were five nests around the house, one forty feet up on the extended limb of a pine (this nest was robbed by the red squirrels, after a tremendous battle), one in a small elm, one in a Norway spruce, and two in apple-trees. As four of the five managed to produce good-sized families, and as they came at the same time, there was a period of several days in June when it was hardly safe to walk across the lawn, for fear of stepping on a gawky infant. They waddled, silent and clumsy, over the grass; they made abortive efforts to fly, and got up two or three feet to low twigs, where they perched for hours, dumbly, while the respective parents went scuttering about, feeding them with enormous worms. It was a



THE ORCHARD HAUNTS OF THE WOODPECKER IN SPRING

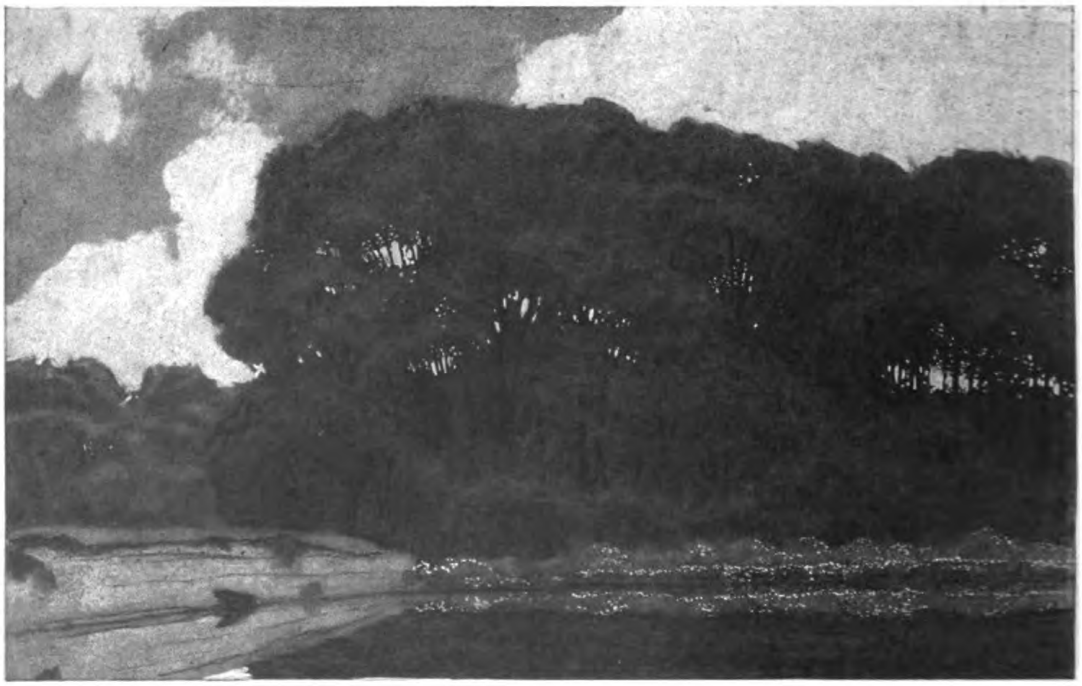
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busy, active, feverish time, both for the birds and for us, for we had to see that no cats got on to the place.

The bluebird, one of the most welcome of our early spring visitors, builds his nest, of course, in a hollow limb, especially preferring orchards where the pruning has been criminally unscientific, so that the end of a branch has rotted back in the center. There is such an old tree in my orchard, purposely left with hollow stumps sticking out in all directions, and here a pair of bluebirds nested every year, until my next-door neighbor put up a bluebird box last spring, and the ungrateful creatures went over to that! The baby birds are very pretty, and are said to be easily tamed, though I would never keep any bird in captivity myself, except a crow, which, after all, is not a captive, since he roams the place.

Like the bluebird, the great crested flycatchers nest in old apple-tree cavities—often in the same ones the bluebird has used. That pretty, year-round orchard-dweller, the downy woodpecker, also lives in tree cavities, but he insists on making his own hole. Not so his big cousin, the flicker. The flicker will make a hole, if necessary, or he will use what he finds to his purpose. In my yard is a huge hickory, cut off by lightning years ago about twenty-five feet from the ground. The tree was evidently partly hollow, and a tin cap was nailed over the break. Before we took the place some bird had drilled a hole about a foot below this cap into the tree—a flicker, perhaps, as the hole was as big as a silver dollar. The first winter we were here a screech-owl lived in the tree, and his mournful whistle made melancholy the still winter nights. But he did not nest there, for in the breeding season the tree was pre-empted by a pair of flickers, one of whom had the most curious habit. He would go in through the hole with material for the nest, and presently, as I would be working in the garden, I would hear a tremendous drumming, as if a small boy were beating a dishpan. It was the flicker, on the inside of the tree, banging away at the tin cap. Whether he (or she) wanted to let in more light to the nest, or whether he merely did it for amusement, I cannot say; but sometimes the racket would be kept up for fifteen minutes on a stretch.

If you have ever set out deliberately to find a ruby-throated humming-bird's nest, and have succeeded, you have done



THE BLACKBIRDS MAKE LIVELY THE AIR OVER THE SEDGY BORDERS OF STREAMS AND PONDS

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better than I have. It certainly requires patience, and the eyesight of an Indian, two virtues I do not possess. Walter King Stone, who has done it (he showed me one of the nests by way of proof), says you must employ the methods of wild-bee hunters, and by a series of observations of the bird as it leaves its flower feeding-ground you may ultimately reach its home. The nest is a beautiful bit of bird architecture, saddled on a limb, and plastered outside with gray lichen to color it protectively. This lichen seems to be fastened on with fiber from caterpillar cocoons, and the inside (little larger than a big thimble) is soft and woolly. Only two eggs are laid. The new birds are more like naked bugs of some sort than birds. I had a chance once to watch a nest of them when I was a boy, for the parents built in a syringa-bush directly under a window in our house near Boston. There was a honeysuckle-vine close by, and all summer the flash and hum of the pretty creatures made the veranda delightful.

In my boyhood, too, the Baltimore orioles, who hang their wonderfully clever, pendent gray nests like platinum ear-drops from the very ends of branches, used to favor especially the elm-trees over the village streets. I would see a dozen of them in process of building on my way to school late in May, and often we put out strings or fine strips of cotton for the birds to use. But, though I live now in a town famous for its elms, I have not seen a nest hanging over the highway in several years. The birds seem to have retired from their favorite trees, and now select the orchard to build in, or at any rate elms which stand well back in the fields. I have wondered if the automobile is not responsible for this. Has any one else observed the same condition?

The birds of the meadow—the wide, smooth stretches of tall grass and sunny spaces with a winding river or a pond in the distance; the reaches where you stand "knee-deep in June"—are a gay and pleasant lot. Their very names are musical — the bobolink, the meadow-lark, the bob-white, the Maryland yellowthroat, and the humorous if not musical tip-up.

But it is one thing to see the black-and-white bobolinks darting in flocks over the meadows, or to hear the piercingly sweet song of the lark pouring from an elm by the swale at sunset-time, and quite another matter to find their nests. The bobolink, meadow-lark, and quail (or bob-white) all build their nests on the ground, in the long grass, the first choosing usually a spot where the ground is fairly damp, the last often a spot close to a hedge of bushes or shrubs. Moreover, their nests are woven of grass, and the lark always and the quail often weave a protecting arch over the nest, still further concealing it. Our golf-course is on a fine river meadow, and the fairway runs between strips of tall grass. It is alive all summer with both bobolinks and larks. I have even seen a bobolink chase after a ball, flying down to it on the ground to investigate. The caddies go poking for wild shots into the tall grass constantly. Yet few nests are ever found. The larks appear to run a bit through the grass before rising to flight, and to settle on the nest by the same method, thus throwing an enemy off the track. But if you sit patiently near the spot where you have seen a lark or a bobolink rise, marking the place carefully by some conspicuous weed, and then watch the bird return two or three times, you can get a general line on your quarry and, by patient searching, find it. The meadow-lark's little thatched house, looking more from the top like a ball of grass than anything, with its gawky, long-necked, yellow chicks inside, is well worth finding.

The red-winged blackbird and the marsh-wren are perhaps the commonest and most interesting dwellers of the swamp, though the swamp-sparrow, the bittern, and the coot are also common. The blackbird, in our part of the world, is a most conspicuous spring visitor, arriving in flocks and making lively the air over the sedgy borders of our streams and ponds. There is no general rule observed by them in nest-building, except that they select some spot near water, preferably in a swamp. Radclyffe Dugmore has photographed a nest in a wild-rose bush. I have found their nests in alders frequently, and by no means always near the ground. But, as a general

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thing, they are low builders, and often hang their woven baskets of coarse grass lined with hair between three or four cattail leaves or reed stalks, directly over water.

The marsh wrens build a more elaborate nest—or, rather, they build several nests. If you find one, you are almost sure to find others near by, some of them, it may be, not finished, some quite completed. They are all built, however, by the same pair of birds, the general theory being that it is done to confuse their enemies. The nest is an interesting construction, rather globular in shape, woven of fine reeds and grasses in and out among the tall reed stalks which support it, so that these stalks are incorporated into its structure. Sometimes it resembles in shape a huge Bartlett pear impaled on a bunch of cattail spikes. The entrance is always in the side. If it is the long-billed marsh-wren whose nest you are after, you will probably fare ill without hip rubber-boots—and possibly then! The smaller short-billed marsh-wren, however, often builds a similar nest (with much whiter eggs) on drier ground beside the swamp rather than directly over the water. Both varieties have the jolly wren quality of bustle, and go chattering and scolding about on the cattail tops, often gathering the fluffy seeds of last year's blossoms to line their nests with.

It is often but a step from the swamp where the redwings and the marsh-wrens build to the open river where each pair of kingfishers have taken as their domain a certain stretch, and woe to the fisher from down-stream or up-stream who poaches on their preserves! Here, if you are clever, you may find their nest, and without any cleverness at all you may find the nests of innumerable bank-swallows, if a colony of them happen to have settled in the sandy or clayey shelf where the river has cut sharp into the soil. From the opposite shore, their colony of nests looks like a picture of some abode of the ancient cliff-dwellers. But the kingfisher also, who spends his days so proudly and conspicuously aloft in the topmost tree branch over the stream, builds his nest by digging a hole into the bank. He spends often a couple of weeks at the task, boring in as much as ten feet sometimes. When a kingfisher bore was discovered near the top of the bank, we boys used to dig in from the surface to see how deep the tunnel ran. At the end of it would be the eggs, or the young, directly on the ground, without any soft nest, amid a filthy mess of droppings and disgorged fish-bones. It isn't pretty to lift the lid from the domestic life of the kingfisher. Neither is it pleasant to put your hand into a nest, when you haven't got quite to the end of the tunnel, and have the mother bird nip your finger with that bill which can snatch a pickerel out of the water!

The birds of the deep woods are many, and their nests perhaps the hardest to find. Here breeds our loveliest American songster—and perhaps the loveliest songster in the world—the hermit-thrush; and here, in mating-time, especially on the fir-clad slopes of our northern mountains, he pours out his indescribable melody, while the sunset makes magic stained-glass windows down the cathedral aisles of the hemlocks. Here breed the Wilson and the veery. Here the whippoorwill lays his eggs on the ground, and in the rare event of your discovering them (so well protected are they in color) he (or rather she) simply moves them elsewhere. Here the chickadee goes to raise his family in a hollow stump; here the partridge builds his simple nest of leaves and a few feathers at the base of a tree-trunk; the crow builds on top of last year's nest in a tall pine, the oven-bird makes his curious covered nest on the ground and screams *teachér, teachér,* if you come near (with the accent on the second syllable), the wood peewee sounds his sweet, sad, andante little call to his mate, and the red-eyed vireo and many of the warblers customarily breed. Walking through the woods, we are not, as a rule, aware of the great quantity of bird life about us. We hear the thrushes, to be sure, though it is seldom enough that we see a hermit, and the drumming grouse arouses us. But until we go with our ears and eyes alert for the birds, especially the chickadees and small warblers, we often think of our woods as deficient in bird life, compared with our fields or yards. Perhaps that but shows how wise the shy

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birds are in choosing the forest for a nesting-place. And there is such a bewildering multiplicity of branches for the eye to search in, and when you draw near the thrush whose call you have heard ringing through the hushed forest, he but flutters, invisible, farther away, and you pursue the vocal will-o'-the-wisp through dim aisle after dim aisle, till the search seems hopeless. Indeed, it requires a rare combination of woodcraft and patience and not a little luck to be a birdnester in the deep forest. Yet what a reward for patience when you can suddenly start a partridge out from under the cover of a fallen log or the base of a tree, and, unfooled by her running off with a pretended broken wing, go to the spot and find there, in a nest of leaves, half hidden under the ferns, perhaps, a dozen creamy white eggs, or even, if you are very lucky (it has never happened to me), the young chicks. I say very lucky because the chicks leave the nest practically as soon as hatched, and if you do not find the eggs, what you will probably have seen instead is a scurry of little dark puffs of feathers in under the protecting foliage of the forest floor, the mother having attempted to divert your attention till her wise babes could hide themselves. Baby grouse very soon learn to fly—in about five days, it is said. Thus the period of gravest danger for them is reduced to less than a week, since they spend no time in the nest. No doubt that accounts in large measure for the persistence of the breed. But even after they are well grown they must often stay by the parents, for on the Crawford Bridle Path up Mount Washington, before it breaks out of the woods above timber-line, the partridges are extremely tame, and I have approached within six feet of a family of eight or ten, led by a big cock. They went on feeding quite undisturbed, scratching up the mossy soil with soft little *coots*, like gentler domestic hens, and all following behind the cock.

There is nothing, to me, more fraught with charm and delightful associations than a New England upland pasture, a pasture of irregular outline, with capes of fir and birch jutting into it from the surrounding forest, with a mountain going up above and a long, green valley dropping away below, perhaps to the distant white spire of the village church, with patches here and there of raspberry and blueberry and huckleberry bushes, and cow-paths amid the fragrant sweet fern, with thistle-tops and steeple-bush to prick the field with pink, with the tinkle of a distant cow-bell—and, as the sun is sinking in the west, the fairy flutes of the white-throated sparrows! It is on the edges of such pastures that the whitethroats (or Peabody birds) build their nests, from the Adirondack and White Mountains northward. I think they infrequently nest farther south. In the Berkshire Hills, at any rate, they are migrants, and have not attained their true song when they pass through. The books of bird songs give the whitethroat's melody something as follows:



And that is the way he sings till he reaches the White Mountains. But there, at least, he invariably, in my experience, adds two more intervals, his song being as follows:



This song, with its clearly marked intervals and its exquisite precision of pitch, comes fluting across every upland pasture, an antiphonal to the deeper clarion of the thrushes in the woods behind.

The whitethroats build their nests frequently on the ground, but sometimes in low bushes or fallen, dead trees. I have found them in the dry branches of a small, prostrate fir. And I have sat beneath a tree on the edge of a pasture on Cannon Mountain and listened for an hour while a parent bird tried to teach a baby to sing. I have been told by the real ornithologists that I did nothing of the kind, to be sure, but that only constrains me to think the scientists do not know everything. The parent bird would sing once, perfectly, and then, in a feebler tone, the baby (both birds plainly visible not twenty feet over my head) would attempt the same thing. Sometimes he would jump the fifth cor-

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rectly, sometimes he wouldn't come within two notes of it; and not once, in the entire hour, did he get the succeeding intervals correct. But the parent bird, fluttering from twig to twig about him, kept opening her white throat and pealing out the perfect song, and the little bird kept trying to copy it. I suppose she wasn't really teaching it, because she had no blackboard or piano!

The catbird—that sleek, elegant creature of gun-metal hue—also builds in the pasture bushes, hiding his nest rather neatly in under an overhang of branches, and choosing, if possible, a spot near berry-vines. Perhaps that is why a pair select my yard, where raspberries are abundant. They are serious robbers of the raspberry crop, and during the breeding season one or the other parent becomes a serious nuisance almost every day by getting some silly idea of danger, evidently, into its head, and mewing for an hour on a stretch, like a distressed cat, fluttering meanwhile from the ground to the bushes, from the bushes to the ground again. The chewink is another bird to look for in the pastures, and the field and vesper sparrows, and the nighthawk, which, like the whippoorwill, builds no nest. The field-sparrows raise two or three broods in grassy nests on the ground, and when disturbed you will see them running away along the grass, uttering a sweet, plaintive little note, more a complaint than a protest.

No doubt it would be proper to classify the birds of the roadside with the pasture birds, but the old country roadsides of America were (and often still are) such distinctive spots, such long, natural wild gardens and careless hedgerows, that one likes to associate certain birds with them, such as the indigo-bird, the gay goldfinch, the scarlet tanager, the song-sparrow—how often he perches on the topmost twig of a little tree just over the wall as you tramp the roads in spring, and pours out his melodious song!—and the brown thrasher. The song-sparrow, like so many other sparrows, builds a grassy nest on the ground, and because of his tameness he often places it beside a back road, just under the overhang of the bank, thus gaining a perfect weather protection, and also screening his nest from the crows.

The goldfinches, which are equally companionable birds, are great seed-eaters. They come with their peculiar, dipping flight in small flocks to my long cosmos bed, and sway on the bending stalks while they peck at the seed-pods I have been too careless or too busy to snip off. Their bright yellow bodies on the tall stems, amid the great pink-and-white blossoms, make a delightfully Japanese picture. Their choice of the roadsides for nesting purposes, of course, is probably due to the large variety of seeds available near at hand, and to the fact that they use thistledown to line their little cup-shaped nests with, in the crotch of a bush or small tree. They seem to wait until the thistles have burst, in fact, before breeding. Near my home is a tangle of wild sunflowers and thistles, made by the intersection of two back-country roads after the old-fashioned manner, and over this pretty natural garden-bed the butterflies and goldfinches hover all day long, while almost always, in near-by trees or shrubs, a nest or two may be found.

Perhaps with the roadsides, too, should be associated the bob-white—with the split-rail fences especially which used to line the roads. On the pasture side of such fences, in the shallow V formed at an intersection, where the reaper could never get to disturb the tangle of grass and sweet fern, the quail used often to nest. But, alas! both the fences and the quails are now fast disappearing.

Such is an all too rough and brief indication of the environments some of our more common Eastern-American birds select for their nesting-places. It does not pretend to be anything like a complete list. What it has sought to do is to connect particular birds with particular landscapes, to which, when once recognized, they add another element of individualizing charm; and to inspire in a few more readers, perhaps, the gentle love of watching birds at their mating, their nesting, and their difficult parenthood. Even if you have not the opportunity or patience to watch a marsh-wren's nest, you can probably aid the wrens and the blue-birds to select your dwelling or your yard for their abode.

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A Favorite of the Gods

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"HOW can she! How can she!" Honora Maitland's indignant eyes followed her daughter down the path in which she strolled not unattended. Beside her walked the rather unimpressive figure of the man she had just informed her mother she intended to marry.

Honora's eyes went to the other figure sitting at her feet at the top of the veranda steps, and she fairly ground her teeth. How could Cynthia, indeed? How could any one, having eyes in her head, look on these two men and choose as Cynthia had chosen? The thing was incredible. Hyperion to a satyr, thought Honora, unkindly and unfairly, glancing again from Cynthia's unimpressive young man to the statuesquely graceful person before her. "Balder the Beautiful," had been her secret name for him, and at this moment Balder—otherwise Guy Arnold—turned from a rather grieved contemplation of the retreating two and lifted his eyes to Honora. Blue eyes—splendid eyes—they met Honora's own before she had time to veil the decent indignation in them.

"It's simply no good, you see," said Balder. "She doesn't care."

Honora, with the still secret knowledge of her daughter's recent confidence, could only meet this statement with a consenting gesture of despair.

"She—I can't explain it!" she exclaimed, desperately, dropping into the low chair beside him.

"I can. She just likes the other fellow better; it happens every day," replied Guy, without a quiver.

"*You* don't happen every day—" broke irrepressibly from Honora's lips, and Guy, even at that moment, laughed a little laugh of amusement. His laugh, like everything else about him, was dear and adorable to Honora.

"No—luckily not; one of me is quite enough," replied Guy, lightly, but with a returning tensity of lips.

"I—had set my heart upon it," said Honora, below her breath.

He leaned and caught her hand suddenly in his young one. What a clasp of vitality and warm life! They remained hand in hand—while Honora, almost unconsciously, laid her other hand over his, as if she had been the mother she had promised herself to be to this son whom Heaven had sent to fulfil her dreams beyond themselves. What pride—what honor for her in that sonship! what satisfaction that this rich strain should mingle with her dead husband's and her own!

Presently Guy spoke, with a studious lightness. "After all, perhaps it is fairest so. I've always been the lucky one—the favorite of the gods, you know. I've had more than my share, everything, indeed—home and Dad and money and position; everything has come my way, while Bentinck—he's never had much of—anything."

"Is it any reason it should be made up to him by just—*my* daughter?" asked Honora, bitterly, forgetful for the instant of his disappointment in her own. She felt him wince slightly, and pressed his hand in mute contrition.

"No—of course not; but it might be a reason, mightn't it, for me to be—decent about it? Anyway"—he gave a proud, miserable little laugh—"I may as well be, mayn't I? *We* can't help it. Cynthia has the—the right—"

"Oh, she has the right," Cynthia's mother grudgingly admitted.

"And he's a good lot," said Guy, gravely. "He's—he's all right, you know. Awfully talented, too, I shouldn't wonder."

"He seems to have concealed it fairly—up to date," remarked Honora, bitingly.

"Well—he's had to scratch for a living, you know. Not like me; every-

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thing's been given me—done for me, until—now." He bravely acknowledged defeat in a little smile, seeing which Honora had all she could do not to fall on his neck—in Cynthia's place. Even in defeat he looked so gallant—so handsome. Guy was of that race of men who always look an inch or two taller than they are, by grace of that something gallant in their bearing.

"I don't have to lose you, too, do I?" he asked with anxiety. "I said I'd had everything; but, after all—there's *one* thing I never did have, you know—to remember—"

"I know!" Honora's hands held his tightly. "No—oh no—no, *no!* you shall never lose me; this—nothing can make any difference. Oh, Guy!—" She broke down, biting her lips to repress the tears which came flooding. Guy's clasp tightened till it hurt her with understanding.

"Well—that's good to know, anyhow," he said, cheerfully. "I—I can write to you, can't I?—and you'll really answer?"

"Write? Are you going away? But of course," she answered herself; that was the obvious thing.

"Yes; I'll take Dad's offer and make a run over; I've wanted to all along, only before, I—well—"

Honora nodded her comprehension.

"But now I'll take a run over—not to the front, of course, on Dad's account, but round the hospitals and things; there must be quantities one can do."

"And your father?"

"Dad will like whatever I like," answered Guy, quietly. "He'd really like to go himself; he's interested in the ambulance side. Well"—a last close clasp. "You'll say good-by to Cynthia for me, won't you? Tell her I'll write; wish her all the luck—Bentinck, too—and—you'll keep an eye on Dad—won't you?"

"I always do."

"And you'll write—you'll write—?"

"Yes—oh yes, my dear," Honora promised him.

He swung off, with the same high head, and all Honora's heart followed him through her eyes.

She met her returning daughter gravely, yet gently, and extended to her daughter's companion an unrepelling, if unwelcoming, hand—a strictly neutral hand. As he shook it rather awkwardly, she became aware that he was saying things, also awkwardly—of his happiness, his humility, his gratitude, his love.

While later she poured out cups of tea, she studied incuriously, yet searchingly, this man to whom she must accustom herself in so intimate a relation.

There was nothing of the sun-god or any other visible deity in Andrew Bentinck. As certainly as Guy belonged to the other, he belonged to that class of men who always look an inch or two shorter than they are, and appear to have less chin than they really do have. The lines of his mouth struck Honora as weak; "sweet," Cynthia had called them, she remembered with distinct distaste. Bentinck had a placating manner, too—the manner of a man who has had to fight his way and who, instead of becoming aggressive, has become propitiating. Maternally it ought to have drawn her—that struggle; perhaps in any other relation it would. And he had fought not too unsuccessfully; youth was gone, but he was just obtaining recognition in the field of his work. To do Honora justice, this was not the thing which had weight with her; she was too used to money to attach importance to it, and Cynthia, moderately speaking, would have enough for both. If Guy had had *nothing*, he would still have looked to Honora abundantly eligible, and at any time she would have preferred distinction to wealth in her daughter's husband. No; it was the man's personality, she told herself. She missed the note of noble assurance. She listened idly, interposing an occasional conventional word, to a conversation restrained by her presence. There had never been anything restraining in her presence—for Guy. How she could have loved him as Cynthia's husband!—and how she could have loved him again in Cynthia's children! That, really, was what she resented most of all—that Cynthia was not merely choosing her husband according to her will, and in opposition to her mother's, but she was also choosing her—Honora's—grandchildren for her.

The sheer selfishness of youth struck Honora forcibly. She got up abruptly;

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the sight of Cynthia's beaming countenance was more than she could stand.

"I believe I'll stroll a little," she explained casually, and, taking a scarf from the table, she walked out of the room. She chose the longest path away from the house. It occurred to her as she did so, with some irony, that she might thus be acquiring merit—probably it would be looked upon by the lovers as a delicately tactful action on her part.

And that she must in fact learn to be delicately tactful was apparent to her—being civilized; she must get accustomed to the situation, and even manage—for Cynthia's sake—to make the best of it; doubtless the thing could be done; it was only a matter of giving up fond dreams, of accepting Cynthia's contentment as a sufficing future. Was this a duty? Was it not rather a duty to compel Cynthia to remain true to type instead? Frowning, she walked on and on, only subconsciously knowing to what end she walked until it confronted her squarely, leaning its arms upon the coping of a sophisticated stone boundary wall, and looking as if it were frankly awaiting her. On her approach a half-smoked cigar was tossed aside, and a hand held out to her across the wall grasped hers.

"I thought," said the man, looking down at her, "it would drive you out here; but if not—I was coming over."

The elder Guy could never, even in his youth, have merited the appellation of Balder, yet from him it was easy to trace the sun-god's descent, through a beautiful mother who had at once modified and glorified the fine frame and lines of the elder man. And in this elder version it was easy to see what Guy would one day become.

"I see you know," said Guy's father, with a smile of melancholy amusement. "Well—it's life."

"Why not be Oriental at once and say—'*Destiny*'?" replied Honora with some bitterness. "For the first time in my life I find myself believing in the Continental marriage—"

"Much good it will do *you* to believe in it—if Cynthia doesn't," returned Guy senior, and smiled again the melancholy, amused smile.

"Young people aren't—*fit* to choose," declared Honora, passionately.

"*We* thought *we* were; and, after all, it didn't turn out so badly, Honora. Look at Cynthia—look at Guy."

"Oh, *we*—we had more sense—" began Honora.

"Had we?" He gave a fleeting glance at his companion, then looked as swiftly away; and he sighed: "Well, anyway, here's the end. How many times have we two arranged the affairs of these young people, standing just here—and here's the end."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Honora. "Don't! I can't accept it. The other would have been so fit—so right—so *perfect!*"

"So parents have always been thinking and saying—but always they have had to accept the cold fact when it was presented. Oh, I'm not going to pretend I'm not a bit cut up about it myself—Cynthia has always been half a daughter to me. And then Guy"—he coughed hastily, and added cheerfully, "Well—we mustn't forget Cynthia has a perfect right—"

"And Guy?"—Honora spoke almost indignantly—"and Guy? What harm is it going to do him—what may it not drive him to—?"

"Oh no," Guy's father spoke quickly. "The boy's a gentleman, Honora; he'll take his medicine—like a man. After all"—the flicker of melancholy amusement was again in the blue eyes—"there *is* something weird in the way history repeats itself."

Honora started. She remembered—of course, but for the first time she also realized. Had her own parents perhaps felt like this? He had been their choice as Guy was now hers.

"Don't look so distressed, Honora," said the man. "As I said a moment ago, it didn't turn out so altogether badly."

Honora looked up at him. "You ought to be much obliged to me," she said, "for—there's Guy."

"Yes—and there's Cynthia," replied her companion, cheerfully. "Maybe Guy will even live to feel obliged to *her*."

Honora silenced him with a sign; it meant that she wanted to think, and betrayed again a long and familiar habit of intimacy.

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Had this perhaps been all along one of the reasons she had wished the marriage so passionately—a subconscious reason? She had long buried the memory the elder Guy just recalled. Her own marriage had been singularly happy; *she* had made no mistake in following her own heart surely, and was not the younger Guy a living proof of the other marriage's success, brief though it had been? Guy senior had married quickly—a heart caught in the rebound, every one had said; and it was true he had never remarried after Guy's mother died, but this she ascribed to devotion to his wife's memory. Yet, *had* she secretly always wished to make up to him something—through his son? Make up what? Why, in fact, had she not cared? Why had she preferred her husband to him? She stole a glance at him now. At this distance of time she could honestly acknowledge to herself no reason—unless that he was ten years older; her own husband had been her own age. But Cynthia was marrying a man *more* than ten years older. Next to the man Honora had married, she had always preferred Guy senior to any man she had known. After her husband's death she had taken Cynthia abroad to educate her—not bearing the emptiness of the home—but since their return it had been the easiest thing in the world to fall back into the old neighborliness, the old intimacy; and each return of Guy's from college had meant the drawing of the two households continually nearer in a bond both of the elders had fondly hoped would be closer still. It would have been so fitting—so have made amends for all, Honora thought again; and then a native sense of justice awakened, and she thought of her daughter with something less of impatience. It was quite true—*she* had chosen.

"It's—Guy," she broke her silence at last. "I can't bear to think of his suffering so, through Cynthia—"

Guy's father gave her a quick glance. He did not say, "You bore it once—for me." Instead he spoke lightly:

"Well, suppose we don't. He's blamed lucky in having a war to go to. What wouldn't I have given for one! No; forgive me, dear. I'm not blaming you—any more than Cynthia. Guy shall take over a whole unit if he likes, and join one of the outfits."

"But you—you'll miss him so."

"Well—I'm not the only father who's missing a son these days," said Guy senior, a little gravely. "And I'm glad to miss him—for this, even if he hadn't this other reason for going. Besides"—he leaned over and took both Honora's hands in his—"I'm not altogether alone, you know—while you let me come and talk over my troubles with you. Don't worry, Honora, and—don't make it hard for Cynthia; the child's not to blame. We must try not to let her know."

"No," thought Honora, walking slowly and thoughtfully back to the house, "Cynthia was not to blame. It might be lamentable, but Cynthia was but an instrument played upon by the inscrutably blind—or maybe wise—forces of nature. And it was not for her—Honora—to traffic in her child's future, either to make it contributory to her own personal content, or to use it as conscience-money for the payment of back debts." She made a point of sitting down and chatting with the being whom she felt insanely prompted to describe as "Cynthia's young man," trying to put him at ease and draw him out. Being a woman not unskilled in these arts, and in hearts, she succeeded fairly well, and got glimpses of a mind in the well-shaped head which might be, she admitted, *in its kind*, unusual. It was not a kind which appealed to Honora, but that, she also readily admitted, might be her own fault. And it was pathetic to see Cynthia glow at the creditable showing her lover made beneath this pale encouragement. Honora's heart reproached her. In that heart, she knew she should never really care for her prospective son-in-law—not care as she already cared for Guy; she could never feel that he was her spiritual son. But she would accept him honestly and do her whole maternal duty to Cynthia's husband, resolutely hiding from Cynthia the fact that she had deprived her of a son.

And meanwhile she could solace her heart with that son's—with Guy's letters.

Guy's letters! She had not been

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Drawn by Walter Biggs

"THE BOY'S A GENTLEMAN. HE'LL TAKE HIS MEDICINE—LIKE A MAN"

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deluded in the forecast; they were the next thing to Guy's own presence; they were in a way even more, for, as the escape-valve of an intensely fired spirit, they told more than Guy might ever have found words for when sight and touch were also possible. The Spartan repression of the shipboard letters gave way soon to unrepressed, spontaneous outpourings. Guy plunged into the war as into a bath, and from that first plunge he came out cleansed of every rag of despair, loneliness, or longing for Cynthia. Nothing, indeed, but an illimitable passion could have survived the counter pull of things so vast as were now his daily personal experiences. He had become a mere item in the great sum of selfless effort men everywhere were making.

This was exactly a mood to which Honora could respond; she glowed over his letters, and she answered them—by the next mail; and every answer was a magnet that drew forth another. His notes to his father, brief to curtness with the affectionate brevity of men, were mere appendices to the volumes for whose reading Guy's father went regularly to Honora. And after they had read the letters together, Guy's father put them in his pocket and carried them off to re-read again by himself. "Share this with father," became the rubber stamp of every missive. One day Guy senior recognized this in words.

"It makes one realize—even more—how much the boy has always missed a mother." He looked at Honora steadily, and under his gaze saw a slow, fine color deepen in her cheek. Always youthful, now her forty years seemed youth itself. The elder Guy leaned forward, with a little catching of the breath.

"Honora—could you possibly? It would mean—everything to him. And as for me—you must know what it would mean, what it would always have meant. You are the only woman I have ever loved." To the swift reproach of Honora's glance, he bowed his head. "I know—but I can't help it. She was a dear girl, and I think—happy, the little time she was with me, but — I never ought to have married her — feeling as I did." He straightened suddenly. "I never thought to say this—even to you, Honora. It was so—different with you. Your marriage was—the real thing."

"Yes," said Honora, quickly. "Yes."

"I'm not asking—not expecting anything like that. But, Honora—there are years ahead of us, and you'll be fairly lonely when Cynthia goes. She'd be happier, too, if she thought you had—some one. And as for Guy—it would be perfect. Couldn't I put something into your life, Honora—or do my years still count against me?"

"Your years!" exclaimed Honora. "What nonsense! They don't count—they don't even *exist*. And as for putting anything into my life—you've put about all there is—for years; I think it's one reason I've cared so much for *your* Guy—Guy, caring so much for you."

"Thank you," replied Guy's father. He looked at her again—and hesitated. "I know what you are thinking, but—dear!—love doesn't take away from love! I believe—I'm absolutely *sure* Paul would be glad to know you had some one who could—not take his place, but even a very little fill its emptiness with joy."

"I know he would be," replied Honora, quietly. "I am sure of it."

"And you've just said—you've implied you don't mind having me about?"

"Mind!—I look forward to your coming every day of my life," answered Honora, honestly. "I can't even think what my life would be like now without you—and Guy. Oh!"—she broke out suddenly—"if I thought—if I *could* think I could even in the least make up to you both—"

"You are not even to *try* to think anything of the kind," said Guy the elder, with decision. "You are to think whether *we* can make your life better worth while, Honora."

Honora smiled. "Ah!—it comes to the same thing—don't you see—with *us?*"

He pondered a moment silently. "Well, then—if that's all, you can make everything up over and over. If only I *could* be sure it works both ways—"

Honora looked at him, and suddenly he grew pale, as she had seen the younger Guy grow that day on the steps.

"I—am afraid to believe it," he said at last.

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"*I* am not afraid," said Honora; "but, oh, I am—almost ashamed—ashamed to feel so young and so—happy!"

She leaned, as she said it, suddenly and heavily against the arm which had so naturally infolded her; her head fell against the broad shoulder, and she made no move to lift it—completely she surrendered herself to the sense of divine contentment in that clasp. How lonely she had been, she all at once knew; how unutterably lonely, and how beautiful was the gift of love and loving. To have both Guys suddenly for her own—two splendid men—father and son; to fulfil at the same time all the longings of their hearts and hers, by the easy means of being happy; to pay one's debts and grow rich thereby—surely there could not have been conceived fruition like this.

"And when," asked Guy's father, unsteadily, "will you marry me, Honora? Please don't—keep me waiting long. We have to wait, I suppose, until Cynthia—"

"Oh, of course," said Cynthia's mother. "Of course that—and to hear from Guy."

"Oh, but about Guy we already know—" began Guy's father; but Honora interrupted him.

"Yes, I know we know; still"—she persisted—"I think we ought to wait—"

"Wait for what, dear?"

"Why to *hear*," said Honora, earnestly.

Nor could any argument of his move her from this logical stand that day.

He returned to it the next, with fresh determination and the step of a man suddenly grown younger. From the doorway of her home Honora waved a letter in greeting to him. He stood a moment, with a foot on the lower step, looking up at her.

"You look," he said, "like a girl this morning. Honora—I am half afraid; I feel—dazed."

"Let me help you, then," she smiled, and reached out to him a hand, quickly grasped. She did not tell him—what she was thinking—that if she looked young, he looked better than young. Never had his finely kept manhood seemed to her so fine a thing—so much better a thing than youth itself.

The unconscious object of her admiration held out his left hand for the letter; his right retained hers firmly. "Is it from Guy?"

"From Guy—and such a letter! Read this—" She put it, folded to the passage, in his hand.

"There's one thing I particularly want to say [wrote Guy]. Please forget all that nonsense about Cynthia—as I have forgotten it. I know now what I have wanted all my life, and shall always want—is companionship, the kind a woman can give—the kind I've never had; the *only* thing I've never had, because Dad—God bless him!—couldn't buy it in any market or give it to me himself—the *only* thing he couldn't. I often think how he must have longed for the same thing himself—mother dying so soon; but of course there's this great difference—he'd *had* it, even if he lost it. One could live, I think, perfectly well on such a memory—if one had had it. It's really you who have given me all I've known of this—you were so wonderfully good to me always. I came to realize this almost at once, and I've realized it more and more through our letters—mine to you, and yours to me. I found I wasn't missing Cynthia one bit—so long as I could talk to you and you'd talk back. I think, honestly, it was one reason I wanted to marry Cynthia—to keep you in the family, as it were; it was always you I really talked with, you know—and you've always understood. You've been a perfect friend to me—far more, I see now, than Cynthia ever could be, bless her! She's chosen the right man, and I hope they'll be everlastingly happy. And I want you to know that I am, too—thanks to you and Dad. You've both been simply ideal, and I've only just seemed to realize it. God bless you always. Look out for Dad for me; I sometimes think he must be lonely, too.

"I'm saying all this now because tomorrow we are off for the front. I may not get letters after this for ages, or be able to get them through to you. Don't worry if mine are delayed, dear ones."

"Isn't it perfect?" said Honora, low—"and perfect it should come—precisely this moment. I—knew you'd be happy.

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Oh, it does seem too good to be true that you should both feel like this—that I should be able to make you *both* happy—just by being happy myself!"

"Ah!" replied Guy's father, quietly, "it's the only way you *could*, Honora." He looked again at the letter in his hand. "Well—you see what he says? There's no certainty when we'll even get in touch with him again—whether he will ever get our letters. Honora—there's nothing to wait for."

"No," Honora conceded. "Yet I wish—I do wish Guy could have come over to us first."

"Suppose"—the elder Guy bent nearer—"suppose instead we should be married and go over to him? How would you like that, Honora?"

"Like it? Oh, I should love it!" Honora started excitedly. "You know I should!"

Guy senior watched her with a little smile. "I thought that would be an inducement," he observed, quaintly. "Well, the one thing to do is to hunt up Cynthia at once—and impress her with the value of hurrying that marriage. Bentinck needs no impressing."

Cynthia received the news with the utmost cordiality. She had always been very fond of the elder Guy, who now wore his prospective paternity with a charming tenderness for the girl, which made Honora reflect anew how much Cynthia, too, had missed in missing a father. But what Honora especially admired was Guy's manner to Bentinck; they were already on far more intimate terms than Honora could ever imagine herself as being with her future son-in-law.

It had been arranged that they should be married quietly the afternoon of the day of Cynthia's pretty and conventional wedding, and before the young people departed; and that as soon as feasible thereafter they should sail for Europe.

They had been married a week. Just seven days Honora had been in possession of the home which it seemed now she must have always subtilely inhabited—as in the days preceding the wedding it had come to seem that Guy and she must have always shared each other's lives. Her own happiness had caused her to react with an even more maternal tenderness toward her daughter's; in those last weeks of their life together Honora had the happy sense that Cynthia, and even Cynthia's lover, had missed nothing in her. But when, after their own ceremony, the door of her daughter's carriage closed and she had seen the last waving of her happy hand, Honora was conscious of a great impulse of expansion—as toward a larger and richer future. It was true that Cynthia was the child of her early love and marriage, the daughter for whom she would have made any sacrifice—but something in her went out to Guy and Guy's boy with a wholly new and unknown force. She did not try to analyze it; instead she surrendered to it joyously, utterly, and it was with the happiest sense of absolute home-coming that she walked up the steps to her new home (it had been arranged that the young people should inhabit hers) beside her husband. His face was very white, but hers was radiant. It was more radiant still to-day.

Her husband, seeking her through a house which already felt her presence, took proud and silent account of that radiance. He had found her in Guy's room, putting up fresh curtains, and he stood for a moment on the threshold, letting his eyes caress her in this maternal rôle. But Honora's inner ear heard, and she turned to smile at him.

"So here you are, deserter!" He opened arms to which she flew like a young girl.

"I want to keep it all fresh and ready—just as if he might come any minute. Do you mind?"

The arms about her folded closer. "Do I mind? Somehow"—his voice shook a little—"of all the many things you do for me, Honora, nothing seems to make you quite so much mine as what you do for—Guy."

She leaned her happy face against him for acknowledgment. "It is strange," she said, "but do you know, Guy—I always think of him as mine."

"And Guy has always had that feeling for you—that nearness. It—sometimes it has been uncanny to me."

"Well," Honora smiled, "I've always

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so longed for a son—to do the things I couldn't; I suppose that's why every woman longs for a son. Girls are beginning to do them—but Cynthia has never been that kind; she doesn't care about doing things. She'll be perfectly happy keeping her home and children and helping Andrew in his work." (It was almost the first time Honora had used her son-in-law's name naturally.) "It may be dreadful—I *do* feel a little ashamed—but I've always understood Guy better."

Within the circle of her husband's arm, she felt him draw a quick breath.

"Perhaps—because he *is* yours really; Honora, he *should* have been yours, because—even then—*I* was."

Honora was silent.

"Oh," she said at last, "life is not simple."

"No—it isn't simple."

At the tone, she put up an instinctive hand to comfort. "Dear—don't reproach yourself! I'm sure she never knew—she never could have known."

"Oh, I suppose I should have been—decent, but it wasn't fair. Caring for you as I did, Honora—I never should have married."

Honora's lips followed the comforting hand. "Dear—she had you—and Guy!" she whispered. "Any woman would have been content."

"Perhaps—" the man replied briefly. "Perhaps—" He drew another long breath. "Well—I feel now I'm making up—to both of them, to Guy and to—his mother; I'm doing the best I can in giving him you. It's the one thing that makes it seem right to be so happy—that I can share you with him. I sha'n't monopolize you, Honora."

"Oh," said Honora, happily, "you'll find there's enough of me to go around—plenty for both." She leaned silently against him. "Oh, Guy—I'm almost too happy!" She added, with apparent inconsequence, "Thank Heaven!—so is Cynthia, too."

"And so *will* be Guy," added Guy's father, gaily—"if he ever comes."

"He is coming." Honora flushed a little. "Don't laugh at me—but I have a feeling that he is coming *soon*. "What's that?" She started as the door-bell rang loudly.

"Probably the butcher—the baker, or the grocer—not Guy, at any rate," said Guy's father. "How you tremble, Honora!"

"Go and see—do go and see!" was all her reply, and with a wondering look he went.

He returned in a moment with a telegram, and the wonder in his eyes deeper.

"There!" exclaimed Honora. "Oh—open it!—open it!"

"'On board the *Cameronia*'—it's a wireless!"

"Why—why—then he *will* be here—"

"'With luck—to-morrow night,'" finished her husband. They looked at each other.

"What did I tell you!" exulted Honora. "You see—mothers *know*," she jested, with emotion.

"I see!" But his face was slightly troubled.

And in the midst of her exultation Honora grew grave. "To think that if we had waited only one week—"

"Ah!—not even for Guy," exclaimed Guy's father. "You won't ask me to regret that, Honora—not even for Guy!"

"No—no—not regret it." Honora hastily put a hand in his. "Only it would have been—nice to have had both the children. And as it is"—she dropped into a chair with sudden dismay—"as it is, Guy, he can't even have had our letters; he won't even know—! It will be—it will be—"

"It will be the happiest surprise of his life, dear," said Guy's father.

"Well—we must see that everything is ready; he mustn't think it makes any difference. And you'll have to meet him and—and prepare him—" She sprang up again nervously, but her husband's hand restrained her.

"There'll be time for all that to-morrow, dear; he isn't coming to-night. To-day, Honora—to-day is mine."

"To-day — to-morrow — and all the other to-morrows," Honora answered him, smiling. "They are all yours—yours and Guy's."

On his way to the station next day—he was driving the car himself that there might be no outsiders in this first hour—Guy Arnold pondered deeply the mystery of life. The completeness of Honora's vicarious motherhood seemed

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to him the last great gift she could have made him, yet it filled him with wonder. Men were different. For his own part, he was keenly aware of a growing embarrassment—a growing bashfulness, which might have better suited the younger Guy's years. He wished, more and more, that Guy had had their letters, not so much for the boy's sake as for his own. He acknowledged a distinct sense of shyness in his rôle of bridegroom before his son.

"Ah," Honora had said to him as he left her, "you won't have to tell Guy—he'll know the minute he sees you; you look so young and—guilty."

"And you," he had replied, "look younger than Cynthia; you always have—to me. What ails our generation?"

"What ails the next one?" Honora had retorted quickly. "In some ways I've always *felt* younger than Cynthia. Do you think young people are as young as they used to be?"

"There's Guy—" he had defended, and Honora had answered:

"Oh—Guy!" in an accent which placed him in a class by himself. Guy Arnold smiled now as he recalled it—then his mind reacted to his son.

"Well—thank Heaven! he's got over Cynthia!" he reflected; there need be no violence of contrast; yet, as he sat before the little station waiting, his mood deepened into an increasing nervousness, rare indeed to his well-tuned nature.

The train snorted by, an unmistakable long hand waved to him from the window, and in another moment a figure only a little shorter than his own shot from the still moving steps and came swinging down the platform.

"Dad!—dear old Dad!"

"My dear boy—Guy!"

Their hands remained clasped while eyes plunged in eyes, then they both began to laugh together, and to bustle about the baggage. All tucked away at last, and with the car briskly headed for home, Guy laid an affectionate hand on his father's shoulder.

"How's everything?"

"Fine! Guy, how thin you are!"

"Yet I fattened all the way over," replied Guy, cheerfully.

"Want to take the wheel?" This was a concession to the past at which they both laughed. It had always made Guy miserable to sit while any one else drove. Now he waved the offer lightly aside.

"No, thanks—had enough for a lifetime; I've been doing nothing else. Father, you're looking tremendously fit!"

In spite of himself, color deepened consciously in the elder man's cheek.

"Do I? Well, I wish you did." He turned to scan his son more closely; already he had noted the nameless change beyond thinness in him. "You're all right, Guy?"

"Perfectly all right, thank you. How's Cynthia?"

"Busy as a bee—fussing and happy."

Guy laughed. "*That's* all right." He hesitated a moment. "And—Honora?"

His father bent his attention closely to the wheel, in spite of which it turned so abruptly that the machine wobbled suddenly across the road. Guy junior put an instinctive hand on it, and it returned to the straight path.

"She's—I— Guy, dear fellow—I've something to tell you." And hurriedly and without sequence he told it. "We cabled"—he repeated at the end—"we cabled—" he repeated, nervously, and then he waited for a word from his son. None coming, he looked up. Guy was leaning back and there was something extraordinary in his expression.

"Guy!" exclaimed the elder man. "Guy—for God's sake—*Guy!*" He ground on the brakes and the car stopped with a sudden grinding jerk. He seized his son's hand.

"Married!" Guy ejaculated, almost in a gasp. "M-married—and to you!"

His father wrung the hand he held violently. "Guy!" he repeated, and the voice was a cry. "Guy!"

Like one suddenly awakened, Guy junior drew himself up with a mighty effort. "It—it's nothing, father," he articulated. "Just the—the kind of life I've been living over there. You get—you get out of condition, and jumpy—jumpy as a cat. The—the least thing makes you silly, you know—" And suddenly, in his turn, he wrung his father's hand heartily. "It's great, Dad!—what you've told me; it's fine, splendid—just what it ought to be! I

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can't find words to tell you how—glad I am, how I congratulate you—both. She's married the best man God ever made—the *very best*, and you've found the one woman worthy of you, Dad! I—I'm so happy I—I can't speak"—which was deplorably evident. "You see—being taken by surprise this way, and not—not having the letters or—anything, it rather takes a fellow's breath. And over there—you get to be like a cat for nerves."

"I see"— the elder man nodded. He put his hand back on the clutch.

They spun a moment in silence. "Of course"—the elder man coughed again—"Guy, if we had had any idea you were coming over—"

"Oh, of course," his son hastened to assure him; "and anyway — what 'd been the use? You both knew, of course, how glad I'd be."

"Yes—if it hadn't been for that—" mumbled his father.

"Quite so," said Guy—and even then the foreign phrase so naturally spoken struck on the father's ear. "Dear old Dad—you've always been thinking of and for me," he said, affectionately.

Again the machine described an eccentric embroidery on the road.

"Suppose you do give me that wheel, after all, father. I'll show you what a cracker-jack I've become. Did I ever tell you," he went on cheerfully, as he moved over, "of the time I took that ambulance down the hill between the lines?"

"No, I don't remember—" The elder man sat back, with folded arms, listening to the younger's all at once voluble narrative—a narrative lasting till the house was reached.

They drew up at the foot of the steps where Honora stood waiting—two erect and soldierly figures, both chins in the air—and it was the younger Guy who sprang out first and, hastening to the step below her, stood looking up silently as on that day of his farewell. Honora, her eyes dim through smiles, put her two hands on his shoulders and looked down.

"Balder—Balder the Beautiful!" was her thought, as she beheld the singular illumination of his look. But what she said, unsteadily, was only, "Welcome home, Guy!"

And, as when he bade her good-by, he now took those two hands of hers from his shoulders and drew them one after the other to his lips.

"I've told Dad," he said, quietly, "that there aren't any words to say how—beautiful I think it is to find you here."

"Ah," Honora answered, "if we hadn't *known* you'd feel that way—" The soft straying of her hand over his hair concluded the phrase; it was the maternal caress she had so often secretly longed to permit herself. With swift lightness he shook it smilingly off.

"All this—you know, is—wonderful," he said later that evening, turning gently to Honora. "I'm going to feel a whole lot happier about leaving Dad; that has always worried me a bit."

"Leaving?" Honora took him up quickly. "But you haven't come home, Guy—just to leave us again?"

"Just that," said Guy, quietly. "That's really why I came back at all—to go away again; that—and to talk over a few things with father—equipment and so on."

"But you mustn't; we can't—spare you," Honora had been about to finish, but, glancing at her husband for reinforcement, she was arrested by something in his steadfast gaze at his son. Guy was playing with a fragment of a bullet—the bullet which had put his arm in a sling for weeks—and his face wore that rapt, illuminated look of the impersonal once more.

Suddenly Honora's head went up. "Oh, if it is right—if you must, Guy!"

"It is right, and I must. I—couldn't stay here now, knowing what is going on over there. But also—I couldn't have stayed on there without just coming back to see you both once more before—" He glanced now at his father, who was looking fixedly at him. "This"—he addressed himself to his father now exclusively and as if he desired to make it very plain—"is really what I came home for, father—this is what I was intending to do, just as soon as I'd had the glimpse of you all. I felt I *had* to have that, for while of course I'm not taking any unnecessary risk—there is always the chance—"

Honora was mute. The chance!—

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with typhus and famine stalking. She looked at Guy's father piteously, but he was intent upon his son.

"It's worth taking—that chance!" The younger man sprang up and paced the room, talking to them, stopping now and then to look squarely into their silent eyes. For the moment he seemed to have become the oldest of the party—the one in authority. It was he who had been living years to their days—who had seen tried out—*burned* out—all the values, and had brought away the essential and enduring; they sat and listened.

"One lives," said Guy, "very fast over there. The things I've seen—! I simply couldn't, after them, settle down here now—not if everything on earth were offered me. All my life things have been given me; it's *my* chance now to give—a little. Nothing else seems to count. And if father approves—"

"How much do you want, Guy?"

Balder the Beautiful smiled. "I knew I needn't ask twice. But that's like all my life—everything comes my way." His voice softened as he looked at them by turns. "It's perfectly—*fine* of you both—not to try to keep me, nor—make it harder to go."

"Find something for me to do, please, Guy," said Honora, with a piteous smile.

"You've already found it. You are to take care of Dad for me. Ah, you don't know"—he clasped a hand of each—"how beautiful it's going to be to think back to you two, like this, when I'm seeing—all I shall see. But I don't have to think about you; you are just *there*—a piece of me—like myself."

It was, however, a white, strained face he upturned to her a few days later—from that lower step once more—that step of farewells, as she came to think of it evermore—and the clasp of his hands almost hurt hers.

"Will you—put your hand—one single moment—on my hair, Honora—as you did the day I came?" he asked her, very low, though no one else was present. His father had gone to bring round the car.

Honora's hand strayed a moment over the cropped curls, and rested there. Her lips tried vainly for a word.

"Thank you," said Guy. "You've been a kind of—divine Mother to me, always." He stooped and kissed her hands. "Good-by, dear. God bless you. Remember, whatever comes—it's all right." He straightened himself. "Whatever's keeping father with that car!"

A moment after he was gone, in a waving of farewell to them both; it had been his request that he might bid them farewell together so—keeping that image to take with him.

"How old, yet how young he is!" exclaimed Honora, staring after the car, with tightly pressed hands. The elder Guy answered, quietly:

"He has passed beyond all age—he is living in immortal things."

"Oh—I feel as if he had *become* immortal already—as if he had died!" broke from Honora in a cry of anguish.

Her husband's voice was low but steady as he answered her in four words:

"He has done both."

Nevertheless, it was a second death which entered Honora's heart when the message came. They had barely had time to read the steamer letters—the clasp of his hands in theirs seemed hardly cold.

"He could not have known what struck him," said the message. "There was a smile on his face—which the shrapnel had spared—when we brought him in."

The message dropped from Honora's hand. "Balder!—Balder—the Beautiful!" she found herself muttering, vaguely, while her unseeing eyes roved the room.

Her husband caught her hand. "Don't weep," he said, sharply. "Don't weep for him, Honora!"

"No, no," replied Honora, the tears streaming down her face unheeded. "Oh no—of course not. Not tears—for Guy!"

She looked blindly through them at Guy's father. His head was thrown proudly back in Guy's old, lofty way, and he looked straight before him as if he saw something.

"To the very end"—he spoke quietly—"luck was with him. He was a favorite of the gods."

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The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHEN Jasper Fay was tried for the murder of Claude Masterman, and acquitted of the charge, it was generally felt that the ends of justice had been served. No human being, whatever his secret opinion, could have desired the further punishment of that little old man whose sufferings might have expiated any possible crime in advance. The jury having found it improbable that at his age, and with his infirmities, he should have been lurking in the village at ten o'clock at night and waiting in the neighborhood of Colcord jail at dawn of the next morning, the verdict was accepted with relief not only in the little court-house of the county town, but by the outside public.

That was in the winter of 1912, and in the mean while Lois had been led so successfully by her substitute for love as to be at times unaware of her lack of the divine original. For she was busy, so it seemed to her, every day of every week and every minute of every day. The first dreadful necessities on that night of the 9th of July having been attended to, her thought flew at once to the father and mother of the dead boy.

"Thor dear, I know exactly what I'm going to do about them, if you'll let me."

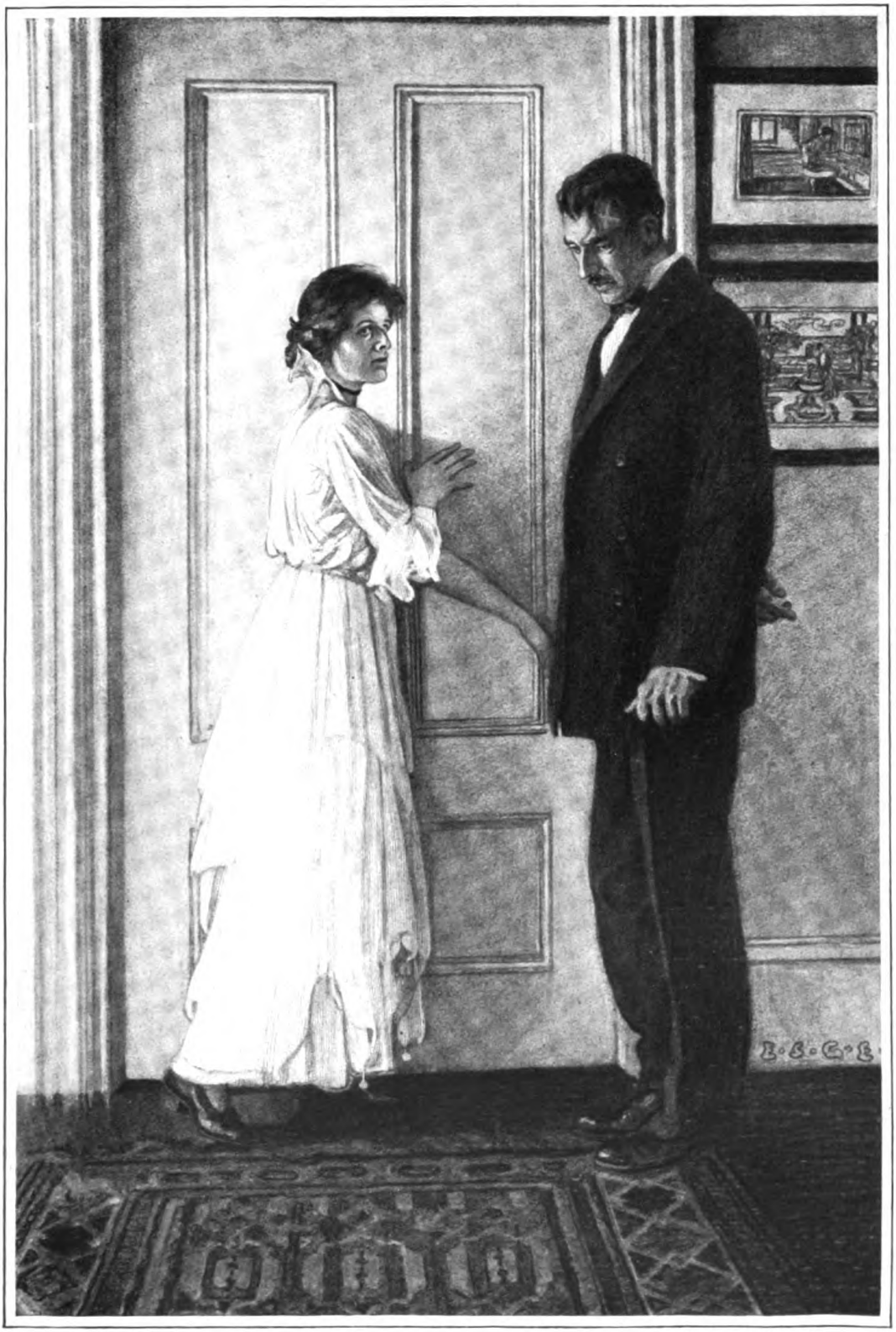
It was early morning by the time she said that, and all that was immediately pressing was over. Claude was lying in one of the spare rooms that had been prepared for him, and Dr. Noonan, together with the four or five grave, burly men, Irish-Americans as far as she could judge, who had been in and about the house all night hunting for traces of the crime, had gone away. Those who were still beating the shrubbery and the grounds were not in view from the library windows. Maggs and his wife were in the house, as well as Dearlove and Brightstone, getting it ready for reoccupation, since it was but seemly that the dread guest who had come under its roof should be decently lodged.

Thor, having spent some hours before the stupefied village authorities, was surprised and obscurely disappointed not to be put under arrest. Public disgrace would have appeased in a measure the clamor of self-accusation. To be treated with respect and taken at his word in his account of what had happened between himself and Claude was like an insult to a martyr's memory. When dismissed to his home, he found it hard to go.

Having dragged himself back through the gray morning light, it was to discover strange wonders wrought in the immediate surroundings. Lois and her four assistants had whisked the coverings from the furniture and restored something like an air of life. Even the library, having been sufficiently noted and described, had been set in what was approximately order, the broken picture taken from its nail and the broken window hidden by a curtain.

On the threshold of the room Thor paused, shrinking from a spot which henceforth he must regard as cursed. But Lois insisted. "Come in, Thor dear; come in." She felt it imperative that he should overcome on the instant anything in the way of terrible association. He must counteract remorse; he must not let himself be haunted. She herself sat still, therefore, with the restrained demeanor of one who has seen nothing in the circumstances with which she has not been able to cope. Pale,

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green Engraved by H. Leinroth

"YOU *ARE* ON THE SIDE OF THE GOOD THINGS, YOU KNOW"

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with dark rings under the eyes betraying the inner effect of the night of stress, she nevertheless carried herself as if equal to confronting developments graver still. The strength she inspired came from rising to the facts as to some tremendous matter of course.

Now that there was a lull in the excitement, she had been quietly discussing the conditions with Uncle Sim and Dr. Hilary. The latter went forward as Thor, tall, gaunt, red-eyed, the wound in his forehead stanched with plaster, advanced into the room.

"You're face to face with a great moral test, my dear Thor," he said, laying his hands on the young man's shoulders, "but you'll rise to it."

Thor started back, less in indignation than in horror. "Rise?"

"Yes, you, my dear Thor. You'll climb up on it and get it under your feet. The best use we can make of mistake and calamity is to stand on them and be that much higher up. I don't care what your sin has been or what your self-reproach. Now that they're there, you'll utilize them for your spiritual growth. Neither do I say God help you! for I'm convinced in my soul that He's doing it."

Thor moved uneasily from under the weight of the benedictory hands. It was as part of his rejection of mercy that he muttered, "I don't know anything about Him."

"Don't you, now? Well, that's not so important. He knows all about you. It's not what we know about God, but what God knows about us that tells most in the long run."

He passed on into the hall, where he picked up his hat and went out.

Thor found his way wearily to the chimneypiece, where he stood with his face buried in his hands and his back to his two companions. "I killed Claude."

"Oh no, you didn't, Thor dear," Lois said, quietly. "It's wrong for you to keep saying so. We can see perfectly well what has happened. Can't we, Uncle Sim? If Claude revived while you were away and went out to get more air, and some one, as you think, was lurking in the shrubbery—"

"But if it hadn't been for me—"

"As far as that goes I might as well say, If it hadn't been for me. I've told you how he came to me two days ago and how I discouraged him. We're all involved—you no more than the rest of us."

"If he *is* involved more than the rest of us," Uncle Sim declared, "it's all the more reason why the good forces by which he's stood should now stand by him. It's a matter of common experience to all who've ever made the test that they do. I'll be off now, Lois, but I'll come back before long and bring Amy. We'll stay here. The house 'll need to have people in it, to make it look as if it was lived in, till Archie and Ena can be got at and brought home."

Thor turned and looked from the one to the other distressfully. "Poor father and mother! What about them?"

It was then that Lois showed that the matter had already received her attention. "Thor dear, I know exactly what I'm going to do, if you'll let me."

She had been so efficient throughout the night that both men listened expectantly while she sketched her plan. She would cable the facts as succinctly as she could put them to her own father and mother, who were in their *petit trou pas cher* on the north coast of France. They would then cross to England and break the news to Mr. and Mrs. Masterman. The very fact of the breach between her parents on the one side and the bereaved couple on the other was an additional reason for charging the former with the errand of mercy. Where so much had been taken it was the more necessary to rally what remained.

Having expressed his approval of these suggestions, Uncle Sim took his departure.

"Where is he?" Thor asked at once.

"Come."

Though she rose, she lingered to say, with a manner purposely kept down to the simplest and most matter-of-fact plane: "You'll come up to the house and have breakfast, won't you, Thor? It will be ready about eight." As he began to demur on the ground that he couldn't eat, she insisted. "Oh, but you must. You know that yourself. You'll feel better, too, when you've had a bath.

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You can't take one here, because Mrs. Maggs hasn't put the towels out. Cousin Amy will attend to that when she comes down."

These and similar maternal counsels having been given and received, she led the way into the hall, only to pause again at the foot of the stairs. "I shall go out now to send my cablegram to mamma. I suppose that everything will be in the papers by the afternoon, and we shall have to accept the publicity." Seeing the pain in his face, she took the opportunity to say: "Oh, we can do that well enough, Thor dear. We mustn't be afraid of it. We mustn't flinch at anything. Whatever has to come out will get its significance only from the way we bear it; and we can bear it well."

Having advanced a few steps up the stairs, she turned again on the first landing, speaking down toward him as he mounted. "If possible, I should like to tell Rosie myself. It will be a shock to her, of course; but I want to be with her when she has to meet it. Don't you think I ought to be?" On his expressing some form of mute agreement, she continued: "Then, if you approve, I shall telephone to Jim Breen, asking him to bring her to see me. Rosie will guess, by my sending for her, that something strange has happened. I shall word my message to her in that way."

Her last appeal was made to him as she stood with one hand on the knob of the door beyond which Claude was lying. "Thor dear, I hope you get at the truth of the things Dr. Hilary has been saying. There's a great message to you three. You *are* on the side of the good things, you know. You always have been, and always will be."

He shook his head. "It's too late to say that to me now."

"Oh no, it isn't! And what's also not too late to say is that you mustn't let yourself be ridden by remorse." His haggard eyes seeming to ask her how he could help it, she continued: "Remorse is one of the most futile things we know anything about. It can't undo the past, while it destroys the present and poisons the future."

He was almost indignant. "But when you've—?"

"When you've given way as you say you gave way last night? You brace yourself against doing it again. You make it a new starting-point. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, but if you're like me!"

With her free hand she brushed back the shock of dark hair from his forehead. It was the first touch of personal contact between them since his sudden reappearance. "If one is like you, Thor, of course it's harder. You're a terrific creature. I begin to see that now. I never took it in before, because in general you're so restrained. I know it's the people who are most restrained who can be swept most terribly by passion—but I hadn't expected it of you. Even so, it's the sort of thing which only goes with something big in the soul—"

He put up a hand protestingly. "Don't!"

"But I must. It ought to be said. You should understand it. Fundamentally—I see it quite plainly now—you're the big, primitive creature that's only partially tamed by the tenderest of tender hearts. I'm going to make a confession. What you say you felt toward Claude is what I've often felt myself in—in glimpses. God knows I don't say that to malign him. I shouldn't say it at all if it were not to point out that you wouldn't have done him any more harm—not when it came to the act!—than I myself. Would you, now?"

He hung his head, murmuring, brokenly, "No."

"What we've got to see is that you're very human, isn't it? and that's what they mean—Uncle Sim and Dr. Hilary—when they say that you're face to face with a great moral test. They mean that after you've used what—what's happened within the last few hours—as you can use it—as you *can* use it, Thor dear—you'll be a far stronger man than you were before—and you were a strong man already."

With eyes downcast he murmured words to the effect that it was difficult to see the way.

"Won't the way be to take each new thing as it comes—and there are some very hard things still to come, you know!—as a step to climb by, to get it

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under our feet as something that holds us up instead of over our heads as something that crushes us down? Won't that be the way? It may be like climbing a Calvary, but all the same we shall be there—up instead of down—and," she added, with a smile so faint that it was in her eyes rather than on her lips, "and you know, Thor darling, that no one is ever on a Calvary alone."

She turned the handle of the door, leading him into a room from which the morning light was only partially excluded, and about which vases and bowls of roses had already been set.

Claude was lying naturally, his face turned slightly and, as it were, expectantly toward the two who approached. Having entered the room first, Lois kept to the background, leaving Thor to go to the bedside alone.

The difference between the dead Claude and the sleeping one was in the expression. In the sleeping Claude the features were always as if chiseled in marble, and, like marble, cold. The dead Claude's face, on the contrary, radiated that which might have passed for warmth and life. Stooping, Thor kissed once more the lips on which there was this quiver of a new life that almost made them move, and sank on his knees beside the bed. Lois, who knew that beyond any subsequent moment this would be the one of last farewell, slipped softly from the room and closed the door behind her. She remembered as she did so that apart from her timid touch on his hair there had been no greeting between her husband and herself since his cry to her as she sat on the balcony in the darkness; but perhaps the substitute for love didn't call for it.

She went down-stairs to carry out her intentions of ringing up Jim Breen and sending her cablegram to France. Since the necessity for doing the former would take her to her own house, she would have the chance of changing her evening dress for a day one before the relative publicity of the telegraph-office in the Square. She would need also to explain the circumstances to her servants, who by this hour would be moving about the house and might be alarmed on finding that her room had not been occupied. The door to the garden portico being that which would probably be unlocked, she turned into Willoughby's Lane, where her attention was caught by the sight of two men coming down the hill.

What she saw was a young man helping an older one. The old man leaned heavily on his companion, hobbling with the weariness of one who can barely drag himself along.

Lois was seized by sudden faintness; but a saving thought restored her. It was no more than the prompting to give this spent wayfarer a cup of coffee as he passed her door, but it met the instant's need. By a deliberate effort of the will she banished every suggestion beyond this kindly impulse. If there were graver arguments to urge themselves, they were for others rather than for her.

That she was not the only person within eight or ten hours to be startled by the sight of that little old man was abundantly evidenced later. John Stanchfield, Elias Palmer, Harold Ormthwaite, and Nathan Ridge, all farmers or market-gardeners of the Colcord district, testified to frights and "spooky feelings" on being accosted by a dim, gray figure plodding along the Colcord road in the lonely interval between midnight and morning. The dim gray figure seemed to have recognized the different "teams" by the section of the road through which they jolted or by their flickering lamps.

"That you, 'Lias?"

"Why, yes! Who be you? Darned if it ain't Jasper Fay! What under the everlastin' canopy be you a-doin' this way so late at night?—so early in the mornin', as you might say."

"My poor boy! To be let out at five!"

Grunts of sympathy and inquiries concerning the nature of the "truck" being taken to market made up the rest of the conversation, which ended in a mutual, "So long!"

With John Stanchfield and Harold Ormthwaite the exchange of salutations had been on similar lines. No one but old Nathan Ridge had had the curiosity to ask: "What you trampin' the eight mile for? Could have took the train at Marchfield, and got out at the jail door."

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"We-ell, the trains didn't just suit. Marchfield's three mile from my place, and if it comes to trampin' three mile you might as well make it eight."

"Guess you're pretty nigh tuckered out, ain't you?"

"We-ell, I'm some tired. Been takin' it easy, though. Left home about eight o'clock last night and just strolled along. Fact is, Nathan, I had to be out o' my little place last night root and branch, and it's kind of eased my mind like to be footin' it through the dark."

"Guess you feel pretty bad, don't you?"

"Well, I did. Don't so much now."

"Got used to it?"

"No, it ain't that so much. It's just that, if I've suffered, others will—" But according to Mr. Ridge further explanation was withheld, the speaker going on disappointingly to say: "Guess I'll be keepin' along. Hope you'll get your price on them peas. Awful sight of them in the market after this last dry spell."

So Jasper Fay trudged on. He trudged on patiently, with the ease of a man accustomed all his life to plodding through the soil, though now and then he paused. He paused for breath or for a minute's repose, and sometimes to listen. He listened most frequently to sounds behind him as if expecting pursuit; he listened to the barking of dogs, the gallop of grazing horses across the dark pastures, or to the occasional bray of a motorist's horn. When nothing happened, he went on again, though with each renewal of the effort his footsteps lagged more wearily.

Dawn was gray by the time he had come face to face with the long, grim house of sorrow.

For the three years, or nearly, in which Matt had been shut up here the father had spent with him as many as possible of the minutes allowed for intercourse, prolonging the sense of communion by sitting and staring at the walls. In times past he had stared in patient longing for the moment of the boy's release; but this morning he only stared. Behind the staring, thought was too inactive for either retrospect or forecast; and thought was inactive because both past and future now contained elements too big for the overtaxed mind to deal with. He could only sit wearily and expectantly on the bench, watching, at the end of one of the long wings, a small gray door on which he had been told to keep his eyes.

After the first flicker of light the day came slowly. The lowlands round the prison were shrouded in a thin, gray mist, through which Lombardy poplars and warders' cottages and prison walls loomed ghostly. When, a few minutes after the clock in the pinnacle had struck five, the gray door opened soundlessly and a shadowy form slipped out, the effect was like that of a departed spirit materializing within human ken.

The shadowy form shook hands with some one who remained unseen, and after it had taken a step or two forward the soundless door shut it out. It looked timorous and lone in the wide, ghostly landscape, advancing a few paces, stopping, searching, advancing again, but uncertainly. As it emerged more fully into view it disclosed a bundle in the hand, a light-gray suit, and a common, round, straw hat. It moved as though testing ground that might give way beneath it or as trying the conditions of some new and awesome sphere of existence into which it had suddenly been thrust.

With all his remaining forces concentrated into one sharp, eager look, Jasper Fay crept forward. The ground-mist blurring his outlines, the two dim figures were face to face before the son perceived his father's presence or approach. On doing so he started back.

"Why, father! What's the matter? You look"—his voice dropped to faintness—"you look—terrible."

But the father's faculties were already too exhausted to catch the movement and note of dismay. He was drained even of emotion. All he could do was to extend his hand with the casual greeting: "Well, Matt! How are you? Come to meet you."

He explained, however, the immediate programme, which was to go by the five-thirty train to Marchfield, whence by taking the short cut through Willoughby's Lane and County Street they could reach home for breakfast by seven.

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Home, it had to be told, was no longer the little place on the north bank of the Pond, but a three-family house on the Thorley estate, with a "back piazza" for yard and nothing at all in the way of garden. A home without a garden to an old man who had lived in gardens all his life was more of an irony than a home without a rooftree, but even this evoked from the sufferer only a mild statement of the fact. Mildness, resigned and apparently satisfied, marked all the turnings of the narrative unfolded as they plodded to the station, while the son took the opportunity to scan at his leisure those changes in the sunken face that had shocked him at the moment of encounter.

It was no new tale that Matt heard, but it pieced together the isolated facts made known to him in the few letters he had received and the scattered bits of family news he had been able to pick up on visiting-days. For all of it he was prepared. He would have been prepared for it even if he had received no hint in advance, since it was nothing but what the weak must expect from the strong and the poor from the rich. "We'll change all that," was his only comment; but he made it whenever he found an opening.

Only once did he permit himself to go beyond the dogged repetition of this phrase. "Got in with some fellows there"—he jerked his head backward in the direction from which they had come —"who've thought the whole business out. Could always get together—us trusties. Internationals, them fellows were—the I. I. A. Heard of 'em, haven't you? No bread and treacle in *their* programme. Been handing that out too long."

The difference between the face Matt Fay had looked forward to seeing and the one which was now turned up to him was that between a mirror and a pane of glass. In a mirror there would have been reflection and responsiveness. Here there was nothing but a blank, shiny stare, vitreous and unintelligent. Jasper Fay, it seemed to his son, had passed into some pitiful and premature stage of dotage.

To the released prisoner the change was but one more determining factor in his own state of mind. He was prepared to find his mother in worse case than his father, and Rosie in worse case still. Poor little Rosie! She was the traditional victim of the rich man's son. So be it. Since it was for him to see that she was avenged, he asked nothing better. The more wrongs there were besides his own, the more he was justified in joining the campaign of blood and fire, of eloquence and dynamite, to which he felt a call.

CHAPTER XXXIV

"IT was more strange than I dare tell you, mother dear," Lois added to the letter of details which she wrote at odd minutes during the day, "that that poor old man should have broken down just at our door. There was a kind of fatality in it, as if he had come to throw himself at our feet. The son would have gone on if his father had been able to drag himself another yard; but he wasn't. It was all we could do to get him up the portico steps and into the nearest seat.

"I wonder if you remember him—old Mr. Fay? If so, you wouldn't know him now. I can only compare him to a tree that's been attacked at the roots and shrivels and dries in a season. He seems to have passed from sixty to ninety in the course of a few months, as if the very principle of life had failed him. It would be pitiful if it wasn't worse. I mean that we're afraid it may be worse, though that is a matter which as yet I mustn't write about.

"The son puzzles me—or, rather, he would if there were not something in him like all the other Fays, desperate and yet attractive, appealing and yet hostile. He looks like his sister, which means that he's handsome, with those extraordinary eyes of the shade of the paler kinds of jade, and a "finish" to the features quite unusual in a man.

"The prison shows in his pallor, in his cropped hair, and in something furtive in the glance which, Thor says, will probably pass as he gets used again to freedom. I remember that Dr. Hilary once said of him that he's the stuff out of which they make revolutionaries and

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anarchists. In that case I should think he might be a valuable addition to the cause, for, as with Rosie, there's a quality in him that wins you at the very moment when you're most repelled. He makes you sorry for him. We're sorry for them all. Even now, with poor Claude lying there, we've no other feeling than that. We've had enough of retaliations and revenges. Nothing could prove their uselessness more thoroughly than what happened here last night. If we could let everything rest where it is, leaving the crime to be its own punishment, God knows we would do it gladly."

Later in the day she continued: "I wish you could have seen the meeting between Thor and that poor fellow who has just come out of jail. Thor was superb—so gentle and kind and tender, and all with an air that tragic sorrow has made noble. There are things I cannot tell you about him—that Thor must tell to his father if they're ever told at all—but this I can say even now, that if any good is to come out of all this it will be through Thor more than any one. He doesn't see his way as yet, but he'll find it. He'll find it by the same impulse that made him march up to Matt Fay, putting his hand on his shoulder and looking him in the eyes with a simple, man-to-man sympathy which no one could resist. The very fact that Thor feels so deeply that he's been to blame—very, very much to blame—gives intensity now to his kindness. As for Matt Fay, he colored and stammered and shuffled, and though he tried to maintain his bravado, it was without much success. He was still more embarrassed when, after the old man had finished his coffee and was able to move again, Thor ordered Sims to bring round the car and drive the two of them home. We said nothing to them about Claude. I couldn't have borne its being mentioned to them here—or to have been obliged to watch the effect. It would be like having to look on at a vivisection. There are things I don't want to see or to know. All that is really imperative is that, whatever the outcome, they should consider us their friends."

The letter was not finished till she was alone that night. She wrote carefully at first, choosing just the right words. "Thor is sleeping at the other house, and may continue to do so for some time. He seems to want to be there—as you can understand. Not only does he make it more bearable for Uncle Sim and Cousin Amy, but he gets a kind of assuagement to his grief in being near Claude. You needn't be surprised, therefore, if he remains a little longer—perhaps longer than you might expect."

Up to this point she had been cautious, but for a minute something less controlled escaped her. "Oh, mother darling, I want to be a good wife to Thor, as you've been a good wife to papa. He needs me, and yet in his inmost heart he's bearing this great trial alone. Don't misunderstand me. I haven't broken down. Perhaps if I could have broken down a little it would have brought me nearer to him. But I'm not near to him. There's the truth. I'm infinitely far away from him. He's there in that house, and I'm here in this. His heart is aching for grief, and mine because I don't know how to comfort him—and all because the glimmer of light that leads me on isn't strong enough. It's better than nothing; I don't deny that. I can grope my way by it when I might expect to be utterly bewildered—but, oh, mother dear, it's not love."

But having read this page in the morning, she suppressed and destroyed it. After the night's rest she was more sure of herself. Since she had any clue at all she felt it wise to possess her soul in patience and see to what issue it would lead. For the passages she withdrew she substituted, therefore, such an account of Rosie as would put her mother in touch with that portion of Claude's life.

"It's hard to know how the little thing feels just now, she went on, when the main facts had been given, "because she's so stunned by dread. It's the same dread that oppresses us all, but which is so much more terrible for them. For poor little Rosie the things that have happened are secondary now to what may happen still. *That* almost blots Claude out of her mind. Luckily she has a great deal of pluck—of what in our

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old-fashioned New England phrase was called grit. That she'll win in the end, and come out at last to a kind of happiness, I haven't the least doubt, especially as she has that fine fellow, Jim Breen, to turn to. You remember him, don't you? It's touching to see his tenderness to Rosie, now that she has such a need of him. It's the more touching because she doesn't give him anything but the most indirect encouragement. He knows perfectly well that whatever he gets from her now will be only her second best, but he's grateful even for that.

"She came to me yesterday morning of her own accord, before I could get word to her. William Sweetapple had heard the news and told her as he passed the house where they have just gone to live in Susan Street. Rosie had been early to the door to take in the milk, and Sweetapple was going by. She flew here at once. I had expected her to be crushed—but she wasn't. As I've just said, she seemed to be looking forward rather than looking back. She was looking forward to what I've hinted at and dare not say, and setting her face as a flint. That is how I can best describe her—and yet it was as a flint with a wonderful shine on it, as if something had come to her in the way of inner illumination that used not to be in her at all. Jim Breen is fond of saying that this is not the Rosie of a year or two ago, and it isn't. It's not even the Rosie of the episode with Claude. Her face is now like a lighted lamp as compared with the time when it was blank. I'm not enough in her confidence to know exactly what has wrought the change, so that I can only guess. It seems to me the same thing that has given the mother a new view of life, only that Rosie has probably come to it by another way. They're strangely alike, those two—each so tense, so strong, so demanding, each broken on the wheel, and each with that something firm and fine in the grain to which the wheel can do no more than impart a higher *patina* of polishing. They seem to me to bring down into our rather sugary life some of the old, narrow, splendidly austere New England qualities that have almost passed away and to make them bloom—bloom, that is, as the portulacca blooms, in a parched soil where any other plant would bake, and yet with an almost painfully vivid brilliancy. Doesn't George Meredith say in one of his books—is it *The Egoist?*—that the light of the soil should burn upward? Well, that's what it seems to do in them—to burn upward with a persistent glow, in spite of conditions that might reasonably put it out."

"The old man is a mystery to me," she wrote later, "chiefly because it is so impossible to connect him with any of the things we fear. He seemed so small and shrunken and harmless as he sat on the portico yesterday morning, drinking his coffee and munching a slice of toast, that he appealed to me only as something to be taken care of. That sinister element which I've seen in him of late had gone altogether, leaving nothing but his old, faded, dreamy mildness, contented and appeased. That is the really uncanny thing, that he seems *satisfied.* He showed no fear of us at all, nor the slightest nervousness, not even when Thor came. Thor was startled to see him there at first, but I managed to whisper a word or two in French, so that he went straight up to Fay and shook hands. I was glad of that. It put us in the right attitude—that of not trying to find a victim or looking for revenge."

Before adding her next paragraph she weighed its subject-matter pensively. It was not necessary to her letter; it was nothing her mother was obliged to know. She decided to say it, however, from an instinct resembling that of self-preservation. If her mother were ever to *hear* anything . . .

"Thor saw Rosie, too. He was coming down-stairs from taking a bath just as she was in the hall, going away. It was the first time he'd seen her since before we were married. He was so lovely to her!—I wish I could tell you! You know he used to be interested in her in the days when her mother was his only patient. It was through him, if you remember, that Rosie and I came to be friends in the first place. He asked me to go and see her, to be nice to her. He feels very strongly that we people of the old, simple American stock should

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have held together in a way we haven't done, and that we shouldn't have allowed money to dig the abyss between us which I'm afraid is there now. I know that you personally are not interested in ideals of this kind, and yet Thor wouldn't be the Thor you love unless he had them. So he was lovely with Rosie, holding her hand, and looking down at her with those kind eyes of his, and begging her, whatever happened—*whatever happened*, mind you!—to throw everything on him in the way they would do if he was brother to them all. People talk about the brotherhood of man; but there will never be any such thing as the brotherhood of man till more men, and more women, too, get the spirit that's in him."

Claude had been a week or more in his grave when the letters began to arrive from Mrs. Willoughby.

"As to our sailing," she wrote from London, "everything depends on Ena. My cablegrams will have told you that she's better, but not exactly *how*. She's better mentally, and very sweet. *I* think it surprising. Now that the first shock is past, she's calmer, too, and doesn't say so often that she expected it. Why she should have expected it I couldn't make out till last night, when Archie told me that there'd been something between Claude and a girl named Fay. I remember those Fays; queer people they always were, and rather uppish.

"Not that Archie attributes this dreadful thing to the connection with the Fays. He won't hear of any such suggestion. Ena seemed to look on it at first as a retribution, but Archie insists that there never was anything to retribute. There may be two opinions about that, though mind you I'm not saying so. To the best of my ability I'm letting bygones be bygones, as I think I've shown. But Ena certainly thought so at first, and it's my belief she does still."

It was in a subsequent letter that Mrs. Willoughby wrote: "I had to scrawl so hurriedly yesterday to catch the first mail that I couldn't begin at the beginning, or get to the point, or anything. I'll try now, though as for the beginning, it's like going back to the Dark Ages, it all seems so long ago.

"Your first cablegram giving us the news arrived at Les Dalles in the middle of the afternoon, and such a scramble as we had to get over to Havre in time for the night boat! I can't tell you how we felt, for it was one of those shocks so awful that you don't feel anything. At least I didn't feel anything, though I can't say the same of your father. He, poor lamb, has felt it terribly, so sensitive as he is, and so easily upset. Well, we managed to get to Havre in time, and had a fair crossing. We reached London about ten in the morning, and, of course, had no notion of where Archie and Ena were. So we drove to their bankers, and, as luck would have it, found they were in London on their way between Cornwall and the north.

"Once we'd learned that, we came straight to this hotel, and sent up our cards. After that we waited. Waited! I should say so. Your father got crosser and crosser, threatening to go away without breaking the news at all. We knew they thought we'd come to make trouble about old scores, and were discussing whether or not to see us. When word came at last that we were to be shown up, your father was in such a state that I had to leave him in the public parlor and go and face it alone.

"I wonder if you've ever had the experience of being ushered into a room where you could see you weren't wanted? I don't suppose so. I never had it before, and I hope I never shall again. It was one of those chintzy English sitting-rooms with flowers in every corner. I shall never see Shirley poppies again without thinking of poor Claude. Archie was standing in the middle of the floor, looking more the gentleman than ever, but no Ena!

"'I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Bessie,' he said, with that frigid sympathy of his which to me is always like iced water down the spine. 'Is there anything I can do for you?'

"We were facing each other, with a round table between us. 'No, Archie,' I said. 'I didn't come on my account, but on yours.'

"I can see him still—the way he stood

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—with a queer little upward flash of the eyebrows. 'Indeed?'

"'Yes. I had a cablegram yesterday afternoon—from Lois.' I gave him time to take that in. 'We came over at once—Len and I.'

"I had scarcely said this when my heart leaped into my mouth, for Ena cried out from behind the door leading into the bedroom, where I felt sure she was: 'It's about Claude!' It was the strangest sound I ever heard—the kind of sound she might have made if she saw something falling on her that would kill her.

"Archie stood motionless, but he turned a kind of gray-white. 'Is it?' was all he asked.

"I waited again—waited long enough to let them see that what I had to tell was grave. 'It is, Archie,' I said then.

"'Is he—?' Archie began, but I saw he couldn't finish. In fact, he didn't need to finish, because Ena cried out again, 'He's dead!'

"Archie could only question me with his eyes, so that I said, 'I'm sorry to have been the one to bring you the news—'

"I got no further than that when a kind of strangling moan came from Ena, and a sound as if she was falling. Archie ran into the bedroom, and the first thing I heard was, 'Bessie, for God's sake come here!' When I got in Ena was lying in a little tumbled heap beside the couch. She had on her lilac kimono, and could just as well have seen me as not, so I knew that what we had said down-stairs had been true. They did want to give us the cold shoulder.

"Well, you can imagine that it was all over with that. We had everything we could do to bring Ena around and get her on the couch. It took the longest time, and while we were doing it—before she could follow anything we said—Archie asked me what I knew, and I told him. I was glad to be able to do it in just that way, because I could break it up and get it in by pieces, a fact at a time. There was so much for him to do, too, that he couldn't give his whole mind to it, which was another mercy.

"When I could leave Ena I slipped into the sitting-room, shutting the door behind me, and letting Archie tell her what I had been able to tell him. While he was doing that I scribbled a little note, saying that Len and I were going to Garland's, where they would find us in case we could do anything more to help them. Without waiting for him to come out of the bedroom, I left the note on the table and went away."

In succeeding letters Mrs. Willoughby told how Archie had come to them at Garland's, had insisted on their returning with him to the hotel in Brook Street, and had installed them in a suite of rooms contiguous to his own. Moreover, he clung to them, begging them not to leave him. It was the most extraordinary turning of the tables Bessie had ever known. He produced the impression of a man not only stunned, but terrified. If the hand that had smitten Claude had been stretched right out of heaven he could not have seemed more overawed. He was afraid — that was what it amounted to. If Mrs. Willoughby read him aright, the tragic thing affected him like the first trumpet note of doom. It was as if he saw the house he had built with so much calculation beginning to tumble down—laid low by some dread power to which he was holding up his hands. He was holding up his hands not merely in petition, but in propitiation. She was not blind to the fact that there was a measure of propitiation in his boarding and lodging her husband and herself. He clung to them because his desolation needed something that stood for old friendship to cling to; but in addition to that he had dim visions of the dread power that had smitten Claude looming up behind them and acting somehow on their behalf.

"It's all very well to insist that there's nothing to retribute," ran a passage in one of the letters, "but the poor fellow is saying one thing with his lips and another in his soul. What's the play in which the ghosts come back? Is it 'Hamlet,' or 'Macbeth,' or one of Ibsen's? Well, it's like that. He's seeing ghosts. He wants us to be on hand because we persuade him that they're not there—that they *can't* be there, so long as we're all on friendly terms, and that we're not laying up anything

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against him. The very fact that he pays our bills makes him hope that the ghosts will keep away."

It was when she was able to announce that Mrs. Masterman was well enough to sail that Mrs. Willoughby acknowledged the first letters from her daughter. "We go by the *Ruritania* on the 3d. Archie is simply furious at the hints you're all throwing out about that old man Fay. Perfectly preposterous, is what he calls them. He seems to think that, once he is on the spot, he'll be able to show every one that Fay had no possible reason to want to avenge himself, and must therefore be beyond suspicion. I must say Archie doesn't strike me as vindictive, which is another surprise, if one could ever be surprised in a Masterman. They're all queer, Thor as much as any of them, though he's queer in such lovable ways. I mean that you never can tell what freaks they'll take, whether for evil or for good. Nothing would astonish me less than to see Archie himself in sackcloth and ashes one of these days, and I do believe that it's the thing he's afraid of himself. What he's fighting in all this business about Fay is his own impulse to do penance. He's thinking of the figure he'll cut, wearing a shroud and carrying a lighted candle. Of course it interests us because—well, because it may turn out to be a matter of dollars and cents. Not that I count on it. I've put all that behind me, and I must say that your father and I have never been so happy together as during these last few months. We get along perfectly on what we have, and we don't lack for anything. Of course the way in which your father, the sweet lamb, is improving makes all the difference in the world to me. So Archie needn't repent on our account. We've let all that go. It only strikes me as funny the way he can't do enough for us—taxis at the door the minute we put our noses out—flowers in the sitting-room—and everything. I know perfectly well what it means. It isn't *us*. He's simply sacrificing to the hoodoo or the voodoo that he sees behind us—just like any other Masterman."

She added in a postscript: "You can read Thor as much or as little of my letters as you choose. I don't care—not a bit! I told him before you were married that I always intended to speak my mind about his father, like it or lump it who would."

CHAPTER XXXV

ON the return of the Mastermans from Europe, Lois was able to tell them freely that Claude had come back from the West to keep his word to Rosie Fay.

"Oh, thank God," Claude's mother exclaimed. "The darling boy was always the soul of honor."

An etherea! vision in black, she was having a cup of tea in the library before going up-stairs to take off her traveling-dress. Thor, who had met the party at the dock, had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby to their own house, so that Lois was able to get a few words with the sorrowing parents alone, giving them in fuller detail that which her letters had only sketched. She had assumed the privilege of the daughter of the house to sit at the tea-table, while for the minute the returned voyagers took their place as guests.

There were reasons now why Archie was able to echo his wife's rejoicing in Claude's change of heart. In this new turn to the situation, which he had but imperfectly seized from what had been written, he could get the same kind of consolation that a father draws from the death of a son in a war with which he has no sympathy. It was the death of a brave man, when all was said and done. It was also death in conditions that made his own position the stronger, since it was an aid to the clearing of his conscience. It detracted nothing from his grief that he should use Claude's yearning for redemption as a fresh proof that Jasper Fay had not even a shadowy motive for revenge; and with the elimination of Fay's motive for revenge, he, Archie Masterman, was more amply acquitted at the bar before which the hereditary Masterman impulse summoned him. Lois had the greater confidence, therefore, in making her appeals.

"If they do imprison him, you see, the family will be left without means. One of these days I think Rosie will marry Jim Breen—"

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Ena gave a little cry of disapproval. "What? After *Claude!*"

"Oh, it won't be for a long time yet; and while this trouble is hanging over her father she won't listen to any suggestion of the kind, little as she would before. Still—in the end—it will be only natural—" She left Rosie there. "And Thor's been so good about the son—only—well, the I. I. A., whatever that is, have got hold of him, so that we can't count on him to do anything for the poor mother, if she's left alone, or for Rosie—"

"I'll take care of them." It was probable that Archie Masterman had never in his life said anything that gave him so complete a satisfaction. Before Lois could respond to his generosity he went on to add: "I needn't appear in the matter. I'll leave it to your ingenuity to find the way to take care of them without mentioning me at all—unless you think it would be a comfort to them, as a sign of my confidence in poor old Fay. *That* I should like to have generally known—that I absolve him entirely."

By sheer force of will Lois refused to see him as sacrificing to the hoodoo or the voodoo of which her mother's letters had apprised her. Tea was over and they were on their feet when she felt her own need demanding consideration. It was not without nervousness that she said, "You know Thor has been staying here with Cousin Amy and Uncle Sim."

"So we understood."

"Well, I think he might like to stay a little longer."

"That's not necessary on our account," Masterman said, promptly.

"It wouldn't be on your account, but on his own. That is," she explained, "he might think it was on your account, but in reality to feel that he was comforting you would be a comfort to him."

Claude's mother gave way to the first little sob since entering the house, while the father's face settled to the stoniness that masked his suffering. "Wouldn't it look very queer?" was all he said. "People might not understand it."

"Oh, they haven't understood it as it is; but does that matter? I know there's been talk in the village during the past few weeks, but surely we're in a position to ignore it." In the hope of opening up the way for Thor in what he had to make clear, she decided to go further. While speaking she kept her eyes on Masterman. "You may not need him, but he may need you. As a matter of fact he has still something to explain to you which I may as well tell you now. On that night—the night of the ninth of July—Thor and Claude were here in the house together. There was trouble between them."

Mrs. Masterman gasped; her husband breathed hard, saying, merely, "Go on."

"I don't know what the quarrel was exactly, but—but—there were blows."

"Not the blow—?" Masterman began, with horror in his tone.

"Oh no, not that," Lois interposed, hastily, going on to explain briefly the incidents of the struggle between the brothers, as far as she knew them. "That part of it was all over," she continued, eagerly, before either of the parents could comment on this new phase of the event. "Claude wasn't much hurt. You can see that from the way he was able to get up and come out into the air while Thor was running up to our house for brandy. If there hadn't been some one lurking in the shrubbery—"

"He's been a terrible son to me," Masterman broke in, wrathfully. "When it isn't in one way it's in another. What have I done to deserve—?"

"He *is* terrible," Lois admitted, soothingly; "but, oh, Mr. Masterman, he's terrible in such splendid ways! He hasn't found himself yet; but he will if you'll give him time. Whatever he's done wrong he'll atone for nobly. You'll see!"

The mother's intervention came to Lois as a new surprise. "Whatever he's done wrong he's sorry for. We can be sure of that." She turned to her husband. "Archie, Claude was my son; and I want to tell you now, before we go any further, that no matter what happened between Thor and him, I forgive it, if there's anything to forgive."

"I know Thor feels there was something to forgive," Lois confessed on her

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husband's behalf, "whether there was or not."

"Then tell him to come to me," Ena commanded, in a tone such as Lois had never heard from her.

"I'll tell him to go to you, if you'll ask him to stay here with you a little longer."

"I sha'n't ask him; Archie will. Won't you, Archie?" She laid her hand on his arm, pleadingly. "If you do, it will mean that you and I are not trying to judge our two boys, or take sides between them"—she gave a little sob—"now when it's no use. They quarreled, as brothers will, but they were fond of each other, for all that."

"Thor adored Claude," Lois said, simply. "I think he cared for him more than for any one in the world that—that I know of."

Masterman wheeled suddenly and walked away, while his wife made signs to Lois that they had won.

But it was in another frame of mind that Thor's wife said to herself, as she saw him coming toward her along County Street: "Now I shall see! I shall see if he will!"

She meant that now he might return to her, that he might return as a matter of course. If he came of his own accord, something within her would leap to greet him. So much she knew; but beyond it she would not trust herself to go. "I shall see if he will!" she repeated, with emphasis, throwing the responsibility of taking the first step on him. It was on him, she felt, that it lay. She had asked him to leave her until she was prepared to call him back, and she was not prepared. If he were to ask to be taken back, her attitude could lawfully be different. Since it was he who had made void the union she had supposed to be based on love, it was for him to suggest another built on whatever they could find as a substitute. Great as her pity for him was, she could not by so much as a glance or a smile relieve him from that necessity.

As they drew near each other she recognized the minute as one that would be decisive, if not for the rest of life, yet for a long time to come. She could look ahead and select the very tree under which they would meet. As a result of the few words that would be then exchanged, their lives would blend again—or he would go to the one house and she to the other, and they would be further apart than they had ever been before. He might not think it or see it, because men were so dense; but she would be as quick to read the signs of which he would remain unconscious as a bird to scent a storm.

For this very reason she reduced her manner, when they came face to face, to the simplest and most casual. It was a matter of pride with her to exert no influence, to leave him free. Not that she found it necessary to take pains, for she saw from the first minutes of encounter that his mind was far away from that part of their interests which she put first. Into her comments on the wonderful courage displayed by Mr. and Mrs. Masterman he broke, abruptly:

"They've arrested Fay."

What came next was as nearly of the nature of a vow as a man could venture on without melodramatic eloquence. All his energies, all his money, all his time, were to be dedicated to securing Fay's acquittal. For Claude's death one man, and one man only, was to blame. It was probable enough that Fay had actually struck the blow; it was probable, too, that he had done it not to avenge himself primarily on Claude, but on Claude's father. To Thor that was secondary, almost of no importance. Had he not allowed himself to become a prey to whatever was most ferocious and malignant in human nature, the crime would never have been committed. Granting that Fay would have lain in wait for Claude in any case, an agile young man would have been more than a match for so enfeebled an antagonist even when armed with a knife, had not some preceding struggle exhausted him.

To Thor it was so clear that he was beyond the reach of argument. He was likewise beyond the reach of anything that could be called a purpose or a wish but that of seeing that another man shouldn't suffer in his stead. From the region into which this absorption and consecration carried him Lois found herself and her claims on him thrust out.

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Whether he went back to her or whether he did not was, for the time being, at any rate, of so little moment in his eyes that apparently no thought of this aspect of their situation had occurred to him. It was more stinging to her pride that he should not consider it than that he should consider it and refuse. She was fully aware that her irony was thrown away when she said, in a tone kept down to the matter-of-fact and colloquial:

"And, Thor dear, if they ask you to stay on at the other house, don't think of me. I've got papa and mamma again. They'll keep me company as long as"—she was obliged to think of an expression that would imply a term—"as long as I may need them."

In response to these words he merely nodded. "Very well." The assent was given as if, whatever the arrangement, it would be a matter of indifference to them both.

So he went his way and she went hers. Monstrous as it was, monstrous as she found him, as she found herself, she could hardly conceive of their doing anything else. If she was unhappy, her unhappiness lay too deep in subliminal abysses to struggle to the surface of her consciousness. That he should go to the one house and she to the other was as right as it had been ten years before. It was so right that she was stupefied by its rightness. It was so right that the rightness acted on her like an opiate. It was a minute in which sheer helplessness might have relaxed her hold on her substitute for love had she not had such pressing need to make use of it there and then.

She made use of it as, on occasions requiring a show of lavishness, people eke out a meager supply of silver with plenty of plausible electroplate. In installing her parents in their old rooms, in bidding them take their place as masters and forget that they were guests, she simulated the pleasure not only of a happy daughter, but of a happy wife. While the circumstances of the homecoming tempered anything in the nature of exuberance, they couldn't forbid all joy, and of joy of just the right sparkle she was as prodigal as if her treasure-chest had been stocked with it. Moreover, she was sure that except for the protest, "If we take these rooms, what are you going to do with Thor?" the worthy couple didn't know the difference between what she placed before them and the sterling metal with the hall-mark.

If there was a suspicion in her mother's mind, it reserved itself till, on kissing them good night, Lois fled to the room she had occupied as a girl. Though she closed the door behind her, the mother pushed it open. "Look here, Lois," Bessie said, not quite with anxiety and yet not quite without it, "there's nothing between you and Thor, is there?"

Lois felt that the form of the question saved her. It enabled her to answer so much more truthfully than her mother knew. "No, mamma dear; there's nothing at all between us." She went so far as to make the declaration emphatic and indulge in a tone of faint bitterness: "*Absolutely* nothing at all—and I doubt if there ever will be—now."

Though the mother retired before she could catch the concluding syllable, Lois regretted the bitterness as soon as she felt it escape her. There was no bitterness in her substitute for love.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ON the winter afternoon when Jasper Fay was acquitted, Lois could look back over the preceding seven or eight months and see how relatively easy all had been. She said relatively easy for the reason that much had of necessity been hard. But by meeting each minute's need with the utmost strength she found the next minute's need less terrible. By allowing no one to suffer a shade more, or an instant longer, than she could help, she perceived a lessening of the strain all around. With the lessening of the strain it was easier to calm passions and disarm antipathies. If she could say nothing else for her substitute for love, she was obliged to admit that it worked.

She was thinking so with a great thankfulness when Thor came to tell her of the rendering of the verdict. Though he had telephoned the fact, he was eager to give her the details face to face. He

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did this while they stood in the tapestried square hall, avoiding each other's eyes.

It had not been picturesque, he explained to her; but it had been satisfactory. Though an hour had sufficed the jury to reach their decision, the farmers and market-gardeners who had formed the mass of the spectators had forestalled it and scattered to their homes.

Because he had suddenly become self-conscious, Thor went on with his account stammeringly and with curious hesitation. Still wearing his fur motoring-coat, he held his cap in his hand, like a man in a hurry to get away.

"I couldn't see even then—at the very end—that the old fellow knew what it was all about. He looked around him with the same glassy stare that he's had ever since—ever since that morning when we gave him the coffee. Mind all gone, poor old chap—and perhaps it's just as well."

Lois, too, was self-conscious. In this lifting of the burden from Thor's mind something had changed in their mutual relation. It was as if a faculty arrested on the night Claude died had suddenly resumed its function, taking them by surprise. Not in this way had she expected the thing that seemed dead to come to life again, so that she was unprepared for the signs of its rebirth. Absorbed as she would otherwise have been in Thor's narration, she could now follow him but absently. "How did they get home from Colcord?"

She asked the question to keep him going, lest he should say the thing she was so strangely afraid to hear. He answered like a man who talks about what isn't on his mind in order to conceal what is. "I drove them in. The old fellow sat in the tonneau with Rosie and Jim Breen. Matt Fay refused the lift and took the train to Marchfield."

A little crowd at the court-house door, he recounted further, had called, "Three cheers for Dr. Thor!" Another little crowd had greeted them with a similar welcome on their arrival in Susan Street. A third had gathered in the grounds of Thor's father's house, shouting, "Three cheers for Mr. Masterman!" till the object of this good will responded by coming out to the porch and making a brief, kindly speech. He was delivering it as Thor drove up, just as the winter twilight necessitated the turning on of the electric lights—his slender, well-dressed figure distinct in the illuminated doorway.

Lois seized the opportunity to say something she had at heart, which would also help to tide over a minute she found so embarrassing. "Oh, Thor, I hope he'll not have to suffer any more. He's paid his penalty by this time."

"You mean—"

"I mean that I hope he'll never have to be any more definite with himself than he's been already. You can easily see how it is with him. It's as if he was two men, one accusing and the other defending. I don't want to have the defense break down altogether, or to see him driven to the wall. I couldn't bear it."

He waited a long minute before speaking. "If you're thinking of the real responsibility for Claude's death—"

She nodded. "Yes, I am."

Again he waited. "He puts that on me."

"He puts it on you so as not to take it on himself," she said, quickly, "because to take it on himself would be beyond human nature to bear. Don't you see, Thor? We know and he knows that if Jasper Fay did it, it was not to avenge himself on Claude, but on some one else. But now that the law says that Fay *didn't* do it—"

He interrupted, quietly: "I've talked it out with father, and we understand each other perfectly. You needn't be afraid on his account. I've taken everything on myself—as I ought to take it."

"Oh, Thor!"

"The only thing that matters about the law is that it shouldn't condemn any one but me. Now that that danger is out of the way, I can—begin."

She forgot her embarrassment in looking up at him with streaming eyes. "Begin how, Thor?"

"Begin doing what you told me from the first—begin to start again—to get it under my feet—to stand on it—to be that much higher up—and not be"—he fumbled with his cap, his head hung guiltily—"not be ridden by remorse—any more than—than I can help."

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"You'll do it, Thor; you'll do it nobly—"

What she had to say, however, got no further, for the front door was flung open to allow of Mrs. Willoughby's excited entrance, with her husband puffing heavily behind her.

"Oh, so you're here, Thor!" Bessie cried, in the tone of a woman at the limit of her strength. "Well, I'm glad. You may as well know it first as last." Breathless, she dropped into one of the hall chairs, endeavoring to get air by agitating an enormous pillow-muff. "Len's been having— No, it's too extraordinary!—and I predicted it, didn't I? If you've kept my letters you've got it down in black and white! Len's been having— It's just as I said!—it's the shroud and the lighted candle! Len's been having the strangest, the very *strangest*, talk with Archie."

Lois crept near to her mother, bending down toward her. "But, mother dear, what about?"

Bessie answered, wildly: "Oh, I don't know what about. I wasn't there. I was in the drawing-room with Ena. I knew something was going on, from Ena's manner. What's come over Ena I can't imagine. I've heard of trial turning human beings into angels, but I never believed it, and I can hardly believe it now. Archie began it himself—I mean with your father. He beckoned him into the library in the solemnest way. That was after he had finished his speech and the crowd had stopped cheering. If it *is* the shroud and the taper—well, all I can say is that he carries them off just in the way you would expect. No one could do it better, as far as *that* goes."

"As far as what goes, mother? I wish you'd tell us."

"It's exactly what I said when I wrote you from London last year. If you've kept my letters you've got it all down in black and white. He wants us, and Ena wants us, all to come to dinner. I'm not a bit surprised—not a bit—though I never counted on it—*never!*"

Thor also bent over her, standing before her, with his hand stretched out to the back of her chair. "Is it about money, Mrs. Willoughby?"

But she was too far beyond coherence to explain. "He says he wants to talk to us both after dinner—to Len and me. He's been going over the accounts again, and he finds—he finds—" But she beat with her high heels on the floor and buried her face in her muff. "Oh, tell them, Len!—for goodness' sake, tell them! They'll never believe it—not any more than me."

But her emotion was too much for the big man's shattered nerves. As he stood just within the doorway, looking with his snowy beard and bushy white hair like some spectral, aureoled apostle, he began to cry.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THOR and Lois were glad of this interruption. They were glad of the new and exciting topic. They were glad of the family dinner at the other house, where they could be together and yet apart. Taking refuge from each other in any society they could find, they kept close to Mrs. Masterman when, after dinner, Thor's father retained his two old friends in the dining-room for the promised explanations. Later in the evening it was with an emotion like alarm that Lois heard that her parents had gone home without waiting to bear her company. Secretly she began to plan methods for stealing away alone. Her shyness of Thor was like nothing she had known in the days of courtship and marriage, or during the months in which they had been holding off from each other for scrutiny and reflection.

It was a shyness which, when they were at last side by side in the avenue, drove her to affect an over-elaboration of ease. She talked, not merely because there were so many things to say, but also for the sake of talking. She talked because he did not, because he towered above her in the moonlight, dumb, mysterious, waiting. It was that sense of his waiting that thrilled and terrified her most. It was a large waiting, patient and deep, the waiting for something predestined and inevitable that could take its time.

She talked with a kind of desperation—of Thor's father and mother first of all, of how good they were, each with a

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special variety of goodness. It was wonderful what sorrow had done for Mrs. Masterman. "I never see her now, Thor dear, without thinking of that look in Claude's face that seemed to us like dawn. I see it in her. Don't you?" Without waiting for an answer, she hurried on. "And your father, Thor. He *is* good. No one but a good man could have been so noble toward poor old Fay, when he knows—when *every one* knows—no matter what was proved or wasn't proved in court—when he *knows* the truth." She seemed to be answering some unspoken argument on his side as she continued: "Oh yes, I remember what mamma wrote about it—about the hoodoo of the voodoo—mamma's *so* amusing!—but you and I have nothing to do with that, have we, Thor? We can only take what we see, and judge by what is best. And so with this wonderful new thing for papa and mamma—that they're to have some of their money back—we *can't* go behind it, can we? If he says it was a mistake, we must accept it as that, and never, never let any other thought come into our minds."

Except for an occasional word he had hardly spoken by the time they had reached the corner of Willoughby's Lane and County Street. Lois had a renewal of the terror from which her own conversation had distracted her. The crucial minute was at hand. The door was but a few yards away. He would either go in with her—or he would go back. She hardly knew which would be the more supportable—the joy or the dismay.

She caught at the first possibility of postponing both. "Oh, it's so lovely! Let us walk on a little farther. It isn't half-past nine yet. I looked at the clock as we were coming out. Papa and mamma ran off so early. Don't you adore these windless winter nights?"

Up the hill there were only two directions in which to go—along the prosaic road to Marchfield, or into the quiet winter woods where masses of shadow lay interspersed with patches of white moonlight, while, on this soundless night, there was not a murmur in the tree-tops. By instinct rather than intention they followed a faint, familiar path running under pines.

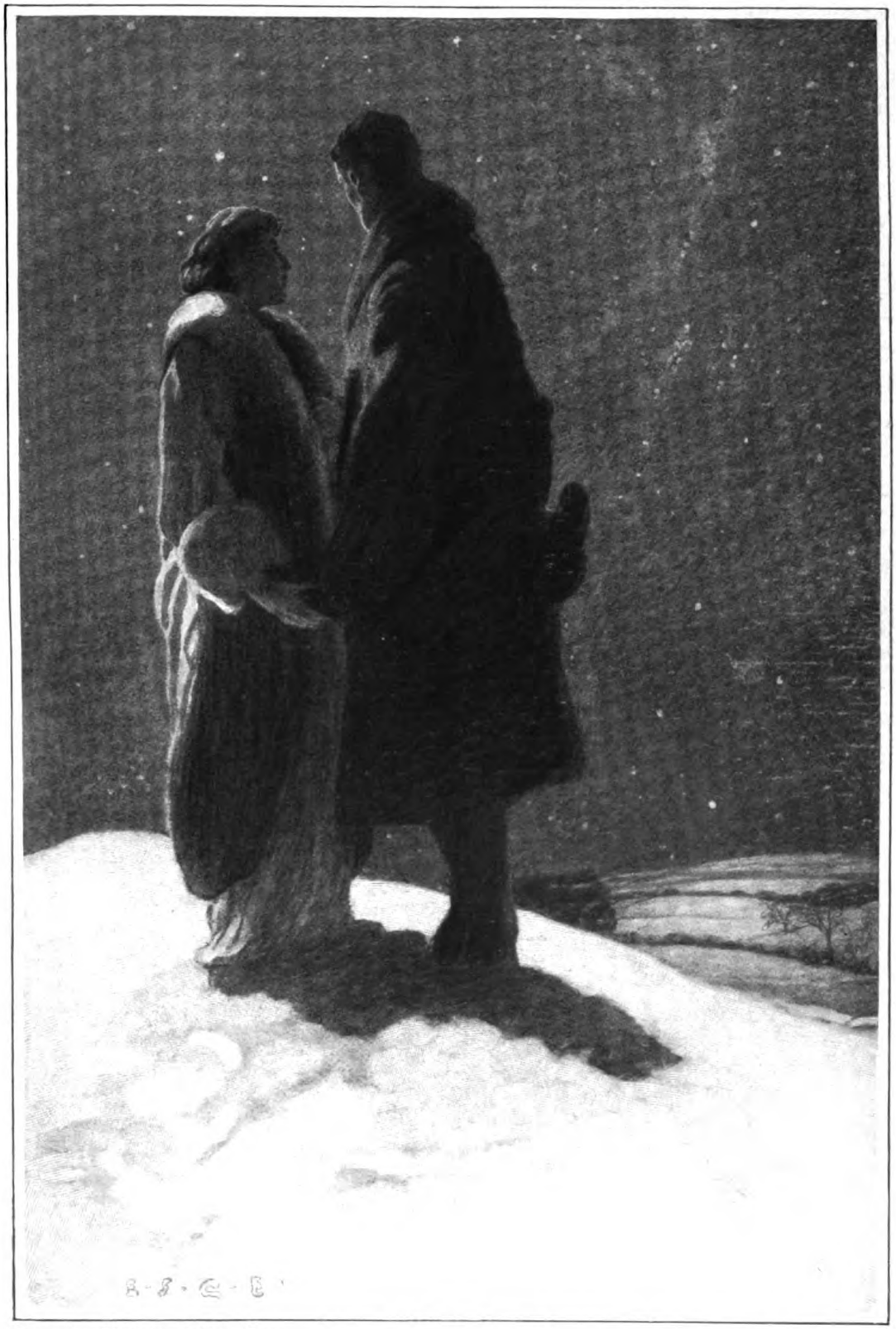
Lois was now speaking of the Fays. "Mrs. Fay *knows*. The others don't—not certainly. Rosie has brought herself around to thinking him innocent, and Matt and Jim only suspect what happened—but Mrs. Fay *knows*. It must be a tragic thing to spend your life with a man who's done a thing like that. Poor soul! We must do what we can to help her, mustn't we?"

She pursued the theme not for its interest alone, but for the sake of the objective point to which it was leading her. By speaking freely, first of Matt and then of Jim Breen, she came at last to Rosie. She spoke freely of her, too, at the risk of opening up old wounds, at the risk of lacerating that which was probably still sensitive. Her main purpose was to speak, and if possible to make him speak, so that this name should no longer be kept as an inviolable symbol between them. Since the day when it began to have significance for them both it had scarcely been pronounced by either otherwise than allusively or of necessity. She was resolute to make it as little to be shunned as his or her own.

Not that she was successful, for the minute at any rate. His responses continued to be brief, so brief that they were hardly responses at all. They were not grudged or ungracious; they were only like those first little flashes of lightning which hint that the heavens will soon be alive. As a frightened boy whistles from bravado she talked to conceal her trembling at this coming of celestial wonders.

"Oh, Thor, there'll be so much now to do! It's really only beginning, isn't it? And it brings in so many elements of our life—I mean of our whole national life. I like that. I like getting out of our own little groove—so futile and narrow as it generally is—and being in touch with what is stronger, even if it's terrific. That's what I feel about Matt Fay—that he's terrific. He represents a terrific movement, doesn't he? and one we can't ignore. When I say terrific I don't mean that I'm afraid of it. I'm not. It seems to me too strengthening to be afraid of. With all you can say against it, it strikes me as a tonic in our rather flaccid life, like iron in the blood. I've sympathy with it, too, to some ex-

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HE GAZED OUTWARD WITH HER INTO THE FAR, DIM, RESTFUL SPACES

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tent; I've sympathy with *him*. You know, I *do* belong to the people. I'm glad we know him, and that in a way we've a right to get near to him. It puts us in touch with our own national realities as perhaps otherwise we shouldn't be. Oh, Thor, there's so much to work out! Isn't it a splendid thing that we can help even to the slightest degree in doing it!"

To this there was no response whatever. She was not sure that he listened. Beside her the tall form strode on, dumb and dark, crunching the frozen snow with a creaking sound that roused the winged and furry things of the wood and silenced her half-hysterical efforts to fight against that which awaited her like a glory or a doom.

After an interval in which her mind seemed to stop working, that of which she became conscious next was a world of extraordinary purity. Nothing was ever so white as this snow or this moonlight; nothing was ever so like the ether beyond the atmosphere as this air; nothing was ever so golden as the stars in this purple sky, or so mystically solemn as these pines. As they climbed upward it was like mounting into some crystal sphere, where evil was not an element.

They came out on that spot in which all the wood-paths converged, that treeless ridge that rose like a great white altar. It was an end which neither had foreseen when a half-hour earlier they had prolonged their walk; otherwise they might have shrunk from it. As it was, the association of the past with the present startled them, startled them into pausing long enough to become conscious, to seeing each in the eyes of the other such things as could not pass into words, before renewing the ascent. As they continued the way upward it was as if in fulfilment of some symbolic ceremonial.

They had stood for some minutes silent on the summit, looking out over the wide white radiance at their feet, when Thor spoke. "I'm not thinking about the things you've been talking of. I'm not primarily interested in them any more."

"You mean—?"

"I mean the helping of others—in the way I've tried it. I see the mistake in that."

She was faintly surprised. "Indeed?"

"Through the things that have been happening I've worked out—I may say I've stumbled out—to a great truth."

There was not only surprise in her tone, but curiosity. "Yes, Thor dear. What is it?"

"It's that a man's first occupation is not with others, but with himself," he declared, with emphasis; "it's not to put them right; it's to be right on his own account." As for the moment she was too disconcerted to comment on this, he continued: "If reaching this conclusion seems to you like discovering the obvious, I can only say that it hasn't been obvious to me. It's just beginning to come to me that I was so busy casting out other people's devils that I'd forgotten all about my own."

"You've been so generous in all you've thought about other people, Thor—"

He interrupted with decision. "The most effective way in which to be generous to other people is to be strict with one's self; but it never occurred to me till lately. I've been so eager that my neighbor's garden should be trim and productive, that mine has been overrun with weeds."

Against this self-condemnation she felt it her duty to protest. "But Uncle Sim says you've always been on the side of the—"

"Yes, I know," he broke in, with what was nearly a laugh. "But it's just where the dear old fellow has been wrong about me. I've wanted every one else to be there, on the side of the good things—I admit that!—but I was to have plenty of rope. Now I'm coming to understand—and it's taken all this trouble to drive it home to my stupidity!—that if I want to see any one else on the side of the angels I must get there first. That's where the ax must go—to the root of the tree. In the main, other people will take care of *them*selves if I take care of *my*self—and I'm going to try."

She was hurt on his behalf. "Oh, Thor, please don't say such things when you're so—so noble."

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"I'm only saying them, Lois, to show you that I see what's been wrong with me from the start. You've tried to say it yourself at times, only I couldn't take it in. Do you remember the day in my office when you came to tell me that"—he nerved himself to approach the subject with the simple directness he knew she desired—"that Rosie had—?"

She hastened to come to his aid. "Yes, but I didn't mean it in just that way."

"No; but I do. I mean it because I can look back and trace it as the cause of all our disasters from—"

"Oh, Thor!" she pleaded.

He went on, steadily: "From the way in which I asked you to marry me right up to what—to what happened about Claude." He was obliged to draw a long, hard breath before saying more. "I was so determined that every one else should be right that I didn't care how wrong *I* was—which is like handing out water from a poisoned well."

She wished she could touch him, or slip her hand into his, by way of comfort, but the distance between them was still too great. She could only say: "That's putting it unjustly to yourself, Thor. If you've made mistakes, they've been splendid ones. They've been finer than the ways in which most of us have been right."

She thought he smiled.

"Oh, I don't ask to be defended or explained. I only want to say that from to-night onward I shall be starting on a new plan of life. I shall be working from the inside, and not from the outside. If I'm to do anything in this world, something must first be accomplished in me—and I've got to begin." He turned from his contemplation of the dim, white landscape to look down at her. "Will you help me? Will you show me how?"

It seemed to her that without having moved she was somehow nearer to his breast. She couldn't so much as glance up at him. She could hardly speak. The words only trembled out as she said, "If I can, Thor dear."

"You can," he said, simply, "because you know."

She barely lifted her eyes. "Oh, do you think I do?"

"You've got the secret of it. There *is* a secret. I see that now—a secret, just as there is to everything else that's worth learning."

"Oh, Thor, you make me afraid—"

"Through all these dreadful months," he pursued, tranquilly, "you've kept us straight, and led us out, and raised us higher, not because you're specially strong, Lois, or specially wise, but because—because you've got some other quality. I want you to show me what it is, so that I may have it, too. If I could get it—get just a little of it—it would seem as if Claude hadn't—hadn't died in vain." She was now so near his breast that he was obliged to bend his head in order to speak down to her. "You wrote me last year that you were looking for a substitute for love. Couldn't you find it in that?"

She was so close to him that her cheek brushed the fur collar of his coat, yet she managed to keep her mind clear and to control her voice so as to ask the thing she most vitally needed to know. "And if I did, Thor—if I *could*—what should you find it in?"

"In adoration—for one thing," he said, simply.

It was such happiness that she tore herself away from it. Advancing swiftly over the light snow to a higher point of the summit, she stood for a minute poised alone against the dark sky, crowned to his eyes with a diadem of stars. Very slowly he strode after her, but even when he reached her side it was only to slip his hand into hers and gaze outward with her into the far, dim, restful spaces.

It was she who spoke at last, timidly, and against rising tears. "Shall we go home, Thor?"

"I'm *at* home," he said, quietly. But the quietness gave way suddenly to fierceness, as little lightning flashes yield in a few seconds to the violent magnificence of storm. Seizing her in his arms with a clasp that would have been brutal if it had not been so sweet, he whispered, "You're home to me, Lois—you're home to me."

"And you're the whole wide world to me, Thor dear," she answered, drawing his face downward.

[THE END.]

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A Fugitive from Injustice

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

WITH one possible exception, a boy's best friend is his cap. Whereas a hat is a mere article of clothing, a cloth cap ministers to the higher needs of the human soul. Applied locally, it covers deficiencies in hair-combing; turned inside out, it is a disguise; games are built upon it; without it the great outdoor sport of standing upon the head would lose its subtle charm. In response to the various demands of a complex life it is a towel, an eraser, a fruit-basket, a shoe-brush, a pen-wiper, a butterfly-net, and a home-plate. It can be ridiculed, pushed over the eyes, or pulled over the ears. Also, as Randolph Harrington Dukes discovered to his deep regret, it can be snatched off and thrown over a circus bill-board into a difficult back yard.

For some time Ranny's mother had been declaring that this cap, with its rich, earthy tones and its ragged lining, was an offense to the eye. It is possible that its loss would have been hailed at home as a sanitary triumph. But Ranny, who did not share these views, found himself a Richard without a horse, a Samson shorn of his locks.

The author of the atrocity was Ted Blake, an untamed spirit who fitted poorly into modern civilization.

"Hey, wha's the matter with ya?" Ranny demanded of the culprit. "Now ya gotta climb over and git my cap back!"

This was the one wrong thing to say. Approached on the softer side of his nature, or "ban'ered" or bet a million dollars, Ted would have made the ascent with ease instead of replying:

"Well, why don't ya make me?"

It is almost impossible to force a fellow-citizen to climb over a bill-board against his better judgment. Bud Hicks, who was for the moment on hostile terms with Ted, had just offered to boost Ranny when suddenly the cap came sailing back over the fence and fell among the astonished youths. Ranny picked the thing up and examined the blue sky for clues.

"Who slung that?" he cried out.

Ted, who could not have been forced to mount the bill-board, took a running leap, grabbed the top with his hands, and, after kicking the remnants of a lithographic ring-master for a time, succeeded in drawing himself up high enough to be struck in the ear by an old shoe. Ted spent such a short time up there that his observations were of no scientific value. Tom Rucker got himself boosted into the line of fire with much the same result. Meanwhile "Fatty" Hartman had found a knot-hole in the bill-board just east of the clown.

"Oh, lookee!" he said, permitting nobody to do so. "Who's that kid in there? I never seen him before. What's *he* doin' in this town?"

One might have judged from his aggrieved tone that all strangers were compelled by law to register with "Fatty" and state their intentions. He continued giving out bulletins: "Looks like a tough kid. I bet he come from Chicago."

"Aw, give somebody else a chanst, can't ya?" demanded Ted, pulling "Fatty" away from the hole.

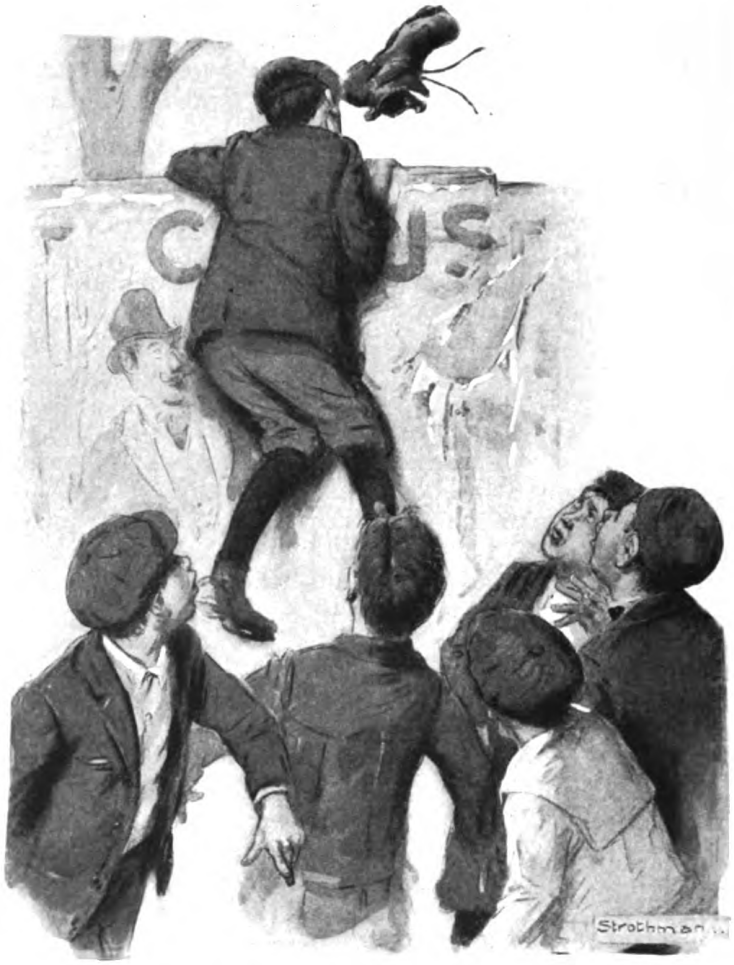
Ranny, knowing that he came under the head of "somebody else," jumped in and got a fine, brief view of a back yard and dump-heap, but he saw no human soul, tough or otherwise. Yet the very next person to climb the fence was struck in the old, familiar way. It was clear that the unknown had some sort of hiding-place from which he could emerge to throw refuse at the native sons.

Ranny, who was himself again with the return of the cap, proposed strategy. Those present were divided into climbers

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and boosters; even a tough Chicagoan cannot hit four or five persons at once. The boosters would then boost one another until the supply was exhausted.

"How'll *I* git in?" asked "Fatty," who was marked by nature to be a booster, rather than a climber.



TED'S OBSERVATIONS WERE OF NO SCIENTIFIC VALUE

"You stay here," replied Ted, "an' ketch 'im if he climbs over an' tries to git away."

"I can't hang around here all night," said "Fatty," who did not relish a single-handed encounter with a product of the slums. "I gotta go home an' fix the hen-house."

But civilization had no time for "Fatty's" private griefs, and the scaling of the wall began. The invasion was successful enough from a military point of view, but, as so often happens in history, the conquerors fell victims to the conquered. Curiosity and admiration held them spellbound in a wide, staring circle. This youth was of a proper and interesting size; he was dark both naturally and by accretion, his hair was longer than parents usually permit, and his clothes showed no traces of a mother's interfering hand. Most wonderful of all, the boy lived in a box, there in the back yard of Jimmy Garvin's flour-and-feed store. He did not live excessively, perhaps, but he had a mattress there, of sorts, and something in the way of covers.

"I bet you come from Chicago," said Ted Blake, not unamiably. To "Fatty" at his private knothole this must have seemed rank plagiarism.

"Well, who said I didn't?" were the stranger's first words to the welcoming committee.

"What's your name?" asked Tom Rucker.

"Puddin' Tame."

There was no point in pursuing this line of inquiry, for it always came out the same way. Presently Jimmy Garvin, flour and feed, came to the rear doorway and called out in his funny, cracked voice:

"Run along now, boys. My friend don't want to be bothered."

"Goo'-by, Chicago!" Ranny said in parting. "Ya slung back my cap."

"Chicago" cleared himself of the charge of soft politeness.

"I didn't want anybody foolin' around here," he said, sullenly.

Conversation ran high as the boys pursued their gradual homeward way. "The kid is awful tough"—that was

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universally admitted; but Ted Blake, a student of crime and owner of a haymow library, went further. It was Ted's suspicion that "Chicago" was "wanted" by the police of practically all the large cities of the United States and Canada.

"An' Mexico," said Ranny, helpfully.

"An' Manchester," added Tom Rucker, to whom no subject was sacred.

"They can all have him," announced "Fatty," who had thought better of fixing the hen-house. "I don't want him."

Since the boy was a fugitive from adult justice, it was thought only right that his presence in Lakeville should be kept a secret. This would have been easier had not "Chicago" appeared next day upon the street openly driving Jimmy Garvin's delivery horse. The vehicle was old and complaining; its wheels leaned inward or outward according to no settled plan, and the horse was no credit to Jimmy Garvin's wares. A criminal could not have eluded the police force of even a medium-sized city by the aid of this ambitionless horse; but the outfit was adequate to Jimmy's slight needs. Jimmy was a "character," and was liked as such in the business district, but most people bought their supplies for man and beast elsewhere. In fact, the news that Jimmy had taken an assistant produced laughter wherever two or three were gathered together.

Almost overnight the flour-and-feed store became the social center of young Lakeville. From the adjournment of school in the afternoon until supper was impending, the shop was filled with a lively and unprofitable crowd. A stranger might have thought that the consumption of flour and feed by Lakeville boys was appalling. Jimmy Garvin was delighted with the success of his *salon*. He was about ninety per cent. permanent boy, with little taste for business; dominoes and checkers responded to a vital need of his nature.

For some days the adult world was but dimly aware of the new social force, though mothers wondered at the gray and dusty character of their sons' clothing. They did not know that the younger set had taken to burrowing in bins of bran and burying one another in wheat destined for chicken-feed.

Jimmy Garvin, checkers, and wheat-bins were splendid entertainments, but from the first the magnet was "Chicago" —he never admitted the possession of a real name. He was a fountain-head of interest and wickedness; his conversation was replete with "darns" and "dog-gones." The home talent made no ef-



JIMMY GARVIN WAS ABOUT NINETY PER CENT. BOY, WITH LITTLE TASTE FOR BUSINESS

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fort to conceal their faith in his essential toughness. When the first natural antagonism between outsider and old settler had broken down, "Chicago" seemed anxious to please. For the ordinary uses of life he had rather a charming social manner, including a talented way of flapping his hands open and shut when he played the harmonica. But when accused of toughness he clouded up and gave the public what it wanted. Asked for reminiscences of his spicy life in the great crime centers, he responded in a vague but generous way. Ted Blake, who was constantly seeking confirmation of his theories, got everything he wanted except mere information.

"Listen here!" Ted said one day, as all the best people were carving their initials upon the kennel-like home; "if you walked right down the street in Chicago in the daytime—jus' like you are—whaja s'pose would happen?"

The criminal took on that offensive manner that had so endeared him to the young. "Whadda *you* know about Chicago?" he demanded. "I guess you don't know a doggone thing. I wouldn't git three doggone blocks!"

Ted was delighted. "How 'bout St. Louis, and Oregon, and all them places?"

The metropolitan turned from this ignorant provincial in despair. "The kid thinks the p'lice don't know nothin'. What am I foolin' around this darn little town for? Answer me that!"

Nobody answered him that, because to repeated requests for enlightenment as to how and why he came to Lakeville he had made no reply. Jimmy Garvin himself claimed not to know anything when interviewed by Jasper Wakefield, truant officer.

The truant officer was the serpent which menaced this flour-and-feed paradise. "Chicago" was obviously not over ten, and a captious person might have thought that his education was incomplete. But Wakefield held this position more by virtue of his sane views upon the tariff than because of his passion for learning. He inclined toward personal liberty and preferred not to exert himself in any matter until urged in influential quarters. Somehow those parents who had seen Garvin's new assistant going about his duties had not arisen to force the stranger to associate with their children in the halls of learning. So a week had passed since the discovery of "Chicago," and his life was still one glad, sweet Saturday.



AS MANY AS SIX BOYS SOMETIMES PARTICIPATED IN CARRYING IN A SINGLE BAG OF FEED

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It was understood that the globe-trotter was to spend the winter in Lakeville safe from the minions of the law, but that he was presently to abandon his summer home in the back yard and move about twenty feet nearer Jimmy Garvin's stove. As the days went on his personal appearance did not improve or his popularity wane. Jimmy was an indulgent foster-parent in matters of washing and combing, and there was ill-concealed envy among the unfortunates who had to lived in houses and hobnob with parents.

At times favored persons were allowed to ride about with the young driver upon his deliveries — Jimmy's outfit was a splendid system of transportation for one whose time was one's own. Whoever bought a bag of "middlins" or "shorts" in those days might expect to have it delivered with cheers. As many as six boys sometimes participated in carrying in a single bag of feed. Frequently "Chicago" made an entire trip without being called upon to do any work except mental.

Jimmy Garvin's staff of ungentlemanly assistants loved their work so much that they hailed with delight each new possibility for one of these seeing-Lakeville tours. When old Mr. Jennings, who lived across the street from the Dukes family, came into Garvin's to buy something to keep together the body and soul of his sorrel horse, Nelly, he met with a surprising ovation.

"Them boys 'll drive me crazy," said Jimmy, unconvincingly. "They are regalar cautions!"

Mr. Jennings might have suggested ways to rid a store of cautions, but he adopted an even less desirable course; he waylaid Ranny's father that evening and had speech with him.

"What's this I hear about your hanging around Garvin's feed-store?" father asked at the supper-table. "What do you do there?"



RANNY INTRODUCED HIS GUEST TO THE MYSTERIES OF THE WOODSHED

"Oh, nuthin'," said Ranny, uneasily. "Jus' have a little fun."

Mother seemed to see a great light. "Well — I — wondered," she said. "You've ruined that good school suit."

Ranny looked himself over, but failed to see anything amiss. Of course he had never set himself up for a dandy.

"I don't think," father went on, "that you ought to spend so much time with that strange boy."

Ranny tried to think of something that would recommend "Chicago" in home circles, his mind automatically rejecting such virtues as familiarity with the police. He had to fall back upon philanthropy.

"The poor fella 'ain't got no father an' mother," he said.

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"YOUR FRIEND HAS DECIDED THAT A HOME IS A PRETTY GOOD PLACE, AFTER ALL"

"Who is the boy, anyway?" asked mother, with some concern. "I haven't seen him."

"Looks like a slum boy," said father. "He's what you might call the offscouring of our great cities."

Mother took occasion while shopping the next forenoon to have a private view of the offscouring of our great cities. From her report at noon Ranny judged that mother's visit had been ill-timed. At an hour when other youths were fitting themselves for a finer and nobler future, "Chicago," it seems, was in front of his place of business standing upon one hand for the entertainment of Sim Coley, the janitor of the hose-house. It is unfair to judge a stranger by his appearance when upside-down, or to blame him for the poor reputation of bystanders. But the parental mind closes up tight at the approach of anything in the least unusual. As a result, Ranny was forbidden henceforth to attend Jimmy Garvin's farinaceous *salon*.

Ranny always obeyed such decrees literally, laying down as he went highly technical rules for his own guidance. For the case in hand he decided that Jimmy's domain ended at the front door of his shop. Since "Chicago" interpreted his duties as clerk liberally and gave himself free range of the business district, Ranny was able to enjoy quite lawfully some delightful odds and ends of the criminal's society.

But the arrangement was far from satisfactory, for untactful people like Ted Blake became arrogant about their superior privileges. On the day after the new law went into effect, "Chicago," ably assisted, was doing his clerking at the town pump. The slum boy was luring thirsty mouths to the spout with specious promises to pump easy. There had already been two mild cases of strangulation and a pleasant time was being had by all, when Ted made a proposal that ruined everything.

"Le's go to the store," he said, "an' chew some wheat."

Now wheat-chewing was a purely social vice. Groups of chewers pretended to esteem it highly, but nobody chewed wheat except in the place provided by the management.

"Aw, come on an' have some fun," Ranny protested. "Wheat ain't chewin'-gum."

Ranny had truth on his side, but public opinion was with Ted. Ranny therefore parted with his fellows at the door of Garvin's wheat-chewing den and took his troubled mind home. As a reward for his obedience he was requested to "mind the baby."

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In that hour of discontent Ranny found his baby sister faulty as a fireside companion. Time would cure her of being a baby (as it had cured him), but she would never get over being a sister. She had no accomplishments; she knew nothing of life or crime. How different things would be if there were a person like "Chicago" in the house, sharing one's bed and board. If he could only induce his parents to open their doors to the stranger within Lakeville's gates, he would have exclusive rights to "Chicago's" society in perpetuity against a world of envious Ted Blakes.

"Chicago," laundered and tailored, might lose something of his value as scenery, but he would always have his past. A past cannot be washed and combed away. And perhaps at night, in the darkness of the bedroom, when parents fondly supposed that they were deep in innocent sleep, "Chicago" would reel out agitating tales.

With Ranny, to hope was to plan. He promptly evolved a scheme for bringing his parents and his friend together. In pursuance of the open-door policy, he isolated his victim late the next afternoon.

"Hey, 'Chicago'!" he said; "come on down to my house a minute. I got somepin to show ya."

This was at the twilight zone of Garvin's dominions, and the other roisterers were at the moment inside. As the fugitive from injustice always had his hat on, he departed without the formality of saying anything to his employer. At home Ranny introduced his guest to the mysteries of the woodshed and the drug-store.

"This is the secrut den," he explained. "A person could hide here fine if anybody was a-lookin' for them."

This pointed remark arrested the visitor's attention. They sold drugs unrestrainedly to each other for a time, and the new-comer was taken into the firm. The autumn light was failing, and from the kitchen there came odors as of prospective supper.

Knowing that Jimmy Garvin did not furnish his guest with anything elaborate in the way of eating, Ranny drew his companion well into the zone of fragrance. He needed every aid in his delicate social task of bringing together a reluctant guest and an unwilling hostess.

The two youths sat upon the edge of the back porch in the deepening dusk and did as near nothing as practicable. In the Indian-summer weather the kitchen door stood open because of the smoke incident to broiling steak. An analytical nose might also have detected the presence of rapidly crisping potatoes. An oven door was heard to open and shut, and shortly the atmosphere was enriched by the odor of biscuits approaching maturity. The three elements combined to form a dangerous gas which paralyzed the will power, with symptoms of mouth-watering.

"Oo, that smells good!" exclaimed Ranny, mercilessly.

"I gotta go now," replied "Chicago," gruffly, but he did not do so.

Presently there were noises indoors indicating that father, in accordance with his nightly custom, had come home for supper. And soon mother appeared at the open door.

"Come in now, Ranny," she said.

Ranny arose nervously; "Chicago," with some difficulty. Ranny scratched his knee in pure embarrassment. His plan had reached its crucial moment. Mother seemed to be battling with conflicting emotions; "Chicago" stood irresolute, suspended between personal liberty and home cooking. In the tricky light from the kitchen he looked less like the offscouring of our great cities than like a hungry little boy.

"Won't you come in and have supper with Ranny?" It had come at last! What mother's words lacked in enthusiasm, Ranny—and the poisonous gases—supplied. The slum boy surrendered without firing a shot.

"Let your friend wash first," said the hostess, with rare tact.

Privately to his guest Ranny said, "I gotta wash every night—neck an' ever'thing." This was at once an apology and a suggestion.

The vagabond, scrubbed and combed, presented rather an elegant appearance. His long, wet, black hair was plastered down tight, although as time passed over his head little clumps arose here and there like second-growth timber. His

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clothes had apparently left buttons in all our principal cities, but when he was once seated at the supper-table this defect was not so noticeable. The real trouble was yet to develop. "Chicago" did not show up well in conversation; with supper well advanced, he had made but one remark and that not notably brilliant: in reply to father's query as to whether he would have more biscuits, he said, "Yes, ma'am."

The only thing that could be said for this statement was that it was true; the boy did have more biscuits as well as everything else that was suggested. He ate in an efficient and workmanlike fashion; he ate as if he had not seen solid food since the police had chased him out of St. Louis and Oregon. The conversational deadlock was broken by father.

"Will you have some more steak?" he asked—"you, I mean—I'm afraid I don't know your name."

The visitor bore the look of one whose worst fears have been realized. His host had put the thing in such a way that he had to tell his name in order to get the alluring morsel upon the carving-fork. For the second time his desires got the better of his reason.

"My name is Roy," he said, faintly.

"Oh yes, Roy," said father, fulfilling his part of the implied bargain.

"That's a nice name," mother added.

It was a nice enough name for domestic use, Ranny thought, but vastly inferior to those conjured up by Ted out of his wide reading. "Mexico Mike" was among the mildest of these.

"I understand you come from Chicago," said father. "Where did you live there?"

Roy fixed his gaze upon his devastated plate and addressed it confidentially, "State Street."

"That so? Where on State Street?"

The boy was evidently ashamed of the neighborhood, for he answered with great reluctance, "By Michigan Boulevard."

"How things change in those big cities!" father said with a shake of the head. "When I was in Chicago only two or three months ago, State Street and Michigan Boulevard didn't come near each other."

For some reason the conversation died here, just when things were getting sociable. Father and mother exchanged a cryptic look, and there were no further excursions into Roy's past.

When supper was over father turned to Ranny and said: "You run along now and help mother clear up. Roy and I are going to have a little talk."

Ranny was so happy at this news that he was prepared to endure both separation and dish-wiping. Things were coming splendidly. Father, too, had discovered that "Chicago's" place was in the home. At this very moment father was probably pleading with him to come and be a brother to Ranny. The alliteration was a happy discovery; "Ranny and Roy" would look fine in the drug business.

Mother kept him longer than usual—at least it seemed longer—but at last he was released and ran into the sitting-room to welcome the new member. He stopped in consternation at the threshold; something had gone sadly wrong. If it had been anybody less tough, one would have said the boy had been crying. His face was streaked as if a coat-sleeve had brushed across a damp surface. Also he was taking deep gasps which are the aftermath of tears.

"What 'd he do?" asked Ranny, jumping to the conclusion that his guest had been acting up.

"Your friend," said father, soberly, "has decided that a home is a pretty good place, after all." Ranny's heart gave a joyous leap and turned over twice. "So he is going back to-morrow to Rushton, where he lives." The rest was addressed to mother, who had just entered the room. "Your cooking seems to have made Roy homesick. He's never been away from his folks before."

Ranny's high hopes, and what little faith in mankind he still had after eight disillusioning years of life, perished at father's words. The fellow was an impostor. He had never lived in Chicago or sneaked down the back streets of Oregon. He was just an ordinary boy living in a little town not more than eighteen, or maybe fifty, miles away. Probably Lakeville was the largest place he had ever seen!

It was decided that Roy was to spend

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the night with them—father said that Sheriff Sembridge had poor accommodations for transients. Father then went down-town to telephone to Roy's home and also to break the news to Jimmy Garvin. Meanwhile the fugitive was very poor company. The idea of a family reunion seemed distasteful to him; he gave Ranny a harrowing account of the chores and school he had to undergo when at home, and took the unreasonable view that it was Ranny who was responsible for sending him back. More than likely others would take a similar view. As far as he could see, everything was lost, including honor.

At the news that his father would come to-morrow to take him home Roy's face expressed anything but filial delight.

"Don't worry, boy," father said; "he's glad enough to get you back. He says he thought you had gone to Chicago because you have always been so crazy to see it. He's had the police there looking for you for a week."

There was a grain of comfort in this last piece of news—a grain which presently began to sprout. When an owl hooted in the alley near the woodshed—that is, it was supposed to pass as a hoot among the uninitiated—Ranny went into the back yard and made a sound like a very discreet owl.

"S-st!—let us in," came Ted Blake's whisper.

Ranny unhooked the gate of the high board fence, and six shadowy forms filed into the yard.

"What's ever'body runnin' around for?" asked Ranny. "This ain't Hollowene."

"Is anybody a-listenin' here?" asked Ted, dramatically.

"Nope; only me," replied Ranny.

"'Chicago's' run away." This unauthorized version came from the amplest of the shadowy forms.

"Shut up, 'Fatty'!" said Ted, whose climax had thus been spoiled. "Ja want everybody in town to know it?"

"Jimmy Garvin don't know where he is." This was in Tom Rucker's voice.

Ted gave up all idea of preserving discipline. "We're out a-huntin' 'im," he said.

Now that his eyes had become accustomed to the light, Ranny saw that all parties were in disguise—that is, their caps were wrong side out. Simultaneously he realized that, whatever the morrow might bring, the present moment was rich with possibilities.

"If I tell ya somepin," he said, "will ya keep it secrut?"

The conspirators gathered close and pledged eternal silence.

"I got 'im safe. He's goin' away to-morrow with—a fella he knows."

"Where's he goin'?" Ted Blake had lost his mantle of arrogance.

"It's all right where he's goin," Ranny replied. "Mebbe I'll tell ya some day. His real name, too."

There was a moment of flattering silence. Ranny utilized the time well—for creative work never came easy to him.

"Listen here," he said. "Ever'body do what I tell ya an' they won't be no trouble. Don't let anybody see ya leavin' here—the sheriff or anybody like that. Go back through the alley"—the idea was getting bigger and bigger—"one at a time. Don't go near no 'lectric lights or anything like that. You go first, 'Fatty.' If ya get away safe, hoot like a owl."

"I'm a rotten hooter," "Fatty" objected. "Let Ted go first."

"I like it here all right," said Ted.

"You wouldn't like it here all right if you knew what I know." With these words, Ranny opened the back-yard gate about an inch, listened intently, then closed it again. "The Chicago police," he whispered, "have been lookin' for 'im for a week!"

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The Right Not to Laugh

BY BURGES JOHNSON

Assistant Professor of English, Vassar College

IF one were to accuse you of poisoning your grandmother you would presumably smile in unruffled fashion and go about your affairs without feeling any burden of accusation. But if one accused you of lacking a sense of humor, you would first of all resent it indignantly; and furthermore, for an indefinite time to come you would be conscious of a desire to disprove the charge, scrutinizing anxiously every phrase that might conceal some subtle hidden test, emitting now and then forced laughs on suspicion. Perhaps you boast your emancipation in many fields where public opinion customarily rules. You wear a straw hat when you please; you object to the insignia of mourning; you flaunt your readiness to discuss any subject in mixed company; you do or do not serve butter at your dinner-table; yet you are afraid you may not laugh in the right places. Many a one who proclaims his right to individuality of opinion fears to assert an equally inalienable right not to laugh. Deep in his heart he dreads the withering accusation that he lacks a sense of humor.

Here is a human trait the possession of which lightens burdens, cheers the down-hearted, recreates the weary, and in fact lubricates the whole machinery of living, and yet there is an idea abroad that the Creator has bestowed it upon only certain ones among His creatures. Such a belief is one with Predestination and the Damnation of Infants!

Providence probably needs no human defenders, and yet one should occasionally protest against making it a scapegoat for too many of our sins. The division of wealth, the continuance of drought, the birth-rate, the productivity of the soil, these and innumerable other things were always laid at the door of Providence in the past, but nowadays thinking people are inclined to admit the power of human agency in the development of human ills. Nevertheless, we still charge it to Providence if a man appear to be handicapped by the lack of a humorous sense.

If it could be generally understood that humor is as universally a human birthright as, for instance, hair on top of the head, this sensitiveness as to its public recognition would largely disappear. It is true that through lack of care or misuse it may thin out and even totally disappear, yet if a shred of it remain there is hope of redeveloping and regaining it.

Belles-lettres provide a thousand definitions of humor and the sense of it, but let us agree, if you will, on this cumbersome description: a sense of humor is that trait which enables one to glean laughter from certain situations; the greater this sense, the wider will be the variety of situations which give us enjoyment. Painful or sad, solemn or silly, still we find a mirth-provoking side to them. We laugh, whether it be audible, side-shaking guffawry, or inward titillation with a solemn face to it, or any degree between. If you accept this as a description of the trait, then you may set aside for the time being a mass of psychological speculation and treat the matter as a tangible thing in the physical world. What is this laughter, and what is its cause? Are we not all entitled to the use of it? If, as you say, your friend cannot be properly stimulated to laughter, should we assume an actual physical debility on his part, an atrophied function, let us say, or is it possible that your conclusions are based upon unfair tests?

There is a theory, among those who speculate upon racial psychology, that the reason one can sit for hours and

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gaze into the embers of a fire, with a brain filled with vague half-thoughts, is because fire is one of the few racial memories limned in every human brain. In the Stone Age and the Bronze Age we knew it, once even we worshiped it; and as a mystic link to-day it binds us to that dim racial childhood, though a world-old civilization rolls between. So does the spasm of laughter bind us to the childhood of the race. It is a world-old heritage with the same mystic power to drag us back through lower strata of civilization even into savagery and beyond.

For it is a fact that laughter may be an unlovely thing, and if it control us we may be divested of refinements—nay, even be carried back to savagery. Why deny this? Even you, gentlest of women, know the experience of a laugh starting to your face, before your good breeding caught and stifled it, at some occasion which meant the discomfort or humiliation of a fellow-being.

Laughter is an *involuntary* physical reaction. Hughlings Jackson calls it "one of the innumerable epilepsies to which man is subject." It is apparently a universal heritage, though certain causes may operate more powerfully upon one individual than upon another to produce it. In the little child whose sensibilities are uncomplicated by any mental experience, unless they be racial ones, the shock of delicate touch—tickling, as we call it—first causes laughter. Why? The claim of our psychologist carries us a long leap backward to the most elemental form of animal life. Beyond the savage stands the monkey, and dimly far beyond him, the mollusk, whose only sense was that of touch. Picture this great-grandfather of living things lying motionless save for those nervous, fluttering, sensitive feelers extended to play the part of sight and hearing. A bit of seaweed bumps against them. A spasm racks the mollusk's whole being, crushing him into his shell until the surprise has abated; then the fact that no further attack follows brings relief. This is the germ of the cause of our laughter spasm—a sudden shock, instantly followed by a feeling of relief. Only such shocks as *were* followed by relief became racial memories. Where relief did not follow, the clam did not live to leave a heritage.

Kant, in his *Critique of Judgement*, defines laughter as "an affection arising from the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing." Having thus explained its origin, he reasons further that no cause of laughter is in itself pleasurable, but that pleasure comes from the laughter. He says:

> The lungs expel the air at rapidly succeeding intervals and thus bring about a movement beneficial to health; which alone, and not what precedes it in the mind, is the proper cause of gratification in a thought that represents nothing.

It is certain that all spontaneous laughter arises from the same cause, whether it be uncontrolled, or whether it be by habit so suppressed as to be merely a pleasurable sensation without a surface ripple. And it is equally certain that this involuntary physical reaction called laughter is a universal human birthright. All experiences that we call humorous prove on analysis to be but sudden sensuous surprises combined with a sense of relief. The humor of Elia is brother to that of *Innocents Abroad*, cousin to Joe Miller's joke-book, cultured grandson to the buffoonery of court jesters and the practical joke of to-day; while by many intervening generations it is linked to the tickling that children love and dread, and by more generations still to the sudden frights and relief of infancy's game of peek-a-boo.

The sensibilities of to-day are more delicate than those of yesterday. The humor of early Europe was the sight of deformity and torture. The humor of another age was indecency. Laughter was cruel always, in many of its manifestations. The gods of high Olympus were filled with inextinguishable laughter at the lameness of one of their fellows.

But we have become, in this day and generation, epicures in titillatory sensation. The shock of seeing and hearing a slap-stick has given place in our regard to the most delicate of causations—the shock of mental surprise over unexpected thought-contrasts and similarities. We enjoy the laughter which

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arises from such causes more than that which reacts from cruder forms of shock. We roll our thoughts about upon a mental tongue, tasting and tasting till we are suddenly startled by an unexpected "similarity between utterly dissimilar things," or a "sudden contrast between things apparently similar."

Old Sailor Ben, in the *Story of a Bad Boy*, when he builds a house ashore cuts little port-holes for windows and rears a bowsprit over the door. We picture this as we read, and our enjoyment is coextendant with the shock of surprise the ideas produce for us.

You laugh at simple occurrences in church that on the street would cause not the least enjoyment because of their ordinary environment. The appearance of a cat on the pulpit steps will amuse a whole congregation. For the same cause there is humor in a poem which relates commonplace things in a stately Miltonian verse. If the requisite surprise and relief occur, nothing can prevent the laugh reaction, though you may check it in its infancy. It is no respecter of proprieties or of sanctity, or of pity, or of love, though training may develop any of these considerations into a power of restraint.

What, then, ails this man who does not laugh sincerely when you laugh, who gains no enjoyment from situations that you find "humorous"?

First of all, are you sure that the situation rightfully has any surprise in it for him? The old sailor seriously rigs out a bowsprit on his house, and you smile and say with some sense of superiority, "He doesn't know how funny he is; he has no sense of humor." But it causes no mental surprise to him to have a bowsprit on his home. His experience leads him to expect it. The cat on the pulpit steps does not amuse the sexton. He sees it there frequently when it follows him upon his daily rounds.

There is too much of the "holier than thou" attitude on the part of those who boast a sense of humor. They are prone to think that humor is an inherent quality in certain ideas, and they arbitrarily class all things which are funny to them as humorous, and all things which do not appeal to them as not humorous, and then proceed to measure the sense of humor of whole nations by their little yardstick. And you and I, on our part, tend to become cowardly, accepting the dictum of some little group of dilettantes as to what we shall laugh at, forgetting that nothing is funny which is not funny to us. We laugh too many empty laughs. Consider, for instance, the continued production of any one form of surprise—*enfant terrible* rhymes or inverted aphorisms; after a time it is inevitable that their dénouements shall lose the power to surprise us; we anticipate them, and a natural laugh is no more possible than it is after an anecdote, the point of which we have heard or have foreseen. A new and ingenious bit of slang, which serves as a short cut to the expression of an idea, gives a pleasant mental shock. Effective slang is amusing. But the persistent repetition of it is a weariness to the flesh, and it is your right not to laugh! Obvious puns fail to cause laughter for the same simple reason. If obvious, they are not a form of humor.

One funny story after another, all boasting the same quantity or quality of surprise, is jading to delicate sensibilities, and the final ones may rightfully not be funny to one particular hearer, for he refuses to be surprised at any outcome.

Max Beerbohm claimed that an analysis of the funny stories in certain English comic papers proved that they and all their tribe are based upon sixteen subjects only, and he collates them as follows: Mothers-in-law, henpecked husbands, twins, old maids, Jews, Frenchmen or Germans or Italians or niggers (not Russians or other foreigners of any denomination), fatness, thinness, long hair (worn by a man), baldness, seasickness, stuttering, bloomers, bad cheese, shooting the moon (slang for leaving a boarding-house without paying the bill), red noses. If this analysis be true, it would prove that the professional writers of jokes turn for convenience' sake to those human situations that originally contained surprises for the majority, and because of their perennial recurrence are constantly being rediscovered by some portion of humankind. Yet you would probably admit your failure to enjoy a mother-in-law joke

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unless it reversed all previous conceptions of what a mother-in-law joke should be, or unless the mere phrase revives an echo of old shocks. You might even react with surprise over the fact that your intelligent friend deemed it possible to amuse you thus. No point at all to a story is much funnier than an anticipated one!

Do you enjoy anecdotes of childhood? That enjoyment is coextendant with your knowledge of the circumstances of childhood. Your friend who has forgotten his own boyhood, with no children near by in later life to revive such memories, has a whole field of humor closed to him.

Perhaps there are a few people who actually lack a sense of humor, but surely this is because circumstances or they themselves have gradually deadened it. Single-mindedness will subdue it. The fanatic has no sense of humor. The man who rides violently upon a hobby endangers his. The reason is simple. His thought and imagination run in one deep path. They do not skip about from one path to another, gaining mental shocks from sudden parallels or contrasts. At first he loses ability to see the real humor in anything aimed at his chosen hobby. If his zeal increases, his thoughts never wander through other fields of experience and none of these mental shocks are possible.

Broad human sympathy is absolutely essential to a complete sense of humor—a comprehension of and interest in other men's beliefs as well as your own. The egotist gradually loses his sense of humor. One thought dominates all others in his mind. He is seldom surprised by sudden similarities or contrasts of experience. His attitude of mind leads him to believe that no other idea presumes to be comparable to the idea he now entertains.

On the other hand, a multitude of equally trodden brain-paths make for a sense of humor; therefore it is invariably possessed by the jack-of-all-trades, who does so many things pretty well that he succeeds in nothing. Such men laugh easily. They adopt readily any viewpoint, being wedded to none, and these changing points of view admit constantly of new thought-surprises. They are certain to possess a strong sense of humor, and just as invariably have they a ready sympathy for their fellowmen.

But they hold no monopoly. The man of one idea and the egotist may regain this power of laughter just so far as they can widen their sympathies and learn, in their hours of recreation, to see life through other men's eyes. Books will help them, unless they begin too late or hold to the single course in their reading. Love is bound to help them! Many a man has regained his sense of humor through love for one, just as a starter, and through her a love for all humanity. Thackeray declares sense of humor and human sympathy synonymous. At least they are coextendant. For the humorous literature we love best, whether it be Dickens or Thackeray, Stockton or Clemens, depends upon the shock of surprise that comes to us when we recognize a common humanity displaying itself in unexpected places.

But in every case a man's sense of humor is his own, coextendant with his own private mental experiences. Therefore, do not force a laugh. Have the courage of this conviction—that what is not funny to you is not funny. And be slow to bring the charge against your neighbor that he lacks this God-given sense. See first whether you are not trying to measure his stock-in-trade by your own individual standard. If your conscience be clear in this regard, then search him for the germ which he alone is crushing down somewhere in the recesses of his soul. Tell him to cultivate his heart, and learn to love his neighbor as himself, and life will be full of the surprises that make for laughter.

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The Naked Truth

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

BRIAN LAZAR went over to the door at the end of the room and laid his hand for an instant on the heavy covering falling over it. Restraining the impulse to draw the curtain aside, he forced himself to turn instead and face the woman behind him.

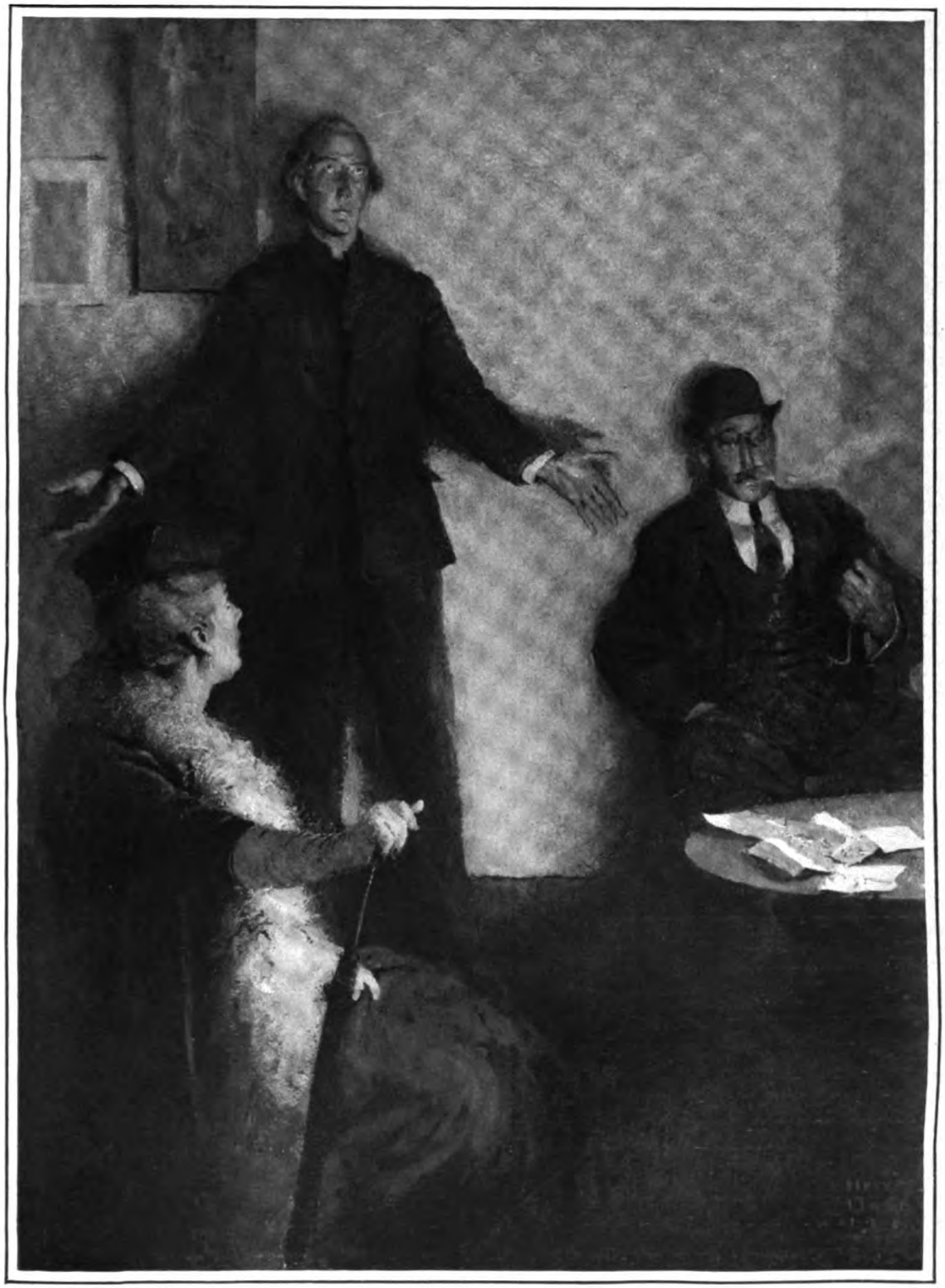
As he turned, burdened with the knowledge that he was going to speak the truth at last, he looked around him at the place he called his home. If he had been called upon to paint what he saw, he would have used flat, gray tones and a relentless brush, that he might miss none of its heartrending ugliness —a little room with stingy walls that seemed to crowd toward the center, and from which worm-eaten wall-paper hung in patches, moving back and forth in the cold draught that crept through the cracks in the skylight overhead. The gloom was only partially relieved by the light of a candle which sagged in a tin candlestick whose bowl was filled with a sodden mass of tallow drip and burnt-match ends, and which he had placed on the wooden table in the center of the room that no particle of its economical flame might be missed. Ranged against the wall, their faces turned inward, and yet seeming to gape at him even in this blind fashion, like starving children at an incompetent parent, were all his unsold canvases. And there on the table, where he had placed them before the intruders entered, the blue pawn-ticket and the roll of greasy bills which the Jewish dealer had pushed across the counter to him only an hour ago; and there, also, the letter which he had found on his return, stating that one of his pictures had been sold for eight hundred dollars, and that a commission of, to him, unheard-of magnitude was waiting his acceptance.

Eight hundred dollars and almost certain fame! And it mattered not one whit now, for in the corner of the room, his chair tip-tilted back against the wall, his plain, dark clothes melting into the shadows around him, his observant eyes watching, always watching, was that man who represented the unsleeping eye of the law; and here in front of him, face to face, eye to eye, was his accuser. Lazar, standing with his back to the curtains that hid the thing he was fighting to save from destruction, caught suddenly in a small mirror that hung on the wall above the woman's head the reflection of his own emaciated face. He saw the pallid brow and the cheek-bones sticking up under the skin like props beneath a sheet, the bronze hair falling almost into the eyes, and the flimsy coat buttoned up around the throat, from which the head rose with a grace of outline that even starvation had not been able to quite obliterate. He stared almost stupidly, for now, peering through the beautiful semblance that he called his own, like the original image on a double negative, he seemed to see the face of a detected thief he had once looked at in a play—a mean gray face with whining eyes, and a mouth that hung loose at one corner like the opening of a bag when a string has broken, a face he had viewed at the time with self-righteous repugnance and that now, by some strange perversion of rationality, was his own. . . .

Returning with a little spiritual shock to the actual, he saw that the man in the corner of the room had taken out his watch and was regarding it with a judicial eye. He watched him softly snap the case to, and then, as if recalling a neglected duty, begin to turn the stem suggestively back and forth. . . .

Lazar took a mechanical step toward the woman. She was standing where she had stood since she had entered the room, her body held in an attitude of

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Drawn by Harvey Dunn

LAZAR HAD FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING BUT THE SENSE OF IMMORTAL ECSTASY

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belligerent accusation, her china-blue eyes cold with enmity.

With the almost painful reversion to the usual that cheapens even moments of great emotion, he found himself pulling forward one of the rude chairs and inviting her courteously to be seated.

For a moment it seemed as if she would refuse, for she cast a wavering glance that seemed to ask mute instruction toward the figure in the corner, but, as she received no indication one way or the other to influence her decision, she sat down unwillingly on the very edge of the chair, and, unbuttoning her fur coat, pushed it back from the great white pillar of her throat.

Lazar flushed, and went over to the table and moved the candle, as if to seek a more advantageous arrangement of light. The inconsiderable action seemed to focus his thought. He began to repeat the contents of the letter he had received from the picture-dealer. His voice was low and steady. He stated the facts without undue deliberation, and when he had finished he raised his eyes to the woman's face.

"What has that got to do with it all?" she asked, tersely, putting the question not over-hastily. Her voice was smooth, but rasped a little as if she did not have it under good control. Her china-blue eyes were blank. Her small mouth closed in a stubborn line.

Lazar cleared his throat, as if to render his words a little easier of egress. "It just means," he said, gently, "that I don't need money—any more."

The woman smiled, and as she smiled she turned and looked at the man in the corner. The flush that had been on Lazar's face spread from his cheeks up to his eyelids. He made the one demand for an explanation that he had ventured since the woman had entered the room.

"What"—he asked in a low voice, with drooped eyelids—"what changed you—so suddenly? I don't understand. Why are you accusing me *now?* Only two hours ago—"

The woman smiled again. She began to feel in her muff. Very softly, with catlike fingers, she drew from it a letter and held it up for Lazar to see.

Lazar advanced and took the paper from her hand. "What is it?" he asked.

She pushed a tress of her bleached yellow hair back under her tiny hat with negligent fingers. "The envelope you wrote your address on for me. . . ." She paused a half-instant, as if to give full value to the statement, and then, as Lazar had no words, went on with assumed courteousness: "There—was a letter in the envelope—a letter you didn't want me to see, I suppose. You slipped it in the wrong envelope by mistake, didn't you?—and left it there." Her voice was oily with malice. She was still smiling—smiling.

Lazar looked down at the envelope and saw the name of the advertising firm printed in the upper left-hand corner, and also saw the street and number of his house hastily scrawled in his own handwriting across the paper. How faultlessly he had convicted himself. He remembered now that he had hesitated about giving her his correct address, that he had considered in the tumult of the moment every other expedient. Then, deciding that a fictitious number would at once arouse suspicion—if by any chance she should seek him out—he had deliberately written across the envelope, which he had taken from his pocket and which bore the name of the advertising firm, his correct address, counting on the improbability of her ever venturing to his part of the city. . . . And all the time the envelope had contained that intimate letter revealing what he had so carefully hidden, and—he had himself placed it in her hands!

He looked down at the little square of white paper. "And you read it?" he said, slowly. "All of it?"

She threw back her heavy head. "Why shouldn't I? Didn't I have the right to find out I was being made a fool of?"

Lazar went back to the table and laid the letter down by the other exhibits in the case—the roll of bills, the pawn-ticket, the communication from the picture-dealer.

"You know, then, that I"—he found that in spite of every effort to control it his voice was trembling—"that I am—"

She smiled again—that malicious little

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smile. Her eyes half closed. "Married. Yes, I know it," she said, easily, "*now.*" She brushed some particles of powder from the revers of her coat as if to indicate to him by the action her present indifference to the fact.

The man in the corner held up his watch for Lazar to see. "Ten minutes," he suggested, warningly. "And you haven't begun yet."

"Minutes!" repeated Lazar, his voice breaking over the word. He put his hand over his eyes and stepped behind the table. He groped for the camp-stool, and, when he had found it, sank down heavily. The candle-flame flared in his eyes and he pushed it aside. He was conscious of nothing but the watch in that man's hand. "Minutes," he reiterated, turning his face to the curtains that hung before that hidden door. "Minutes! And I have to go slowly—to go back—back to make you understand! It is so hard to understand. . . . Will you please—now that you have given me permission to speak—let me go on—not interrupt me, I mean, as the time is so short. It's—it's rather hard to know that minutes count—and have to tell, to expose—your—life."

The man in the corner, slouching forward in his chair, struck a match and cupped it with his hands before his neglected cigar. The woman closed her mouth in a firmer line.

"I"— began Lazar, slowly—"I can go back to the beginning and show how the thing grew upon me by degrees—like an insidious disease. You know how one begins at first to notice symptoms of physical derangement—a pain here, a discomfort there—something out of place—unnatural. That was the way I first became aware of the thing I was doing. It grew upon me from my childhood—quite like a disease. . . . I had painted—drawn, I mean—from the time I was conscious. Always scratching with a pencil on something—trying to express the pictures I saw in my mind. My mother—my mother—I had no recollection of my father—didn't understand me. She used to look at me sometimes as if she were afraid! We lived in the slums of the city and were very poor. I hated ugliness even then; and it seemed to be always around me—choking me. The sky was the only beautiful thing I knew. When they first gave me a box of paints I splashed paper all over with blue, and cried because the paint would not reproduce the wonderful thing I saw. Then one day"—Lazar spoke very slowly, as if he were striving with difficulty to bring into the present some vagrant memory of the past—"one day, when I was eight years old, my mother took me to the park—the great park at the other end of the town—I remember it was the first time I had seen much of anything green, and I got down in my ragged clothes and wallowed in the grass, burying my face in its sun-warmed sweetness. I stretched out my arms and tried to gather in the rapture of the sunlight, laughing excitedly and calling to my mother to 'look.' I remember in those days my emotions were nearly always overbalanced. My joy and sorrow easily passed into extremes. . . . It was while I was lying kicking my bare feet in the sunlight that I heard a voice speaking to my mother. 'What a beautiful boy!' the voice was saying. 'What a beautiful boy!' The word beautiful was a word I knew. I lifted my flushed face, all grass-stained. . . . A lady was standing looking down at me. I understood the expression on her face. It was what I felt when I looked at a sunset—or the shadows under the trees—or the pink glow on the buildings at twilight That was the first time I was conscious of admiration in a woman's eyes. It affected me then as it affected me later, with a strange sense of power! I went home and washed my face and looked in the cracked family looking-glass. My mother caught me at it and rated me soundly, but I was *sure!* I was beautiful."

For a moment Lazar had forgotten everything but the sense of immortal ecstasy through which the artist sees life ever illusionized and impersonalized. "I don't suppose any one but a painter," he explained, acutely self-conscious now of the disgusted eyes before him, "would comprehend that first almost impersonal rapture at the possession of—beauty. Later I know it became vulgar and vain, but then it was quite a wonderful thing. I realize that, looking at me now, this seems to be a—rather

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a matter for—for laughter. It is nauseous, too. People don't often have to tell these things. But I—you see my—my career began then, when those eyes met mine in the sunlight! That was my first consciousness of power over women. . . . The lady became interested in me and gave me an education—sent me to an art school. I began to see that it was the thing they called money that took you out of ugly places—and I have told you ugliness was like a physical pain to me. When I was seventeen my mother died, and my benefactress kept me on at school—promising later to send me abroad. She took a small room in a studio building for me, and encouraged me to hang around her house and meet her friends. Called me her *protégé*, and talked a lot about my genius. . . . I let my hair grow long and wore velvet jackets, and they named me the boy painter. Almost unconsciously I began to realize that I could get what I wanted from women. I saw fellow-students in the art school with undoubted talent who could get no kind of a start—who were eating their lives out for a little necessary money, and I began to exert—unconsciously at first, of course—what personal attractions I had to hold—er—pleasant things. My benefactress died quite suddenly. She was taken without warning when I was just reaching manhood. She had made no provision for me. I was a burden her family were glad to be rid of. They pushed me off inexorably. I was bewildered. I had not been brought up to work. I was an artist. . . . Then one of my friends—one of the women in whose drawing-rooms I was a familiar figure—came forward and offered to rent me a studio and furnish it, suggesting that I repay her by painting her portrait. I painted very bad portraits at that time. I had not found myself. But her suggestion seemed to my monumental arrogance perfectly fair. I didn't seem to think in those days at all. I just took what came. . . . She installed me comfortably, even luxuriously, in the studio, and came every day to pose for me, and brought other patrons. She was a young woman. She—her husband was too busy to pay much attention to her, and she—wanted—was starved for the outward manifestation—expression—call it what you will—of affection. Unconsciously I got to pretending a hopeless and ideal devotion for her. I sympathized with her, and we talked much of sentimental subjects. I began to suggest to this woman the ideal of love she had gropingly imagined. She was love-starved, and I found there were too many like her in America—I could see them hanging forward in their seats at the matinées, or at the opera or concert-halls, making fools of themselves over actors or tenors or pianists because their husbands hadn't time to be lovers; hadn't time or—the inclination. I suppose I found this out unconsciously at first, and later consciously, and so my business—career—call it what you will—began! I found I could supply what women wanted. I said the little things their husbands did not say. I did the little things their husbands did not do. I let them adore me and—pretended to adore them. They were good women, you understand, who had no desire to be separated from their husbands—who—who would have been shocked at the suggestion of immorality. They only wanted to think and dream and sentimentalize over love. I instituted a sort of ideal friendship with my patrons that required no further recompense. Conversation in my studio was all of the spirit—and never of the flesh. It made wholesome and practical things seem undesirable and sordid. It was neurotic and unhealthy, but my—my—business grew. My time became valuable. I took a larger studio and fitted it up in Oriental splendor. It became the rendezvous for half the love-starved married women in the city. Those women to whom being with me, and talking to me, and listening to my exotic platitudes became as necessary as morphine to a drug fiend. My—my personality began to assume greater and greater value in my eyes, and my art less. I still tried to paint in my rare moments alone, but my colors were muddy and my line faulty. Such art as I had was slowly dying away, and the abnormal vice—I can't call it anything else—was growing, was possessing me; why, I would no sooner see a look of furtive admiration in a woman's eyes than I would determine almost sub-

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consciously to turn it to account—to make capital of it. . . . And—I even went so far as to laugh and be amused at the stories my patrons would confide to me, of the expedients they had to go through to get enough money from their husbands to be painted by me; to—to—support me, I suppose I must call it, for I am calling things by their right names now!"

The cigar had fallen from the relaxed fingers of the man in the corner. His jaw dropped. "God!" he stammered in unconcealed disgust.

Lazar winced. "Yes—you see we don't generally tell these things; but I am not covering anything. I am telling all—saying things that I never told myself in those days. For I kept soothing my conscience by saying that I was just a young painter who had not got to the place where he could produce good work, but had very fortunately a vogue with fashionable women and who would receive due artistic recognition later. Then—"

Lazar wet his dry lips. He averted his eyes from the face of the woman before him. "Just at this time"—he continued, in an almost inaudible voice—"just when my—my outrageous career was at its height, that—what I had counterfeited so long came into my own life. I was only twenty-three, but I was old, for the simple things of life had fallen away from me. I lived in a world of sickly shadows, in an atmosphere of incense and heavy perfume. I—I loved out in the open under the sky I had tried to paint when I was a boy. She knew nothing of city life. She had been born and grown to womanhood in the quiet little town where I found her. . . . I went with her hand-in-hand through the fields all thick with daisies. And down where the streams crept in silence under the trees I sat with her and watched the many-colored pebbles under the shining water, and showed her colors she had never seen, and mysterious lights in the shadows she had not learned to know; and I told her what love was. . . . I, the man who lived in that studio among those leaning women with the weary eyes and restless lips. . . . I told her what love was."

Lazar had been speaking like one in a trance. He had forgotten time and place—the inquisition he was facing, the accusing objects on the table, all were wiped away and he was intoxicating himself with the emotional facility of the artist in a moment of remembered ecstasy.

"You understand . . ." he faltered, feeling even as he paused the goad of the terrible flying minutes. "You realize that *now* at last I had to look myself in the face—to make some decision. I never thought of wronging the woman I loved—I mean doing her the—worst wrong; and I—I— It was impossible for me to marry. Marriage would mean the giving up of my livelihood . . . or rather it would mean that it would give me up. It would be more decent—you could have more sympathy if I said I gave up my—business then and tried to get honest work, but you see in real life we don't. We are cheaper than the author dares make us appear in fiction. . . . I wasn't yet awake. I was afraid. Afraid of work. Afraid of poverty. Just *afraid!* Then, by one of those strange circumstances which pull the balance of our life up or down, I suppose, her grandmother—died suddenly, and she was left alone and unprovided for.

"I conceived the idea of marrying her secretly and taking her away and installing her in a little cottage near the city where I lived—and where I could see her frequently. It was dangerous, but she knew nothing of my life or family, and the only person who had the right to ask questions in her behalf was gone. She was alone and in trouble and too great-hearted for suspicion. She accepted all that I told her quite simply. And I told her that for reasons connected with my art I must keep our marriage secret for a time; that as soon as my great picture was done everything would be different. For I was deceiving myself by saying that as soon now as I gained a little start with my work—a little legitimate recognition—I would kick the foul ladder on which I had climbed from under my feet. You see I had sunk even lower in the mire, for I was going from real love—to—*that*, and from *that* back to love; and I was doing it to get money. . . ."

The eyes of the woman facing him in

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the room were suddenly suffused with outraged feeling. "You beast!" she cried.

"Yes," admitted Lazar. "I called myself that so many times that I grew almost used to the name, for the man in me was beginning to awake. My—my wife saw me only through the eyes of her love. She has never seen me any other way. She—" He lifted his face, his lips quivering. "If I—if I could put her into words, I would say she was more gentle than other people. Her hands, even, were more loving than other hands. She never thought of what she got; she just *gave*. And we lived together. She, the expression of outpouring love; and I, the meanest kind of thief!

Lazar paused, struggling with his emotion. His eyes dilated. "I can't tell you," he whispered, "when the knowledge first came to me—when I *knew* I had to give it up—my way of living. I suppose that love worked gradually, but it seemed to come suddenly. I cut myself loose, ruthlessly. Disposed of my studio to a fellow-artist overnight. I said I was going to travel. And even this I left in a written communication that they—those women who had supported me—might make no effort to hold me back. . . . I told my wife we had had great reverses, and that we must live very simply on what I could earn.

"We came to New York, and I took what I thought then very humble lodgings. I had a little money—the result of the sale of the things in my studio—and I thought I might eke out a living with hack-work until my great picture was done, but—I found nobody wanted my work! I painted while the daylight lasted, painted as I had never painted before—all—all—these things that you see." He stretched out his hand, pointing to the canvases turned inward to the wall. "And—we were like children in those days. We had not yet felt the pinch of poverty. I—I was impracticable, like most artists, I suppose, and I thought that something would surely turn up before my money was all exhausted. I seemed to be possessed of a boundless self-confidence. I wondered how I could have feared so long. I was certain to have recognition. I was drunk with what I saw of beauty in things to paint. And I painted and painted, and we—so often we laughed in those short days, just for the joy of laughing. We were like two children suddenly let out in the great world to play. I would snatch the dishes from her hand—or a piece of sewing—or the broom she was sweeping with—and push her before my easel that I might catch a vagrant turn of the head—a sudden light in the eyes—and the colors were living again on my palette! I told myself I was worthy. I kept telling myself I was clean! No matter what had happened, I had put it all behind me.

"Then poverty came. My money began to give out. I got a position to do advertisements, but lost it; I had not the knack of 'putting over,' as they called it, that sort of work. We moved to cheaper lodgings. We began to deny ourselves. I painted like a madman and placed my best things in the hands of a dealer—but he sold nothing. We moved again. We kept going lower and lower. After a long struggle I gave up looking for anything in my line of work—began answering advertisements for manual labor of any kind. But I am not strong; I look delicate and useless, I suppose. They always took the other man. I sold my own clothing and hers—anything valuable we had in the way of house furnishing. I—pawned my watch and few pieces of jewelry, and now devilish thoughts began to tell me how easy my old way of earning a living had been! No one but an idealistic fool would have given it up. It was as legitimate as any other means of getting bread from the world. . . . They—those women in the past—had received full value for their sordid gold. They had gotten what they wanted. . . . My wife was growing paler and thinner, but she accepted our changed conditions with unquestioning patience. In time the world would recognize my work, she said, and we could wait— We waited. She took in sewing—plain things to hem and stitch. While I painted her white fingers flew back and forth, pushing the needle in and out of the cloth. Then the beast in me that I thought I had conquered began to talk louder—to say that it was easy to go back to the old profession, easy for me to earn bread if I only *would*—

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that I was letting the woman I loved starve for a sickly, chimerical fancy that was out of place in the modern world. I redoubled my efforts to get work. But, in a bad year for able men, they didn't want me, half starved as I am. I can't blame them. They turned us out of the lodgings we were in, and we came to this place. I fought down the temptings of the beast as best I could. My wife smiled always. . . . She sat in that chair by my easel—I had an easel then—the sewing falling from her hands; her needle moving more and more slowly—sat and smiled at me. Whenever I would lift my head I would find the same smile—waiting. I think she kept it on her lips always, afraid I might look up too suddenly sometimes and miss it. . . . Many times in the anguish of my struggle I would determine to go to her and confess all—ask *her* decision. Tell her what I was—and ask her what to do. I would even go so far as to kneel beside her, take the sewing from her hands and open my lips—but always I would meet that heroic smile, and in very shame remain silent. Then I at last fought down my pride and appealed to the Associated Charities, and they helped me for a little, but soon they let us go, telling me it was a bad year and that they had 'more urgent cases—women and children without a man's support.' A man! . . ."

Lazar was clinging to the table, the knuckles on his hands showing white. His mouth twitched. "The time came—" he whispered, "and now that I think of it—it was only a week ago." His hand went dizzily to his head. "Just one week ago . . . she—she was too weak to move. I took her in my arms and carried her to the bed and laid her down on the rough mattress. It was cold. There was no wood for the fire, and I took my overcoat and covered her with that. . . . She tried not to let her teeth chatter. . . . I forced her to eat what food we had, and she was too weak to protest. I—I was in a state of fear so awful that it was like fortitude. It meant so much to keep the life in her—so much. I staggered into the streets and bought, with the few pennies I possessed, some foolish toys and tried to sell them on the street corners. It—the—the snow came—and I had no overcoat. . . . I was faint from lack of food. And then—in the crowds of the street I met your eyes."

Lazar's voice fell to a whisper. He looked for an instant at the accusing woman facing him in the room, and then looked away. The blood rose to his cheeks. He twisted his hands together. "It"— he said, slowly—"it is so hard—so difficult to tell. One is ashamed. But I—you see—I had time to catch the look of admiration that I knew so well, before everything went black—"

"And you thought you would make a fool of *me* as you did those others!" The little eyes before him were leaping with the flames of humiliated self-love. Clutching the arms of her chair, the woman leaned forward. "That was what you thought—wasn't it?" she choked.

Lazar looked away. "I didn't think of anything at first," he explained, huskily. "I wasn't conscious of anything except the pity in your voice until—you led me into that restaurant and I sat opposite you at that table, and saw—and saw—that you were just my sin coming to tempt me again when I was weakest. . . . You know I went from you that day like a madman. You know it. You asked me about myself, but I would not speak. I wanted only to escape. Like one pursued—I fled from you. . . . But the next day I went back. The beast in me drove me back, telling me not to let you go, that you were a—beginning. That even though I never used you—I must not let you go. I must play you along. . . . I went back day after day. I told you a little of myself. That I was an artist, and had had hard luck, and I found out that you were not as rich as those other women who—who—had supported me; that your husband didn't give you much ready money, but you were a—beginning."

"You beast!" the woman cried out, again, repeating the word as if her vocabulary were robbed of all others. "You beast!" Her face flamed with wounded pride.

"Yes," consented Lazar again. "Yes . . ."

His eyes wandered around the room.

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The man in the corner was sitting forward in his chair, his hands dropped between his knees, his eyes on the floor, his figure ominously still. Personal animosity was thrilling through the atmosphere of the room. Lazar grew frightened as he sensed it. He saw as in a dream the soft, vindictive mouth, the little folds of indolent fat under the chin, the low brow and the line of bleached hair growing out of it, and below the face, crowding up into the neck, the ample bosom! This woman might condone his sin applied to others, but never applied to herself.

"It's hard," he said, slowly, "to make you hate me by telling you—this; but I have no choice—and you mustn't think that I didn't fight. The beast in me drove me to you again and again . . . and the man in me drove me away. I knew you would help me, but I asked nothing." Lazar paused. He wet his dry lips. "Have you ever seen a woman starve?" he asked, in a whisper. He stopped, as if he were almost afraid of the next words he was going to say. "Have you ever seen a woman starve—and suffer? I have. I saw it last night. I looked at it. All through the long hours of the night I looked. . . . Then in my madness I crept out to the house where they had told me there was a doctor, and begged him on my knees for charity to come. 'In the morning,' he said. 'In the morning.' I came back—and when the dawn came I gave in. I went to you . . ."

The woman turned to the man in the corner and laughed. "He came to me with a cock-and-bull story," she explained, "of how he was to be turned out of his lodgings, and his famous picture—sacrificed. He didn't mention being married, you understand. Oh no, not he; but I was sorry for him and gave him a dollar, and when he left I missed the ring. . . . Served me right for picking a beggar off the streets." Her trivial voice seemed out of place in the tragic atmosphere of the room.

Lazar was continuing as if she had not spoken. "You were very kind," he said, gently. "You didn't have much money, you said, but you *gave* me the ring and told me to pawn it. If you had only given me *money*—"

The woman looked again at the listening man. Her lips were set. Her china-blue eyes were quite placid. "He stole it," she repeated, with imperturbable calm. "When he left I missed it at once, and 'phoned you. We were lucky to catch him. . . ."

Lazar cried out, hoarsely, "I didn't steal it." He was speaking with desperation. "You gave it to me. . . . But I understand—you're *getting* me—not *you*, but all those other women I have taken from—you are nailing me at last; just when I'm not a thief any more." With an almost superhuman effort he strove for calmness. "Please—try to understand," he said, more quietly. "I am clean now. . . . I've been a real thief for—for years, and the law didn't know it—and now that I'm honest at last—you are trying to put me behind bars—and for a theft I didn't commit! I haven't taken anything from *you*. I was mad this morning—insane with pain, and I went to you—and you—you helped me, as I knew you would. But do you know what I did? You gave me the ring and my feet carried me to the pawn-shop, and I pawned it and got the money. A hundred and fifty dollars—in my hands. In my starving hands—*and I couldn't spend it!* I pressed my face up against the windows where there was bread—and I couldn't go in and buy it. I knew if I spent that money it would mean that I had gone back to the old life forever. I stumbled back here with it still in my hands, knowing that every minute counted. . . . I lit the candle and put it on the table. Then I sat down and began to finger that money. I counted it over, my hands clinging greedily to the bills. In the silence I seemed to hear again the terrible moaning I had heard in the night, and to live over that moment at dawn when I had been driven out to *you*. . . . I sat there with that money in my hands, hungry like a wolf, and knew that just beyond that inner door the thing I loved was lying hungry like a wolf; I sat there with that money in my hands and made my last fight for manhood. . . . I held to the wood of the chair and pressed down the flesh of my knees with both hands that my body might not move. I fought and

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fought until the sweat dropped down my face and my clothes were wet on my body. . . . I don't know how long I sat there, but when I got up I had killed the thief in me. "You see"—holding out his palms, which were crisscrossed with deep scratches—"I thought all the time I was making my decision. I thought I heard those frightful cries I had heard at dawn—and I dug my hands into each other—but I didn't feel any pain. I thought I *heard* them. . . . I took up the roll of bills and the pawn-ticket and put them in my pocket. I was going out to redeem the ring and take it back—to you, for I knew at last that *I couldn't feed with unclean hands!* I wasn't afraid, though, but—I was trembling all over. I went to the door and opened it, and as I opened it I saw, sticking out from between the piece of carpet and the floor, something white. I bent down and pulled it out. It—it was a letter two days old, and had been pushed under the door and slipped beneath the carpet and lain—unnoticed. It bore the name of the dealer who handled my pictures. I carried it to the table and opened it. It said, as I have told you, that my painting had been sold for eight hundred dollars, and offered me a commission to do some decorations—a commission that would bring in many hundreds more. . . . I couldn't understand at first, and then—then it seemed like some of the answers to prayers you read about in the Bible—like—like the hand of God. . . . I was going out to get nourishment for her and to redeem the ring and give it back to you with the money, when I opened the door and found you standing there with this man behind you to—accuse me of—theft. . . . You seemed like my—my sin rising up to convict me just—when I thought I was a free man. I didn't take the ring. You *know* it! Don't—don't punish me when I've killed the—thief in me at last. I've fought it out and I'm clean. You must see!"

The china-blue eyes into which he was plunging his in frantic appeal were expressionless. "What is the use of all this?" she said, imperturbably. "You stole the ring. You had the pawn-ticket on your person—that's evidence enough."

Lazar staggered back as if she had struck him a blow. "It's not true!" he choked. "You're not speaking the truth—" Then, even as the words died on his lips, he saw the man in the corner rise to his feet. He put out blind hands to wave him back. "Wait," he stammered. "Just one moment—wait!" He appealed again to the huge presence that represented his sin. "You can't send me there and lock me up," he cried out, "for a theft—I didn't commit. You — you don't understand. I'm needed. . . . I talk wildly, I know—and I don't mean to! I"—dizzily he put his hand to his head—"I haven't tasted food for four days, and I— You understand, don't you? You must. I—I—perhaps you don't just realize what it is to lean on your elbow all night, afraid to lie down, *listening*—for another person's breathing—afraid the next breath will be the last; and then sit with a hundred and fifty dollars in your hand, as I sat here an hour ago, and fight to be—decent. . . . I've—I've—told you the whole naked truth when I knew lies would soften you—" His voice collapsed.

The woman rose slowly from her chair. She hesitated a moment, just a moment, to give Lazar the full value of the little malevolent smile on her lips. She was still buttoning her coat as she walked toward the door.

There was a moment's strange silence. The man in the corner rose heavily and came forward. He avoided Lazar's eyes as his hand fell on his shoulder. "Come on," he said, gently.

Lazar swayed heavily forward, and then, feeling the steadying hand on his shoulder, he held himself upright. He stared around him—at the walls of the room, the bits of furniture; saw the sagging candle-flame, the woman's retreating figure, the curtain to that inner room—and a cry escaped.

They were going to take him away! They were going to make him leave this place. They were going to take him away — put him behind walls so he couldn't get back to her . . . strong walls—walls of stone. His voice rose and fell. It didn't sound like his own. He was whispering.

The woman made no effort to turn. It was as if she had not heard.

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Lazar felt the hand tighten on his shoulder. He was suddenly quiet. He heard the man's voice as from a great distance. The voice was compassionate. "Are you coming quietly?"

He looked at the man indifferently, for he was buried suddenly in the majesty of his own thought. "I haven't made you understand," he repeated, softly. "Wait, please. . . ." Slowly he advanced to the curtain that screened that other room, the detective with his hand on his shoulder following him. Very slowly, with practised fingers, he pushed aside the curtain. A door was disclosed. Lazar put out the same quiet hand and, finding the door-knob, turned it and let the door swing inward. The yawning darkness of the room gaped beyond.

He heard himself asking for the candle, and felt a sense of strange security as his hand touched it. . . . He turned to the woman's retreating figure. "I haven't made you understand," he said. "Will you come, please—and look!"

He heard the woman's heavy feet plodding over to his side; heard the man's curious breathing at his shoulder, and he held the light high above his head.

The candle wavered for a moment and then it steadied. A square of window came out of darkness, and then some squalid walls showed, and a stove in one corner near a washstand, and, pushed back against the wall out of the current of the wind, a rude wooden bed. . . . On the bed, stretched straight on the pillowless mattress, a girl's figure lay shrouded in the stupor of weakness. The face was turned to one side, and the skin on it was white and drew over the young cheeks and back from the temples in a horrible way. There were blue shadows around the mouth. Along the throat lay two great braids of hair. The eyes were closed, and, illumining the face with an ethereal radiance was that expression of almost divine suffering, that miracle of self-immolating pain, that comes to a woman's face but from one earthly cause! In the hollow of the right arm, its half-covered head huddled against the starved bosom, was a newborn child. . . .

Lazar heard sobs in the room behind him. He turned and looked. The man had put up an awkward hand and was slowly uncovering his head; and the woman's ample bosom was rising and falling. A half-developed maternal instinct, that seemed more of the flesh than the spirit, wailed in her voice.

Lazar caught at the curtains, as if to draw them together. "Hush!" he said.

"I lied," panted the woman. "I lied to you. . . ." She caught the detective's sleeve with her hands. "He didn't steal it. He didn't. He *didn't*. I lied just to spite him—because he fooled me. . . ." She stumbled to the door, her body shaken with mingled sobs of resentment and self-pity. "I lied," she repeated over and over again. "I lied just to punish him because he fooled me. But it's true what he says; he's needed. A man's needed here."

Lazar saw the detective softly replace the hat upon his head, and then, with queer, awkward steps, tiptoe to the door. . . . He did not know when the woman left. He only seemed to receive full consciousness when he was alone.

A feeble wail came from the room within. He started, like a sleeper suddenly awakened; started and raised his head. Raised his head as he never remembered to have raised it before.

Still holding the candle, he stepped across the threshold of that inner room. At first he could see nothing for the mist before his eyes. Then he placed the candle on the washstand, and crept slowly over to the bed.

The woman stirred, hearing his voice even in semi-consciousness. Her eyes opened and rested on his face. She tried to move her right arm, but, feeling the precious burden of the child, desisted. Slowly, very slowly, she raised the arm that was free and drew him tenderly down, down, down—until his head lay in her bosom, and the first hard tears of his true manhood fell.

Then Lazar understood to its highest peak of exaltation the reason for the agony and temptation and triumph and purification through which he had just passed—for Life lay throbbing against that woman's side, and he was its bread-winner!

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

NEXT to the passions of the poets, their pay is what has most interested mankind in them. The human mind constantly hovers, Zeppelin-like, over their personal histories, trying to drop a bomb into their financial record so as to explode and disseminate its vital facts among the masses. The masses, all and every, believe that it is perfectly easy to be poets, but they are afraid that the poets' minimum wage is not sufficient to support the average American family in comfort, let alone affluence. For this reason, if for no other, few of the masses have embraced the poetic career (if we may employ a figure expressive of the last impossibility; for how can a career be embraced?). They may have heard of the case of John Milton, and of the small sum of five pounds, or a little less than twenty-five dollars, which he received for his divine epic, and, though they believe that its sale has since enriched eight or ten generations of publishers, they justly fear that they may perish of inanition before any *Paradise Lost* of theirs becomes the book of the month. They argue that, though Milton's *Paradise Lost* now outsells any young lady author's first novel, it is by a chance that no man with a wife and children dependent on him would be justified in taking.

So they forbear being poets, but none the less they long to know what those who take the risk get for their work. They might feel differently about going into poetry for a living if they knew that a hundred years ago Thomas Moore received three thousand guineas for his poem of *Lalla Rookh;* but even if they had been taught this fact in the public schools, they might still hesitate, on learning further that *Lalla Rookh* was a book of perhaps seventy or eighty thousand words. Any young lady might be paid at the same rate for her second novel, though probably not for her third. Still, for verse it would be uncommon, and it might rouse the masses to emulation. It is believed that the gains of Byron from his poems were very great, after he stopped refusing to take anything for them, as he did when he found that the results of his high disdain of money for his Muse simply went to his publisher. Whether Samuel Rogers made money much or little by his poetry (very good poetry, as poetry went in his day) we do not know, but as he is said to have kept a million-pound note under glass where people might see it, we suppose he could afford to work without pay, although it is not certain that he did so. Of the gains of Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge we have no knowledge, but our surmise is that they took all they could get, and that several of them were in constant need of more. For so poor a novel as *Woodstock* Sir Walter Scott was paid forty thousand dollars, or eight thousand pounds, but *Woodstock* was prose, and there is no telling what he got for *Marmion* or *The Lady of the Lake*. It is certain that Johnson sold Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, which was worth forty thousand *Woodstocks*, for sixty pounds, and thought he had done very well by the author; Goldsmith probably thought so, too, when he instantly sent his landlady out for a bottle of wine, which he drank with his kind literary agent. The poets laureate of England are proverbially ill-paid, though doubtless paid enough for the perfunctory job which they appear to perform with difficulty, but their outside gains are sometimes not so despicable. During his later years it was rumored, and perhaps fabled, that Moxon paid Tennyson twenty thousand dollars annually for his entire poetical output, but whether he prospered on the

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venture may be doubted. We do not think at the moment of any American poet remunerated in like measure, unless it was that most brilliant, most lovable one who continued to our time the high literary tradition of pecuniary embarrassment without regard to income. It was famed, but again very possibly fabled, that his publishers had agreed to pay him ten thousand dollars for a year's literary yield of all kinds. They afterward complained that for this sum they received one story and one poem, but they had taken the chances with an author who was notedly of uncertain inspiration and who would gladly have written much more if he had been in luck. We ourselves do not think that the poem was overpaid by the nine thousand dollars abounding from his wage after one thousand dollars were apportioned for the story; we never have thought prose worth as much as poetry; and at the worst, the poet may have done his best for them. We must all of us authors rejoice that he got so much for his poem, which ought to be the standard pay for poetry. If some such price were offered by the magazines now, they could easily be filled with poetry, and many lively young talents could be turned from prose; but no such rewards followed the efforts of our earlier poets. The gains of Bryant have not to our knowledge been reported, but his contemporary Poe was always in money difficulties even when quite sober. We should be glad to know what he got for "The Raven," but we are confident, without knowing, that he was overpaid for "The Bells" if he got anything at all for it. If we come down to Longfellow, whom Poe publicly accused of plagiarism while privately living on his loans, it is no secret that he received from the *New York Ledger* five thousand dollars for "The Hanging of the Crane," which was richly worth the money. The *Ledger* was not always a source of so much wealth to the poet; its custom is said to have been to pay the average poet ten dollars for a short piece which contained two rhymes to the quatrain, and five dollars where there was but one rhyme. When he was young, Lowell wrote for very little money or none; but when his fame became world-wide he sometimes got four or five hundred dollars for a poem. Neither Holmes nor Whittier got so much, and, of course, not Emerson, whose poetry indeed could not be appraised in money.

All this will seem very sordid to the captains of industry, and will probably add to the burdens of the tired business man, who, when not listening to musical comedy, resorts to this department for cheer and refreshment. We are very sorry for him, but the Easy Chair must sometimes be serious, even when easiest. In defense or excuse we may say that most people like to hear of the adversity of literary men, especially poets, but they do not mind if they hear even of their prosperity. We have been tempted to an inquiry which we should like to have made more exhaustive, if we had known more of the matter, by an interview which our best-beloved poet (always after James Whitcomb Riley!) has lately granted to a Western journal. We mean Mr. Walt Mason, of course, whose verse, modestly masking in the print of prose, we should be sorry to miss for a single day out of the six. The reader already knows our unfeigned affection for this poet, and we need not renew our protest, though his latest collection, *Horse Sense*, might well move us to a fresh expression of our pleasure. What we must say is that his work (play rather, joyful frolic, blithe exercise of the soul!) seems not to have lost its freshness after a succession of say two or three thousand days, but this is the least wonder of it. The wisdom, the kindness, the unswerving rightmindedness, is always there, with the beauty which comes of these and a true sense of life. But the interviewer naturally does not care for such things. What he wants to know is how much a poet, regularly working six days in the seven, year in and year out, gets.

Well, dear reader, how much do you suppose? Here for once, however, the poet is not perfectly clear, and on a point which is the main one. Yet before we attempt its elucidation (and we hope we are using this big, beautiful word correctly) we wish still further to enlarge the bounds of our inquiry. It is not enough to know how much Mr. Mason gets or how much other poets of

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our time get, or have got. We wish to know, if possible, whether they get as much as poets got in the times before publishers, when patrons more splendidly discharged their duty toward the poets. The splendor was indeed not always the glitter of much gold; in return for a dedication of resounding flattery, with the music of shawms and cymbals, the poet was sometimes sent about his business with guineas "few or none" faintly clinking in a lank purse. Sometimes the poet did not win so far as the patron's presence; for what said the great lexicographer in his undying letter to Lord Chesterfield about "waiting in his lordship's outer rooms"? We have not the text by us and we cannot remember it, though no one else can have forgotten those deathless words, which Chesterfield himself generously admired, or at least handsomely praised. That letter effectively, if not finally, ended the office of the patron in rewarding the poet, though Johnson himself had conceived great hopes of it when Chesterfield sent him out two or three guineas in acknowledgment of the prospectus of his dictionary. It was not an order of things which flattered the pride or stiffened the spine of the poet; for what says the good *Encyclopædia Britannica?* "Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great. One man of letters, indeed—Pope—had acquired by his pen what was then considered a handsome fortune, and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and ministers of state; but this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established and whose works were popular, such an author as Thomson, whose *Seasons* were in every library; such an author as Fielding, whose 'Pasquin' had a greater run than any drama since 'The Beggar's Opera', was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe in a cookshop underground, where he could wipe his hands after his greasy meal on the back of a Newfoundland dog."

This statement is perhaps the flowery excess of an encyclopædist in a treatment of fact, but we have certainly got far from those dark days of pecuniary dearth. In our brighter day a young English poet has been heralded to the welcome of these shores by the proud news that he was going to make his living by making verse, and if he has added the public reading of his verse to the writing of it, that has been all the pleasanter for us. One of the very latest of our own poets is the author of almost a big-seller, and we should like to believe that our dear James Whitcomb Riley has lived like a prince on the returns of his books, and even better we hope than most princes deserve to live. We have not the nobles and ministers of state for him to consort with on the same terms of moneyed ease as the great Mr. Pope, but we suspect Indianapolis of many millionaires who would be glad of his company on any terms.

The great Mr. Pope, indeed, made his money mostly, if not quite entirely, by the subscription publication of his *Homer;* for it was not Homer's *Homer*, though so polished and charming. Whereas we understand Mr. Riley's income has been from the sale of his books "in the trade." Has it been as great as Mr. Mason's? We have no right to ask this question, for it is not Mr. Riley whom the *Kansas City Star* has been interviewing, and, as we divergently began by saying, we are not clear as to the real sum of Mr. Mason's gains. "What is your annual income from poetry?" the interviewer promptly asks, and Mr. Mason answers with apparently the same frankness: "My lowest price a rhyme is fifteen dollars when I sell in carload lots. The Adam Syndicate, for which I furnish a daily rhyme all the year 'round, pays me twelve dollars each. I often receive as much as twenty or twenty-five dollars for a magazine poem. The most I ever earned with my trusty typewriter was $875 in one month." One would think that this was a definite statement, but these are the months of the year—we are writing four or five weeks before the 1st of March—when all good citizens are trying to keep to the leeward of the United States Revenue Collector, and we would like to know whether Mr. Mason is swearing to $3,758, or thereabouts, as to his annual income. We do not say it is not, but if Mr. Mason's poems are syndicated to, say, perhaps two hundred news-

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papers every day, does he mean to tell us that he gets $12 a day from the entire group, or $12 from each paper, and $2,400 from all? Is his annual income, therefore, $3,700 or, more accurately, $751,820? We think he will agree with us that the last figures would more truly represent the worth of his output, but we will not bring his modesty to the blush on this point, and will rather leave him to his conscience with the Revenue Collector. If his annual income is actually $751,820, he can richly afford to say so.

Yet this is a point where we prefer to turn from the question of money and follow Mr. Mason in his replies to such questions as the interviewer afterward asks: "How does the poetry business compare with the grocery business? Would you advise a young man ambitious for a career to take up poetry? Has the present-day poet any other mission than making money? Are poets born or made? What do the people want? Do you expect to make poetry your life work?"

From his response to the first of these demands, we think that the large, affectionate following which Mr. Mason's verse has won him throughout this fair land of ours will be sorry to learn that he does *not* expect to make poetry his life work, but hopes some day "to own a covered wagon and travel over the country trading horses. When I have earned enough to buy a string of ponies," he said, "I expect to send my lyre to the junk-man." This reply may represent the exhaustion of the over-interviewed rather than the real intention of our beloved laureate; but it is important to know that he believes versing a better business than grocing, so to speak. "I have no bad customers," he says; "and I don't have to stand and argue for three hours to sell forty cents' worth of goods." An editor, when Mr. Mason sends him a poem, "doesn't insinuate that I am giving short weight or that my poetry contains benzoate of soda." Yet he is not quite ready to advise any one to take up poetry as a career. "If I had a stepson who suffered for a career, I would advise him to secure a patent right on some good washing-machine. I wrote poetry for twenty years before I made any money at all out of it, and when moderate success did come I was too old and feeble to enjoy blowing in the money as money should be blown. . . . If an able-bodied man would sell poetry now he must write poetry that the tired business man can understand at one reading," Mr. Mason says; and he says in answer to the crucial inquiry, "What do the people want?" "They want poetry easy to read; poetry with a jingle in it; poetry that treats of the things and conditions that they are familiar with, and they want their poetry clean and wholesome." And this is exactly what Mr. Mason's own poetry is and does, and has been and done since it began. *Horse Sense* no more and no less responds to this long-felt want in the average American than the firstlings of Mr. Mason's Muse, which we hope is not a disrespectful way of putting it. In answer to the question whether the present-day poet has any other mission than making money, he declares "that the modern newspaper poets are doing more to brighten the world and make it a good place to live in than all the extinct poets in the Hall of Fame or Westminster Abbey ever did. The poet certainly has a mission, and he will go ahead mishing whether the returns are large or small." As to whether the poet is born or made, he holds that he is "Both," and he goes on: "Unless one is born with a poet's ear he will never produce good lines, but if he has that equipment he has to be whipped into shape before he can accomplish anything, and the whipping process means travail of spirit and great bitterness; yet all this training is necessary to him if he would make good use of his gift."

Here we have the whole matter in a nutshell; true, a cocoanut nutshell in size, but full of the milk which somehow gets into the cocoanut, and is one with that of human kindness, as Shakespeare (or Bill, as Mr. Mason calls him) calls it. Music, light, heart, horse-sense—these are the vital elements of verse and are the component parts of the best modern poetry. Their blend cannot be too richly paid, whatever the publishers may grudgingly hold, and we never shall cease to rejoice if Mr. Mason earns $751,820 a year by his particular brand of it.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

MODERN fiction has become the most intimate sort of communication in literature. The possibilities of this intimacy could not have been realized but for the breaking up of provincialism and the consequent expansion of human sympathy, which indeed becomes fully human only by expansion.

The development of sensibility must be collective before it can be an individual attainment. In absolute isolation a man would be less than an animal; the soul, by virtue of which he becomes distinctively human, could never overtake him save in open fellowship with his kind—at least he would have no awareness of it, and from it no translatable deliverance.

The early stages of that fellowship, in which the family and the tribe are the only social institutions, show an appreciable divergence of man from the animal, slowly attained through thousands of centuries, only geologically recorded. It is much to say that, after this long lapse of time, he has articulate speech, the crude art of picture-making, a dim religious sense expressed in choric and lyric ritual, and a tribal communality. So far his soul has taken possession of him. He might seem, in shyness and bewilderment, to be only coquetting with the peculiar destiny upon which he has not yet fairly entered but for the manifest emotional tension of his ritual that has hardly been lifted above a physiological plane, and the rigid immutability of his traditional symbols, still clinging to an earth-basis. His conscience does not extend beyond the limits of tribal kinship; all guilt is "blood guiltiness." Extra-tribal marriage, though accomplished by violent seizure, was an important step toward the breaking down of fixed barriers. Warfare, itself an intimate affair in primitive times, promoted the extension of intimacies.

But we need not go back so far—not farther indeed than to a New England community of a century ago—to find a peculiar provincialism, due primarily to fixed habit and tradition, though confirmed by local isolation, and establishing conditions inimical to the growth of humanism. These conditions affected the essential character of human sympathy as the mainspring of action and the ground of sensibility.

Thackeray, in one of his lectures delivered in the early fifties, vividly portrayed the profound change of English social manners in the Victorian era as contrasted with those of the Georgian; and manners in their deepest significance are the unfailing index of human sensibility. We mean, of course, manners as the result of social evolution, not traditional and conventional "society" manners. We mean, too, evolutional manners directly associated with humanism as expressed in faith and art and in the intuitions of creative Reason.

Now the feature of human progress which gives the soul the largest room in social and individual activity and sensibility is that which promotes freedom of communicability, not only in space and time, but in the sense of real neighborhood, on the basis of equal opportunity, through the elimination of artificial class distinctions and of the arbitrary tyranny of traditional authority.

And this brings us back to our New England community of a century ago.

The six generations' remove from the first landing of the Pilgrims had effected few changes, since circumstances had contributed to the cohesion and homogeneity, and therefore to the static character, of this peculiar people. Nei-

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ther the tide of emigration westward nor that of immigration from Europe had set in, while an active and growing commerce in sailing-vessels only illustrated and confirmed the traditional habits of trade and seamanship in this sturdy English race.

This was no ordinary provincialism. Education was stimulated to the fullest extent; its encouragement was literally a religious duty, since its aims were distinctly religious. Religiosity was the prevailing sentiment, on a distinctly other-worldly basis, though tolerant of trade and not inconsistent with the consumption of New England rum, or with slave-trading and the holding of slaves. There were only two classes of mankind —the regenerate and the unbelievers. The Puritanic tradition persisted in all its ascetic features — its aversion to worldly amusements and even to Christmas, and in its ban upon play-acting and upon fiction—including its prejudice against earthly courts and its bitter hostility to papal and episcopal rites and ceremonies. Government was patterned upon the Hebraic plan of a theocracy.

What sort of really human sympathy could be expected from such an organization of society? Humanistic ideals would seem to have had more chance in the Hellas of Plato's time, except for the fact that, alongside of this shell of Old Testament orthodoxy derived from the Westminster Catechism and hardened by a Puritanism left too much and too long to itself, there still lay potent, though inactive and perversely interpreted, the Gospel of free forgiveness and infinite grace; so that there was always some gentle hand to pluck at the coat-tails of Jonathan Edwards when, in his rigidly logical exaltation of the divine sovereignty, he portrayed the awful fate of sinners in the hands of an angry God.

As we look back, we see that the great hope for humanity was in the persistence of human nature itself, with sufficient reaction to break up this hard shell of static Puritanism, and give the soul a chance for its own normal spiritual dynamics. Puritanism had begun in such a reaction—in passionate iconoclasticism; and beneath the cloak of sanctity within which it had retired, it sheltered along with this passion the impatience of secular tyranny—the theocratic tabernacle covering the seeds of a future democracy. The embers of these natural impulses were revived by movements abroad to which the New England colonists were keenly alive—so little were they provincial in the ordinary sense. The English Revolution, within fifty years after the Landing, reawakened their iconoclastic passion. The French and Indian wars kept alive a very humanly militant spirit—the skill of rifle practice keeping pace with that of seamanship, both to play so important a part in the American Revolution and the War of 1812. The French Revolution, following closely upon our own, with Lafayette a striking figure in both, stirred anew and with an enthusiastic emulation the sympathies of every American commonwealth and to a marked degree those of New England. Nowhere else than in this wide-awake Yankeedom were the Napoleonic wars followed with more lively interest.

All this time educational influences had been operative, and, though the school and the college had been by first intention strictly religious institutions, those of a higher character being especially designed to turn out clergymen, who in every New England community were the recognized social leaders, yet inevitably there is something in mental enlightenment which sooner or later must transcend arbitrary and narrow prescriptions, waiting only upon occasion and opportunity for its open manifestations. Accordingly, a century ago, we find Harvard, the oldest college in America, already the center of liberal theology, and behold in the next generation, the birth of transcendentalism, of anti-slavery sentiment, of the temperance movement, and other social reforms—all grafted upon the purest and noblest type of Puritan manhood, with such humanists in the lead as William Ellery Channing, Margaret Fuller, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Dr. Hedge, and George Ripley.

By this time the shell of Puritan theocracy was broken and the Hebraic tradition had become attenuated, mainly by this inevitable intellectual devel-

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opment, which, however, had found its indispensable leverage, first, in the joint efforts and sacrifices that had brought the colonies nearer together in their struggle for national independence and in the subsequent war for its confirmation; and, afterward, in the building up of the great West, in which New England had so largely participated. Now a new impetus was about to be given to the sense of a continental destiny by the invention of the steam locomotive and the electric telegraph.

Life is the reflex as well as the ground of its reaction upon environment, and these depend upon the interests that prompt activities and, in the case of man, engage his sympathies and determine their plane and scope. Hence the great values of his material and intellectual progress, especially as affecting the range of his contacts and interests. England, after the Napoleonic wars and during the period Thackeray had in view when he laid such emphasis upon the changing British manners contrasting the Victorian with the Georgian era, had grown in the breadth of psychical sensibility far more rapidly than New England. Her social heterogeneity, even with its rigid class differentiation, had been of more value to her than the homogeneity of Puritan society, giving it assurance of security and absolutely dominant repressive authority, had been to New England. Independent religious movements, like the Quaker and Wesleyan, suffered to some extent from oppressive statutory enactments in England, but in New England they would not have been suffered to arise. Puritan religiosity was narrow in proportion to its depth, confined to "the New England way." It was telescopic in its projections, other-worldly. Its first service to the outside world was missionary, to literature tractarian.

When the change slowly came, therefore, it affected first of all the religious attitude, in which there was so much to be transformed. Fortunately, the sturdy manhood of the race had been preserved, needing only new spiritual manners, such as were manifest in the poetic sensibility of Channing and Emerson. It was the humanities that Puritanism had chiefly repressed. In England such repression had been impossible; there the continuity of a really humanistic culture had never been broken, though to the large nonconformist class it had meant comparatively little.

Imagine the wealth of English literature awaiting revelation to the New England generation contemporary with Emerson, and whose forebears had been content with books that ministered directly to their religious edification, with here and there among the more cultivated "the family Plutarch," caring little for those that were sociably companionable or that appealed to esthetic sensibility, and altogether indifferent to the fiction, romantic and social, from Richardson, Fielding, and Fanny Burney, to Scott and Jane Austen! Except to the curiously recondite scholar, the acquaintance with even Shakespeare and Montaigne was a revival, while the recent German literature which Dr. Hedge was introducing to the Cambridge circle, as Carlyle was disclosing its treasures to English readers, was like fresh tidings from a far country to minds like Margaret Fuller's.

In other English settlements on the Eastern coast, even from the earliest Colonial times, though there was far less diffusion of education among the people than in New England, the best of English literature, including fiction, had been keenly appreciated by the educated class and had indeed to such an extent satisfied a cultivated sensibility that the need of a distinctly American literature had been only too slightly felt. The few eminent American authors of fiction who preceded Hawthorne —Cooper, Irving, Brockden Brown, and Poe—had grown up outside the borders of New England, as the earliest prominent literary center in America had been Philadelphia, and not Boston.

One wonders what might have been the course of events if Ben Franklin had stayed in Boston, where he was born.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Mr. Possum's Motor-Car

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ONCE upon a time the Hollow Tree people took a ride in Mr. Man's new car, not in the seat, like Mr. Dog, but under it—under the back seat—and they came very nearly getting caught, but that is another story. It is enough to say that they didn't care to try it again, though they liked to remember it, and thought if they could just sit up in the seat and ride as Mr. Dog did, and see things go by, and not be down under it, in the dark and danger, they would enjoy it more than anything. Mr. Possum thought about it, and talked about it, more than anybody, and after breakfast, while Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow were doing up the morning's work, he used to walk up and down in the sun and smoke, thinking and thinking—for Mr. Possum is quite thoughtful and a good hand to plan, when work doesn't strain his mind.

Well, one morning, when Mr. Crow and Mr. Coon were all through, and came out and sat on a log to smoke in the sun and admire Mr. Possum, and think how smart he was and how well he looked for his age, he stopped all at once right in front of them, and said:

"I've got it!" he said. "I can do it! I can make one as easy as anything!"

"Make what?" said the Coon and the Old Black Crow both together, quite excited.

"I can make an automobile," said Mr. Possum. "I have planned it all out. I am going to commence now."

Then Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow took their pipes out of their mouths and looked at Mr. Possum; but they couldn't say a word, they were so astonished.

But Mr. Possum just threw his head back a little and blew some smoke and said that it had been quite hard to plan and had taken all of his best thoughts, but that it seemed easy enough now, and that he might have it done by night.

Then the Coon and the Crow did get excited, and said: "Oh yes, Mr. Possum, we'll help you. Will you let us help you, Mr. Possum?"

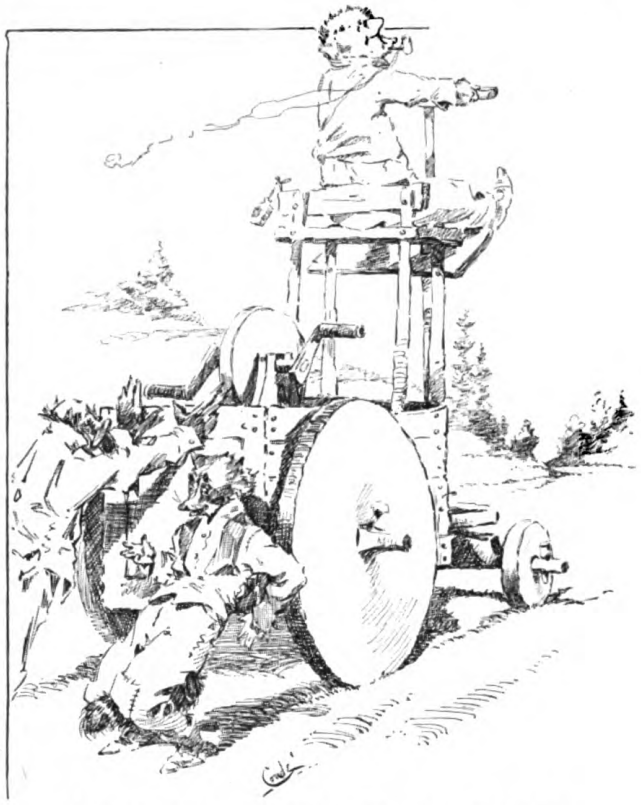
And Mr. Possum said that of course he would have to do the most, as he would have to show them how, but that they could do all the easy things; and he said they might begin by bringing down the big wood-box out of Mr. Crow's kitchen, and the big wood-saw, and the hammer and some nails, and any useful tool that they had borrowed from time to time from Mr. Man, during his absence.

So then Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow ran up and lugged down Mr. Crow's big wood-box, and got the saw and all the other tools and things they could find and brought them out to a shady place, for it was a fine spring day and getting quite warm, and Mr. Possum showed them a round tree, quite large, that had blown down during the winter, and told them they might saw it in two, first, and then cut off four nice slices from the best end, for



MR. POSSUM IS QUITE THOUGHTFUL

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MR. POSSUM GOT UP INTO THE SEAT TO STEER, AND MR. COON AND MR. CROW PUSHED

the four wheels. Mr. Possum sat down on the end of the log and showed them just how to take hold of the saw, one at each end, and pull first one way and then the other, and walked around and sighted across it to see that they were keeping it straight, and got a little cooking-grease and put on it so it would cut faster; and Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow worked and pulled and tugged and panted, and said it was wonderful exercise, and by and by really did get the log sawed in two.

Mr. Possum said they had done very well for the first cut, which was always the hardest, and that they'd all better rest and smoke a little, as his mind was quite tired with thinking. But in a few minutes he said they might try now to make a wheel, and see if they could do that as well; and Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow went at it again, and after a while got a slice of the tree cut off, quite smooth and about an inch thick, and Mr. Possum said it would make a very good wheel, but that they would be likely to improve with each slice, and that they must be very careful to hold the saw just as he told them.

So then they rested and cut off another slice, and rested some more and cut off another slice, until they had four slices and were nearly ready to drop from being tired and hot, and were saying how fine it was to have that job done, when Mr. Possum said that he had just remembered they would need one more slice for his steering-wheel.

Well, Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow thought they would surely die before they got the last slice off, and Mr. Possum brought some water and sprinkled a little on their foreheads, and at last that wheel was done, too, and they were all quite exhausted, and lay in the shade awhile to rest and talk about it. Mr. Possum said it might take a little longer than he thought to finish the automobile, and that it was better not to hurry so, as new thoughts were coming to him all the time. He said that next year they would make another, and probably change the style a good deal.

Then when they were rested he showed them some nice, straight limbs of the tree that they could saw off for the axles; and when they got those sawed off, which was easier to do, of course, he measured them and showed them how to shave the ends nice and smooth with Mr. Man's drawing-knife; and how to cut out of a strong piece of board some things he called brackets for the back axle to turn in, because the back axle had to turn; and how to bore holes with Mr. Man's auger in the back wheels and drive them on tight; and how to bore holes in the front wheels and put them on loose with pegs to hold them on, so they could turn; and how to bore a hole in the middle of the front axle and in the bottom of the big wood-box, for the steering-rod, because the wood-box was going to be used for the body, and the steering-rod would turn the front axle and hold it to the body at the same time.

Mr. Possum said that he had noticed that on Mr. Man's car the steering-rod did not stand straight up, but slanted a good deal, which seemed to him a mistake; no doubt if Mr. Man could see their car he would have his changed. And the Coon and the Old Black Crow said, "Of course," and that there never was anybody so smart to invent things as Mr. Possum, and that it was too bad he couldn't go over and suggest thoughts to Mr. Man.

The Hollow Tree people didn't get their

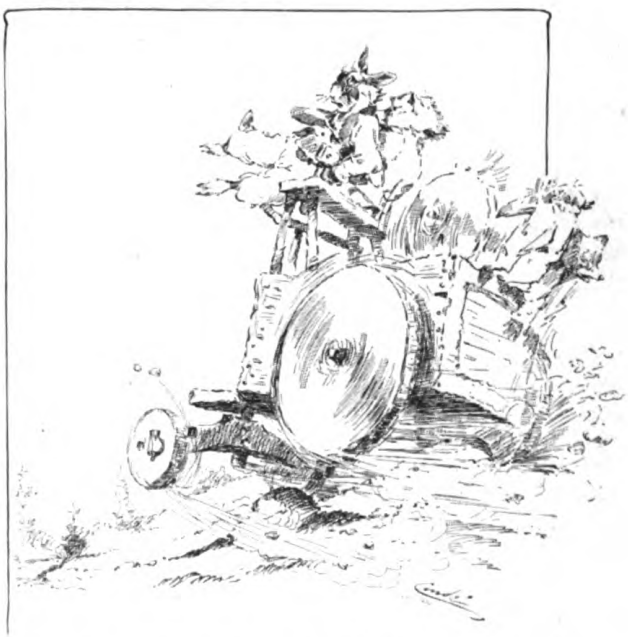
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car done that first day, but they got it a good deal more than half done, and could hardly wait to get at it next morning. They hurried out right after breakfast, and Mr. Possum had Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow sawing and boring and shaving with Mr. Man's drawing-knife, making the crank, which was a sort of double windlass that stood up in the car over the back axle, built so two people could turn it; and there would be a strong strap that went down through a hole in the bottom of the car and around the axle to make that turn, too, which would drive the car. Then Mr. Possum showed them how to make a seat for the front of the box so he could sit on it and drive and steer, because that was the hardest thing to do, while Mr. Crow and Mr. Coon only had to be the motor and work the windlass. Then they got the strap off of Mr. Coon's trunk, because it was a very strong one, and put it on, and tightened it up, and Mr. Possum said as far as he could see there was nothing more to be done with his car now but to use it. Of course he might think of new things later to attach to it, but he didn't see how he could improve it at present, and that they'd better take it out to the race-track and try it.

So then Mr. Possum got up into the seat to steer, and Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow pushed, but it went pretty hard until they put some grease on the wheels and transmission; after that it went better, but squeaked so loud that you could hear it all through the Big Deep Woods, and Mr. Rabbit came kiting over, and Mr. Robin and Mr. Squirrel came skipping among the trees, and Mr. Turtle came waddling up from the Wide Blue Water, to see what new thing was going on over at the Hollow Tree. And when they saw what the Hollow Tree people had made, they could hardly speak for their surprise. And when they found out how Mr. Possum had done all the hardest part—the planning it and showing how—they said they had never been so proud in their lives, just to be his friend, and they all helped push it over to the race-track; and when they got there, Mr. Possum invited Mr. Rabbit to sit in the front seat beside him, because Mr. Rabbit was an author and would want to write something about it, and Mr. Robin and Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Turtle went down the track a piece to see them dash by.

Then Mr. Crow and Mr. Coon took hold of the windlass, and Mr. Possum told them not to start too suddenly or go too fast at first, as it might injure the transmission, which was quite delicate. So Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow put a little strength on the windlass, but it didn't turn. Then they put some more on it, but it didn't turn. Then they put all they had on it, and it turned just a little bit, but very slow. Mr. Possum said he didn't think it would be dangerous to go a little faster, and Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow turned with every bit of strength they had, and worked harder even than they had at sawing up the log, but still Mr. Possum said he didn't believe they were going quite as fast as Mr. Man's car had gone, and Mr. Turtle called to them that perhaps if he and the others pushed until they got it to going well and the machinery warmed up it might run better.

Mr. Possum didn't much like to have his car pushed, but he said that Mr. Man's car didn't always start well, either, and very likely had to be pushed sometimes. So then Mr. Turtle and Mr. Squirrel got one on each corner, and Mr. Robin went ahead to push stones out of the road, and Mr. Possum said, "Ready!" and everybody did his best, and the Deep Woods automobile squeaked and squealed and started down the race-track pretty fast, but not always keeping in the middle of it, because Mr. Possum couldn't steer perfectly the first time, and went from one side of the road to the other, and said it was because they didn't push evenly, and he was as proud as could be of



MR. POSSUM CALLED BACK TO MR. COON AND MR. CROW THAT THEY COULD TURN A LITTLE SLOWER

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MR. TURTLE TOOK MR. POSSUM ON HIS BACK, AND EVERYBODY SAID IT WAS FINE

his great invention. Then Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Turtle gave it one big push and let go, and Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow ground away at the windlass their level best, and the car went on quite a ways before it stopped. It wouldn't have stopped then if Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow hadn't given clean out and let go of the crank and hung over the sides of the car and said it was all so exciting and they were enjoying it so much that they were quite overcome.

Then Mr. Turtle said *he* had an idea. He said down not far from the house along the Wide Blue Water there was a smooth road with a good deal of a slant in it, and that if the car was over there and got started down that slant it would very likely almost run itself, and move a good deal faster. So then they all said yes, that was just the thing, and everybody but Mr. Possum took hold and pushed, because Mr. Possum had to steer; and by and by they got to the slanting road, which was really quite a hill, and Mr. Rabbit got in again by Mr. Possum, and Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow took hold of the windlass, and, sure enough, that time the car started well enough and went without any trouble at all. Mr. Turtle and the others had run a good ways down the road to see them pass, and pretty soon they did pass, going faster and faster every minute; and everybody cheered and waved, and Mr. Possum called back to Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow that they could turn a little slower, so all could enjoy the scenery.

But Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow couldn't turn any slower, and when they tried to hold back on the crank it just jerked them right around, and when they let go entirely they went even faster, for that slanting road had turned into a real hill.

Then all at once Mr. Possum saw something that scared him —scared him so he nearly fainted away, for just then they rounded a turn, going lickety-split, and right in front of him Mr. Possum saw the Wide Blue Water. Mr. Possum's thoughts became confused. He could only realize two things: one was that he had forgotten all about putting any kind of brakes on his car to stop with, and the other was that he couldn't swim.

Mr. Possum wondered very rapidly what would stop them, and just then he saw a little tree ahead, right at the edge of the road. He couldn't think of anything but that, and he steered for the tree as straight as he could, which wasn't so very straight, for he hit it on the bias. Still that was enough to stop the car, but not the people in it. Mr. Possum himself flew into a thick blackberry patch; Mr. Rabbit sailed clear over the blackberry patch and landed in a boggy place; Mr. Coon went straight up into the little tree and grabbed some limbs and hung on, while Mr. Crow just opened his wings, and went sailing over to a nice grassy place by the road and wasn't injured at all.

There wasn't really anything fatally damaged except the automobile. When Mr. Possum came to, and Mr. Rabbit cleaned some of the bog off of himself, and Mr. Crow came back, and Mr. Coon climbed down, and the others caught up with them, they all looked around to see what they could find of Mr. Possum's invention. Some of it was in the bushes and some in the tree, and two of the wheels they couldn't find at all. Mr. Possum, who limped and seemed suffering, said that very likely Mr. Man had had the same experience with his first car, and that next year's model would be different.

Then Mr. Turtle took Mr. Possum on his back, and everybody said it was very fine for the first time, and certainly most exciting; and the Hollow Tree people invited all the others to the Hollow Tree to celebrate Mr. Possum's great invention.

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THE ONE: "*What kind of help have you now—colored?*"
THE OTHER: "*Yes, green.*"

His Sort

JINKS had been going from one church to another, endeavoring to find a congenial congregation. Finally, one Sunday morning he dropped into a little church just as the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

He dropped into a pew with a sigh of relief and satisfaction.

"Praise be!" he said, solemnly. "At last I've found my crowd."

Knew Who Was Boss

FOR several Saturday afternoons a young married man had found keen enjoyment participating in the "kid" ball-games on vacant lots adjoining his home. Finally, one Saturday the youngsters missed him. The game was accordingly delayed, and after a reasonable length of time a freckled delegate appeared at the front door. The bride answered the bell.

"Say," said the youngster, touching his cap, "can *he* come out to play?"

New England Training

"NOW," said a Boston school-teacher to his class in English, "can any one give me a word ending in 'ous,' meaning full of, as 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?"

For a moment there was a dead silence. Then a small boy raised his hand.

"Well," queried the teacher, "what is your word?"

Then came the reply, "'Pious,' full of pie!"

Another Accident

LITTLE Willie had returned from his first day at school, and was telling his mother his experiences. Among other things he said:

"One little boy came up behind me and pushed me over."

His mother, wishing to make as light of the affair as possible, replied, "I guess it was just an accident."

Willie took several minutes to think this over, then, nodding his head, exclaimed, "Yes, it was an accident—and then I made an accident happen to him and he cried, and cried."

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TELESCOPE MAN: *"Naw, I can't give ye a nickel, but I'll let ye look at the moon fer nuthin'."*

A Diplomat

BILLY, aged four, greeted his mother at the door with the confession that he had done precisely what she had told him not to. His mother was in doubt as to the exact punishment merited; the confession deserved praise, but there was no excuse for the disobedience. To gain time, she sent him into the next room to think over what he believed ought to be done.

Presently the little fellow returned, and said, very seriously, "Mother, you do what you want, but in Sunday-school they teach us to forgive."

Needless to say, he escaped punishment.

No Defense

A WESTERN community elected the local undertaker trial justice, chiefly because he had more leisure than any other citizen; but the new judge took his position very seriously and soon made a record of never discharging any accused person who was unfortunate enough to be brought before him.

Not long ago a prisoner was arraigned, charged with forgery.

"Well, Jim Brown," snarled the judge, "what have you got to say for yourself? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Why, Judge," answered the prisoner, "'course I'm not guilty. Why, you know yourself I can't even write my own name."

"Nothing to do with it," barked the judge. "You're not charged with writing your *own* name. I hold you for the grand jury."

Family Pride

THE following story is told of the mayor of a Western city.

A small boy, who afterward proved to be a nephew of one of the mayor's stenographers, was wandering about in the City Hall when one of the officials there happened upon him.

"Well, sonny," inquired the man, genially, "for whom are you looking?"

"For my aunt Kate."

"Can't you find her?"

"I can't seem to."

"And don't you know where she is?"

"Not exactly. She's in here somewhere, though, and I know that the mayor works in her office."

Better To Keep It Quiet

"DID you tell God about it and ask His forgiveness?" inquired the mother as she opened the closet door to interview her unruly son.

"No," returned the boy; "I was so bad I didn't think you wanted it known outside the family."

The Raffle

NELLIE, aged nine, was learning to crochet. One day she saw a large crocheted quilt, which was to be raffled off, hanging in a store window. She read the announcement and looked at the quilt with amazement. What an endless amount of work it seemed!

"Mother," she cried, on entering her home, "there's a crocheted quilt in Mack's window with a big card on it that says it is to be raveled out at ten cents a chance! All that work for nothing!"

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Proof Positive

THE teacher had been giving a reading on the anatomy of the body.

"Now, you see," she said, as she closed her book and laid it on the table, "the trunk is the middle part of the body. You understand that, don't you?"

All the children except one chorused, "Yes, ma'am."

"You understand it, too?" asked teacher, of the little boy who had not spoken with the others.

"It ain't so, ma'am," answered little Stephen.

"Why, my dear child," said teacher in astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the boy, earnestly, "you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant!"

Almost As Good

THE visiting nurse at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, was talking to the children in the lower grades at school. She told them of the importance of having fresh air in the house, especially in the sleeping-rooms. She asked a few questions, and when she asked one little boy if he slept with the windows open, he replied:

"No, ma'am, but we keep the doors unlocked."

In Training

SOME years ago a little mountain girl of six was taken to the roundhouse at Sacramento, California, for her first sight of an engine. For some moments she watched the huge mountain "Jumbos" switching back and forth to reach their proper tracks; then she remarked, with a fine air of finality:

"No wonder those things can go so fast—they practise enough."

Proud Father

THAT parental affection does not always see things as they are is evidenced by a story told by a Georgian. He overheard this conversation between two natives who had formerly been close friends.

"All your boys turned out well, did they?"

"Yes; I reckon they did."

"What's John doing?"

"He's doctoring in Texas."

"And Dick?"

"He's enlarging of a country newspaper and collecting subscriptions."

"And William—what's he doing?"

"He's preaching the gospel and splitting rails for a living."

"And what are you doing?"

"Well, I'm supporting John and Dick and William."



MAGISTRATE: "*The plaintiff swears that you knocked him down with a brick and rubbed his face in the mud. What have you to say?*"

DEFENDANT: "*I didn't mean no harm, your Honor. He never could take a joke.*"

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BOY: *Hi, Officer! Yer wanted in that house quick!*"
POLICEMAN: "*What's the trouble?*"
BOY: "*Th' new cook's lonesome.*"

A Trial of Faith

A PASTOR in western Pennsylvania, who until recently was a believer in the literal answer to prayer, is now, with some trepidation, taking stock of his faith. Not long ago a visiting fellow-clergyman prayed fervently in his pulpit to this effect:

"May the brother who ministers to this flock be filled full of fresh veal and new zigor."

The startled pastor says that he doesn't object to fresh veal in moderation, but does object to having one of these new breakfast-foods forced upon him.

Inclusive

A LITTLE girl, five years old, was making her first visit at her grandfather's in the country. In the home that she left were papa and mamma, brother and sister. In the home where she was visiting were grandpa, grandma, great-grandma, uncle and auntie. The child faithfully mentioned each one in her evening prayer until one evening she became weary of the monotonous roll-call and, after naming two or three, closed with the comprehensive petition, "God bless all hands around."

Only a "Ring Off"

"AUNTIE, did you ever have a proposal?"

"Once, dear. A gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."

About Grown People

GROWN folks are very queer, I think.
They're clever and they're wise,
But still it's mighty hard for me
To understand their *whys*.

Days when I romp and rip and rush,
And let things slip and fall,
They say, "No wonder mischief's done—
He's never still at all."

Times when I go off by myself
And make no noise, they say,
"He's surely up to mischief, now,
He's been so still to-day."

Grown folks are very fine, I know,
But very curious, too,
To say the same thing every time,
Whichever way I do!"

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

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Painting by N. C. Wyeth Illustration for "The Mysterious Stranger"

ESELDORF WAS A PARADISE FOR US BOYS

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The Mysterious Stranger

A Romance

by Mark Twain

PART I

IT was in 1590—winter. Austria was far away from the world, and asleep; it was still the Middle Ages in Austria, and promised to remain so forever. Some even set it away back centuries upon centuries and said that by the mental and spiritual clock it was still the Age of Belief in Austria. But they meant it as a compliment, not a slur, and it was so taken, and we were all proud of it. I remember it well, although I was only a boy; and I remember, too, the pleasure it gave me.

Yes, Austria was far from the world, and asleep, and our village was in the middle of that sleep, being in the middle of Austria. It drowsed in peace in the deep privacy of a hilly and woodsy solitude where news from the world hardly ever came to disturb its dreams, and was infinitely content. At its front flowed the tranquil river, its surface painted with cloud-forms and the reflections of drifting arks and stone-boats; behind it rose the woody steeps to the base of the lofty precipice; from the top of the precipice frowned a vast castle, its long stretch of towers and bastions mailed in vines; beyond the river, a league to the left, was a tumbled expanse of forest-clothed hills cloven by winding gorges where the sun never penetrated; and to the right a precipice overlooked the river, and between it and the hills just spoken of lay a far-reaching plain dotted with little homesteads nested among orchards and shade trees.

The whole region for leagues around was the hereditary property of a prince, whose servants kept the castle always in perfect condition for occupancy, but neither he nor his family came there oftener than once in five years. When they came it was as if the lord of the world had arrived, and had brought all the glories of its kingdoms along; and when they went they left a calm behind

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which was like the deep sleep which follows an orgy.

Eseldorf was a paradise for us boys. We were not overmuch pestered with schooling. Mainly we were trained to be good Christians; to revere the Virgin, the Church, and the saints above everything. Beyond these matters we were not required to know much; and, in fact, not allowed to. Knowledge was not good for the common people, and could make them discontented with the lot which God had appointed for them, and God would not endure discontentment with His plans. We had two priests. One of them, Father Adolf, was a very zealous and strenuous priest, much considered.

There may have been better priests, in some ways, than Father Adolf, but there was never one in our commune who was held in more solemn and awful respect. This was because he had absolutely no fear of the Devil. He was the only Christian I have ever known of whom that could be truly said. People stood in deep dread of him on that account; for they thought that there must be something supernatural about him, else he could not be so bold and so confident. All men speak in bitter disapproval of the Devil, but they do it reverently, not flippantly; but Father Adolf's way was very different; he called him by every name he could lay his tongue to, and it made every one shudder that heard him; and often he would even speak of him scornfully and scoffingly; then the people crossed themselves and went quickly out of his presence, fearing that something fearful might happen.

Father Adolf had actually met Satan face to face more than once, and defied him. This was known to be so. Father Adolf said it himself. He never made any secret of it, but spoke it right out. And that he was speaking true there was proof in at least one instance, for on that occasion he quarreled with the enemy, and intrepidly threw his bottle at him; and there, upon the wall of his study, was the ruddy splotch where it struck and broke.

But it was Father Peter, the other priest, that we all loved best and were sorriest for. Some people charged him with talking around in conversation that God was all goodness and would find a way to save all his poor human children. It was a horrible thing to say, but there was never any absolute proof that Father Peter said it; and it was out of character for him to say it, too, for he was always good and gentle and truthful. He wasn't charged with saying it in the pulpit, where all the congregation could hear and testify, but only outside, in talk; and it is easy for enemies to manufacture *that*. Father Peter had an enemy, and a very powerful one, the astrologer, who lived in a tumbled old tower up the valley, and put in his nights studying the stars. Every one knew he could foretell wars and famines, though that was not so hard, for there was always a war and generally a famine somewhere. But he could also read any man's life through the stars in a big book he had and find lost property, and every one in the village except Father Peter stood in awe of him. Even Father Adolf, who had defied the Devil, had a wholesome respect for the astrologer when he came through our village wearing his tall, pointed hat and his long, flowing robe with stars on it, carrying his big book, and a staff which was known to have magic power. The bishop himself sometimes listened to the astrologer, it was said, for besides studying the stars and prophesying, the astrologer made a great show of piety, which would impress the bishop, of course.

But Father Peter took no stock in the astrologer. He denounced him openly as a charlatan—a fraud with no valuable knowledge of any kind, or powers beyond those of an ordinary and rather inferior human being, which naturally made the astrologer hate Father Peter and wish to ruin him. It was the astrologer, as we all believed, who originated the story about Father Peter's shocking remark and carried it to the bishop. It was said that Father Peter had made the remark to his niece, Marget, though Marget denied it and implored the bishop to believe her and spare her old uncle from poverty and disgrace. But the bishop wouldn't listen. He suspended Father Peter indefinitely, though he wouldn't go so far as to excommunicate him on the evidence of only one witness; and now

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Father Peter had been out a couple of years, and our other priest, Father Adolf, had his flock.

Those had been hard years for the old priest and Marget. They had been favorites, but of course that changed when they came under the shadow of the bishop's frown. Many of their friends fell away entirely, and the rest became cool and distant. Marget was a lovely girl of eighteen when the trouble came, and she had the best head in the village, and the most in it. She taught the harp, and earned all her clothes and pocket money by her own industry. But her scholars fell off one by one, now; she was forgotten when there were dances and parties among the youth of the village; the young fellows stopped coming to the house, all except Wilhelm Meidling — and he could have been spared; she and her uncle were sad and forlorn in their neglect and disgrace, and the sunshine was gone out of their lives. Matters went worse and worse, all through the two years. Clothes were wearing out, bread was harder and harder to get. And now, at last, the very end was come. Solomon Isaacs had lent all the money he was willing to put on the house, and gave notice that to-morrow he would foreclose.

Three of us boys were always together, and had been so from the cradle, being fond of one another from the beginning, and this affection deepened as the years went on—Nikolaus Bauman, son of the principal judge of the local court; Seppi Wohlmeyer, son of the keeper of the principal inn, the "Golden Stag," which had a nice garden, with shade trees, reaching down to the riverside, and pleasure boats for hire; and I was the third—Theodor Fischer, son of the church organist, who was also leader of the village musicians, teacher of the violin, composer, tax-collector of the commune, sexton, and in other ways a useful citizen and respected by all. We knew the hills and the woods as well as the birds knew them; for we were always roaming them when we had leisure —at least when we were not swimming or boating or fishing, or playing on the ice or sliding down hill.

And we had the run of the castle park, and very few had that. It was because we were pets of the oldest serving-man in the castle—Felix Brandt; and often we went there, nights, to hear him talk about old times and strange things, and to smoke with him (he taught us that) and to drink coffee; for he had served in the wars, and was at the siege of Vienna; and there, when the Turks were defeated and driven away, among the captured things were bags of coffee, and the Turkish prisoners explained the character of it and how to make a pleasant drink out of it, and now he always kept coffee by him, to drink himself and also to astonish the ignorant with. When it stormed he kept us all night; and while it thundered and lightened outside he told us about ghosts and horrors of every kind, and of battles and murders and mutilations, and such things, and made it pleasant and cozy inside; and he told these things from his own experience largely. He had seen many ghosts in his time, and witches and enchanters, and once he was lost in a fierce storm at midnight in the mountains, and by the glare of the lightning had seen the Wild Huntsman rage on the blast with his specter dogs chasing after him through the driving cloud-rack. Also he had seen an incubus once, and several times he had seen the great bat that sucks the blood from the necks of people while they are asleep, fanning them softly with its wings and so keeping them drowsy till they die.

He encouraged us not to fear supernatural things, such as ghosts, and said they did no harm, but only wandered about because they were lonely and distressed and wanted kindly notice and compassion; and in time we learned not to be afraid, and even went down with him in the night to the haunted chamber in the dungeons of the castle. The ghost appeared only once, and it went by very dim to the sight and floated noiseless through the air, and then disappeared; and we scarcely trembled, he had taught us so well. He said it came up sometimes in the night and woke him up by passing its clammy hand over his face, but it did him no hurt; it only wanted sympathy and notice. But the strangest thing was that he had seen angels—actual angels

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out of heaven—and had talked with them. They had no wings, and wore clothes, and talked and looked and acted just like any natural person, and you would never know them for angels except for the wonderful things they did which a mortal could not do, and the way they suddenly disappeared while you were talking with them, which was also a thing which no mortal could do. And he said they were pleasant and cheerful, not gloomy and melancholy, like ghosts.

It was after that kind of a talk one May night that we got up next morning and had a good breakfast with him and then went down and crossed the bridge and went away up into the hills on the left to a woody hill-top which was a favorite place of ours, and there we stretched out on the grass in the shade to rest and smoke and talk over these strange things, for they were in our minds yet, and impressing us. But we couldn't smoke, because we had been heedless and left our flint and steel behind.

Soon there came a youth strolling toward us through the trees, and he sat down and began to talk in a friendly way, just as if he knew us. But we did not answer him, for he was a stranger and we were not used to strangers and were shy of them. He had new and good clothes on, and was handsome and had a winning face and a pleasant voice, and was easy and graceful and unembarrassed, not slouchy and awkward and diffident like other boys. We wanted to be friendly with him, but didn't know how to begin. Then I thought of the pipe, and wondered if it would be taken as kindly meant if I offered it to him. But I remembered that we had no fire, so I was sorry and disappointed. But he looked up bright and pleased, and said:

"Fire? Oh, that is easy; I will furnish it."

I was so astonished I couldn't speak; for I had not said anything. He took the pipe and blew his breath on it, and the tobacco glowed red, and spirals of blue smoke rose up. We jumped up and were going to run, for that was natural; and we did run a few steps, although he was yearningly pleading for us to stay, and giving us his word that he would not do us any harm, but only wanted to be friends with us and have company. So we stopped and stood, and wanted to go back, being full of curiosity and wonder, but afraid to venture. He went on coaxing, in his soft, persuasive way; and when we saw that the pipe did not blow up and nothing happened, our confidence returned by little and little, and presently our curiosity got to be stronger than our fear, and we ventured back—but slowly, and ready to fly at any alarm.

He was bent on putting us at ease, and he had the right art; one could not remain doubtful and timorous where a person was so earnest and simple and gentle, and talked so alluringly as he did; no, he won us over, and it was not long before we were content and comfortable and chatty, and glad we had found this new friend. When the feeling of constraint was all gone we asked him how he had learned to do that strange thing, and he said he hadn't learned it at all; it came natural to him—like other things—other curious things.

"What ones?"

"Oh, a number; I don't know how many."

"Will you let us see you do them?"

"Do—please!" the others said.

"You won't run away again?"

"No—indeed we won't. Please do. Won't you?"

"Yes, with pleasure; but you mustn't forget your promise, you know."

We said we wouldn't, and he went to a puddle and came back with water in a cup which he had made out of a leaf, and blew upon it and threw it out, and it was a lump of ice the shape of the cup. We were astonished and charmed, but not afraid any more; we were very glad to be there, and asked him to go on and do some more things. And he did. He said he would give us any kind of fruit we liked, whether it was in season or not. We all spoke at once:

"Orange!"

"Apple!"

"Grapes!"

"They are in your pockets," he said, and it was true. And they were of the best, too, and we ate them and wished

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we had more, though none of us said so.

"You will find them where these came from," he said, "and everything else your appetites call for; and you need not name the thing you wish; as long as I am with you, you have only to wish and find."

And he said true. There was never anything so wonderful and so interesting. Bread, cakes, sweets, nuts—whatever one wanted, it was there. He ate nothing himself, but sat and chatted, and did one curious thing after another to amuse us. He made a tiny toy squirrel out of clay, and it ran up a tree and sat on a limb overhead and barked down at us. Then he made a dog that was not much larger than a mouse, and it treed the squirrel and danced about the tree, excited and barking, and was as alive as any dog could be. It frightened the squirrel from tree to tree and followed it up until both were out of sight in the forest. He made birds out of clay and set them free, and they flew away, singing.

At last I made bold to ask him to tell us who he was.

"An angel," he said, quite simply, and set another bird free and clapped his hands and made it fly away.

A kind of awe fell upon us when we heard him say that, and we were afraid again; but he said we need not be troubled, there was no occasion for us to be afraid of an angel, and he liked us anyway. He went on chatting as simply and unaffectedly as ever; and while he talked he made a crowd of little men and women the size of your finger, and they went diligently to work and cleared and leveled off a space a couple of yards square in the grass and began to build a cunning little castle in it, the women mixing the mortar and carrying it up the scaffoldings in pails on their heads, just as our work-women have always done, and the men laying the courses of masonry—five hundred of those toy people swarming briskly about and working diligently and wiping the sweat off their faces as natural as life. In the absorbing interest of watching those five hundred little people make the castle grow step by step and course by course, and take shape and symmetry, that feeling and awe soon passed away and we were quite comfortable and at home again. We asked if we might make some people, and he said yes, and told Seppi to make some cannon for the walls, and told Nikolaus to make some halberdiers, with breastplates and greaves and helmets, and I was to make some cavalry, with horses, and in allotting these tasks he called us by our names, but did not say how he knew them. Then Seppi asked him what his own name was, and he said, tranquilly, "Satan," and held out a chip and caught a little woman on it who was falling from the scaffolding and put her back where she belonged, and said, "She is an idiot to step backward like that and not notice what she is about."

It caught us suddenly, that name did, and our work dropped out of our hands and broke to pieces—a cannon, a halberdier, and a horse. Satan laughed, and asked what was the matter. I said, "Nothing, only it seemed a strange name for an angel." He asked why.

"Because it's — it's — well, it's his name, you know."

"Yes—he is my uncle."

He said it placidly, but it took our breath for a moment and made our hearts beat hard. He did not seem to notice that, but partly mended our halberdiers and things with a touch, handed them to us finished, and said, "Don't you remember?—he was an angel himself, once."

"Yes—it's true," said Seppi; "I didn't think of that."

"Before the Fall he was blameless."

"Yes," said Nikolaus, "he was without sin."

"It is a good family — ours," said Satan; "there is not a better. He is the only member of it that has ever sinned."

I should not be able to make any one understand how exciting it all was. You know that kind of quiver that trembles around through you when you are seeing something so strange and enchanting and wonderful that it is just a fearful joy to be alive and look at it; and you know how you gaze, and your lips turn dry and your breath comes short, but you wouldn't be anywhere but there, not for the world. I was bursting to ask one question—I had it on my tongue's

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end and could hardly hold it back—but I was ashamed to ask it; it might be a rudeness. Satan set an ox down that he had been making, and smiled up at me and said:

"It wouldn't be a rudeness, and I should forgive it if it was. Have I seen him? Millions of times. From the time that I was a little child a thousand years old I was his second favorite among the nursery angels of our blood and lineage —to use a human phrase—yes, from that time till the Fall, eight thousand years, measured as you count time."

"Eight—thousand!"

"Yes." He turned to Seppi, and went on as if answering something that was in Seppi's mind: "Why, naturally I look like a boy, for that is what I am. With us what you call time is a spacious thing; it takes a long stretch of it to grow an angel to full age." There was a question in my mind, and he turned to me and answered it, "I am sixteen thousand years old—counting as you count." Then he turned to Nikolaus and said: "No, the Fall did not affect me nor the rest of the relationship. It was only he that I was named for who ate of the fruit of the tree and then beguiled the man and the woman with it. We others are still ignorant of sin; we are not able to commit it; we are without blemish, and shall abide in that estate always. We—" Two of the little workmen were quarreling, and in buzzing little bumblebee voices they were cursing and swearing at each other; now came blows and blood; then they locked themselves together in a life-and-death struggle. Satan reached out his hand and crushed the life out of them with his fingers, threw them away, wiped the red from his fingers on his handkerchief, and went on talking where he had left off: "We cannot do wrong; neither have we any disposition to do it, for we do not know what it is."

It seemed a strange speech, in the circumstances, but we barely noticed that, we were so shocked and grieved at the wanton murder he had committed—for murder it was, that was its true name, and it was without palliation or excuse, for the men had not wronged him in any way. It made us miserable, for we loved him, and had thought him so noble and so beautiful and gracious, and had honestly believed he was an angel; and to have him do this cruel thing—ah, it lowered him so, and we had had such pride in him. He went right on talking, just as if nothing had happened, telling about his travels, and the interesting things he had seen in the big worlds of our solar system and of other solar systems far away in the remotenesses of space, and about the customs of the immortals that inhabit them, somehow fascinating us, enchanting us, charming us in spite of the pitiful scene that was now under our eyes, for the wives of the little dead men had found the crushed and shapeless bodies and were crying over them, and sobbing and lamenting; and a priest was kneeling there with his hands crossed upon his breast, praying; and crowds and crowds of pitying friends were massed about them, reverently uncovered, with their bare heads bowed, and many with the tears running down —a scene which Satan paid no attention to until the small noise of the weeping and praying began to annoy him, then he reached out and took the heavy board seat out of our swing and brought it down and mashed all those people into the earth just as if they had been flies, and went on talking just the same.

An angel, and kill a priest! An angel who did not know how to do wrong, and yet destroys in cold blood hundreds of helpless poor men and women, who had never done him any harm! It made us sick to see that awful deed, and to think that none of those poor creatures was prepared except the priest, for none of them had ever heard a mass or seen a church. And we were witnesses; we had seen these murders done and it was our duty to tell, and let the law take its course.

But he went on talking right along, and worked his enchantments upon us again with that fatal music of his voice. He made us forget everything; we could only listen to him, and love him, and be his slaves, to do with us as he would. He made us drunk with the joy of being with him, and of looking into the heaven of his eyes, and of feeling the ecstasy that thrilled along our veins from the touch of his hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Through the Juras by Motor

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

WE had chosen Vevey on Lake Geneva as our winter quarters, and it would be hard, I think, to make a better selection for any season. I have never known any one to be really tired of Vevey.

Yet, with the breaking out of the primroses and the hint of a pale green beading along certain branches in the hotel garden the desire to be going and seeing and doing, to hear the long drowse of the motor and look out over the revolving distances, to drop down magically, as it were, into this environment and that, began to trickle and prickle a little in the blood, to light pale memories and color new plans.

We could not go for a good while yet. For spring is really spring in Switzerland —not advance instalments of summer— sunlight that is not hot, showers that are not cold; the snow on the mountainsides advancing and retreating, sometimes in the night getting as low down as Chardonne, which was less than half an hour's walk above our hotel.

There was something curiously unreal about this Swiss springtime. We saw the trees break out into leaf, the fields grow vividly green and fresh and then become gay with flowers, without at all feeling the reason for such a mood. In America such a change is wrought by hot days—cold ones, too, perhaps, but certainly hot ones. We have sweltered in April, though we have sometimes snowballed in May. The Swiss spring is different. Three months of gradual, almost unnoticeable, mellowing kept us from getting excited and gave us plenty of time to plan.

We sent for a road map of France divided into four sections, showing also western Germany and Switzerland. We spread it out on the table and traced a variety of routes, any of them fascinating enough, for if there is any uninteresting country in Europe, I have never found it.

We discussed matters of real importance—that is to say, expenses. We said we would give ourselves an object-lesson this time in what could really be done in motor economies. Coming up from Marseilles in September, we had now and again lunched by the roadside with pleasing results. This time we would always do it. Before, we had stopped a few times at small inns in villages instead of seeking out hotels in the larger towns. Those few experiments had been altogether satisfactory, both as to price and entertainment. Perhaps this had been merely our good fortune, but we were willing to take further chances. From fifty francs a day required for our party of four—the said party being the owners of the car and two sub-owners, Narcissa aged sixteen and "the Joy" aged eleven—we might subtract a franc or two and still be nourished, body and soul. Thus we planned. When it was pleasant we enjoyed shopping for our roadside outfit: a basket, square, and of no great size; some agate cups and saucers; some knives and forks; also an alcohol-stove the kind that compacts itself into very small compass, aluminum, and very light—I hope they have them elsewhere than in Switzerland, for their usefulness is above price.

It was the first week in May that we started. The car had been thoroughly overhauled, and I had spent a week personally on it, scraping and polishing, so that we might make a fine appearance as we stood in front of the hotel in the bright morning sunlight where our fellow-guests would gather to see us glide away.

I have had many such showy dreams as that, and they turn out all pretty much alike. We did not start in the bright morning. It was raining and it continued to rain until eleven o'clock.

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By that time our fellow-guests were not on hand. They had got tired and gone to secluded corners or to their rooms or were drabbling into the village. When the sun finally came out only a straggler or two appeared. It was too bad.

We glided away, but not very far. I remembered, as we were passing through the town, that it might be well to take some funds along, so we drove around to the bank to see what we could raise in that line. We couldn't raise anything—not a centime. It was just past twelve o'clock, and according to Swiss custom the bank was closed for two hours. Not a soul was there—the place was locked, curtained, barred. Only dynamite would have opened it.

We consulted. We had some supplies in our basket, to eat by the roadside as soon as we were well into the country. Very good; we would drive to some quiet back street in the suburbs and enjoy them. We had two hours to wait—we need feel no sense of hurry. So we drove down into Vevey la Tour, and behind an old arch, where friends would not be likely to notice us, we sat in the car and ate our first luncheon, with a smocked boy for audience—a boy with a basket on his arm, probably delaying the machinery of his own household to study the working economies of ours. Afterward we drove back to the bank, got our finances arranged, slipped down a side-street to the lake-front, and fled away toward Montreux without looking behind us. It was not at all the departure we had planned.

It rained again at Montreux, but the sun was shining at Chillon, and the lake was blue. Through openings in the trees we could see the picture towns of Territet, Montreux, Clarens, and Vevey skirting the shore—the white steamers plying up and down, the high-perched hotels, half lost in cloudland, and we thought that our travels could hardly provide a more charming vision than that. Then we were in Villeneuve, then in the open, flat fields of the Rhone Valley, where the roads are poor for Europe, on through a jolty village to a bridge across the Rhone, and so along the south shore by Bouveret, to St. Gingolph, where we exhibited our papers at the Swiss *douane*, crossed a little brook, and were again in France! We were making the circuit of the lake, you see. All winter we had looked across to that shore, with its villages and snow-mantled hills. We would now see it at close range.

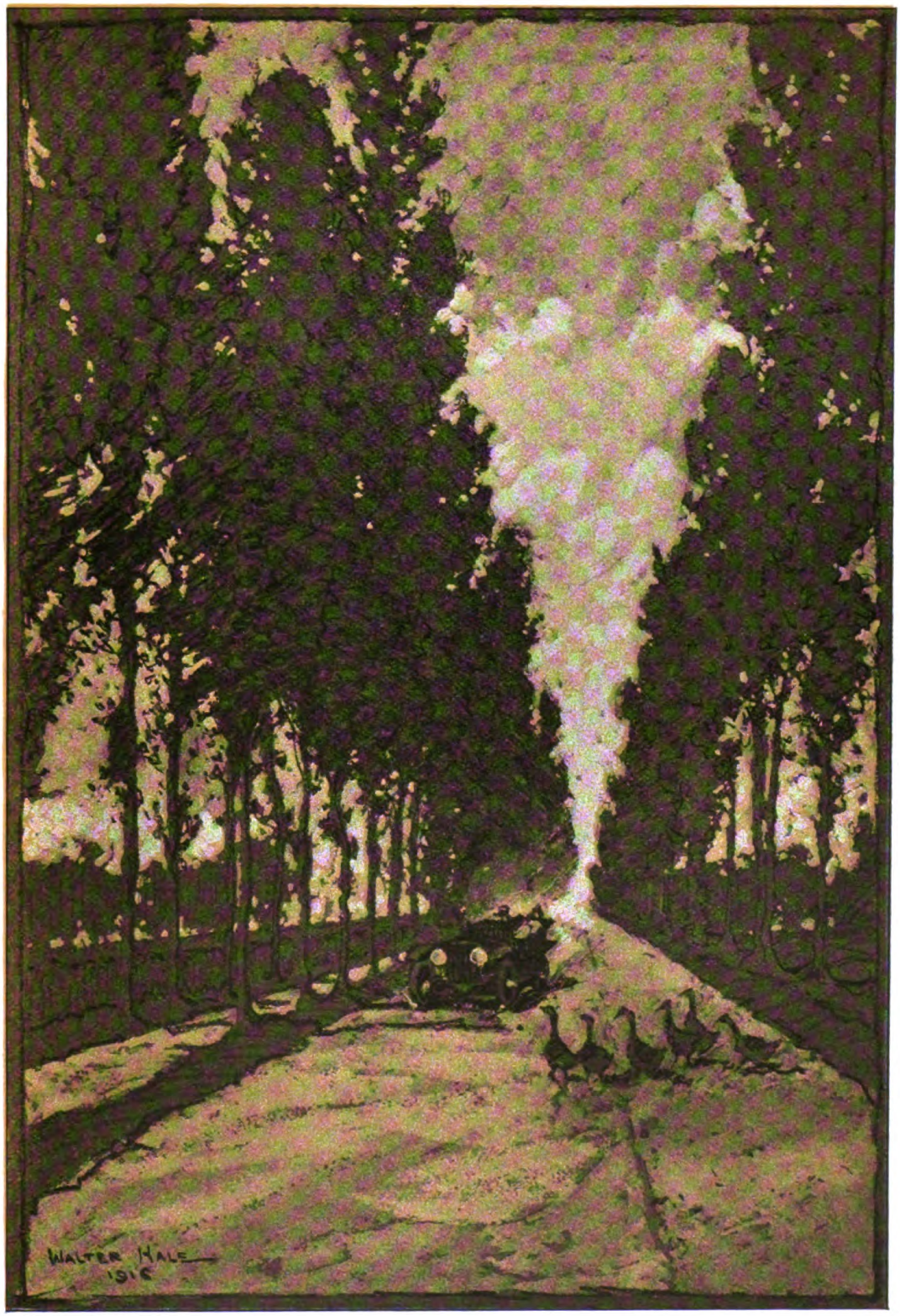
We realized one thing almost immediately. Swiss roads are not bad roads, by any means, but French roads are better.

I have made up my mind that there is nothing more perfect in this world than a French road. I am likely to dwell upon this subject unduly, for it always excites me. Those roads are a perfect network in France, and I can never cease marveling at the money and labor they must have cost. They are so hard and smooth, so carefully graded and curved, so beautifully shaded, so scrupulously repaired—it would seem that half the wealth and effort of France must be expended on her highways. The road from St. Gingolph was wider than the one we had left behind. It was also a better road, and in better repair. It was a floor. Here and there we came to groups of men working at it, though it needed nothing that we could see. It skirted the mountains and lake-front. We could look across to our own side now—to Vevey and those other towns, and the cloud-climbing hotels, all bright in the sunshine.

We passed a nameless village or two, and were at Evian, a watering-place which has grown in fame and wealth these later years—a resort of fine residences and handsome hotels—not our kind of hotels, but good enough for persons whose tastes have not been refined down to our budget and daily programme of economies.

It was at Thonon — quaint old Thonon, once a residence of the counts and dukes of Savoy—that we found a hostelry of our kind. It had begun raining again, and, besides, it was well toward evening. We pulled up in front of one of the least extravagant of the Red Book hotels, and I went in. The "bureau," as the French call the office, was not very inviting. It was rather dingy and somber, and nobody was there. I found a bell and rang it, and a woman appeared—not a very attractive woman, but a kindly person who could

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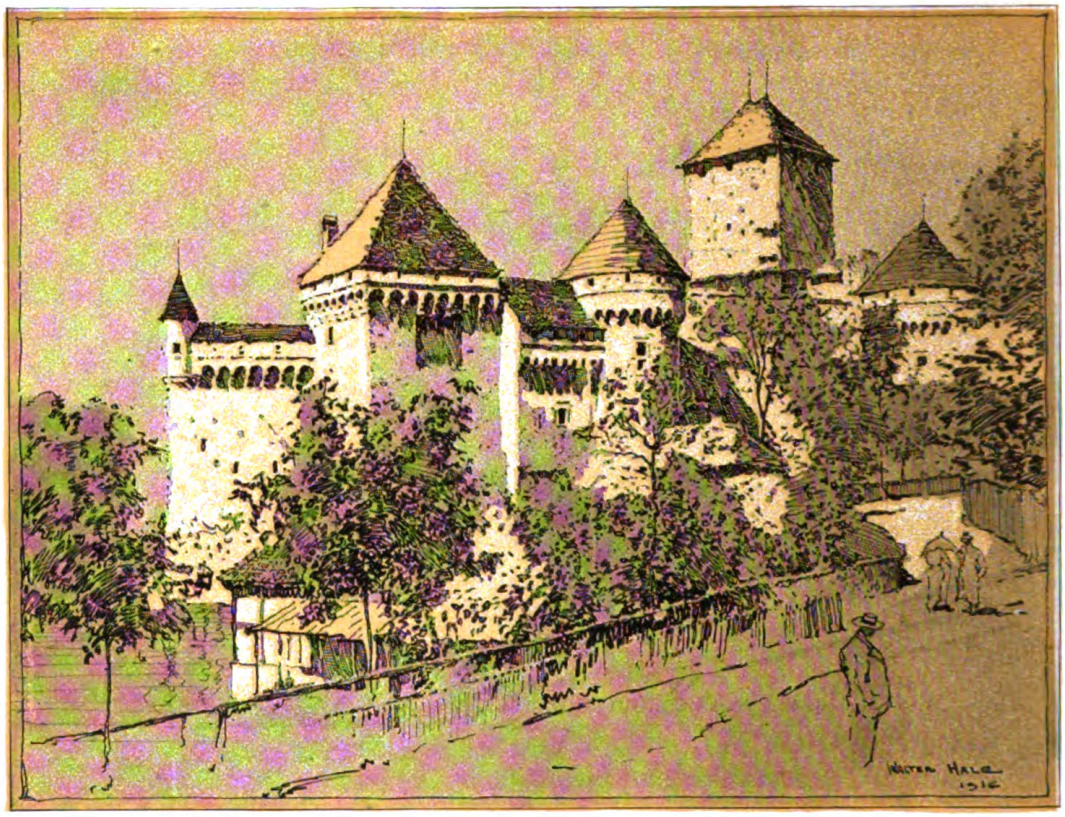
Drawn by Walter Hale

FRENCH ROADS ARE THE MOST PERFECT IN THE WORLD

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THE CHÂTEAU OF CHILLON

understand my "*Vous avez des chambres?*" and that went a good ways. She had "*des chambres*," and certainly no fault could be found with those. They were of immense size, the beds were soft, smooth, and spotlessly clean. Yes, there was a garage, free.

I went back with my report. The dinner might be bad, we said, but it would only be for once—besides, it was raining harder. So we went in, and when the shower passed we took a walk along the lake-front, where there is an old château, once the home of royalty, now the storehouse of plaster or something, and we stopped to look at a public laundry—a square stone pool under a shed, where the women get down on their knees and place the garments on a board and scrub them with a brush, while the cold water from the mountains runs in and out and is never warmed at all.

Half-way up the hill we found about the smallest church in the world, built at a corner of one of the old domains. A woman came with a key and let us into it, and we sat in the little chairs and inspected the tiny altar and all the sacred things. Across from the church stood a ruined tower, matted with vines, the remains of a tenth-century château—already old when the one down on the lake-front was new. We speak lightly of a few centuries more or less, but after all there was a goodly period between the tenth and the fourteenth, a period long enough to cover American history from Montezuma to the present day. These old towers, once filled with life and voices, are fascinating things. We stood looking at this one while the dusk gathered. Then it began sprinkling again, and it was dinner-time.

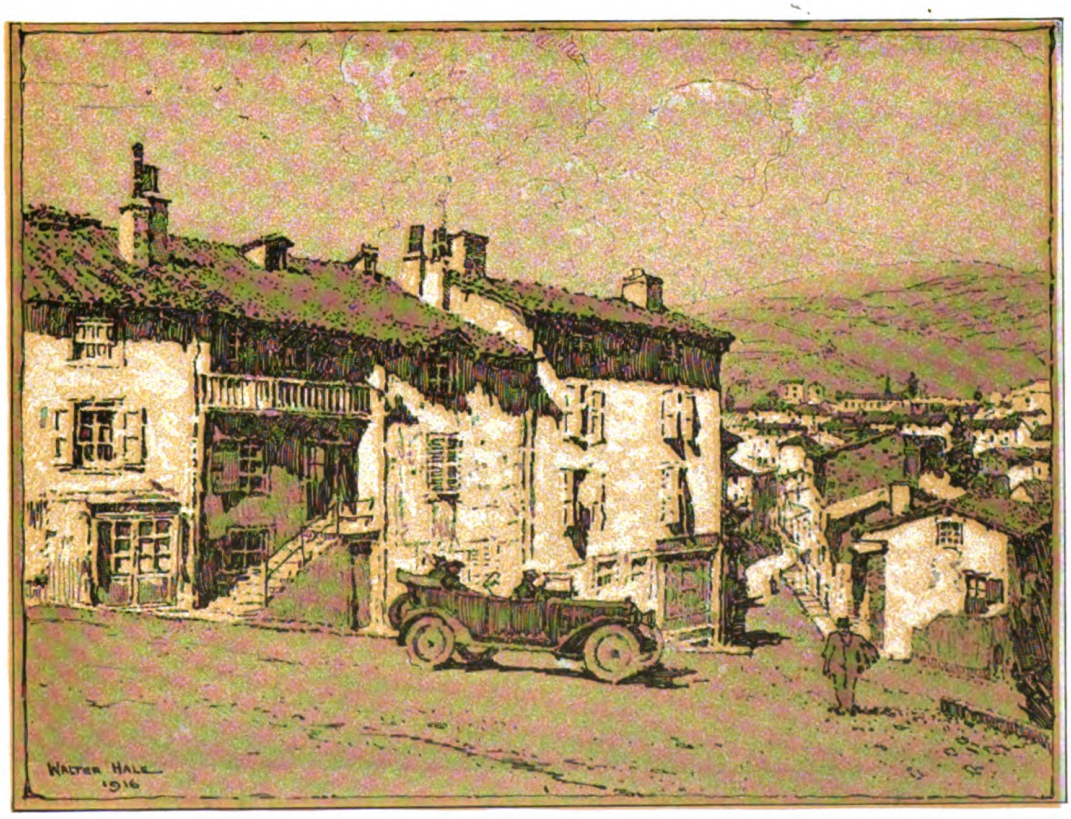
So we returned to the hotel, and I may as well say at once that I do not believe there are any bad dinners in France. I have forgotten what we had, but I suppose it was fish and omelet and meat and chicken and salad and dessert, and I know it was all hot and delicious and served daintily in courses, and we went to those soft beds, happy and

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soothed, and fell asleep to the sound of the rain pattering outside, and felt not a care in the world.

It was still drizzling next morning, so we were in no hurry to leave. We plodded about the gray streets, picking up some things for the lunch-basket, and Narcissa and the Joy got a chance to try their nice new French on real French people, and were gratified to find that it worked just the same as it did on Swiss people. Then it cleared, and I backed the car out of the big stable where it had spent the night, and we packed on our bags and paid our bill—twenty-seven francs for all, or about one dollar and thirty-five cents each for dinner, lodging, and breakfast—tips, one franc each to waitress, chambermaid, and garage-man. If they were dissatisfied they did not look it, and presently we were once more on the road, all the cylinders working and bankruptcy not yet in sight. It was glorious and fresh along the lake-front—also appetizing. We stopped by and by for a little mid-morning luncheon, and a passing motorist, who probably could not believe we would stop merely to eat at that hour, drew up to ask if anything was wrong with our car and if he could help. They are kindly people, these French and Swiss. Stop your car by the roadside and begin to hammer something, or to take off a tire, and you will have offers of assistance from four out of every five cars that pass.

There is another little patch of Switzerland again at the end of the lake, and presently you run into Geneva and trouble. Geneva is certainly a curious place. The map of it looks as easy as nothing, and you go gliding into it full of confidence, and presently find yourself in a perfect maze of streets that have no names on the map at all, while all the streets that are on the map certainly have changed their names, for you cannot find them where they should be and no one has ever heard of them. Besides, the wind is generally blowing—the *bise*—and it does not help to simplify matters. Narcissa inquired and I inquired, and then the Joy, who privately, I think,



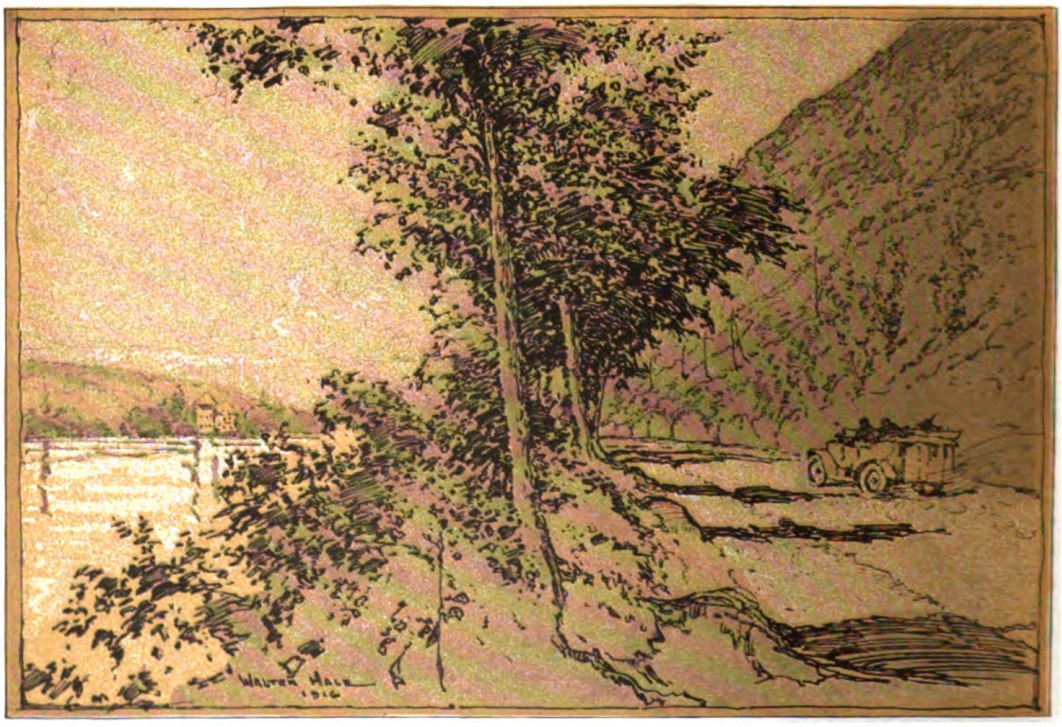
THE TOWNS ARE A MAZE OF STREETS WITH PRECIPITOUS TURNS

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speaks the best French of any of us, also inquired, but the combined result was just a big coal-yard which a perfectly good-looking street led us straight into, making it necessary to back out and apologize and feel ashamed. Then we heard somebody calling us, and, looking around, saw the man in gray who had last directed us, and who also felt ashamed, it seemed, of us, or himself, or something—and had run after us to get us out of the mess. So he directed us again and we started, but the labyrinth closed in once more—the dust and narrow streets and blind alleys, and once again the voice came crying to us and there was the man in gray—he must have run half a mile this time—waving and calling and pointing the path out of the maze. It seemed that they were fixing all the good streets, and that we must get through by circuitous bad ones to the side of the city toward France. I asked him why they didn't leave the good streets alone and fix the bad ones, but he only smiled and explained some more, and once more we went astray, and once more his voice came calling down the wind, and he came up breathlessly, and this time followed with us, refusing even a place on the running-board, until he got us out of the city proper and well headed for France. We had grown fond of that man, and grieved to see him go. We had known him hardly ten minutes, I think, but friendships are not to be measured by time.

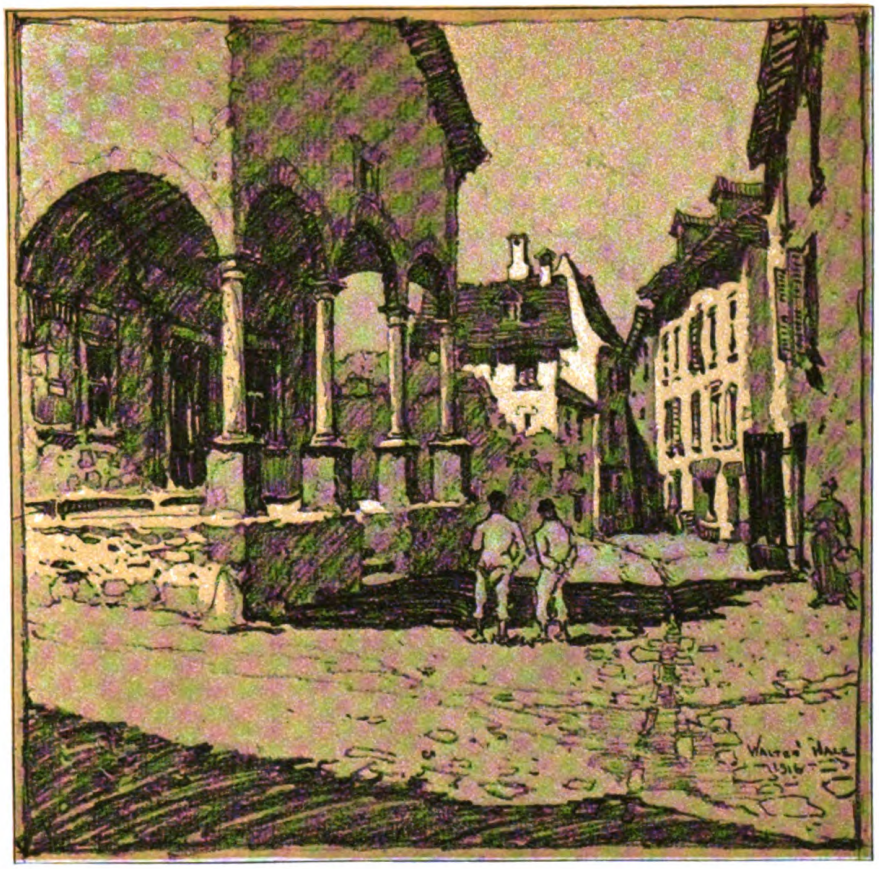
On a pretty hill road where a little stream of water trickled we ate our first real luncheon—that is to say, we used our new stove; we cooked eggs and made coffee, and when there came a sprinkle we stood under our umbrellas or sat in the car and felt that this was really a kind of gipsying, and worth while.

There was a waving meadow just above the bank, and I went up there to look about a little. No house was in sight, but this meadow was a part of some man's farm. It was familiar in every corner to him—he had known it always. Perhaps he had played in it as a child, his children had played in it after him, it was inseparable from the life and happiness of a home. Yet to us it was merely the field above our luncheon-place—a locality hardly noticed or



SKIRTING THE RHONE ON THE WAY TO NANTUA

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AN OLD STREET—ST. GINGOLPH

thought of, barely to be remembered at all.

Crossing another lonely but fertile land, we entered the hills, skirted mountainsides—sometimes in sun, sometimes in shower—descended a steep road, passed under a great arched battlement that was part of a frowning fortress guarding the frontier of France. Not far beyond, at the foot of a long decline, lay a beautiful city, just where the mountains notched to form a passage for the Rhone. It was Bellegarde, and as we drove nearer some of the illusions of beauty disappeared. French cities generally show best from a distance. Their streets are not very clean, and they are seldom in repair. The French have the best roads and the poorest streets in the world.

We drew up in front of the custom-house and exhibited our French triptych. It was all right, and after it was indorsed I thought we were through. This was not true. A tall, excited individual appeared from somewhere and began nervously to inspect our baggage. Suddenly he came upon a small, empty cigar-box which I had put in, thinking it might be useful. Cigars are contraband, and at sight of the empty box that wild-eyed attenuation had a fit. He turned the box upside down and shook it, he turned it sidewise and looked into it, shook it again and knocked on it as if bound to make the cigars appear. He seemed to decide that I had hidden the cigars, for he made a raid on things in general. He looked into the gasolene-tank, he went through the pockets of the catch-all, and scattered our guide-books and maps; then he had up the cushion of the back seat and went into the compartment where this time was our assortment of hats. You never saw millinery fly as it did in that man's hands, with the head of the family and Narcissa and the Joy grabbing at their

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flowers and feathers and saying things in English that would have hurt that man if he could have understood them. As for him, he was repeating steadily, "*Pas dérange—pas dérange*," when all the time he was deranging ruthlessly, and even permanently. He got through at last, smiled, bowed, and retired—pleased evidently with the thoroughness of his investigation. But for some reason he entirely overlooked our bags, strapped on the footboard. We did not remind him.

The Perte of the Rhone is at Bellegarde. The perte is a place where in dry weather the Rhone disappears entirely from sight for the space of seventy yards, to come boiling up again from some unknown mystery. Articles have been thrown in on one side—even live animals, it is said—but they have never reappeared on the other. What becomes of them is a matter of speculation. Perhaps some fearful underground maelstrom holds them. There was no perte when we were there—there had been too much rain. The Rhone went tearing through a gorge where we judged the perte should be located in less watery seasons.

It was getting toward dusk when we came to Nantua—a lost and forgotten town among the Jura cliffs. We stopped in front of the showier hotel there, everything looked so rain-beaten and discouraging, but the woman who ran it was even showier than her hotel, and insisted on us taking a parlor suite at some fabulous price. So we drove away and drew up rather sadly at the other one, which on that dull evening was far from compelling. Yet the rooms they showed us were good, and the dinner—a surprise of fresh trout just caught, served sizzling hot, fine baked potatoes and steak, with good red wine aplenty—was such as to make us forswear forevermore the showy hotels for the humbler inns of France.



DESCENDING THE JURAS ABOVE PONT D'AIN

But I am moving too fast. Before dinner we walked for a little in the gray evening and came to an old church—one of the oldest in France, it is said, built in the ninth century and called St.-Michel's. It is over a thousand years old, and looks it. It has not been much rebuilt, I think, for invasion and revolution appear seldom to have surmounted the natural ramparts of Nantua, and only the storm-beat and the erosion of the centuries have written the story of decay. The hand of restoration has troubled it little. We slipped in through the gathering dusk, and tiptoed about, for there were a few lights flickering before the altar, and we saw the outlines of bowed heads. Presently a priest was

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silhouetted against the altar lights as he crossed and passed out by a side-door. He was one of a long line that stretched back through more than half of the Christian era and through most of the history of France. When the first priest passed in front of that altar France was still under the Carlovingian dynasty—under Charles the Fat, perhaps, and William of Normandy was not to conquer England until two hundred years later. Then nearly four hundred years more would creep by—dim, medieval years—before Joan of Arc should unfurl her banner of victory and martyrdom. You see how far back into the mists we are stepping here. And all those evenings the altar lights have been lit and the ministration of priests has not failed.

There is a fine picture by Eugène Delacroix in the old church, and we came back next morning to look at it. It is a Saint Sebastian, and not the conventional ridiculous St. Sebastian of some of the old masters—a mere human pincushion—but a beautiful youth, prostrate and dying, pierced by two arrows, one of which a pitying female figure is drawing from his shoulder. It must be a priceless picture. How can they afford to keep it there?



THE CLOISTERS IN THE COURTYARD AT BROU

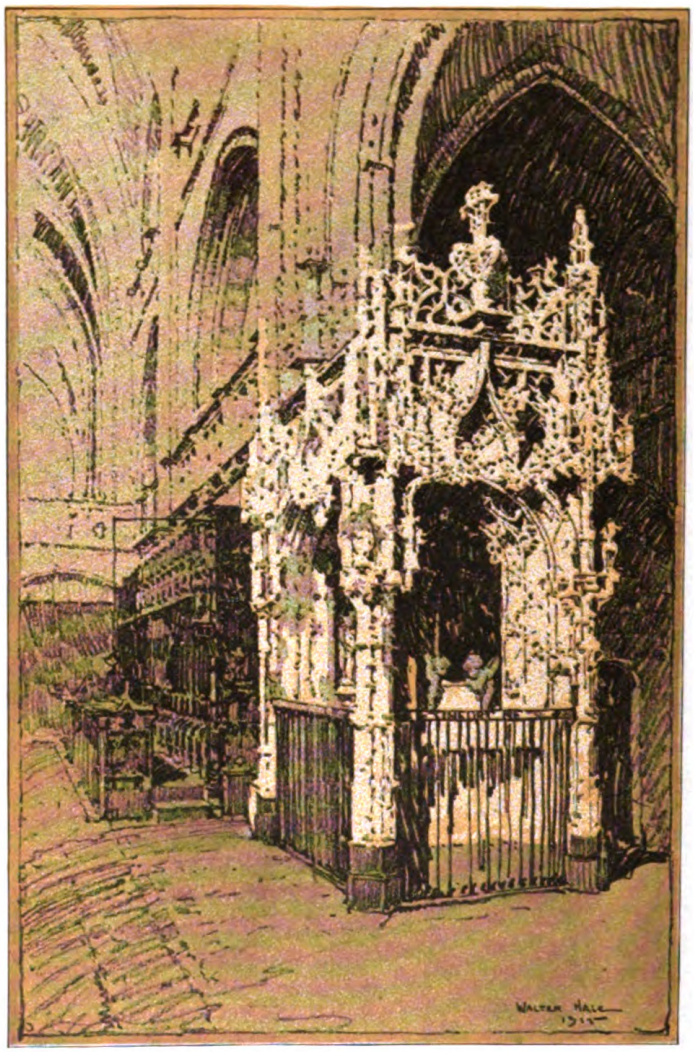
The weather seemed to have cleared, and, though the roads were wet, they were neither soft nor slippery—French roads are seldom either—and the fresh going along the lake-front was delightful enough. But we were in the real Juras now, and one does not go through that range on a water grade. We were presently among the hills, the road ahead of us rising to the sky. Then it began to rain again, but the road was a good one and the car never pulled better.

It was magnificent climbing. On the steepest grades and elbow turns we dropped back to second, but never to first speed, and there was no lagging. On the high level we stopped to let the engine cool and to add water from the wayside hollows. We were in the clouds soon, and sometimes it was raining, sometimes not. It seemed an uninhabited land—no houses and few fields—the ground for the most part covered

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with a short, bushy growth, grass, and flowers. A good deal of it was rocky and barren.

On the very highest point of the Jura range, when we had stopped to cool the motor, a woman came along leading three little children. She came up and said a few words in what sounded like an attempt at English. We tried our French on her, but it did not seem to get inside. I said she must speak some mountain *patois*, for we had used those same words lower down with good results. But then she began her English again—it was surely English this time, and, listening closely, we got the fringes and tag ends of a curious story. She was Italian, and had been in New York City. There, it seemed, she had married a Frenchman from the Juras, and in time his homeland had called him, and he had brought her back to the hills. Then he had died, leaving her with six children. She had a little hut up the side-lane where they were trying to scratch a living from the stony soil. Yes, she had chickens and could let us have some eggs. She also brought a pail with water for the radiator. A little farther along we cooked the eggs and laid out all our nice lunch things on natural stone tables, and looked far down the Jura slope on an ancient village and an old castle, the beginning of the world across the range. It was not raining now, and the air was soft and pleasant, and the spot as clean and sweet as could be. Presently the water was boiling and the coffee made. And nothing could be fresher than those eggs, nothing unless it was the butter — unsalted butter, which with jam and rolls is about the best thing in the world to finish on.



MARGARET OF AUSTRIA'S TOMB—CHURCH OF BROU

We descended the Jura grades on the engine-brake —that is, I let in the clutch, cut off the gasolene supply, and descended on first or second speed, according to the grade. That saves the wheel-brakes and does no damage to the motor. I suppose everybody knows the trick, but I did not, for a good while, and there may be others who know as little. It was a long way to the lower levels, and some of the grades were steep. Then they became gradual, and we coasted—then the way flattened, and we were looking across a level valley threaded by perfectly ordered roads to a distant town whose roofs and spires gleamed in

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the sunlight of the May afternoon. It was Bourg, and one of the spires belonged to the Church of Brou.

It was only yesterday that we were in Bourg, yet beyond the Church of Brou and a garage, where we bought benzine, I remember nothing of the place. The garage was like other garages; but the Church of Brou is like no other church in the world.

In the first place, instead of dragging through centuries of building and never quite reaching completion, it was begun and finished in the space of twenty-five years—from 1511 to 1536—and it was supervised and paid for by a single person, Margaret of Austria, who built it in fulfilment of a vow made by her mother-in-law, Margaret of Bourbon. The last Margaret died before she could undertake her project, and her son, Philibert II., Duke of Savoy, called "the handsome," followed before he could carry out her wishes. So his duchess, the other Margaret, undertook the work, and here in this plain, between the Juras and the Saone, she wrought a marvel in exquisite church building which still remains a marvel almost untouched by any blight, after four hundred turbulent years. Matthew Arnold wrote a poem on the Church of Brou, which may convey the wonder of its beauty. I shall read it some day, and if it is as beautiful as the church I shall commit it to memory, and on days when things seem rather ugly and harsh and rasping I will find some quiet corner and shut my eyes and say the lines and picture a sunlit May afternoon and the Church of Brou. Then perhaps I shall not remember any more the little mean things of the moment, but only the architectural shrine which one woman reared in honor of another.

It is not a great cathedral, but it is by no means a little church. Its lofty nave is bare of furnishings, which perhaps lends to its impression of bigness. But then you pass through the carved doors of a magnificent *jube*, or screen, and the bareness disappears. The oaken choir seats are carved with the richness of embroidery, and beyond them are the tombs—those of the two Margarets and of Philibert, husband and son.

I suppose there are no more elaborately wrought tombs in the world than these. Perhaps their very richness detracts from their artistic value, but I would rather have them so, for it shows somehow the thoroughness and sincerity of Margaret's intent—her determination to fulfil to the final letter every imagined possibility in that other's vow.

The mother's tomb is a sort of bower—a marble alcove of great splendor within and without. Philibert's tomb, which stands in the center of the church, between the other two, is a bier supported by female figures and fluted columns and interwoven decorations, exquisitely chiseled. Six cherubs and a crouching lion guard the royal figure above, and the whole, in spite of its richness, is of great dignity. The tomb of the Duchess Margaret herself is a lofty canopy of marble incrustations the gorgeousness of which no words can tell. It is the superlative of Gothic decoration at a period when Gothic extravagance was supreme.

Like her husband, Margaret sleeps in double effigy, the sovereign in state above, the figure of mortality compassed by the marble supports below. The mortality of the queen is draped, but in the case of Philibert the naked figure, seen rather dimly through the interspaces, has a curiously lifelike, even startling, effect.

If the Duchess Margaret made her own tomb more elaborate, it is at least not more beautiful than the others, while an altar to the Virgin is still more wonderfully carved. The grouped marble figures are in such high relief that angels and cherubs float in the air, apparently unsupported.

The unscarred condition and the purity of these precious marbles were almost as astonishing as their beauty, when one considered the centuries of invasion and revolution, with the vandalism that respected nothing sacred, least of all symbols of royalty. By careful search one could discover a broken detail here and there, but the general effect was completeness, and the marble seen under the light of the illumined stained windows seemed to present the shapes and shades of things that, as they had never been new, neither would they ever be old.

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North's Bargain

BY G. B. LANCASTER

ON the strip of No Man's Land where sea and township pledged each other in cocoanut-husks, empty meat-tins, seaweed, fruit-rinds, and broken coral from the Great Barrier Reef, North was watching his tar-pot bubble and smoke on a driftwood fire that burned white in white sunshine. The still heat of a Queensland summer rose at him from the sand and weighted the air. The soundless sea, where a pearling-lugger rode with reefed sails, was like oil. The smell of tar mixed warm with the long-gathering odors of pearl-shell heaps, refuse of every kind, bilge-water, gum-trees, and moist, decaying vegetation back in the bush; and in the vivid light North's shadow crouched, squat and ink-black, at foot of his tall, easy-moving body.

There was a shimmer of heat down the foreshore where the Bangalo palms sloped seaward; and North looked through it with his clear, far-seeing eyes grown suddenly restless at sight of the long excursion-steamer, gay with awnings, which lay out from the stub wharf beyond the corner of Flannigan's hotel. A moment he looked, with tight lips. It spelled all the past to him, that white-decked steamer. Then he picked up the tar-pot and trod back into the shed where the boat which he was caulking showed on the slips—dimly, after the aching glare without. North's skin was copper-brown, and damp with heat; and his dungaree trousers and thin, coarse shirt hung on him loosely. But he carried marks of breeding yet, along with those which hard work and hard living had scored on him. And he had a conscience, for he was paid by the hour, and yet the soft patter of his tar-brush and the rasping of the land-crabs over the pebbles brought two unceasing sounds to the ears of the little man in the uniform of the Australian Merchant Service who presently came up the beach, nodded the casual greeting of the tramps of the world, and sat down on the slips to mop his forehead.

"Didn't get this heat in all the Solomons and New Guinea," he said. "The old *Mana* will be opening up like a clam on the beach."

"The excursion stunt again?" asked North, and his voice held the English roundness for all its Australian drawl.

"Excursion it is. Showing grand folk how we poor devils have to sweat for a living up and down the Islands. They called it picturesque. Picturesque! My hat! How's the kid?"

"Very well, thanks."

"Walk and talk yet, eh?"

"Hardly. She's only a year old."

"Next year," said Birkett, ponderously, "she'll be two. And after that she will be three. And before you can say knife she'll be quite a big girl."

Humor softened the lines of North's thin face. "So she will, I suppose."

"Well, what you going to do abaht it?"

"Do about what?"

"When she's a big girl. If she turns out like Flannigan's Meg or Wild Honey—"

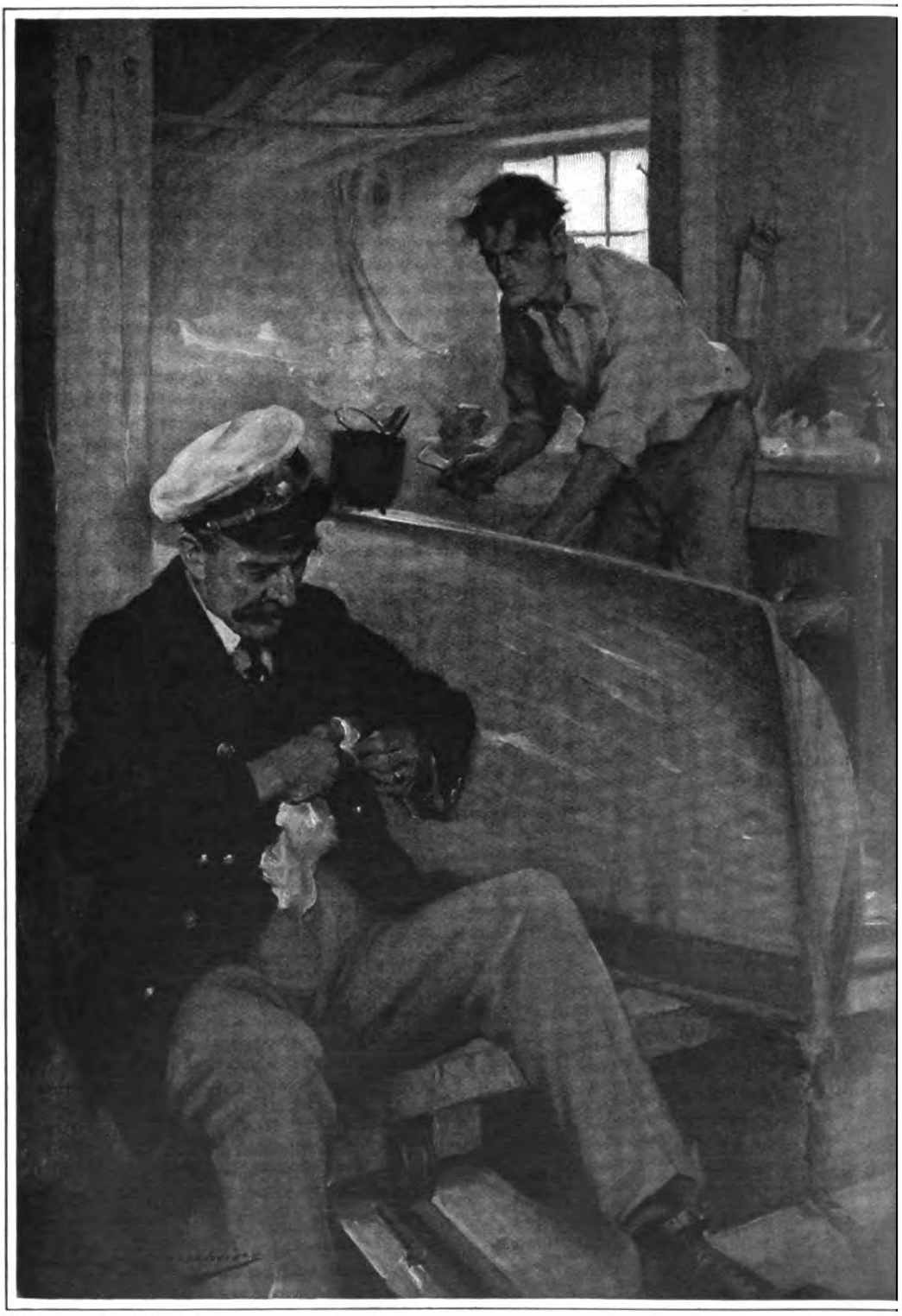
"I won't lay it up to you, Birkett."

A more sensitive man would have been warned by the tone. Birkett rubbed his knees with slow, moist palms. "We-ell, she might, y' know. These coast-townships are the very devil and all. She'll be pretty, too. Now, look here. What I came to say is—if you're still wantin' to get rid o' her I know some one who'll take her off your hands."

North had exchanged the tar-brush for the putty-knife. He did not cease working, but a kind of rigidity came over him, and the white line of forehead between black hair and bronzed face showed a flush.

"Oh, that's what you came to say, is it?" he said, softly.

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Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"WHAT DID SHE SAY—THE WIDOW?"

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"You are wantin' to get rid of her? I know you meant to advertise."

North had once gone so far as to write out an advertisement. He had afterward torn it up—with his teeth, as though those iron-hard hands of his could not be final enough in their destruction.

"Who is it?" he said, ignoring the question.

"Fine lady aboard the *Mana*. Widow wantin' to adopt a kid. When I showed her that photo Miss Hayes took o' your nipper she was on to it right away. I told her I guessed you'd part for five pounds down. But I shouldn't wonder if you might work it for ten, North. She has the tin, all right."

North stood up suddenly, and Birkett might have learned several things if he had seen his face and eyes. But he was polishing a button with his handkerchief and whistling underbreath.

"What did she say—the widow?"

"Eh? What's the matter?" Birkett looked up, startled. "Yes, she's coming to see you in the morning. We don't pull out till dusk." He got to his feet, and settled his cap. "Now, you take my tip and close with her, North. You won't get a chance like this again, and that kid's keeping you tied all the time. She's a real lady, I tell you. Money's like dirt to her. You do it, old man. So long."

North stooped to his work again, but now his hands were shaking. Since the wild blood in him had called him out to fight and curse and love among his roving fellows; to know the long surf combing across the reefs, and the smell of warm, wet islands on the Line, and of drink-sodden townships along the burning plains, he had trodden far through the knowledge which a man may reap. The rough give-and-take of life, the lawless nights and fiercer days, the idleness when the croon of the sea lulls the body and fills the soul with its eternal unrest, had seared him—given him the calloused mind and the Ishmael desires. But that girl-child who was his own could play on his fibers yet. She could yet make real that world which he had lost the right-of-way to years ago. There had been ladies in that world. Clear-eyed, white-souled women to whom a man might fitly render love—but not the love which these feverish years had bought and sold; not the women which they had flung along the edges of his life.

North's face had darkened, and the lines around his mouth were harsher with his thoughts when at last he thrust pot and brushes into the locker and rubbed the tar from his hands with some blue-gum shavings from the bench. A shadow, lengthened by the low sun, fell suddenly across him, and he glanced around. Then he turned, looking, half sullen, half embarrassed, on the girl who stood there, with the blood burning to his forehead and the shavings curling about his blackened hands like helpless baby fingers.

"I beg your pardon"—there was just that delicate intonation in her voice which placed him at an infinite distance; "I was told that I should find Mr. North here."

"My name is North," he said, staring under dark brows.

"Oh—!" The pause was momentary, but it stung North. "Then—then it is you I have come to see. I am on the *Mana*, and a friend of yours—a Mr. Birkett"—she said the name reluctantly, as though it was rough in her ears—"told me about you. He—he said I would find you here."

"Yes?" said North.

He knew her sort now, long foreign though such as she had been to him. Proud, this breed of women; dainty of body and soul; cruel even with that innate virginity of outlook which revolts from the cruder, more primitive passions. The lace at her slim throat, the white shoe at hem of the fine muslin of her gown, the jewel at her small ear, where the shining waves of fair hair meshed it—all these and much more made a barrier about her whereof her calm eyes kept the key. She looked at him consideringly, with just that gentle aloofness which North knew her to have given every barefoot sailor and naked native whom she had passed in her pleasuring.

"Mr. Birkett showed me a photograph of your baby—your little girl," she said then. "He told me that you wanted to find a home for her."

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North did not know that he was staring at her until he saw her pale skin flush faintly. Then he dropped his eyes to her slender, ringed left hand, and his words came in a hurry.

"I see. Yes, Birkett told me. I didn't— But she's not here, you know."

"But I may see her, please?"

"Birkett said you were coming to-morrow—"

"I have taken a room at the hotel for the night," she answered. "I found that I did not want to wait until to-morrow."

Quick dusk of the tropics was in the shed now. But she stood in the last red light, and he stood looking at her with lips set and a sudden wolf-savageness in his eyes. Imagined that she could dispose of his child in a casual hour between her day's amusements and her dinner, did she?

"I am afraid that you will have to wait until to-morrow," he said. "My humpy is on the other side of the township—nearly a mile from here. And I do not care to bring her out at night. It's getting dark now."

"I did not ask you to bring her out. I will go to her. That is, of course, if you—you still wish to part with her?"

There was a note of eagerness in the soft voice which pleased North even while it roused the fight in him. Unconsciously she wore the air of one accustomed to command. That subtle command which a woman wields in the flicker of an eyelash, the scent of hair and garments, the serene knowledge of her right to supremacy. It was long since North had been handled by such delicate weapons, and their power was the greater in consequence.

"I—can't say just now what I mean to do," he said, with hesitation. "If you'd like to see her to-night, I'm going home now. There's no one but a Chinaman up at the humpy, though."

"Thank you," she said, again with the unconscious manner of one who had expected obedience. And then she dismissed the subject as they walked up the beach together. But already something in North's blood was warning him that a battle of their two wills was to come before long.

Clouds of scarlet were banking in the west now. The sea had turned to molten copper, and every ragged frond of the Bangalo palms, every loop of the mangrove roots stood livid and distinct in the angry yellow light that swept the foreshore. The prickling sense of coming storm was in the motionless air where sea-birds were flying low and the tide made little uneasy moans. By the split-rail fence confining the larger elements of Flannigan's dust-heap, North stopped suddenly.

"You'd best wait till to-morrow," he said. "There is every sign of a bad storm."

"I can be back in half an hour." She glanced at the sky. "We won't get it earlier. I want to know to-night."

North went on in silence. These fine ladies were unused to being denied their slightest whim. This one would know denial presently. But already he began to wish that he had denied her in the shed. The baby was his—his very own—and he had never known it so poignantly until the threat of this calm, gracious woman rose between them.

Men were quarreling in Flannigan's bar, and the stale smell of beer and spirits and heated bodies surged out to her as she climbed the slope of the unmade street at North's side. The man knew the uncouth core, the squalor and the sin, of this far-removed handful of struggling humanity, where the derelicts of all the islands wash in and wash out, and the graces of life are elbowed aside by ignorance, and rain comes seldom, and the heat is an iron hand. He had come to accept this existence as the shock-headed children playing in the gutter accepted it; as the loafing men who smoked and spat on the sidewalks accepted it; as the bleached women arguing shrilly at the corner of Mullins's store, which sold everything from cottons to hardware, accepted it. Now, quite suddenly, he saw with new eyes—with the eyes of the woman beside him—the woman of the world which once had been his own. The littered street seemed suddenly shameful as the unpainted weather-board houses which even the merciful dusk left stark in ugliness; the boys, half naked in the heat, who yelled slang and curses across the roadway; the flaunting, handsome girl who swung round a corner cried out familiarly to

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North, and stopped with a giggle and a stare. There was good stuff in all this raw, uncomplaining life, and in normal hours North knew it. Now his heart said to him in words which the woman's lips would surely presently use: "Are you condemning your child to this? What chance has she where Flannigan's Meg and Wild Honey had none?"

At the top of the street, where light pushed from a low window across a section smelling of young blue-gums and nutmeg-trees, North turned sharply down a pebble path and pulled up the latch of a narrow door. "Mind the step," he said, in his level tones. "It's broken."

He passed before her into the little desolate room and lit a second candle. A kind of helpless fury and defiance boiled in him now. Years had beaten down his ramparts of refinement, but the places where they had been ached as an old wound aches when struck again.

She glanced around. "But where is the baby?" she cried, eagerly, and North looked at her in surprise. Older than he had thought her at first, she still was young—vitally young in this moment, and quickened into a glow, a womanly beauty which stirred his blood. She did not seem to see the bare table with its burns from dropped pipes and matches, the crumpled newspapers in the corner, any of the grim discomfort and dirt of a bachelor house in a tropic land. She did not seem to see him and that keen look of his, watching her, appraising her.

"I expect Ah Wong has put her to bed. I'll ask him," he said, and went into the lean-to behind where some one was clattering pots.

She stood still with hands shut together, looking at nothing. The man scarcely touched the surface of her thoughts. He was merely here to sell her something which all the motherhood in her desired to have—had been determined to have ever since Birkett showed her that baby face in the photograph and told her that he guessed North would part with for a few pounds. "She's keepin' him tied, and he's a fellow who likes slingin' loose, y' know." Her position here, in the dark of this stranger's hut, did not trouble her. The thought of the child, the uncared-for girl-child filled her soul up.

"She's asleep in the next room," said North at her elbow. "I'll bring her."

"Don't wake her." She was enraged at his thoughtlessness. "I will go in."

"She will have to be waked if you want to see her." Again that curious, intent look of his brushed across her, and again she did not notice it. "But you can go in if you like."

He took the candle along to the inner room, halting by the rough cot beyond the stretcher-bed, and shading the light with his hand as he looked down. At his side he heard her dress rustle, heard her catch her breath. Beneath the thin mosquito-netting the baby limbs were almost bare, and the soft skin showed burning patches of heat. The fingers curled like rose-petals, and the small, oval face was a rose, over-pale for health in this fierce land which burns out youth too soon. North put aside the netting and stooped, sliding his long hand under the little body.

"Rouse up, baby," he said. "Rouse up, my girl. Here's a lady to see you."

The big eyes opened, dark as North's own, and the woman gave a quick cry of delight.

"They'll do some damage when she's older," said North, lifting her. "That's one reason why—" He stopped, pulling the one little garment straight with a practised hand. "Would you like to hold her a minute? She's quite clean."

"Clean!" The scorn and anger in the word brought a flickering smile to his face. Then he saw her gather the child close, crooning over it, forgetful of him utterly, until in the next minute she looked up with indignation bringing color to her pale skin and warmth to her calm eyes. "See these red patches on her arms and in the creases of her neck! Oh, *why* don't you have some one to look after her properly? Some woman—"

"Prickly heat," said North, quietly. "All the children get it up here. I dose her with magnesia, and give her soda in her bath. There's a basin and sponge somewhere about—"

He rattled things and splashed water at a half-seen wash-stand. Then he came back.

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"Put the basin on the bed," said the woman, imperiously. "I will bathe her. And bring me a towel, please."

North brought it. Then he walked away to the window, looking out on the dark where gusty wind was already clashing the gum-branches together. Behind him he heard little murmurs and stirs and rustlings. The baby cooed once, and a sudden unexpected pang shot through him. There was an indefinable fragrance in the air, a curious sense as though that soft, strong personality of the woman's was taking possession of more than his child's body.

"What is her name?"

This new, soft, tender voice made him start. Then he shrugged. "Oh, anything. She isn't christened. We don't bother too much about that kind of thing up here. Ah Wong calls her Petly."

There was silence so long and so complete that North knew he had angered her again. He came back, standing in the light, with hands in pockets and face inscrutable; and she, looking up from the child in her arms, realized him for the first time.

"Do you let her suck her thumb?" he asked. "I never do."

A ringed, white hand went quickly up; dropped again. Then she countered, as he had expected her to. "Did you mean to keep her here—in *this* place—for always?" she demanded.

"It isn't in the past tense yet, so far as I know," he said, coolly. "Why shouldn't I keep her? She is all I have."

"But I want her. You knew I would. And surely, if I am prepared to give her all that my class—our class—can offer—"

"Our class?"

He spoke low, but a vibration somewhere drew her look again. He had strange eyes, this man—clearest brown, with the upper lid cut straight across the iris—very intent eyes, like those of one who has known much, judged much, without undue comment or mercy. And the rather pointed chin, reproduced in the delicate oval of the baby's face, did not stand for weakness, as she had once thought. There was refinement here, a sensitiveness which the eyes denied. He was one of her own class who had voluntarily gone out of it; and what such men did or felt she, in her strait innocence, could not even guess at. But instinctively she held the baby closer, and the touch of the warm body against her breast steadied her courage.

"*Our* class," she repeated, defiantly. "You know the difference between your own nursery and—this baby's."

"That parallel doesn't help much." His lips twitched slightly. "See what I've come to."

"A man chooses his own life. A woman usually has hers chosen for her. This baby's mother would have wished—"

Her words broke before the sudden flicker on his face. It was now cynical and repellent to her.

"Ah, yes," he said, quietly; "the baby's mother. How do you know what she would have wished? You never thought about her before, did you? How impulsive and—inadequate you rich women are. The child pleases you. She'll do to play with for a year or two. Then, if unpleasant tendencies develop, you can get rid of her somehow. You haven't bothered to inquire concerning her antecedents, have you? They don't matter — when it's only for a year or two."

She was looking straight at him now, and the calm in her eyes was gone before a proud fire which North liked better. Strictly beautiful she was not, but her very presence had brought into the place a rare, delicate atmosphere which he could not escape. She had flung her hat aside, and above the long, white throat and fair face the little curling ends of hair caught gleams where they escaped from the heavy plaits and coils. In this dim light she might have been some virgin Madonna with the sleeping Babe at her breast. But that haughty temper of hers was purely human—human as the soft red of her mouth and the polish of her pretty finger-nails.

"You don't believe what you are saying," she told him. "You know that I want the baby for herself. Do you mean to let me have her?"

"I won't tell you what I mean until I know what you mean. I am not going to have her flung back at me after you know—more of her than you do now."

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Drawn by C. E. Chambers

HE SAW HER SMILE AND THOUGHT AGAIN OF THE MADONNA

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He saw her eyes fall and her arms tighten around the child.

"Tell me," she commanded, and he laughed, walking away to the window.

"After all, there's not much to tell. I was married to her mother. That's the saving grace with such women as you, I know. She was cook and bottle-washer at a little shanty pub in a bush township near the Gulf. I was pearling round that way then. She had never been away from the place, and she could barely sign her name. But she was rather pretty—pretty as girls go in those parts. We learn not to be too particular."

"Is that how you men talk of the women you have loved?"

North's laugh was not pleasant to hear. "I never said I loved her, did I? But I wanted something to tie up to. I wanted a humpy of my own and a wife of my own to come back to when we made port. Most men do, some time or other. And she was better than many. She was quite a good girl, and I was content while it lasted. It didn't last long. She died in about a year."

"What are you expecting me to think of you?" The tone was stifled.

North bit his lips. He was walking the floor as he had been used to walk the decks of a pearling-lugger, and in the half-light his lean, quiet-moving body showed no sign of the wild tempers warring in him. "I made her happy. She often said so. She had married a gentleman, you see, even if he was an out-at-elbows beach-comber."

"Oh, don't! Don't be so cruel—to yourself!"

North went back to her quickly. Something subtle, unexplained, had broken down her pride, and the tears were on her cheeks. He saw her beauty then—beauty of face and soul—and his tongue was silenced, and his eyes dropped before it.

"Bring the baby back to—to the life you used to live. *Bring* her," she said.

"No. There's not enough incentive now. I've got accustomed to this. But—"

"You will send her, then? With me?"

"I suppose I knew that I would as soon as I saw you, if you wanted her." He did not raise his eyes. "She's a fastidious little lady—like me, though you mightn't think it."

"I am not blind." In the dimness he saw her smile, and thought again of the Madonna. "We all hurt ourselves at times. But—I don't want this baby to be hurt."

"She will have to be. Even you can't prevent that."

"No, she won't." Her laugh now was saucy, delicious. "Wait till you come to see her."

"I shall never do that."

"And why, please?"

North's intent gaze plunged into hers—probing, merciless. And in that moment intuition told her that there was more to be saved here than a baby's happiness.

"Do you want me to come?" he said; and with a quick gathering of her forces she answered him:

"Yes, I do. I wouldn't like your child to forget you."

There was lightning from the coming storm beyond the window now. It ran along the wall. But that which she saw in his eyes came from within, and it startled her. And then, with a sudden clap, the swing window drove back against the hinge, and wind and rain roared in like the onset of a full tide. With the hiss of the dying candle dark shut down, and the child awoke, screaming. It was but a minute before the window was slammed tight again, and North's voice was at her ear—low, unbelievably gentle.

"Give her to me, please. Here, baby; stop that row. Steady, my girl. Steady."

She did not know that he winced when his groping hands touched hers. She did not see the blood run to his forehead as he took up his walk again, soothing with strange sea-words and man-caresses. In the livid light that came and went she saw him pass, with head stooped to the downy head that pushed against his neck; and suddenly she knew that her arms ached and her heart ached; that her very flesh was jealous for possession of that soft, warm fragment of sweet life again. And the man was about to lose it, and how much with it he alone knew. She shivered, feeling a poignancy in the air such as she had never known before: and in that mo-

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ment North stepped by her, laying the child back in the cot and drawing the curtains.

"She'll sleep now, little monkey," he said. "She ought to be accustomed to a racket. Ah Wong sings most nights. Will you come into the other room and he shall make you some tea? I'm afraid you'll have to wait an hour or so till the storm clears off. I—I hope there's no one to be anxious about you?"

"No. I am alone," she said, and saw the quick intentness in his eyes as they came under the light.

It was the strangest meal she had ever known, this which Ah Wong brought them from the lean-to, but to the man it was something very near to a sacrament. There were silences now and again in their talk, and in the uncertain light of the little smoky oil-lamp they could scarcely see each other's faces. And yet her very presence was like some sweet savor on the lips, some glorified delight in the air. North felt as a man may who walks with held breath and careful feet through the glowing tissues of a dream which a blundering movement may tear into ruin on the instant, as an animal tears a spider-web. It could not come again, this new buoyancy and eager life which she had given him for the hour. It could not come again that she should sit opposite to him, breaking his bread with white, slim fingers; sipping from his least-cracked cup; meeting his halting talk with her sensitive quickness, and — more than once—with a little burst of laughter such as tingled his veins with a something unknown before.

It was over soon enough, that wonderful hour. Ah Wong thrust his head past the lean-to door and bleated: "Tlorm gone. Tlars come again."

And then, with a little smile, she stood up. "Thank you so very much," she said. "Tell Ah Wong I have enjoyed his tea immensely. Now I must ask you to take me back to the hotel. And to-morrow—"

"To-morrow afternoon I will bring Baby to the boat," said North. "It will take Ah Wong a little time to get her things washed up, you know."

"Oh, of course." Tears and laughter were near her eyes again at remembrance of the coarse, yellowed calico on the little limbs. "He is laundry-man, is he? In the afternoon, then? Shall I—shall I send for her?"

"I will bring her," said North, and said no more of that parting until he left her at the door of the musty parlor in Flannigan's hotel. Then he hesitated, looking away. "I must thank you," he said, abruptly. "I could never have hoped for anything so good for — for her."

"You don't know much about me, you know," she suggested, with a faint laugh.

"Don't I? I think I've learned a bit about women and men in my time. You are—" He stopped. "Good night," he said.

"Good night." She held her hand out, and his sudden grip left her tingling and startled as his hasty feet rang down the passage and the outer door slammed.

North went fast up the dark, wet street and home again; and that electricity which the storm had left in the air found its answer in the new storm in his blood, the quickening life in all his tired fibers. There was no sense as of the breathless holding back of time in that little room now when he came into it; no hushed acceptance of a wonder, an almost painful delight such as each of those little past minutes had dealt out to him while they fleeted. The stark place of bare walls and tables was no longer desolate. She was alive in it, this lady who was as the fair and gracious ladies of the old time. Every dusty corner was vital with her, new-charged, quickened into desires, hopes such as called the long-stagnant elements in him up to meet them. There she had sat; there, with the round, slim marvel of her throat, and the grave laughter of her eyes, and the tremor of her bosom below the lace.

He lifted her chair, setting it back against the wall. There was an impulse in him which could have knelt to it as to a shrine. She had raised him up to her through that short hour, and he was on the pinnacle still, dizzy, exultant, greatly daring with half-born desire. He went quickly into the other room. A faint fragrance still hung upon the air. It was as though she had left a benedic-

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tion behind her. Shading the candle, he put away the basin and towel which she had used, moving them with reverent fingers. Then he went over and looked down on the child. There had been hungry motherhood in her every touch of it. Each broken word to it had been a caress. North, standing still, considered the other days—days when red, coarse hands had fumbled over the baby; when she pottered, down-at-heel, about the room, his little wife of the shanty pub, with her vacant face of faded prettiness and her shrill voice and shriller laughter. He glanced around with a swift dread, as though he felt her there. And then, at sight of the chair beyond the open door, he knew that sordid atmosphere gone forever.

She filled the place now; swept it clean with the healing glory of her being; gave it a sacredness that would not go with time.

"She's such a dainty thing," he said, aloud. "So dainty I—I wouldn't dare to touch her. And yet—perhaps some day . . . when I go to see her . . . She said that I could come to see her."

He looked out into the dawn with new eyes. A shaft of light fell through the window across the child, and North stooped and kissed the soft flesh that was still the sweeter for her kisses.

"Don't let her forget me, my girl," he said. "Keep her remembering until I have so taught her that she'll never forget." Then his own heart abased him. "I'm mad—mad!" he said. "But—oh, God—let me be mad like this for a little while!"

With Ah Wong carrying the old gladstone filled with painfully ironed and mended garments North brought his child to the steamer a short twenty minutes before she sailed. He had not dared to come earlier, and he scarcely dared look at her now, where she sat among the cushions of her deck-chair and twisted the yellow baby-curls about her fingers.

"I feel very cruel," she said, half wistfully, "almost wicked, you know. I have taken so much from you, and—you have given so generously."

"You said I could come and see you—her," reminded North.

"Oh yes. Come often. We shall be so very glad to see you, my husband and I." North did not speak. She bent her face down among the curls. "I don't often talk of him," she said, very low. "He is an invalid—a hopeless invalid, and he is a young man still. All the joy went out of our lives so early. But she will bring it back—your baby. And we won't let our sorrow shadow her. She will help banish that. Oh, you don't know . . . you will never know how much you've done for me by giving me your baby."

Still North did not speak, and into the silence the whistle screamed and the patter of feet came down the decks. Then he stood up. "I'll be glad if you find her a comfort," he said, and his voice held its old dry level again. "Women are easily satisfied, I think. More easily than men. Good-by, my girl." He kissed the child with hot lips, but the hand which touched the woman's for a moment was cold. "Good-by . . . and thank you. Yes, I'll come and see her some day. And I hope . . ."

This lie stuck in his throat as the other had not. He could not wish her happiness just now. He ran along the deck, and cleared the gangway as it came creaking up. And then, when the white steamer was hull down on the broad blue of the silken sea, he sought Flannigan and found him lolling in the sun at the bar-door; and Meg, with her handsome, impudent face and bold eyes, was beside him.

"Know any one who wants to take over my job, Flannigan?" said North, standing in the street with hands in pockets and hat pulled down over his brows. "I'm going back to the pearling with Bayne of the *Catapult*. He's always asking me."

Flannigan scratched his whisker with his pipe-stem. "There's old Joe Cohen, now," he said, ruminating. "Turned up outer wayback yes'day with never a shirt ter him. He'd jump at it. And at the humpy, too. You'd not be wantin' ter keep that?"

For a moment North stood motionless, with his dark gaze on the littered street. "No," he said, quietly. "I won't sell. I'll board up doors and windows and leave it. Perhaps I'll want it again some day."

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Edwin Booth as I Knew Him

BY EDWIN MILTON ROYLE

OF the multitudes who saw and acclaimed Booth the artist, few ever met the man, and fewer still knew him. He had stage-fright everywhere but on the stage. In fact, if he had not been practically born on the stage I doubt if he would have ever faced even this publicity. He was abnormally shy, detested social gatherings, positively suffered under scrutiny, and the few who casually met him got the impression that he was uncommonly inept. This impression he never took the slightest pains to correct.

My first two years on the stage were spent in the companies supporting Booth. One of the happiest and one of the unhappiest things about a traveling theatrical company is its enforced intimacy, and this was exceptional in the Booth company, for much of the time Booth had a private car, and many of us had berths in it, so that after a time his timidity disappeared and he was like the father of a big family.

He was fifty-three years old when I had the honor of being in his company, and he was then at the zenith of his power. Though one of fortune's favorites, he had in those fifty-three years already lived deeply and paid the price of greatness. Robbed of the birthright of childhood, at an age when most children are cared for, he became the guardian and caretaker of the erratic genius of his father; thus he began life in the shadow. His beautiful young wife died after two years of married life and left to his care a little motherless girl, and for seven months he made no attempt to resume his profession. At the height of his career, his brother assassinated Lincoln, and Booth left the stage, intending never to return. I believe he never again played in the city of Washington. Years before Henry Irving was hailed by all America as the master-producer of Shakespeare, Booth had done the same thing in his own beautiful theater, and the public with cruel indifference left him bankrupt, utterly ruined. His second marriage proved an unhappy one. This, in brief, was his life. It is not to be wondered at that melancholy was its prevailing and characteristic note, and that he once said to me, "I love those best who let me alone." I am quite sure that what saved this sensitive soul from despair, suicide, or madness was his delightful sense of humor, a saving grace quite unsuspected except by those who were privileged to see behind the veil.

There were two distinct classes in our company—the old-timers, the so-called legitimate actors, the "palmy-day" actors, with experience and little else, and the new-comers, without even that. The palmy-daisies called us "wardrobe actors." You may be under the delusion that those of us who were young and ambitious had secured our positions through talent. I presume the possession of talent would not have excluded us, but the essential thing with the management was that we should provide a handsome wardrobe for a large repertoire—a business arrangement. My salary, for example, was thirty dollars a week—rather good, you think, for a beginner; but my wardrobe cost between seven and eight hundred dollars, so you may see that in a season of thirty weeks I was working for glory or experience.

It would seem that Booth never had "a good company." Indeed, he was constantly accused of surrounding himself with indifferent actors in order to shine by contrast. I have heard him say that he always employed the best actors he could get, and it is certain that all the well-known actors of his day appeared in his support at different times, but he never had a company that found much favor. My own explanation

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is that his great gifts dwarfed even exceptional talents.

Every one is familiar with the lament for the good old actors of a better day. Well, we had some of them—the palmy-daisies. One, a most likable chap, whom I shall call Brown, was quite without pose and made no pretense of taking his art too seriously. I believe he had been a bricklayer, and so he was cast for all the kings. He played the King of France in "Lear," and so always left the theater early. He once said to me, "Ed, how does the darned old play *end*, anyway?" Brown also played King Louis in "Richelieu." Perhaps he was cast for these royal personages because he walked and talked in a most uncommon way. No one could accuse him of "crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee" for any purpose whatsoever. He did not walk; he stalked. One night in Salt Lake City we had a drunken man in the gallery who was inclined to be both talkative and critical. You may remember the scene where the King turns from Julie and says, "Speak to her, Baradas, I am not marble." Our inebriated critic leaned well forward, and in a voice audible to every one in the theater murmured: "Marble? No, damn you, you're wood."

We new-comers had clothes, wardrobe, some culture perhaps, but did we show any improvement in the small matter of acting? One of our leading men was an accomplished scholar, a student of everything, including the drama, who could have qualified as a learned Theban, but he was one of the worst actors I have ever seen. I think, however, we may say that culture is not necessarily a stumbling-block in the way of art. We had the son of one of America's greatest poets and story-tellers. He was a delightful companion, with fine mental gifts. He was greatly admired by some charming young ladies in Cincinnati, who went into ecstasies over the exquisite beauty of his manly figure, to the great joy of those of us who knew that he was padded from the sole of his foot up to and almost including his voice. When we reached the celebrated city of Oshkosh, an evening paper announced that "the Booth-Barrett Company had brought an Eastern dude with them who had created considerable merriment on the street." That night at the theater every one in the company furnished Mr. Jameson Lee Finney with extra copies of the paper. His nonchalant reply was, "Oh, any man who wears a clean shirt is a dude in Oshkosh." I mention Mr. Finney by name, for he afterward became a distinguished actor of character parts, and had a most tragic death in the Carlton Hotel fire in London.

If Booth had not been an indulgent and forgiving man, my career would have ended before it began, and my second night would have been my last. Being a young man, I was cast for all the old-men parts. I think the idea was that I couldn't spoil them, but I did. In "Macbeth" I doubled the parts of A Soldier (known professionally as The Bleeding Sergeant) and A Doctor of Physic (known familiarly as the Physician). Now the comedian had come to me with sardonic friendliness and warned me that the man who played the Physician for the first time always forgot his *second* scene. I laughed at the idea, but when the curtain fell on Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene I did a little sleep-walking on my own account, went to my dressing-room under the stage, took off my robes, wig, beard, and had my face generously anointed with cold cream, when I heard a voice breathing curses both loud and deep, and the noise of a man coming down the stairs, five at a time. The stage-manager burst open my dressing-room door, took one anguished look at me, and went up the steps again, six at a time, in a burning cloud of profanity. The cold cream froze on my face with the horrible realization that I had cut the star out of one of the best scenes he had in the play—"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased," etc. Kind friends gave me a vivid picture of Booth ramping up and down the stage calling in an undertone madly for the Physician. The poor man finally had to rush off baldly and impotently, looking for the doctor. I thought it best not to intrude on Booth that night, but the next day at rehearsal I blithered something that stood for an apology. Booth looked sad, told me it was all right, but to try to be more attentive in the future, "for,"

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said he, "it left me on the stage looking like a donkey."

In "Hamlet" I played either Rosencrantz or Guildenstern; I never could tell which. These two gentlemen are known professionally as "the knife and fork," for they do nothing but feed Hamlet. Two more incurably bad parts were never written. One night we were publicly insulted by the Queen with a new reading. The line is, "Go, some of you, and show these gentlemen where Hamlet is." The Queen made a distinct pause before the word "gentlemen," and then gave it a most questionable and sarcastic inflection. I said to—well, the other chap, "What's the matter with the old girl?" He said she was peeved because she claimed we had been talking during one of her scenes.

All actors look forward to, and sometimes are inclined to brag in anticipation of, the glories promised when the company reaches "my home town." Salt Lake City was my home town, and we opened there in "Richelieu," in which I played Huguet. It was a memorable and a horrible night. I knew I was expected to crowd Booth for name and place, and that nothing could measure up to the expectations of my friends. Of course, everything went wrong. When I first came on I failed to get the expected reception, which shocked me—they didn't recognize me in the make-up; when they did recognize me, the applause was most inappropriate and disconcerting. I was seized by a painful nervous cramp in the pit of my stomach. I couldn't walk straight nor talk straight. I bumped into everything or stumbled over everything available. My voice sounded to me as if it were off in another town. I had what is known in equestrian circles as the blind staggers, and I gave an exhibition positively fatal to local pride. The papers the next morning were not enthusiastic about either Booth or me. When they expressed a preference for the Richelieu of Lawrence Barrett, I opined that it didn't matter so much what they thought of me. However, they liked the subsequent performances better, and expressed the opinion that their strictures had put Booth on his mettle, at which he smiled sweetly.

I had the honor of taking Booth's place once and once only. It happened in the city of Cheyenne. The town had planned a grand public reception to the great tragedian; they had provided a military band from the fort, and a coach with six beautiful white horses. Cheyenne's beauty and its chivalry were at the station for the historic event. When the flattering news was broken to Booth he positively refused the royal honors. The poor manager was in a funk. Of course, it was good business; it wouldn't do to scarify local pride; but he was finally induced by his star to send a telegram stating plainly that "Mr. Booth positively refused to be made a circus of." I suspect that the manager didn't send the telegram or that the local manager lit his cigar with it, for when we drew up to the station the royal honors were in flagrant evidence. Booth obdurately refused to leave his private car. Suddenly he turned to me, put his arm over my shoulder, and said: "They want Edwin? Well, here he is. Take him." I was clean-shaven, and tried, as all of us did, to look as much like a tragedian as I could; I wore a cape overcoat that proclaimed my theatrical calling in every line. So I pulled down my soft hat, climbed into the great equipage with the ladies of the company, and was driven all over the boulevards of Cheyenne to the unmistakable gratification of the inhabitants.

"There he is," I heard them say when we reached the hotel. "No, that ain't Booth." "Yes, it is; rode up in the six-horse coach. That's Booth." I escaped before there was a riot or a lynching, and had the right to say ever after that if I hadn't played Hamlet I had played the next thing to it.

One of our unique experiences was the formal opening of a new theater in Kansas City—that is, if you can claim to have opened a building which has never arrived at the point where it can be regarded as closed. When we first looked upon the New Warder Grand Theater it boasted of four walls without a roof, window, or door. At seven o'clock on the night we were to play there, it was still a forest of scantling and scaffolding. An army of workmen was busy, and by nine o'clock chairs—undertaker's chairs—were appropriately

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put in, and the doors, or places for doors, were thrown open to the public. Tickets had been sold at huge prices in advance, and we had to play or refund the money. We played. We could look up into the frosty sky and see the stars, almost hear them crackle. Blasts from the North Pole swept the stage and the auditorium. About three hundred desperate and idiotic people shivered and chattered in front, trying to get pneumonia and their money's worth. The people in the "boxes" looked out from under carriage robes and blankets. We had a curtain that drew together by hand when it came together at all. We had one set which did for all the scenes in "Othello." For the Senate we had one Doge, two Senators, and one Doge's chair, all of which we carried. A magnetic young man by the name of Augustus Thomas was energizing as a local stage-manager. We actors put on all the clothes we could conceal about our persons. That first night I may truthfully say was a pronounced frost. The second night we played "Julius Cæsar." No one had been thoughtful enough to provide a nice seasonable toga lined with fur. I had on, besides my underclothes and my toga, three woolen shirts, three pairs of tights, and a thick wig. All day long an engine had been stationed in the street to pump hot air into the building. It had about as much effect as pumping hot water into the Atlantic Ocean. There were no Kansas City Roman Citizens. No one in Kansas City could be hired to freeze to death in order to make a Roman holiday. One of our boys had to play the part of the populace. The line of Flavius is, "Why do you lead these men about the streets?" The actor's adaptation to the emergency resulted in, "Why do you lead *this man* about the streets?" There being no throng, the line, "Fellow, come from the throng," had a delightfully whimsical twist. Our young men played the mob in the Forum scene, and we put an almost unnecessary amount of energy into the scene in the effort to get warm. We literally made Rome howl. The hit of the entire week, however, was made not by Booth or by Barrett, but by the drunken porter in "Macbeth" when he said, "This place is too cold for hell." This sentiment was received with such enthusiasm by the benumbed audience that Booth remarked: "Some wise critic will score him for gagging. One of them abused me once for sharpening my knife on the sole of my shoe as Shylock."

In "Julius Cæsar" I was cast for Cinna. Now Cinna, I believe, was a poet or some such thing. In the version we played, Cinna had been chloroformed and subjected to a major surgical operation, everything but his name having been carefully amputated. Our comedian prepared a memorabilia book for the season and asked each member of the company to write in it a line or quotation from his or her part in "Julius Cæsar." I prefaced my contribution with this announcement:

THE ENTIRE PART OF CINNA

(Two Speeches)

1st. "Oh, Cæsar!"
2d. "No, by no means."

In spite of the fact that I was playing almost a deaf-mute part, I was a conscientious young actor, and in the Senate scene I tried to catch the spirit of the occasion; but, alas! Mr. Barrett called me aside one night and, in tones of subdued grief, complained that I was playing Cassius. He assured me with suggested flattery that he had not been acting the part of late because I had taken the scene away from him, and the inference was marked that my playing of his part was not altogether an improvement. In a gentle way he advised me to "get a proper conception of the part of Cinna, and stick to it," and then he volunteered a conception—"that of a good-natured man." After that when I thrust my sword into the body of Cæsar I tried to smile amiably, and I murmured to myself, "Please accept this with my compliments." Mr. Barrett liked my new conception much better.

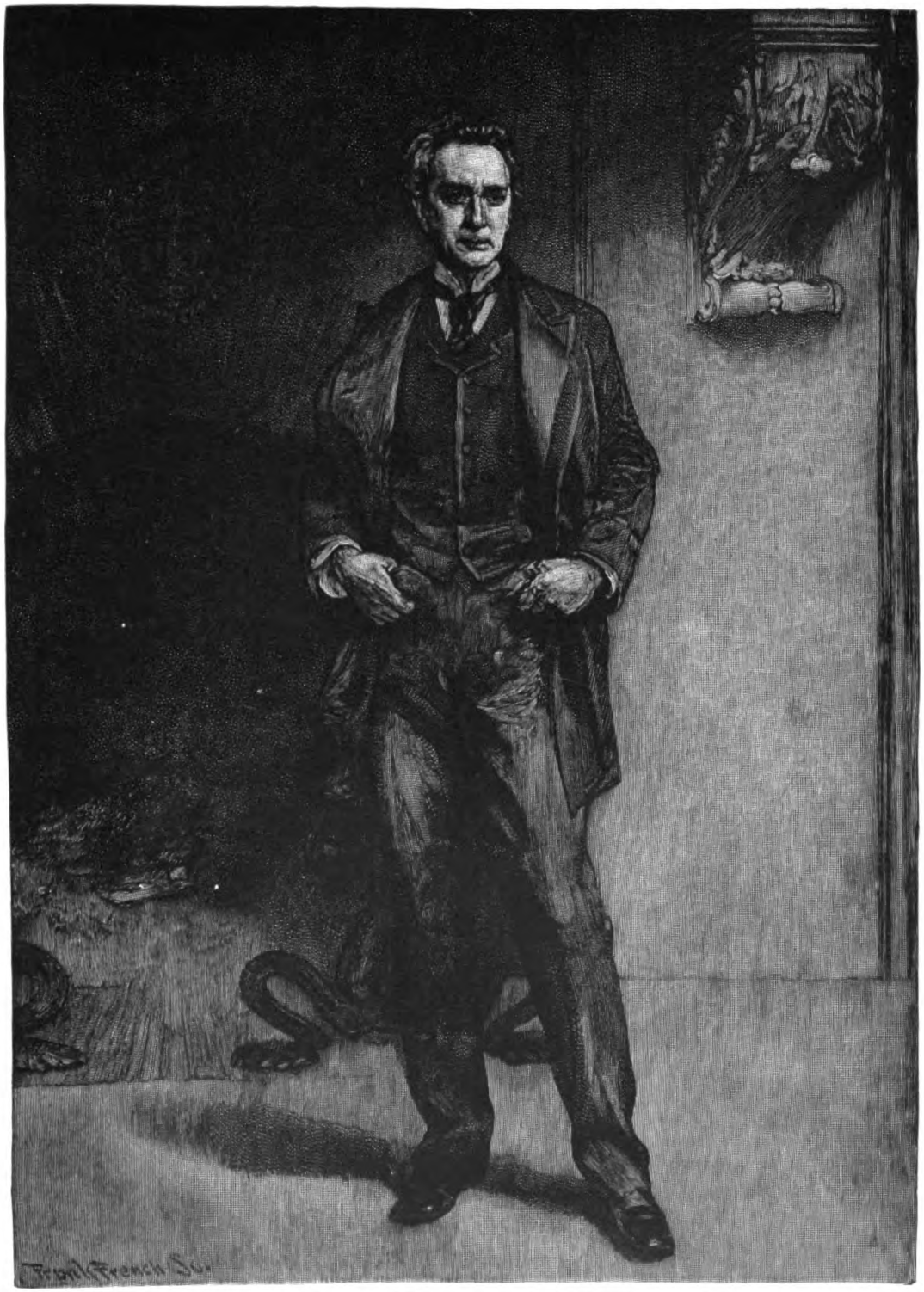
Eventually, however, I got a chance to play one important part, so called, and this is how I used my opportunities. Louisville was the scene of my triumph. We were playing in the Exposition building. One portion of this huge, impossible structure had

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been shut off to serve as a theater or auditorium. Its principal fitness for a theater was that it would hold a great multitude at advanced prices, and would enable them to see a play if not to hear it. The dressing-rooms were off in another county somewhere. We should have had a trolley or jitney service to and from the stage. I had been promoted to the part of Albany in "King Lear," and was feeling particularly happy. I had a real speech somewhere in the fourth act, and I was familiar with the stock stories of great actors who moved audiences to cheers or tears by the simple announcement that the carriage waited. I told myself that this was my chance, and I inspired myself to go after it. I thought I was pretty good in that one speech in the fourth act, and I encouraged myself to think that the people in the first three or four rows would *hear* it if I died for it. I could imagine that the audience would be inclined to be grateful for anything they heard. After the close of the first act, big with such thoughts, I went —or journeyed—to my dressing-room in the far-off country. Here, with the coming glory of the fourth act in mind, I carefully disrobed preparatory to putting on armor for my great scene. I had on my undershirt, tights, and sandals when I thought I heard a plaintive cry of distress in the distance and my name uttered in accents wild. Of a sudden it occurred to me that I had been so absorbed in the anticipated triumph of the fourth act that I had quite forgotten the second act, in which I had, it is true, but an inconspicuous part, but in which Booth had one of his greatest scenes. Desperately I seized my long-haired wig, drew it on the first way it came—it came backward, with the long hair driveling in front—picked up a blanket, threw it hurriedly over my nakedness, and started for the stage. I was met by relays of runners all urging me to haste, and with confused but uncomplimentary assurances. Whatever the distance was, I know that I made it in the shortest time on record. After I once got my stride, I made no stops until I was on the stage. Then I realized that I had made my entrance from the wrong side, and, losing no opportunity to make a bad matter worse, I deliberately crossed down in front to the other side of the stage. Pale with fright, breathless, with a wig which must have suggested the Wild Man of Borneo, with a blanket clutched around me I must have presented an interesting appearance. Anyway, the audience liked me, and I was received tumultuously. Also it enabled Booth to score, for he never spoke a line in his life that got more recognition than Lear's first line to Albany—"Oh, Sir, are you come?" But any faculties I may have possessed deserted me and I was quite speechless. Albany gives poor Lear all the cues for the rest of the scene. I opened my mouth, but no sound came. What poor Mr. Booth suffered no one can realize. He was never very perfect in the lines of Lear, and he had to get through the terrific curse scene without cues, jumping from speech to speech. The picture he made I shall remember as long as I have a memory. He looked at me with reproach unspeakable, tore off his crown, tried to drive his staff through the stage, kneeled down, and agonized through the curse of his degenerate daughter. I can see now the sweat drip from his tortured hands, but I think he was never greater in the awful words, "The untented woundings of a father's curse pierce every sense about thee!" The real curse scene followed the falling of the curtain. He cursed long, loud, and deep, not at me particularly, but just in general. I was numb with horror, but I heard Mr. Barrett say, "Young man, it seems to me you haven't so many lines to speak that you can afford to forget any of them," which was very mild, indeed, for I should have been dismissed on the spot. If Booth ever referred to the matter again, I have no recollection of it.

Need I tell you that this sad, plaintive man drew all hearts to him? The artistic temperament usually allows itself nerves, and unpleasant exhibitions of irritability, bad temper, and unreasoning pride. Booth was simple, gentle, kind, and generous. On one occasion the young men of the company were singing glees in one corner of his special car with noisy

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EDWIN BOOTH

Portrait by John S. Sargent

Courtesy of The Players, New York

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and boisterous laughter. The manager asked Booth if he wanted it stopped. The latter was indignant at the suggestion. "Let the boys alone," he said; "I'd join them if I had a better voice."

We were told that it annoyed Booth to see us in the wings during the performance. I spoke to him in regard to this. He said: "No, indeed; I like to see you take so much interest in your work; I take it as a compliment. I don't know how such an idea got started; perhaps because it angers me to see some gaping super stand where the audience can see him. I once threw a book at one."

His generosities were many but never ostentatious, most of them unknown except to the recipients. The night we closed our engagement in San Francisco he gave each of the ballet girls ten dollars in addition to their meager salaries. At the close of our first season he gave the property man and stage carpenter one hundred dollars each. All of us got full salaries the week he was ill in New York, and I think the ladies of the company were his guests on his private car, the "David Garrick." Some of our greatest and most successful actors have never done anything for their profession or their brother actors. Booth never forgot them. He told me he felt that an actor's home would be incomplete without a little theater connected with it to keep the old people busy and give them something to think about. He spoke of "an old friend" who could not stay in such a home, but wanted to be around the theater, and was full of ambition at close on to ninety years of age; and so he made a place for the old fellow at his own theater as long as he lived. His noble gift to his fellow-actors of The Players' Club is, of course, well known.

After the performance at night we used to gather around Booth in his private car and listen to him talk. He was a most accomplished story-teller, and always saw the humorous side of things. He smoked incessantly, changing from pipe to very strong cigars and back again to pipe. He was delightfully frank on some of these occasions. Once he alluded to a friend who had given him a cup with a *compass* in the bottom of it—"Some one who knew me," he remarked, quizzically. He was frank to admit that he was easily affected by even the smallest quantity of liquor.

It will always be difficult, if not impossible, for one who never saw him act to get an idea of this unusual man. He was small and slight, like his father and the great Edmund Kean; but I doubt if those who saw him on the stage ever thought of him as small, he filled the eye and the imagination so completely.

Aside from the fact that he was not of imposing stature, Edwin Booth had every gift an actor could desire. A voice of great range, flexibility, and power, with bird notes in it, the trumpet call, the song of the rain, the soul of the 'cello, the flash and crash and fury of the storm; a face mobile and sensitive to all emotions and shades and shadows of emotion; deep, lustrous eyes that glittered with hate or blazed with ferocity, and again were plaintive and tender as a mother's over a sick child; a body lithe, supple—grace itself. The movement of his body was visible poetry, and he produced tones with his hands like a master with a violin. Above all, he had intuition and imagination. Other actors are fortunate if they have any of these gifts; he had them all.

In his youth I fancy he must have been a very handsome man, but here is the account he gave us of himself: "In my youth I was a sight. I wore my hair down to my shoulders like a woman—sallow complexion, thin face [here he gave a comic imitation of a callow yokel], and I went around looking like a crushed tragedian."

One of his most amusing stories was of his early experiences as a manager. It was in Honolulu on his way back from Australia. Fifty dollars was the sum total of his capital, and he launched the enterprise on that, worked hard for six weeks, and came out of the ordeal with exactly fifty dollars. Booth was star, manager, and bill-poster all in one. The other members of the company were too proud to act in the humble capacity of bill-posting, and the native boys whom he employed ate the paste. The latter, it seems, was made from some material very popular with

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the common people as a breakfast-food, and they were not averse to dining at the expense of the management. One of his partners, a white man, settled in the islands, became a chief, and married a number of wives. Booth laughingly regretted that he had not been so happy or fortunate.

As I have intimated, Booth was an intensely shy, reticent man. Few people ever heard him express opinions, but he had them, nevertheless, and I was fortunate in eliciting some of his real views of persons and things. As most of the men of whom he spoke have since passed into the Beyond where human opinions no longer count, perhaps it is permitted me to repeat these conversations frankly. He had a very handsome cigar-holder which had been given him by Henry Irving. It led to some talk of his memorable London engagement in which he played in association with Irving, who had generously suggested the plan. It was a fine thing for Irving to do, for, as I understand it, Booth's engagement had not been a financial success up to the time when the English actor appeared with him in "Othello," alternating in the parts of Iago and Othello. I ventured the opinion that Irving must have made a "queer Othello." Booth said he did; that his own friends laughed at him, and that he was much better as Iago. At their last performance the American actor said he would like to have his dresser copy the pattern of some trimming Irving had on his Othello dress—Irving was always magnificently costumed—and without a word the latter ripped off a great piece of it in a wanton way, and to Booth's protests remarked: "Oh, I shall never play the part again. I shall not want a costume." I asked Booth what part he thought the English actor best in. "Well," said he, "he was a good Benedict, very soldierly." I suggested that Irving was not quite my ideal of a dashing, cynical young soldier. After some fencing Booth finally said that he thought the best work he had ever seen Irving do was in Tennyson's "The Cup," which was a guarded judgment, I fancy. In regard to Irving's Louis XI. he was reluctant to criticize a brother artist, but he had seen Charles Kean in the rôle, and it was evident that in Booth's judgment Kean's performance overshadowed Irving's.

He told one story of Irving that revealed a tragedy in that gifted man's life. One day, as they were sitting in Booth's room in the theater, the latter was handed a letter. Irving casually remarked that he recognized the handwriting. Booth offered it to him, and asked him if he cared to read it. Fortunately the Englishman declined. Mr. Booth opened it and read the following from Mrs. Henry Irving:

> DEAR MR. BOOTH,—Can you spare me a box? I should like to have my sons see what good acting is.

During my first season with Booth, quite by accident I found myself in a boarding-house in San Francisco kept by a very sweet, quaint, old English lady who was an aunt of Henry Irving's, and she told me that Mrs. Irving had been known to occupy a box at her husband's performances and ostentatiously read a newspaper during the performance.

Of Tennyson, of whom he evidently saw a good deal in London, Booth was hardly an admirer. He called the poet "a vain old man," and he was not favorably impressed with the poet's manners. Tennyson always kept places at his table for his intimate friends at the noon-day meal. On one of these occasions Booth expressed a desire for his autograph for his wife. Tennyson said, brusquely, "I hope you do not expect me to compose anything for it." The actor answered, modestly, "Oh, certainly not." Tennyson went on: "I never give my autograph. I had a request for it to-day all the way from India, and I refused." However, in spite of this discouraging beginning, he finally volunteered to write, and asked what it should be. Booth said his wife was very fond of "The Brook" and "The Bridge," and he asked for a verse from either. In an instant it flashed through his mind that he had asked for a verse from one of Longfellow's poems, and for a few seconds his embarrassment was intense. Tennyson wouldn't come to the theater unless he could have a box. He came to see

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Booth's Lear, and told the actor gruffly he didn't like his Lear; he liked parts of it, but he wasn't Lear.

Booth said his Lear was really very popular in England; he would have done better to have opened his engagement in it. I suggested that I understood his Lear was very popular in Germany. "Strange to say," was his reply, "my Othello was very highly thought of in Germany. They wouldn't let me play Iago, for they said they didn't like to see a star in a subordinate part. I said that in America we did not consider Iago a subordinate part; but they wouldn't have it. I told them my Othello was not popular in my own country." In Germany his most admired rôles were Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, and his triumph in that country was such as no foreign actor ever enjoyed before or since. All the preparations had been made, he told us, to give him a royal banquet at which he was to meet the Emperor, but "one of those little German princes had to die, the stupid jackass, and the court went into mourning."

I asked him if he had ever met Browning. "Oh yes," he said, "often. Tennyson was moody and retiring. Browning was just the opposite — went everywhere, was a great diner-out, and was always talking about himself, saying things it would have been in better taste to have let others say." I spoke of having met the great man in Edinburgh at Professor Masson's house, and that he was very informally dressed. Booth said he had seen him at receptions in what seemed to be a blue-checked flannel shirt, and he added, "That is all affectation." I gathered that Mr. Booth was not a Browning devotee, and perhaps the feeling was mutual, for I remember that Browning had spoken to me of his lifelong intimacy with Salvini, and had remarked that the Italian tragedian was not only "the greatest living actor, but undoubtedly the greatest actor who had ever lived."

Like all men before the public, Booth was frequently the victim of malicious detraction. He was accused of imitating other actors, at first his father, then the tragedian Fechter, and others. Fechter was at that time very popular in England and in this country. He once called on the younger actor and said, with brutal frankness, "I hear them say you imitate my business, and I am going to watch you like a hawk." It must have been rather trying to play to this rival glaring conspicuously from a stage box, but at the conclusion of the performance Fechter came back to say that the charge was quite unfounded. Shortly after this experience Booth took a night off and went to see Fechter, and he was astonished to see the German actor following the Ghost with the handle of his sword uplifted as a cross. Booth remarked dryly that Fechter had evidently approved that part of his business and had adopted it. Shortly after this the critic of the New York *Herald* made the interesting discovery that Booth had purloined this bit of business from the foreign actor.

Booth smiled at the extravagant praise bestowed upon Mounet-Sully for his wonderful business in "Hamlet" in swearing by the shadow of the cross made on the stage by his sword. Booth's comment was that he had done that years before Mounet-Sully ever played the part of Hamlet. Both pieces of business were the results of accidents. On one occasion his sword stuck into the stage so that he could not pull it out, and he noticed the shadow cast by it, and realized its significance as he pointed to it. On another night, as he was struggling with Marcellus and Horatio—"Unhand me, gentlemen, or, by Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me"—he lost his hold on the sword; it flew up into the air, and as he caught it he noticed that the hilt made the sign of the cross; he caught the eloquence of its meaning, and it became a permanent part of his performance.

He did not believe much in the teaching of acting. It was repeatedly said that Booth was not a student. I am sure he devoted much thought to his own performances, but I do not think he had given much consideration to acting as an art. Acting is a subtle, elusive, mysterious art, and the more one knows of it the more elusive it seems.

Booth said to me: "How is acting to be taught? I find that when I attempt to show an actor how a thing is to be

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done he only imitates me. Jefferson once said to me, 'Why don't you take your actors to your hotel and rehearse individually with them, and show them just what to do, and how to do it, and then when you come to rehearsals you will have plain sailing.' 'That's all very well,' was my reply, 'but your actors cannot imitate you when you say, "Here's to your goot healdt, to your families' goot healdt, undt may you lif long undt prosber." When I show my people, they imitate me in tone, inflection, gesture, and what I intend as a suggestion becomes a model.'" I suggested to him that the Théâtre Française had been a successful training-school for actors, and I asked him if he had given its system any study while he was abroad. Evidently he had not, but he was of the opinion that while it had been successful in comedy, France had produced few great tragedians. He was impressed, but not, I think, favorably, with the French attention to detail; he told us of a play he had bought, the prompt-book of which was marked off into squares, and every move indicated. He thought that very mechanical. The German actors he considered excellent in comedy, but heavy, stilted, and unnatural in tragedy.

He and Henry Irving had gone together to see the famous Meiningen players in "Julius Cæsar." Every one on the stage was acting, even to the little children. The street scenes, the mob—men, women, and children passing, talking, laughing—it was all very wonderful, with extraordinary attention paid to detail, but he thought there was too much of it. When asked how he liked the distinguished actor who played Mark Antony, he said: "I swear I didn't see him. I was too taken up with the splendid mob."

At the first rehearsal of the Booth-Barrett combination I asked Mr. Barrett, who was the manager, how he wanted us to dress "Hamlet"? He inquired how we had dressed it the previous season. I said in shirts—the actor's term for a tunic which draws in at the waist and falls to just above the knee. Barret said that hauberks were a great deal prettier, but to ask Booth. I asked the latter, and his reply was, "How do I dress it?" I answered, "You wear a shirt." "Do *I*?" he replied; "let's see," and I went with him to his dressing-room, where he looked at his costume and said: "I suppose I do. Well, do as you like." When one of our company suggested that if we wore hauberks *his* people would have to buy a lot of new clothes, Booth decided on shirts, to the comfort of the Booth boys and the dismay of the Barrett contingent.

I have always wondered just what was in his thought. Was he really indifferent, or did he have in mind that he had given himself and all he possessed in the Booth Theater to the crass public to his own ruin, and that nothing was worth while? Was it just a mood, or was it that he said to himself, What matter these things? When the hour is come, and the curtain goes up, costume or no costume, scenery or no scenery, Hamlet will be there, the real Hamlet, the very soul and heart and mind of the Prince of Denmark.

I have said that what saved this man from despair and ruin was his sense of humor. With a grimly whimsical fancy he had one of the bullets of the Chicago madman who attempted to assassinate him mounted in gold and engraved, "From Mark Grey *to* Edwin Booth, April 23rd, 1879."

In the town of New Bedford, where we closed our first season, he was evidently piqued at the smallness of the audience and its coldness. The play was "Richelieu," and he said, "Great heavens, I wonder if the curse scene will get a hand?" And he winked at me at the line, "to dull tiers of lifeless gapers." He said, sarcastically, he thought he would enjoy playing Petruchio to such an audience.

Of course he was not always at his best; he had high tides and low tides, but I don't think he ever intentionally slighted a performance. He said to us one night: "I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't keep my thoughts on the text; the lines slip from me, and the strangest, most incongruous things come into my mind." I told him I thought he was playing with spirit. He answered, "Only in spurts." The next day the New York *Evening Post* said, "Mr. Booth was at his best."

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He was not familiar with *The Paradox of Acting*, but he told me a personal experience strongly corroborating Diderot's—and Coquelin's—theory that an actor must never lose himself in a part. It was in a performance of "The Fool's Revenge." He said that never in his experience had the sorrows of the poor jester so appealed to him; he was profoundly moved, and wept at his own pathos. He finished the play believing that he had given the performance of his life. He was somewhat abashed, therefore, when his daughter, who occupied a box, said to him: "What was the matter with you to-night, father? I never saw you give such a poor performance of the part." Booth recalled that John McCullough always wept copiously in his performances, and he thought it did not add to their effectiveness.

It is interesting in this connection to recall certain physical manifestations in Booth's performances. For example, as Iago was forced by a soldier to bend over the body of Othello, the look of immeasurable hate he bestowed on the dead Moor was indescribable, and as he uttered the lines, "What you know, you know. From this time forth I never will speak word," he ground his teeth together so that it could be distinctly heard in the audience. The look, the grinding sound, and the words created an effect which no one who saw it will ever forget.

He did not like flattery, and when one of his company said on one occasion, "I cannot imagine any one else in the part of Iago," Booth smiled and said, "Oh, I don't know. My father was a very great Iago."

The most normal hours in the actor's life are those he spends at the theater. The curse of the actor's life is travel. The unredeemed irregularity of his life is demoralizing, disintegrating. The first season I was with Booth we traveled over fourteen thousand miles, giving two hundred and thirty-three performances, and our receipts were a record for the theater up to that time. Our second season—the Booth-Barrett combination—we covered much more ground. Particularly in the South our tour degenerated into a money-grabbing device. Much of the time we played twice a day, like a traveling vaudeville show. We were exploited like a circus, and played to advanced prices, to which the speculators added an additional iniquity. No one, of course, would claim that the public got its money's worth. To travel and give two performances of Shakespeare a day is quite beyond the powers of any combination. Even during the first season Booth once said to our manager, after a sleepless night: "How many such experiences are in store for us? Two or three more such nights would, I think, put me in a madhouse."

Booth was fond of telling a story of one of his friends (I don't know whether it was Bancroft or Corcoran) who, when Booth was in rather poor health, used to stand up in the theater and encourage the audience with: "That's right. Call him out again, call him out again. He won't be with you long." On my wall hangs a skull-cap worn by Booth in the character of Shylock, and made from a hat I once wore with him as Tubal. The envelope attached to it reads: "To Edwin Royle, Esq., with compliments of Edwin Booth, May, 1888." Five years after he penned those words to me he was gone, and the little orange-colored rag, the fragile paper envelope, and the fading ink have outlasted that great and gifted soul. You may see his costumes and his stage jewels at The Players. The rest is only a memory, and even those who remember will soon be gone.

Of all artists the actor's fame is the most transient. The author lives in his books; the painter speaks from his canvas; the composer thrills our hearts today and may thrill hearts a hundred years from now, but the actor lives not in years or days or hours, but in seconds, feverish seconds. Be generous with your praise, your applause, the flowers you throw at his feet, for he is king only for a beautiful and glorious moment, and—"The rest is silence."

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The Owls and the Gladiator

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

TIME: a cool November morning. Place: as usual, Central Park, New York—at the entrance nearest my house. Person present: Niblo Sims—that is, myself—on a bench. Atmosphere: distinctly one of annoyance.

I will begin by saying that I do not like queer people. Some of them are interesting in a way, and some may be comic, but I don't believe we feel really comfortable in their society. I think we all prefer people who behave in a sensible manner. I certainly should hate very much to be queer myself. Yet I—of all people—had just been asked by my wife to "do no more queer things."

She had reference to some little incident at the club, of which young Grillquist had given her a distorted account. I don't care to go into it. It's all past and gone. I will merely say concerning that incident that though *it* was queer, *I* wasn't. It makes all the difference in the world in such cases, which it is that's peculiar—the circumstances or the man. I cannot be held accountable for circumstances. I didn't make the world.

After my little vacation in the Adirondacks I might have forgotten the whole matter, if my wife hadn't chosen to bring up the disagreeable subject. I had really been feeling quite placid and fit till she spoke. I made up my mind to this, that Hattie would have to learn to be more reasonable and to understand me better. When a man instinctively dislikes all eccentric behavior, it's a little too ridiculous to beg him not to indulge in it.

Sitting there in the Park, absorbed in these restless reflections, I gradually became aware that two policemen were throwing stones at a tree. I assumed that they knew what they were about, and paid small attention to them. The loungers, however, and the idle women and children soon began gathering around and speculating on what the matter was. One of them, a forward young creature in a red hat and furs, presently stepped up and asked the policemen what they meant, throwing stones around that way. She said they might hit her baby.

"It's like this, lady," they courteously responded. "There's owls in that tree."

"Oh!" she cried, "will baby be able to see them? Why, I think that's too sweet!"

The policemen said nothing further, but began throwing stones again.

"Oh!" the girl said, "don't! *Don't!* You might hurt them!"

That was just what they wished to do, the policemen declared; and when she protested, they said there was nothing sweet about owls. They said she mightn't know it, but owls flew about and attacked people viciously at night. And when she asked in what way and what people, they said, crossly:

"They bite! They bite us. How would *you* like to go on duty here at night and get all tore up by a owl?"

They were evidently in earnest, very much so; but several of the women laughed provokingly at them, and the girl said, "Oh, nonsense!"

The policemen said, "Nonsense, is it?" and showed her their caps. "Is a hole like that nonsense?" one of them vindictively demanded. You could do very little to owls at night, he explained—it was too dark, and they swooped so. But he had spotted this tree as being one place where they came from, and he was just going to learn them to go biting policemen.

As I walked back to the house I reflected that every one has his troubles—troubles that other people couldn't imagine existed, and yet very real ones. It made me feel better about mine. And I thought how poor Hattie would

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have probably called this owl matter "queer," and how unjust it was of her or any one to use such a word just because a thing seemed a bit unusual or hard to understand.

When I reached home I found to my regret that my brother Talbot was present. It prevented me from speaking to Hattie as I had intended. I sat calm and silent throughout lunch, waiting till he should have gone, while he and Hattie talked, talked, talked, till my ears were tired listening. After lunch it got worse. The conversation turned upon clothes. With all the most important things in the world to discuss, is it worth while to chatter merely about what covers the body? I felt rather sorry and even a little ashamed of my family to see them sit there and dwell on that kind of a subject.

"Clothes are a nuisance," I said.

My wife gave a quick little laugh, and remarked, "Even hats?"

She had gone with me the day before to my hatter's, where I had bought a new derby, which I had needed very much. I had had some trouble getting what I required, and my wife had made fun of me.

"There's a general belief, Teapot," she said to Talbot (I wish she wouldn't call him Teapot), "that women waste hours and hours and hours buying hats, while a man simply says, 'Seven and an eighth,' and takes what he gets. But you know how little time *I* spend on them."

"I do, Hattie," he said. "You give one look around and immediately say, 'Show me that one'; and the minute you get it on your head you start pinning it in place and telling the girl to charge it to Mrs. Niblo Sims—S, I, M, S, Sims—and you walk out of the shop. You always know your own mind."

"Well," said my wife, pensively, patting Talbot on the hand, "Niblo has a way with his derbies that's very, very different. I used to think derbies were all just alike before I married, but, dear me, I was mistaken. Some are too high for Niblo; some are too squat, or too broad; some aren't curved enough; some have the wrong kind of brim. And after he has chosen the least obnoxious out of the pile, it has to go down-stairs in a little derby elevator to be heated and entirely recast and shaped to his head; and they don't get it right, so it has to keep going back down; and when it is lunch-time he says, discontentedly, 'Well, I'll *try* it that way for a while,' and walks home with me, feeling of it, and pulling it down on his head and complaining that it leaves a mark; and as soon as he gets home he telephones them to send for it and take the thing back. And he speaks so harshly to them over the telephone, and gets so wrought up about the hat's not fitting, that it sounds as though he never wanted to see a hat again in his life."

Talbot said yes, and that I'd been even worse about shirts. "I think Niblo's getting queer in some ways," he added, giving her a wink.

I rose and went to the door. "I am sorry," I said, "to hear you keep talking as though I were odd or eccentric. I pay what I think is a proper attention to having things right. But I also say clothes are a nuisance; and it's bad enough buying them, without discussing the difficulties afterward. I would far sooner go without clothes altogether than do that." And I went off and left them.

"I think I'll go with him," I heard Talbot saying to Hattie.

I hurried at once from the house and caught a 'bus at the corner. When I got to the street where my club is I got off, intending to go in; but it occurred to me Talbot might come there, and I was sick of the fellow. So I took another 'bus, an up-town one, and went up the west side.

As we went up Broadway I thought of those new studio buildings in West Sixty-seventh Street and decided I'd just drop in there and see what they were like. E. K. White, I knew, had moved in there. A crabbed sort of chap, but I wished to see some one; I needed to get my mind off of Hattie.

E. K.'s wife let me in. She said Mr. White was busy, he was behind with his work, but would I sit with *her* for a little? I saw she didn't wish it—she seemed vague and preoccupied, as though anxious to get back to something. But I sat down and stayed a long time with her nevertheless, because

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if I hadn't she would probably have thought me unfriendly. That's the way people are. I've made many a dreary call on persons who weren't glad to see me, just in order to be friendly. One has to be ready to take the bad with the good in this world. This call on Mrs. White, I may mention, was one of the dreariest. But at least it was better than having a row in my home.

After perhaps half an hour, White himself came to the door. "That dog of a gladiator hasn't shown up, Jane," he began; and then, seeing me, he stopped. "Humph!" he said. "It's Sims, eh? You must look out for this fellow, Jane. One hears wild tales about him, sometimes—from his brother and Grillquist. Maybe this is one of his quiet days, though. Will you come into the studio?"

That's the way White often talks; it's his notion of banter. Some people may like it; I don't. But Mrs. White was slipping off, and I didn't wish to leave there too soon. And, heavens!—White's harmless enough, even when he's offensive. So I went down the passageway with him, without saying anything.

His studio was the most disorderly room I had ever seen. Cigarette-butts, old clothes, tables covered with papers and tubes of paint, chairs filled with bundles, and over at the far end a stoutish but striking young woman. She was dressed rather oddly—some clinging white stuff and a wreath. Hair down. No shoes. But in spite of her irregular appearance, I could see she was nice. She was also good-looking. I bowed pleasantly. I like being affable, when possible, to all sorts of people.

"My model, Miss Yecker," said White. "She's posing as a wood-nymph; here's the picture. A classical scene, as you see. She's pleading to this Roman gladiator she's met in the forest."

Then Miss Yecker spoke up. She had a rather thin, piercing voice, considering her size; but, as I said, she was nice.

"I didn't even know what a gladiator was when I began," she confided. She came and stood beside me, with a smile, as I looked at the painting. "But you see he's like a soldier, one of those soldiers they have in history-books. This is a cuirass he's got on, and here's his grooves—I mean greaves—and his helmet. And by rights he should be carrying a sword, spear, and shield, and a battle-ax; but Mr. White's left the ax out."

"She doesn't like this gladiator I've got for her," White said, going over to the window. He looked out, swore briefly, and fell to work scraping his palette.

I sat down on the sofa. Miss Yecker said, impulsively, "I'm afraid I—there's not room, I'm afraid, is there?—you must excuse me if I don't sit down with you." She laid her hand on the pillows to straighten them, blushed, and drew back.

"He hasn't asked you, has he?" White said, coldly. His tone wasn't courteous. It wasn't at all the tone to employ toward a handsome young woman. I tried to make up for it by rising and offering the whole sofa to her, but this embarrassed her dreadfully; and it finally appeared that the only way to put her at her ease was for us to sit down together. This we did. I had certainly never sat on a sofa with a wood-nymph before!

I didn't quite know what to think of her. She seemed to be fresh and wholesome, and with a little training I thought she might be nice to know. Of course I am no trainer. But it was a pity—she seemed so warm and willing. And she was agreeable; she wished to be pleasing to people. I like that, in a woman.

As we sat there she told me, between fits of shyness and trust, about some of her ideas, and especially about her work on this picture. She said the man who was posing as the gladiator was making things hard for her, always trying to be funny, and she had her living to earn. I sympathized with her—I loathe men who try to be funny. They remind me of Talbot. She said she wished that I'd be the gladiator.

"That's a good idea," said White, waking up. "You're such a wizened old bean-pole, my dear Sims, that it hadn't occurred to me. But at least you've got height. *Will* you pose a bit? My man model's late."

That's White's idea of the proper way of asking a favor. I declined to oblige him, though even then I half wished to

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try it. The armor was splendid. Miss Yecker got me to put on the helmet and led me off to a mirror. A helmet does set off the face of a man more than a derby. It dignifies manhood.

"Oh, you must, Mr. Sims!" said the wood-nymph. . . .

Half an hour later I had taken off my clothes in the dressing-room, and was garbed as a gladiator, with Miss Yecker kneeling to me admiringly while E. K. White painted us. It was all right at first. I looked martial and grim in the mirror. But before very long my legs began to feel cold. And when I looked down at Miss Yecker I could see two gold teeth. This made the whole thing less romantic. Also, holding my pose made my arm stiff. I wondered if people got paralysis—or pneumonia—posing.

The pose itself was a tiresome one to maintain, in that it required Miss Yecker and myself to stare at each other; and as I thus examined her, fixedly, I grew to dislike her. A heaviness, both physical and mental, appeared in her face. She was vulgar. I doubtless betrayed my changed views of her by my expression, for she looked at first puzzled, then morose, then resentful and haughty. At least those were the sentiments I thought I discerned in her eyes. When two people stare long at each other their inside feelings show. It was rather uncomfortable to be conscious of this growing antagonism. I disliked White, too; he wasn't considerate. He stopped to let me rest now and then; but he was in a hurry. Miss Yecker said I ought to try harder to let Mr. White work. White grew very curt in the way he kept ordering me around.

I began to feel I was in a mess and had better go home. Then an anxious thought came to me. "You aren't painting in my face?" I asked. "I couldn't allow my likeness, of course, to appear in such—"

I had glanced at Miss Yecker, disapprovingly, I suppose, as I spoke.

"What!" she now said, indignantly.



THE POLICEMAN SAID THERE WAS NOTHING SWEET ABOUT OWLS

"'In such company'?" She got up off her knees.

I'd been going to say "such a costume," I nervously explained—"such surroundings." White wanted to know what the matter was with the surroundings. We all grew rather tense. I said I had come to his studio so as not to be fretted, and I'd have to ask him and Miss Yecker to take care how they spoke to me.

There had been a noise in the hall for some minutes—men calling to one another. We had given it no attention at first, but it now grew much louder; we

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heard people running, and somebody banged on the door.

"Come in!" White shouted, without giving one thought to my feelings and the way I was clad.

"I will not allow it!" I cried, getting back of a screen.

The door was flung open. A wave of smoke swirled hotly in. The uproar now was deafening. "Fire! Fire!" the man screamed. "Get out, you! You ain't got a minute!" Frantic bells began clanging.

We stared — shook — and rushed for the door, while White yelled for his wife. Then swiftly I thought of my clothes, and ran back to the dressing-room. I heard a loud crash in the hall, frightful roars, women's shrieks. I snatched up the things on the chair and dashed out into the hall. I don't know how I got down the stairs. I fell flat once or twice. In the street a huge crowd was collecting. They jeered horribly at me. I saw an old horse-cab and ran for it—it was down near the car-tracks. As I jumped in and slammed the door after me, some one tugged at the handle. I pulled down the shade with one hand, held the door with the other.

I heard squealing. "Home, driver!" I called.

The squealing continued, and it sounded peculiarly wrathful. I wondered why any one should come and squeal peculiarly at *me* when I wished to go home. A sudden and much stronger tug pulled the door partly open, and in the crack I saw a great, mottled face with a sodden mustache.

"Stop your squealing," I ordered. "Who are you?"

"I 'ain't done no squealing," the fellow said, in a deep voice. "I'm the driver; and this lady here, she says to let her right into the cab."

"I refuse," I declared. "Go away! Can't you see I'm not dressed?"

Some one shook the door violently.

"She says you got her clothes," said the driver.

I let go the door, felt of my bundle; and there, sure enough, lying on top of my own things, were some of a woman's. I plucked off a boa, two long gloves—held them dazedly out. There stood the wood-nymph.

"You brute!" she was saying. She rejected with violence her boa.

There was a crowd in the street. "Put



I WAS GARBED AS A GLADIATOR, WITH MISS YECKER KNEELING TO ME ADMIRINGLY

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this thing on and go!" I said, sharply. I wished to be off.

Miss Yecker just burst into tears and climbed into the cab.

"But you mustn't," I cried, poking and pushing her. She felt like a pudding.

Miss Yecker scratched bitterly at my face, forcing me to draw back. "Get out of here, driver!" I heard a policeman call loudly. "Can't block up this street. You get back there!" he ordered the crowd, on all sides of the cab. They got back; the horse started forward. We turned down the avenue.

I was naturally furious. I steadied my helmet, which the cab was half jolting from my head, and commandingly said to her, "Now, madam, this is my cab!"

"I'll show you whose cab it is!" she wept; "I'm not goin'-a-be insulted."

We immediately fell into a most strangely intimate quarrel. She said very personal things; I did, too. We both said them at once. We reproached each other warmly and bitterly, just as though we were married. I could never have dreamed of a man's having such an experience. All this time she kept snatching bits of clothing from my little pile, and shaking them accusingly at me—and I found all were hers. I had brought the wrong chairful and left my own garments behind.



WE REPROACHED EACH OTHER BITTERLY, JUST AS THOUGH WE WERE MARRIED

Our chief cause of difference was that we each wanted the cab. I had seen the cab first and engaged it, and I now *had* to have it, of course, having no street apparel. On the other hand, she persistently refused to leave, as I urged, until I should get out and give her a chance to put all her things on.

She was dressed quite enough as it was, I repeatedly told her. Her robe as a wood-nymph was the amplest a nymph ever wore. It was positively bunchy—she was like some old Eskimo wood-nymph. It was a bit odd perhaps, but who notices when a woman wears odd things? They dress so preposterously, anyhow. She could perfectly well have gone home on the top of a 'bus.

Her plan was, however, for us to drive into the Park and find some quiet place where I could get out while she dressed. Then, she said, she would give me the cab. My own cab, mind! However, I agreed to do this, if I could first get an overcoat to put on while I waited. I couldn't wait around in the Park with a cold, tin cuirass on.

I wasn't going to go up my own stoop dressed like a dashed lunatic. She said, let the driver go in, then, and bring out the overcoat; but that would have brought Hattie; and each time I looked

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at Miss Yecker I knew that wouldn't do. We finally decided to drive down to Talbot's apartment. I figured that he would be out and that we could have the man at the door send up word to his Jap that Mr. Sims wanted his overcoat —devilish quick.

Miss Yecker prepared to tell the doorman all this through the window, by putting her hat on and a light-green three-quarter-length wrap. I couldn't show myself, naturally; but she granted that she could. She could fix up enough, she admitted, to look out of the window.

It might have worked perfectly, but the man who came out to the cab was a spying old snake who caught sight of me when he should have been listening to Miss Yecker, and went off looking over his shoulder with his face puckered up. She, too, was to blame for not fitting herself right in the window, so she would have filled it. The whole thing was bungled. And, to add to the failure, the man brought word that Talbot was there, and had said that he'd not give the lady so much as a cuff-button. Thinking he might come down, I at once had the cabman drive off.

After some further argument we moodily returned to the Park, and drove up that small hill where they've put General Bolivar's statue. You may know the place; it's just off the west drive, and no one goes up it because all there is to see is this statue. Its advantage to me now was that there are lots of trees all around. It's quite hidden. I gingerly got out there to let that poor foolish woman dress.

It was really quite cold. I stood back of the cab and close to it, to be out of the wind. Also to be out of sight of the cabman, whom I was very sick of. I haven't mentioned it, in passing, but he'd stopped several times and explained that his horse was "wore out," and had twice got down and come round to the door for his money, and said he "must go back"—in short, he had been a nuisance. He began all his speeches by saying, "I ain't saying nothing," and then going on to explain, "It's like this, Mr. Sims." He had got my name from Miss Yecker, and he seemed to be fascinated by my armor—couldn't keep his eyes off me.

Miss Yecker took so long that, after jumping up and down and slapping myself for a while, I angrily went to the window and said I was perishing. I demanded the light-green wrap, anyhow, on account of my legs. She handed me instead an old lap-robe she'd found under the seat, and shrilly abused me for not treating her like a lady. The next moment the cabman whipped up and drove rapidly off with her.

I was going to shout, but I suddenly saw why he'd done it. A gardener had started up the hill through the trees in the rear, to investigate the cause, I suppose, of Miss Yecker's shrill anger. My own anger was very deep at this brutal betrayal. I skipped nimbly around the pedestal of General Bolivar's statue, drew the lap-robe around me, and felt of my silly tin sword.

After crouching there patiently awhile, I saw the gardener wasn't coming. He had seen the cab go, I suppose, and had given it up. I naturally expected Miss Yecker to come back and get me, but time went on and it grew dark, and she never returned. I think I could have killed her. I know I could have killed that gross cabman. When night finally came, grim and cold, I descended the hill.

The immoderate difficulty I had in traversing that Park—the quick runs, the dodging; the hiding in small, cruel bushes that pricked me most sharply; the narrow escape from a group of coarse, roistering hoodlums who had no more decency than to treat me like some hunted hare — these things I cannot speak of. I ended my journey near the place where I'd sat down that morning, close to that eastern entrance which is nearest the street I reside in.

There, though, I was blocked. I could not cross Fifth Avenue. There was nothing for it but to wait on till the streets were deserted. I spread my lap-robe on the ground in between several trees, sat on it, and drew it up over me. It had a strong, circusy smell; most repugnant I found it. And I'd no string to tie it with. I had to hold all the four corners up close to my neck, and my arms got so stiff that my hands lost all feeling whatsoever.

A full hour must have passed when a

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man appeared walking on the grass directly toward my trees. In the lamplight I saw he was one of those policemen who had been throwing stones in the morning. I wasn't surprised to see him, for, of course, this was his beat; but why couldn't he stick to the paths? Why snoop and sneak through the bushes? The way our police prowl around is most gruesome, I think. It's a mighty poor system; it lowers men so, to be prowlers.

Not daring to wait his approach, I annoyedly withdrew. My trouble was this: there seemed to be no place to withdraw to. I saw just one spot, a small summer-house covered with lattice-work, which I had avoided before because people might go there. I hid softly in that.

The policeman came on past my trees and walked toward my new place. I felt cold and anxious. Then he stopped, faced about, and drew something out of his pocket. I thought it was a pipe, but presently he moved to one side, in the light from a lamp-post, and I saw that it was a slung-shot. I surmised that he was planning to have another bout with his owls.

Meantime I had noticed a group of people out in the street coming toward the Park—pleasant men in top-hats, women in gay cloaks and bright slippers. They made me feel grimy. One man was carrying some shoes, but I didn't stop to realize at the moment how peculiar this was. My one thought was that they were heading for the path that led into the summer-house. As noiselessly as possible I climbed onto the lattice-work roof.

The policeman faced around. He had heard me. He walked up to the summer-house, looked in, and, seeing no one inside, stared up at the roof. I was just in the shadow of a tree, and kept as still as I could, but my sword handle was sticking into me, and unfortunately I twitched. The policeman lifted his club. Knowing he couldn't see clearly, if at all, I hoped he might think that the noise had been made by an owl. It was my only chance. On the impulse of the moment I nervously sang out, "Tu-whoo!"

That is the sound all books tell you that owls make, isn't it? It should have convinced that policeman. Instead of that, he jumped up on a bench and began yelling threats. "That's enough of that now," he kept saying. "Come on down or I'll soak you!"



SHE HANDED ME AN OLD LAP-ROBE SHE'D FOUND UNDER THE SEAT

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"THERE HE IS!" ROARED THE CABMAN. "I'D KNOW THEM LEGS ANYWHERE"

I was mortified and desperate. Still hoping to persuade him I was an owl, I pulled out my sword and poked down at him smartly in the dark, on the top of his head—so it would feel like a bite. I also cried "Tu-whoo!" again, only louder, in case he hadn't understood. He swore very horribly at this and began climbing the roof.

He wasn't, however, a good climber, and the roof wasn't strong—the edge of it gave way with him the minute he attempted to mount. And as he stood, feeling for a new place, that group of people came up the path, and I saw I was saved.

Saved, but at what a cost! I recognized their voices before the lamplight had revealed them. Talbot came first with a pair of my shoes and some coats. With him was the cabman. My wife coolly came next with a waistcoat of mine in her hand, talking to our friend, Mr. Levellier, who was carrying the trousers. Then came Mrs. Levellier, and Angelica Broderick, her niece, with my new derby hat. And all of them talking about me and my ways.

The cabman's voice rang out loudest. I gathered that Miss Yecker had dismissed him without paying his fare, and that after he'd rested he'd gone to my brother's apartment. "No, sir," he was saying, "I never see anything like it; just some old bits of brass on, though now, o' course, he's got my lap-robe. But, take it from me, sir, he must be some'eres in this Park, and I kin show you or anybody the identical place where I left him."

"Hey, stand back there!" called the policeman, stopping the party. "Don't go through this summer-house—you hear? Take that other path 'round."

"Why, what's the man talking about?" said Hattie. "I always go this way."

I began climbing down.

"There he is! There he is!" roared the cabman. "I'd know them legs anywhere."

"Is that you, Niblo?" my wife said, severely. "What on earth are you doing?"

The policeman swung around and at once tried to grab at my legs; but my brother caught hold of him, and I had the pleasure of giving each of them a kick in the neck.

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"Now, officer," said Levellier, "stand aside, please, or I shall report you. Don't interfere further. You must let respectable citizens alone."

"You call that a respectable citizen?" demanded the officer. "Crawling around high and mighty without any clothes on, and that vicious he's bitten a chunk out the top of my head!"

"As to clothes," Talbot told him, trying desperately to explain the best he could, "this gentleman's idea has long been that clothes are a nuisance."

"And how long has his idea been that he was an owl?" said the officer. "Do you let him come out here and screech this hoo-hoo stuff all night?"

"An *owl*, eh? Why, I never knew he —er—" Talbot began.

They all looked at me inquiringly. Hattie whispered to Talbot that she thought they'd better send for Dr. Grillquist.

"Come, come," I said, climbing down. "That's enough talking now. I'm going home."

"The gentleman will explain on some other occasion why he wishes to be an owl," Talbot earnestly assured the policeman, and I noticed Levellier was quietly making signs to the man. I got into my coat.

"Oh, Niblo!" my wife said in anguish, as we walked swiftly off. "After promising me only this morning that you'd stop being queer!"

The Mother Speaks

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

WHEN I was lonely (that am so no more)
You waited, laughing, finger-tip on lips,
In staring, sweet invisibility;
Yet like a child in hiding sometimes cried
Out of the sunrise, "Here!" or sudden leaped
Toward me from music. On the mountain paths
Just beyond sight, and stealthy, dryad-like,
You called me, finding words among the leaves;
And out of singing water came your voice. . . .

Now you are flesh of mine and quite forgot
Is all that mystery. Three-score and ten,
The world-sleep years, whose dust shall cover in
That airy clearness of the gone-before:
Three-score and ten to test humanity,
And weary of it, and go back to God.

Brief as the rapturous plucking of a rose
The little time you lie against my heart.
Lie close and grow—and grow to all the best
And strongest that the Race has power to make;
Grow into joy, as may be: sorrow flies
Courageous bodies, and the greater griefs
Strengthen the soul like wine. Be not afraid—
Be not afraid. The world was overcome
Two thousand years agone by one strange man.
And others since—and some before, no doubt,
Whose voices go before in joyous song.
So, flesh of mine, fear not the cruelties,
The weariness, the stinging pains of sense.

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Who Feeds the Nation?

BY ELIZABETH SEARS

LONG about June in a big wheat year the compilers of statistics begin to figure out how many bushels of wheat will be raised and just how many loaves of bread each bushel will make and how many loaves are due per man per nation. On paper it looks right convincing. The farmer feeds the nation.

We feed the farmer—we women of the farms. We know what it costs to feed him and to get that wheat in condition for shipment ready to feed the nation. We've fed our women to the wheat crops for a good many years, now; but you don't hear much about our share in the feeding. It has been hard on the women, feeding the farmer and the nation.

Sometimes when I'm stirring up a batch of raised biscuit for breakfast, and I sift in the soft, creamy flour and think of the price we women have had to pay for it—it sort of sets me against wheat-bread for a while, and I go back to corn-bread, although we paid a price for the corn, too, we women.

I have always loved the Kansas prairie. You couldn't hire me to leave the farm and be cooped up in town without room to breathe. In every season of the year the prairies roll away, wave after wave, giving you a limitless impression as I imagine the sea must do—just splashing right along beyond the horizon, right to the turning-point. There couldn't be anything prettier than the plowed fields of a spring evening, with the long, freshly turned furrows all seeming to converge in a point toward the sun as it drops, big and round and red, below the edge, and the men unhook from the plow and ride in, sitting sideways on their lead horse and whistling contentedly as they think of their good, hot supper.

Color appeals to me. I always stop a few minutes on the high ridge just before we drop down into the slope toward home when we come from town. You can see into three counties from there on a clear day. Just before wheat-cutting, it is a wonderful view. As far as you can see, melting into the horizon, there is field after field of the wheat, tawny yellow in the shadows that the clouds trail over it, and rippling in waves where the wind bends the bearded tops, just as if the wind were playing tag with the shadows. It lies in even squares, for Kansas is laid off in sections, even and exact as a checker-board. There are no wandering lanes in Kansas. You drive straight as a die, fenced in on both sides with wire fence or low-cut Osage orange hedges for miles, sure that at each mile you will reach a cross-road.

They say it is too vast and monotonous to be of artistic value in a picture; but it stirs my emotions like great, thrilling chords of music. I have often snatched a minute or two from my work, even when burdens pressed heavily, to look at the prairie pictures and to breathe deep of the ozone in the prairie air. It put a minute or two of joy into my day that made up for the dreary drudgery before I had learned to organize both myself and my job of being a farmer's wife, and to adjust myself to my share of the business.

I dimly felt, even in those days, that there must be some way to make it easier for the woman on the farm. We kept going right around in a circle. We never could seem to meet the seasons squarely in the face because we were always dragging along a bit of the unfinished work of the season before. Heavens to Betsey! the days when I have wished I could go to sleep and sleep right through the harvesting season!

If anybody on earth needs the doctrine of conservation of energy and good horse-sense preached to her, it is the farmer's wife. And the more she

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needs it, the harder it is to reach her with it. It is the hardest thing in the world to make her realize that it is up to her to solve her own problems and adjust her own difficulties and to use her own brains to do it.

We used to be afraid of the farm missionaries when the state agricultural colleges began to send them out. They came into the counties to hold Institutes. We used to scorn them with the inherent antagonism that the farm woman has for the city woman—an antagonism that is born of the fear of being looked down upon. We learned that there is nothing the woman in the city has that we could not have. We learned that it was simply a matter of adjustment. We had to have it borne in upon us that we must be trained as much for our work on the farm as the city woman for her work in the town—that we were not naturally good housekeepers and good cooks and good mothers simply because we had been born females.

When a little frail instructor from the Kansas Agricultural College came to our town and was able to tell me the reason why my bread had been souring all summer and how to prevent it, and I got it through my head that she knew what she was talking about, I woke up to a lot that I had missed.

Our problems of trying to do the work of three with nothing to do with has filled many a sanitarium. The hospitals are crowded with us. And how full the cemeteries were of us in the old days—the price we paid for the big crops and the prosperity of the State! And Kansas is not the only state that is full of the unwritten records of the women who paid for the crops with their lives. They are still paying for the wheat.

My mother died because she was too tired to try to make an effort to live any longer. Looking back on it now, I cannot remember ever seeing my mother sit with folded hands. They said little of their hard lives, these brave women who helped to build up the plains. They accepted it uncomplainingly. When our Country Club met at our house last week, my aunt was there as a guest. We have thirty members in our club. Ten of them drove their own automobiles. All but two live in modern houses with heat and water. We buy the latest thing in foot-gear, which is the one sure sign of progress in a farm woman. One of the members was humorously relating the trials of having a frozen water-pipe mended, and Aunt Kish told of the days when she had to carry water a quarter of a mile from a creek. My aunt is a gay old lady, and all the weight of her seventy years has not smothered her resilient disposition. Her husband died after their third big wheat crop—drank himself to death celebrating it in Kansas City—and she has had the first real time of her life ever since.

When she came to Kansas in the early fifties, she drove a team herself from St. Louis, with a ten-months'-old baby on the seat beside her. She and her husband took up a claim forty miles from a settlement. Wandering Indians were their only neighbors, and terrified her daily by their company. When they had been here less than a year her husband returned to Illinois and remained three months. She was left alone to look after the crops, shuck the corn, and take care of the place. While he was gone her third baby was born. Her only help was an Indian squaw, who had chanced in to beg a loaf of bread and remained to help the young mother in her extremity.

"We didn't think anything of it," said my aunt. "We were too busy while it was happening to think about it. We went through a lot those days; but, land of Goshen! we are making up for it now, with our furnaces, and our gasolene-engines for the churns and washing-machines, and our automobiles."

It has always seemed strange to me—the economic dependence of women. A man who is confronted by extra work never tries to do three men's work. He goes out and hires two extra men. A woman simply shifts the burden on her shoulders to make room for another one, and lets it go at that. She snips a little off the night-time in the morning and a little off at night and burns the daylight at both ends. She gets the credit of preparing three meals a day and washing up the dishes. Heaven only knows who the men think does the washing and ironing and sewing and preserving and

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gardening and chickening and baby-raising, but somebody does it.

I remember we had a neighbor once who expected the stork at harvest-time. You'd have thought she had interrupted the work of the universe, the way her husband fussed because she would not be up and around at wheat harvest. He fussed about it a little too much, for one day she hitched up the horse, took the children over to her mother's, borrowed car-fare from her father, and went up to Wichita on the afternoon train and went to a maternity hospital. Nobody ever knew what started such a crazy idea in her head. No farmer's wife from our region had ever been known to go to a hospital just to have a baby; but there she went and there she stayed for four weeks after the baby came. She told me herself that she had never had such a delightful rest in her life as those four weeks. Most women do not look back on such an event as a vacation. Of course she had a row about it when she got back. Her husband threatened to refuse to pay the bill — that seems to be the first eruption in husbands. He had had to hire a harvesting crew who brought their own cook with them, and he had missed his wife's cooking. But after it was all over and talked out and he had sort of simmered down, he had a new respect for her. She brought home a good nurse from Wichita, who remained with her as a housekeeper for four years, and her husband never cheeped about it. He rather held up his head with pride at being able to brag on how he sent his wife to a good hospital where she had fine care, and how he kept a good girl for her all the time. His wife let him think it was all his own plan; but she had outlined matters to him pretty plainly when she came back.

"When you had appendicitis," she pointed out to him, "you went up to the hospital and had the best of surgeons and the best of nurses for four weeks. When my first two babies were born, we had only a neighbor's wife in for doctor and nurse, and you grumbled at having to pay her five dollars a week for two weeks' time.

Men are reasonable enough once you get an idea beaten into their heads. It's mostly our fault, I'll admit. We don't know how to handle our husbands. It's like everything else—if you let a case of thoughtless husband run on too long, it takes a sure hand and a major operation to remedy matters.

Like my aunt and my mother, I had never had any special consideration and never expected any. All the other farmers' wives I knew were like me—thin, overworked, and with several children. The asylums and the cemeteries were always full of us; but there seemed to be plenty to fill the vacancies. It used to seem to me that women were the cheapest things in the world. A good team of mules cost at least three hundred dollars, and they had their meals taken in to them and were rested on Sunday.

About all a woman cost in real money was the expense of the license and the preacher's and the undertaker's bill. She cooked and served the meals and seldom had time to properly eat her own.

Sunday on the farm is the day your friends drop in and bring the children. There is no rest for the farm woman on Sunday.

We lived unthinkingly. We wondered why the hens would not lay when eggs were high, but we could not study out the relation between a scarcity of eggs and a high price; neither could we figure out a ration that would make them lay the year around. We knew the corn crop had begun to fail, but we never thought of feeding that poor, starved soil from which we had taken year after year and never given back. We had the same rush of spring work, the same debts at the store, and perhaps a baby every eighteen months. In between, we went through the yearly agony of watching for the rain clouds in the dry season.

Rain was the arbiter of our fate during those early days in Kansas. We used to get in the crops in anxiety, and then watch those parched skies where a brassy sun rolled across a glaring, pitiless heaven—and pray for rain. Oklahoma and western Kansas had not been settled enough to break up the land and insure a lure for the moisture. Hot winds tore up from the south and west over those dried, baked-potato-brown

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prairies, gathering heat and momentum as they came and blew for days—hot winds that parched as if they had come from a furnace oven. I've seen it curl the corn-leaves in three days—literally cook them on the stalk.

With the breaking of the sod, the establishment of homes, and the planting of the trees, the semi-arid regions of Kansas had to move farther back. But rain was our hope then. How we longed for it! Rain to fill the creeks on which we depended for water for our stock—rain to fill the barrels at the corners of the house so we could have soft water to wash with—rain to save the crops when those dreaded hot winds blew up. Nobody but the frontier farmer knows that terror—that fierce suspense and yearning for rain.

Why, even now, after all these prosperous years, when the loss of an occasional corn crop is more than made up by the oat and wheat crops, and we have no cause for money anxieties—even now, sometimes when I waken in the night and hear the first patter of raindrops on the roof, I unconsciously send up a prayer of thanksgiving and cry, "Thank God! it's raining."

We knew what it meant to us, that soft, healing touch of the rain, like a flood of soothing tears after a long, deep grief. The rain whose coming would rouse the dry, parched, cracked, starving earth to placid fecundity once more; that could turn brown, dead grass soft and green again—what a blessing it was! We can never have too much rain, we who lived through those first years in Kansas. We would rouse in the hot nights when we heard those first pattering drops on the roof and make a quick sortie into the night to bring in the coops of young chickens to the dry safety of the kitchen. The rains were like the droughts, intense and concentrated. The wind would roar, thunder would boom about our heads, and the lightning would fizz and crackle ominously.

"Going to be a regular gully-washer," we would say to one another, and go to sleep again, resting in a pleasant sense of calm security—all our worries and anxieties washed away by the rain. For, somehow, the rain generally did come—just in time. Nearly always in time. Sometimes it didn't. Just often enough to make the fear that it wouldn't mark in a few lines and wrinkles that no amount of massage or cold cream can rub out now. We don't worry much about the weather now that we have rotation of crops and suffrage and automobiles in Kansas. If it gets too hot in the summer, we motor out to Colorado; and in the fall we vote and make up our club programmes for the winter; and in the winter we go to Kansas City to have our gowns made and to see and hear the latest plays and music.

We did not call our clothes "gowns" in the old days, nor yet dream of having them made in Kansas City. We swap names of fashionable modistes now as we used to swap recipes and names of possible girls you could get to come and help out in the old days. We wore capes for years after they had gone out everywhere else and were only frankly carried by the mail-order houses for the "farm trade." We thought we were in the height of style if we could afford a little fur around the neck and a strip of beading down the front.

We used to drive in to town on Saturday afternoon and climb down from the high seat of the lumber-wagon and carry in the baskets of eggs and butter while pa tied the horses. Our children called us "pa" and "ma," and the extra progressive young mothers taught the babies to say "mamma" and "papa." Nowadays our daughters have passed on another notch, and their children call their parents "daddy" and "mother," and we, the grandparents, are still "mamma" and "papa" to the whole bunch—children, grandchildren, and all. But in those lumber-wagon days we were still "pa" and "ma," and we got up at five o'clock and tore around like mad all morning to get the baking done and the floors scrubbed and the children ready against the only recreation we had—the trip to town once a week. We did our simple trading early and then stood around and eyed the clothes of the town women. We looked on good clothes worn every day as sacred to the town woman alone. It never occurred to us that we could combine prettiness with utility in our working-clothes.

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We bought what things we felt that our husbands would permit, from the butter-'n'-egg money, and went home dejectedly to a supper of fried pork and potatoes and coffee. We had to save the cream to make butter to sell, and the eggs were sacred to the grocery bill. Any farmer's wife who could not keep up the table and buy the clothes for the family with the butter and eggs was considered shiftless. We never dreamed of indulging in canned fruit or vegetables. Many a summer the farmers with acres of ground ate fewer vegetables and fresh eggs than the man in town who had his own little garden-patch and hen-house at the back of the lot.

Farmers look upon gardening as a trifling job worth only a woman's while. They may put in a few radishes and onions in the spring, and let it go at that. But the fever to dig in the dirt that attacks a town man every March and that leads to his garden in the back yard is spent by the farmer trying to get his whole living out of his wheat or cornfields. He has no time or inclination for gardening. It took constant urging to get the men to plow up the garden in the spring. If I could get one of the men to work an hour or two in the garden on a spare day, or asked him to pull weeds when it was too wet to plow, he invariably pulled up the onions and left the triumphant weeds in sturdy rows. If he left the onions alone, he hoed up the young tomato-plants, under the impression that they were a new and vicious enemy.

We had no papers, no magazines, no recreations of any sort. We were hung, as it were, between the jolly times of the days before us at quiltings and spelling matches, and the modern fun of our tennis-playing young people. We were at the tail end of one generation and at the formation of another, and smothered between the two.

There were hundreds of farmers who lived like this. They knew of nothing better for themselves. They farmed because their fathers had farmed, and because they thought they hadn't sense enough to do anything else. They spoke reverently of boys who had gone to school and left the farm for city occupations. And they could not understand why, when times began to pick up, the city capitalist saw in farm purchases and farm lands the very best possible use for his money. They were living in the valley of Immense Possibilities — and they did not know it.

They had a theory that any man could farm naturally just as any woman was supposed to be a cook and seamstress because she was a female of the species. They laughed a lot at "book farmers," and cast rude and heavy wit at "city dudes." The women all looked alike after a few years of marriage. You saw them in the country stores on Saturday afternoons, with their cheap skirts wrinkled and shrunken, their anxious faces seamed and wrinkled like an English walnut. They waited about in crushed groups for the signal from their menfolks to go home. Every few moments, as the afternoon grew late, a man would thrust his head in at the door, and his property would disintegrate herself from her group and gather her children and her bundles and start for home.

Wonderful women they were, these pioneers, who gave up their little stunted lives for the wheat and the present generation. Good housekeepers, good wives, devoted mothers, giving cheerfully the toll of their lives and their years to the merciless exactions of the soil that we could not harness into a tractable servant until we became emancipated.

It was our own fault. I cannot emphasize this too often. It is mostly a woman's fault when she lies down and deliberately makes a door-mat of herself; it stands to reason, as an old-maid cook of ours used to say, that a man is going to wipe his feet on her.

Our emancipation began gradually, with what you might call sporadic cases. It was sort of like the way people take to Christian Science and New Thought and creeds like that. They get to the end of the road, and they figure that everything else has failed them, and that if the new religion does not help it cannot hurt any. And they are so tickled to death when it does help that they want all their friends to know about it, and they preach it day in and day out until they get converts.

That was just the way we farmers'

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wives came out of bondage in the first place. We emerged, one by one, and we held out a helping hand by precept and example to the others who were blindly groping in the dark. I came out through a clear case of mad.

I was in town one Saturday afternoon, wishing to high heaven I had a place to sit down while I was waiting for Jim. The store smelled like a cross between a glue factory and a goat shed, with a flavor of kerosene and bad butter thrown in for good measure. I had a dragging pain in my back, and an uncomfortable sensation in my stomach from the crackers and cheese that had been my lunch. There was a restaurant next door; but it was hard for the men to favor spending twenty-five cents on a hot lunch for their wives and children. Sometimes they went in themselves, if they came to town alone; but when we came they generally bought a dime's worth of crackers and cheese, with a bag of cheap candy or a banana for the children, as a treat.

Two women who stood near me at the counter were visiting. I had found a seat on a nail-keg by the stove, trying to keep my baby quiet. She was fretting with a tooth and was hard to manage. I listened to what the women said with an eager ear, I was so hungry for company.

"Just as long as a woman will she may," said a comfortable, motherly voice. "Don't you let Bill Miller get fixed in the notion that you are the pack-mule, Bessie. I've known you since your mother worked herself into the grave at twenty-five, and I feel justified in offering you a little good advice. When I married and went on the farm I tried to make a combination kitchen-cabinet, corn-planter, and patent milker out of myself, too. I soon found out that the best man in the world will stand for all the work you've a mind to do, and brag about it when he talks to the other men. And all the time he'll treat you like the kitchen rocking-chair —sort of handy to have around, but not to be generally considered as anything but a piece of furniture."

There is hope for the woman who thinks it over. I did more thinking that evening than I had for a long time. It seemed as if a part of my brain that had lain dormant for years had waked up and got to work. I went over in my mind all the women I knew of my own age. We had been fresh, red-cheeked, healthy girls when we married. But by the time the second baby had arrived we were pale and dejected, dosing with every new patent medicine we heard of, trying to relieve our fagged-out bodies, but never dreaming of the real cause of our dragged and dreary lives—our attitude of mind toward our work. We did not work because we liked our work; we worked because it was forced on us and must be done before another day rolled around with more work. Duty that is never lightened with joy is bound to be dreary, and ours were joyless lives.

They'll tell you on the farm that you can never match up a team of mules so evenly but that one will always be a little better than the other. I decided that while I was willing that Jim should be the better mule, I did not propose to be the pack-mule all the time. I knew I could not hope to coax Jim into any change in our way of living. Other women had worked as I did. His mother had worn herself out as my mother had done, on the altar of the wheat crops; and his sisters dragged about wearily as I did. He looked upon it as the logical law of femininity and one of the things that made women so little to be considered after marriage—they were always dragging and always complaining. A woman who took thought to her appearance or her attractiveness after marriage was frowned upon as being not quite respectable. There seemed to be some mysterious quality in marriage that reduced her to a patient, jelly-fish existence, and yet the girls blindly plunged into marriage. They knew it changed their friends, but they had a blind faith that it would not change them.

The first thing I asked for was a washing-machine. I knew that Jim was one of the men that you must convince with a hickory club. Some men can be coaxed, but others—and good, reliable husbands, too—must be clubbed. My asset was going to be the club. I asked for the machine. I had three children and three men to wash for. We had to do the washing and ironing for the hired

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men. The woman who has bent over the tub trying to get clean those coarse socks and heavy shirts and overalls will know what this means. The woman who hasn't can have no conception of it and could never understand. It's one of the things you have to go through to realize. I had to lift the water from a well one hundred and eighty feet deep, with an "over-'n'-over" rope and bucket, and carry it forty rods to the house. Wash-day took every ounce of my strength.

Jim's answer was the grunt that every married woman knows—and dreads.

"Huh," he said. "If I was to buy you all the 'make-easies' you ask for, I wouldn't have a cent left to put in the crops with. I can't see what you want with a washing-machine to wash a handful of clothes. All you got to do is to get three meals and wash up a handful of dishes."

You see, while most of our neighbors had to carry the slop to the pigs and help with the milking, Jim never asked me to do this. He considered that I had an exceptionally easy time of it. He also said he had to have new farming tools in the spring.

The preceding Sunday I had wanted to visit a neighbor who had a new baby —her fifth. Jim objected to taking out the team.

"What on earth every woman must chase off to visit a woman every time a new baby happens along beats me," he objected. "Goodness knows they make fuss enough when they find out there's another coming to themselves. Babies all look alike, and you got three of your own. It ain't as if they was any novelty."

We did not go, therefore. But the next day this neighbor brought in a bunch of calves to feed from the Kansas City market, and Jim went over bright and early to see them. Calves all look alike to me, but they have a commercial value and babies haven't. Jim could go without asking, you see, while I had to be taken. There was the difference.

It was then I got mad and decided to use the club. With a courage born of desperation and dependent largely on quick action, I hitched up the driving horses and went to town myself that day. It was as much of an offense on our farm as an open mutiny would be at sea. I seemed to be borne up by unknown power all that day. I did my trading stolidly, but inside I was whirring with excitement. When I drove home that night, in the wagon were the "make-easies" Jim had denied me. I had charged them to his credit.

There was a row. I enjoyed it. Usually I shrank from any differences of the sort and gave in just for peace. This time I had a retort for every harsh word from Jim. He wasn't a bit more amazed at my purchases than he was at my attitude. It wasn't so much my buying them outright as it was the thought that I had dared to do such a thing—that got him. He could not have been more surprised if the old kitchen rocker had up and kicked him as he walked through the kitchen. First he said he would take the things back. I cordially invited him to do so, and intimated that I would go with them.

He didn't gentle down right good until a few weeks later when our neighbor with the new baby died. Her husband had a row with the hired girl who was helping them, for throwing out some boiled potatoes, and he discharged her while his wife was still in bed. The doctor thought her death was due to the fact that she had to get up when the baby was eight days old and do a heavy washing; but her husband seemed to think she did it as a matter of personal spite to him, and looked on her death as a matter of sheer cussedness on her part.

I figured it all out on paper for Jim. I put down the price of the "make-easies" against a cheap coffin, the wages of a hired girl, the unpleasantness and delay generally of the hunt for a new wife, and the cost of the preacher for both the funeral and the marriage ceremony, to say nothing of the way it cut into the season's work. Jim, like most men, was naturally a good husband, only he had been trained wrong. He had been let go until he needed pruning on every side, and the process was a painful one. But he really liked me, and once he got accustomed to regarding me as an individual as well as a wife we got along fine. He just liked me before; he respects me now.

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The emancipation among the women spread. We began to talk over our experiences at our little sewing-bees and parties and Sunday visits. I began to look better and happier, and to wear better clothes. My neighbors thought it was because Jim was prospering; but I thought that action was equal to reaction, and the reason why Jim was prospering was because I had begun to be valuable in my business of being a wife and mother, and he had some incentive to prosper. We were happier, because I had time to read the papers once in a while and to talk intelligently with Jim about farm matters.

For one thing we had settled the question of money matters at our house. Jim and I went up for a day to a Farmers' Conference at Manhattan. A farmer talked about the allowance plan. He said he gave his wife all the butter-'n'-egg money for her own. Of course, she supplied the table with it and bought most of the clothes; but outside of that it was all her own, and nobody asked any questions. He looked real well pleased with himself until a farmer's wife rose to her feet and knocked his remarks into a cocked hat.

"You are a business man," she said to the farmer. "I happen to know that, for you are a neighbor of mine. You and my husband bought a hay-baler on shares last year. Would you mind telling us how you divided the profits?"

"On shares, of course," said the surprised farmer.

"Exactly," returned the farmer's wife, " and that's the way we divide the profits at our house. When I was married, and my husband proposed to divide the profits and the losses on the entire farm, I objected. My mother had always had the butter-'n'-egg money, and I wanted it. I could make good butter, and I knew how to manage chickens, and I wanted that money for my own. But my husband said if I was his partner and not his dependent I was entitled to share half of everything that came from the farm, and the butter and eggs went into the entire profits. I could have half what he made; but he was also entitled to half of what I made. I couldn't see it at first, but since we have both checked at will on the same bank account, I would not go back to the old way and be dependent on the butter and eggs."

That farmer's wife had the right idea. I couldn't see it at first, for my chickens were doing well, and I was selling twenty-five dollars' worth of butter a month; but I finally got to where I could see further ahead than next day, which is the reason why so many farmers are constantly in the hole—they can only see one season ahead. Jim and I spent all one evening figuring up where we stood. We opened a joint account at the bank, and when I sold $125 worth of turkeys that fall the money went into the bank, and he checked against it just as I did against the money he made on the cattle he fed the next winter. I got a better idea of partnership that year than I ever had before.

I remember the next spring Jim had a nice lot of young pigs that came pretty early. They were doing fine. One day while Jim was in town a regular cloud-burst swept down on us, and the water in the hog-lot where the young pigs were rose a foot. It was cold and the rain was coming down in torrents. Our baby was just six weeks old. I hustled on Jim's rubber boots and his rain-coat and ran out after those little pigs. By carrying the pigs and driving the old sow I got them all safely into one of the barns. I waded through water almost knee-deep, but I was so intent on saving the pigs that I did not think about the danger. They were no longer Jim's pigs, as I would have considered them the year before; they were our pigs. Jim scolded me for it well when he came home, but the excitement of saving them kept me up and I did not have a moment's illness from the soaking I got. Only it showed me something of the strain and anxieties that a farmer goes through sometimes, and gave me a better idea of the real duties of a partner.

When the wheat fever came and some of the farmers had put all their eggs in one basket and had gone in for wheat exclusively, the strain on the women came in the harvest weeks. Wheat millionaires began to spring up. They bought more and more machinery and expensive motors, and bought a better

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grade of coffins for their wives. In one small town in our part of the state last year there were four men who had raised eighty thousand bushels of wheat apiece on their various farms and sold it for a dollar a bushel. And the doctors were busier that fall around on the farms than for years.

For we women paid the price of the big wheat crops in prosperous times just as we had paid the price of conquering the sod and the prairie in the early days. They say every big steel construction takes its toll of human life, and so every big yield of wheat demanded its women. There was one year when our county was the banner county of the country with its 325,000 bushels of wheat. And that year we had more deaths among the farm women than ever before, too.

Binders used to come to the towns in car lots. I remember one morning they unloaded one hundred and fifty binders and paraded them up and down the street with the town band leading the procession. Everybody in town turned out to see them—all but the farmers' wives, who were in the stores buying flour and sugar and coffee to feed the men who were to run the binders. There were car-loads of men on the streets eager to be hired by the farmers. They had been lured by tales of fabulous wages and wonderfully good meals.

But there were no girls lined up on the curbs for us. We could not telephone into town for another girl as the farmers could telephone for a man, if one dropped out. When the men were lying about at night on the cool grass, smoking the pipes of peace and comfort, the women were still drudging in the hot kitchens, cleaning up after supper, and making ready against the early breakfast by slicing meat, paring potatoes, and grinding coffee.

The men sank to a well-earned slumber, and slept soundly. The women set the bread, fastened up the chickens to keep out the rats, and fell into tired dozes, waking frequently to bring drinks of water to the children or to soothe a restless baby.

We stood over the hot stove all day long. After a while we got so used to the heat that we did not seem to mind it. The men rested at noon, but we worked steadily on. All morning we stewed and baked and fried and cooked. At noon the men trooped in and washed up and had horse-play out in the yard by the well, throwing water over one another and trying rough wrestling. When the call to dinner came, they straggled solemnly into the house, their faces shining with soap and water and their hair plastered down over their foreheads—silent in the presence of the women. In fifteen minutes all our morning's work had vanished.

When they had gone, after a half-hour's rest under the trees, while we were clearing the tables and snatching a hasty bite, we began the work once more of feeding the men who feed the nation, and worked all afternoon in the heat to prepare the supper that vanished like the dinner. We vied with the neighbors in our meals. It was considered a terrible disgrace to have the harvesters say that we did not feed them well. There had to be plenty of chickens or other fresh meat, hot corn-bread, vegetables piled in heaping dishes, and preserves and pies—Heavens to Betsey! the hours I have spent making pies! We could not get to town often to get supplies, and we did not dare to run out—there was no one to borrow from.

Our old-maid cook was a philosopher. She had but small use for men, and her quaint bits of wisdom handed out with impartiality as the work rushed fiercely often helped me through the day with saving laughter.

"Look at 'em layin' around at their ease out there," she would say at noon, as we heated water for the dishes. "At the best of it, a woman gets the worst of it. A man works outdoors all day, and agin night comes he's got a nice lot of wheat all shocked in the field to show for his trouble. A woman she works all day in a broilin' kitchen and all she's got to show for it when night comes is a mess of dirty dishes to be washed. And if she opens her head about it some fool man lyin' out on the grass at his ease—and I hope they'll all get chiggars—will tell her all she's got to do is to get three meals a day and wash up a handful of dishes."

Most of our hired girls took mysteri-

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ous illnesses about harvest-time. It means twice as much work and no more pay for them. Being females, it had not occurred to them to demand the harvest wages their brothers did. Even good old Jim thought I was crazy one year when I proposed to turn our girl loose as we did the men and pay her $2 a day during the harvest. He compromised by offering to double her wages of $4 a week and to pay her younger sister $3 a week to help her with the dishes. I was ailing that summer, and Jim jokingly told me the only reason he did it was to save a doctor's bill. For the first time during my married life I enjoyed the harvest, and Jim got his final lesson in the expenditure of ready money for help in the house. For all the close companionship of the years since I had had the courage to assert myself about the "make-easies" for the house, Jim had never entirely let loose of the idea that ready money expended for the house was an evidence of generosity on his part rather than of necessity or fairness on mine. His pride in seeing me preside at the table, cool and unruffled, with a fresh dress and a white apron on, and no evidences of having had to madly rush about in a hot kitchen all morning, was worth three times what the help had cost him, he owned up afterward. For the first time he saw that it was worth the money, and that I was as much entitled to merely boss the job in the house as he was in the field.

Having a good girl in the kitchen gave me more time to help Jim to study out the problems of the farm. He came to consulting me about his plans, and we began to guard against the one thing I had always preached about—the "slack season" on the farm. Most farmers think there must be a slack season, when they can sit about the kitchen stove or about the drug-store stove in town all afternoon during the winter. We were talking about it one afternoon when we had seen the richest banker in town whirl by in his new machine.

"Why should you have a slack season, Jim?" I said, as we watched the banker's auto eat up the country road. "That man doesn't have a slack season, I'll bet. Why doesn't the farmer run his business just as any business man would, and manage to have plenty to do at the time that might otherwise be a slack season? Now you want a silo, and so does our neighbor down here. Why not go in together on a silo and put it up in your slack season and keep busy. You can build it where it will be handy for both of you."

"Haven't the price right now," objected Jim. "That silo 'll cost five hundred dollars."

"Go to that banker and get the money," I suggested, boldly. "Don't go as a rube to his superior—go as one business man to another. He'll let you have it."

He got the money, and they put up the silo. It was just as I told him. When he went into the bank and sat down in the little back room and talked to his banker across the table and not through a grating in front, he talked as man to man. He gave his opinion of the corn crop, and said he knew where he could pick up a good bunch of feeders another winter, and the banker offered to stake him to the purchase money. They gained a respect for each other in that one interview that they have never lost. The banker depends on Jim's judgment when it comes to an estimate on cattle or corn. It gave Jim a better realization of his own worth, and he learned that even wealthy bankers are "just folks" and not to be afraid of. When he brought his wife out to a Sunday dinner with us, we bridged across the difference that we imagined existed between the farm woman and the city woman.

I remember once reading in a paper a letter from a city girl in which she raked us farm women terribly over the coals for selfishness. She said she had a delicate little brother who should be out on the farm in the summer, and she thought some of the farm women who had plenty of space and good food to eat should invite the city children out on the farm in the summer and turn them loose to grow fat with the chickens and pigs, and have plenty of rich milk and fresh vegetables to eat.

I was pretty busy in those days, but I sat right down and wrote a letter back to that paper. I said if some of those

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city girls wanted to come out and help me for two or three weeks with the extra work, I'd gladly board their little delicate brothers and sisters for nothing and pay the girls good wages besides. But with four men to cook for and three small children of my own I did not feel that I had much time or strength for entertaining small, strange boys, much as I'd like to. I told the banker's wife about it, and we sort of laughed our antagonisms away that Sunday and found out that women run about the same everywhere, in the city or in the country.

The drudgery of the farm will never again threaten to conquer us. I put my heel on its head long ago. The banker's wife looked at my books in our living-room, and invited me to join her reading club in the city. I haven't time for it, of course, but the girls were proud that I had had the invitation. They'll never be door-mats, my girls. And they will never belong to the oilcloth class, either. I educated them to table-cloths and napkins early.

Jim and the banker were discussing the moving of the wheat that day. It is as big a question as the harvesting. Moving the wheat means that banks must gather together vast reserves to pay for it; that the railroads must scurry for rolling-stock to get it moved without a blockade, for nations are waiting for the wheat, and it rolls slowly and endlessly through the wagons and the elevators and the cars and the mills and the stores. That is the time when the country waits on the farmer to decide whether or not he will sell his wheat from the thresher or store it and run the risk of sweating and smut and the cost of storage.

The roads are lined with the big wagons rolling slowly into town with their wealth of gold that is to be turned into greenbacks for the farmer. Later there will be wagons loaded with oats, and still later the corn will begin to come in to the cars—the offering of the farmer to the nation. It is the farmer that holds the key to the situation in his brawny hand, and when he learns to unlock the door of opportunity with it there will be no more farmers going, hat in hand, to the bankers. Even now, every farm-house in our neighborhood has its little room with a desk and a typewriter that is dubbed the "office," where the farmer plans his work, just like any other business man.

The Department of Agriculture has begun to recognize the farm woman to the extent of asking her why she is not satisfied on the farm, and ponderously giving the composite answer of discontent on the farm as isolation.

It isn't isolation. Where you are happy and busy, you cannot be isolated. It isn't lack of advantages or hard work, or any of the other answers that have been given, because the farm women don't know exactly what is the matter with them. It is lack of adjustment.

When we farm women use our brains, we see the folly of educating and drudging our children off the farm. When we recognize the necessity of making it attractive enough to make our children glad to return to the farm, and educating them back to the farm instead of away from it, we have solved a part of our problem.

We had to go around Robin Hood's barn to do it. First off we educated them so well that they refused to come back to the farm at all; the city offered greater attractions. Eight years ago two-thirds of the students at our agricultural schools were studying to be engineers and stenographers and teachers and nurses. Then the pendulum swung back, and two-thirds of them were studying agriculture, but studying to become instructors instead of farmers.

Having swung to both extremes, the pendulum is coming back where we hope to keep it, we emancipated farm women that love our work, right where our children can be educated to see all the possibilities in the farm and to realize that moving pictures and bright lights and theaters and fox-trots are only a small portion of the recreation of life, not its principal ingredients.

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Pragmatic Patricia

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY MARGARET CAMERON

BEFORE Blaisdell left the Ordways' house on the night of his arrival, he had accepted an invitation to dine there informally the next evening, but he was unable to make any definite arrangement to see Patricia during the day. She gracefully deplored the impossibility of telling, just then, at what hour her engagements would leave her free, and suggested that he might telephone when he found himself at liberty, slyly intimating at the same time that doubtless he would be very fully occupied in transacting the official business he had mentioned, with which, of course, no merely social incidents could be permitted to interfere. To this he replied that sometimes the ends of diplomacy were best served when apparently forgotten.

"Oh?" she queried, with a guileless air. "Everybody knows that excessive zeal defeats itself in personal affairs, but I thought possibly discretion had been superseded by defiance in diplomacy."

The next morning, at an hour when he feared she might be still asleep, he called her by telephone, only to learn that she and Ordway had gone off in her monoplane, leaving word that they would surely return in time for dinner. For a moment Blaisdell's jaw set. Then, with half-closed eyes and a whimsical, wry smile, he hung up the receiver and went to breakfast. Later, he presented two or three letters of introduction with which, even in his haste, he had contrived to provide himself, and before night he had been put up at all the clubs and introduced to a number of leading citizens.

Already, following Patricia's informal presentation to society at the country club, several of Mrs. Howard's friends and family connections had begun to plan entertainments for her engaging guest; and when it became known that so distinguished a person as the American Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay was not only in town, but was disposed to encourage social overtures, invitations multiplied, until Patricia found herself forced to choose between abridging her efforts in behalf of her hostess's brother, or seeming to be ungracious to her hostess's friends. That this situation, which Blaisdell had deliberately created and from which he hoped much, did not result quite as he had reckoned was due to Patricia's foresight and to her experience of his methods of interference.

"I suppose there'll be wars and rumors of wars now," she suggested to Ordway, the morning after the minister's arrival, drolly adding, "And the race not always to the swift, perhaps."

"What?" He was puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"Billy Blaisdell. A diplomat—even a minor diplomat—is by way of being more or less a personage here, isn't he?"

"Oh, I see! Sure! They'll all be after him. There'll be doings three times a day and four times a night if he'll stand for it. Will he? Is he that sort?" His tone was disparaging.

"Oh yes, he'll stand for it. But what's troubling me is that we shall have to stand for it, too—and I'm not keen to be 'among those present' all day and every day, are you?"

"I'm out of it," was his curt reply, and she contradicted:

"Oh no, you're not! We'll be invited wherever Billy is. He'll see to that!"

"I may be called, but I won't be chosen," he paraphrased, with a saturnine grin. "Lord! Think of the flutter among the Pharisees if I should show my face in their sacred halls again! My portion of the fatted calf would be the hoof—externally applied!"

"Oh, fiddle!" she laughed. "Of course you'll go! We'll have to—both of us."

"Not I! I'm out of it, I tell you—

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definitely and permanently. That's settled."

"But you can't be rude!"

"Can't I?"

"At any rate, I can't. I'm your sister's guest, in your mother's house, and I can't refuse invitations from their friends, unless— See here, Jack, I don't want our flying crowded out! Why don't we agree to spend our mornings together, anyway?"

"Because I never ask a woman to make a promise that I don't want her to break," he answered, gruffly.

"Really?" She treated him to a flash from her gray eyes, closed her lips firmly, and waited.

Presently he said, in a different tone: "I beg your pardon, Pat. You *have* been square."

"Thank you." Her tone was light. "Then—every morning, is it? And an early start?"

"Only mornings?" This was wistful.

"My word! You must be the original John Alden! If you can't speak for yourself—" She finished with a characteristic shrug, and this time it was he who laughed, more spontaneously than she had heard him before.

"You bet I can! Will you dine with me every night?"

"N-no—but I'll dine with you every day I don't lunch with you, if you like," she promised, and he cried:

"Done!"

As an aeroplane does not lend itself to secrecy, it was soon a matter of common knowledge that Patricia spent the greater part of every day with Ordway, and suggestion speedily ripened into assertion that the prodigal's heart had been caught on the rebound by his sister's attractive guest. Undiscouraged, however, by her frequent plea of a previous engagement, the wives and daughters of the aforesaid leading citizens enthusiastically did their part, in consequence whereof each ensuing day found the minister more inextricably enmeshed in his own net, and the laughter in Patricia's eyes when they met did not tend to increase his equanimity.

Meanwhile, at every large gathering—and many of the smaller ones—Blaisdell met Dorothy Alexander, with whom he invariably engaged in a game of verbal hide-and-seek, to the obvious uneasiness of her middle-aged fiancé, whose conception of wit was exemplified by the Sunday comics, and who was never quite sure that he knew what the two were talking about. Patricia, on the other hand, encountered Jack's whilom sweetheart rarely, and always in a crowd, and on these occasions the younger girl assumed a manner of insolent indifference so marked that it reacted, like a double negative, emphasizing where it would have denied. One day, after an occurrence of this sort, Patricia amusedly suggested to Blaisdell:

"If your young friend doesn't watch out, she'll gie me a gude conceit o' mysel' and my own importance. Somebody ought to warn her that ambition's not the only thing that occasionally overleaps itself."

"Poor kiddie! I'm getting awfully sorry for her! You would be, too, if you knew her." He answered her whimsical brows. "This cynical manner of hers is all bluff. She's trying to carry things with a high hand, to conceal the fact that she's wretchedly unhappy."

"Oh? Has she confided in you?"

"Certainly not!" His tone was a trifle testy. "But everybody speaks of the change in her recently. And look at her! Does a happy girl look like that?"

"Happiness—like Boston—is a state of mind," she reminded him. "And it is written that discontent in heaven has been known before."

"Heaven!" He laughed shortly. "With Stannard?"

"*And* Stannard's millions," she supplemented. "Don't forget them. Nor that she made her choice deliberately."

"Choice, indeed! If you ask me, big sister did the choosing, and poor little Dorothy's the victim."

"Still—'poor little Dorothy' is of age, isn't she? And possessed of all her faculties?"

"H'm—well—as to that, apparently she's been dominated for years by that clever, cold, ambitious sister of hers, who'd stop at nothing. And Dorothy herself is too sweet and yielding to hold her own in a struggle. I tell you she is!" he persisted, as he saw that she was laughing at him. "You don't know that girl! She's perfectly charming!"

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"THINK OF THE FLUTTER AMONG THE PHARISEES IF I SHOULD SHOW MY FACE IN THEIR SACRED HALLS AGAIN!"

"Billy, one of the most engaging things about you is the unfailing promptness of your reaction to the eternal feminine!"

"I'm glad you've discovered that," he retorted, rather taken aback, nevertheless. "I've been trying to get it across to you for some time."

"It got across—and it's a diverting spectacle! But do at least credit me with resisting the temptation to experiment with it!"

"You might find the adventure less monotonous than you imagine," he intimated, and she laughed.

"Monotony's the last thing I should associate with you! Eternal vigilance would be nearer the mark!"

"Which only shows that you've missed my point again — or else that you've no perspective on yourself. You *are* the eternal feminine—for all eternity —to me! That's the one of all your adorable qualities that I most adore!"

"Are you sure some of this emotion isn't aroused by the moving aspect of the noble oak that is you? Though when the vine's as ornamental as Dorothy Alexander, I suppose supporting it does seem a transcendent virtue."

"That's all right!" In spite of his earnestness, he laughed. "But the leopard's spots and the Ethiope's skin are not more enduring than the tendrils of the eternal feminine—which, I repeat, is *you*, whether you admit it or not."

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"Oh, I admit it." Her shrug was accompanied by an amused, veiled glance. "But adaptation's the first law of evolution, so I'm cultivating a social consciousness and converting my tendrils into wings, the better to meet modern conditions."

"And flit from oak to oak, I suppose?" It was a humorous growl.

"Precisely! But always on a mission of mercy, Billy, to free the noble giant from otherwise fatal entanglements. Don't you worry, though"—with a wicked gleam. "Your branches are so wide-spreading that you'll never need the angel-at-large."

"My angel won't be at large much, once she's really mine."

"No? Going to clip her wings? Have you reflected that wing-clipping is frequently more painful to the clipper than to the clipped?"

"Is thy servant a Turk, that he should seek a captive?" he reproached, softly. "But even an angel may be taught new —and steadier—flights."

"By an archangel?" she inquired, but he disregarded the interruption.

"It's pitiful to see wings rendered useless." Some new quality of gravity in his tone caught her attention, and she glanced up at him. "Now, there's poor little Dorothy. Her wings have never been allowed to develop. That sister of hers has always kept them pruned too close for sustained flights. So what defense has the child left but beak and claws? If you knew her, Patty, you'd realize how unhappy she is—and how misunderstood?"

"Should I?" Patricia had a vision of Ordway's tortured eyes as he sat on the stone wall beside her that day when Dorothy, in Stannard's glittering car, drove past with no sign of recognition in her level, supercilious glance. "At any rate, I do realize that she's improvident. Since she has both youth and beauty—and her tendrils are evidently in good working condition, wouldn't she be wise to reserve that pose of the *femme incomprise?* It's a weapon rather large for her hand, now, I should say—and she'll need it later."

"Oh, you women!" he exclaimed. "But it's not like you, Patty, to be unfair. If you only knew her—"

"How shall I begin overtures to intimacy?" she asked, twinkling. "As your friend—or as Jack's?"

"I know it's impossible, under the circumstances, but— Look here, do you still insist that he's not in love with you?"

"Most certainly he's not!"

"Then can't you see that you're simply complicating, hour by hour, the very situation that you say you're trying to remedy?"

"*Now* what do you mean?"

"I mean that Dorothy positively shrinks from Stannard. I believe she loathes the brute! And you're making it impossible for her to turn to the man she loves, because—like everybody else —she thinks he's in love with you!"

"O-oh, I see!" Amusement replaced the inquiry in Patricia's face. "And if I'll remove myself and clear the path—?"

"Exactly!"

"That's rather clever, Billy." She cocked her head critically to one side. "Quite the cleverest thing you've tried yet. But you should study restraint. It's still too obvious — not subtle enough."

"Good Lord!" he broke forth, after a startled stare. "Patty, have you played with emotions until you can't recognize sincerity at all? Can't you see that I'm trying to help you?"

"Hasn't that been your Excellency's object from the very first?" Her lips were drawn into demure curves. "You went down to High Haven to 'help' me, didn't you? And it was your uncontrollable passion for philanthropy that brought you here. You said so the night you arrived."

"But this time I'm in earnest!" he persisted. "Dead earnest!"

"Yours is an earnest soul," she testified, with mocking, uplifted glance. "I may sometimes fail to recognize sincerity, but consistency like your Excellency's is too rare to be overlooked."

"Patty, I give you my word I'm entirely unselfish in this! I believe Dorothy's being driven into this marriage with Stannard. They're even urging her now to hasten it."

"That's hardly my affair, is it?"

"Isn't it? What recourse has the child

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when you stand between her and Ordway?"

"She seems to 'have courage, my boy, to say no' when she really wants to," was her dry reminder. "Otherwise I shouldn't be here, Billy. Nor, I suspect, would you. And she'd chuck Stannard just as promptly as she did Jack, if the inducement were strong enough. Of course, ivy and oak *is* an effective combination," she teased, "but —impossible as it may seem to the noble oak—the ivy generally manages to find something to hang itself upon, even where there are no trees. Besides, if worse comes to worst, Mother Earth always offers support and sustenance to anything with honest roots, doesn't she? So why eliminate me to save your pretty friend from Stannard?"

"You're deliberately evading the issue! My point is that she's still in love with Ordway, and that his devotion to you is making her so desperate that—"

"I'm not from Missouri," she interrupted, "but I submit that the burden of proof is with your Excellency."

"For one thing, there's her dislike of you," he returned. "Your position as Mrs. Howard's guest would naturally keep you apart, but she—she almost hates you, Patty."

"Of course she hates me," she cheerfully conceded. "In certain parts of the world men are killed for trying to regain the heads of their friends and kinsmen, held as trophies. We do those things rather more subtly here — sublimate them a little—but she's losing a trophy. Naturally she hates me."

"Well, there's a daring admission!"

"Daring? Frank, if you like," with a slight shrug. "I happen not to belong to a head-hunting tribe—as you should have learned. But don't deny your own intelligence, Billy, or impeach mine, by attributing her resentment toward me to any love for Jack. Remember, there were sundry months before my advent when this devotion you'd have me credit didn't impel my lady yonder to extend so much as a finger to restore the ideals she'd shattered, or to relieve the torment she'd inflicted upon the man you pretend she loves! No, no, my disinterested friend!" Her warm tone changed again to one of light derision. "It was an ingenious little scheme, but carelessly put together. Try, try again!"

"Very well." He compressed his lips. "If that's your position, argument's useless. But I warn you, Patty, that you're in danger of doing a great wrong."

"Speaking of admissions," she mentioned, "evidently it's against a diplomat's principles to make one, even when he's caught with the goods. Or is this merely your genius for identifying yourself with the interests of your friends? Had you been seeking my removal from Jack's path in your own behalf, you couldn't have urged your cause more earnestly."

"Oh, couldn't I?" he retorted. "Listen!"

But she humorously warned him that mere words would be wasted upon her. "Not that I don't admire a facile technique," she explained, "and enjoy a plausible theory. But you must understand that my interest in them is purely artistic and intellectual. When it comes to action, I'm a very practical —and pragmatical—person. In the words of the immortal Mr. Dooley: 'Av it worrks, it's thrue.'"

"'O ye of little faith!'"

"Faith's an excellent stimulant, but in the end it's fruit that counts. I seem to remember that even a tree is judged according to its fruits—or words to that effect."

"But how the deuce am I to accomplish any works when you believe nothing I tell you?"

"I don't know, Billy." She shook her head. "That's up to you." With this she left him, and for several days he made no attempt to reopen the subject.

Meanwhile, the fiction of daily "lessons" in aviation was preserved, although, during the hours when Patricia was otherwise engaged, Ordway's biplane was frequently seen against the sky. After his purchase of this machine he had given himself to the study of aeronautics with a feverish intensity which she knew could not last, but for which, as a temporary outlet, she was grateful. Rarely, since the night when she had advised him to get what he was paying for, had he joined his carousing friends at the card-tables; but she knew that some channel, deeper and more

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productive than any sport afforded, must be found for his energies, if his perception of life's values was to be restored to him, and he still refused to resume his law practice, even as he refused to go again into society.

One day, hoping to draw him, through his enthusiasm for aviation, into touch with some of his former associates, Patricia said: "By the way, they've asked me to do a stunt at that charity fête they're planning. One of the features is to be a 'society circus,' you know. Wouldn't you like to do an exhibition flight with me?"

"Sure! We'll loop the loop together," he acquiesced, grinning.

"I'm ower young to perish yet," she objected. "Besides, I could think of pleasanter forms of suicide, if I put my mind on it."

"All women are selfish. Think of the thrills you'd give the populace—and remember the noble cause!"

"Loop me no loops! But I'm willing to swoop a few swoops that will look spectacular to the uninitiated, if you like. Will you come?"

"Nothing doing. If it amuses you to play around with that bunch, go to it! I don't have to."

His utter repudiation of every social obligation was particularly embarrassing to Mrs. Howard at this time, because she wished to give at least one formal dinner in honor of Patricia and Blaisdell, and yet Ordway's attitude made it impossible for her to entertain at home without seeming to force him out, which she was unwilling to do. Eventually she took her guest into counsel, and a little later announced in a casual way to her brother:

"I'm going to give a dinner for Patty next week, Jack. Wednesday, I think—the night before the fête."

"All right," he said, quietly, and left the room.

The subject was not directly broached again, although several minor features of the projected party were afterward discussed in his presence. If, on these occasions, he offered no suggestions, neither did he issue his customary warning that he would have no part in the affair, and the others were satisfied to let well enough alone.

Late Saturday afternoon, however, Mrs. Howard, driving home in her electric brougham, nearly collided at the gate with her brother's powerful car, which shot screaming down the driveway and veered north, in the direction of that country house where so many of his reckless hours had been spent. Sick at heart, his sister drove on to the house, arriving just as Patricia, round-eyed, appeared in the doorway.

"Was that Jack?" the girl demanded.

"Patty, it's hopeless! We've lost him!"

"No, we haven't! But what can have happened? We've had a wonderful day, and I've never seen him in such spirits! We've scarcely been home half an hour—barely time to dress—" Patricia broke off, her glance fixed on a newspaper lying on one of the chairs, on the upturned fold of which was an excellent picture of Dorothy Alexander. "Ah! Here it is!" she said, in a different tone. Opening the paper, she disclosed the headlines announcing that plans for the Stannard-Alexander wedding had been hastened and that the ceremony would take place within a fortnight. "Poor old Jack! This would hit hard—especially the picture! But it's well, on the whole, to have it over. Naturally, it hurts—hideously, I suppose—but he'll pull himself together. You'll see! He'll be home to-night—surely to-morrow—and this may be the last time. If I can only get him West before the wedding!"

"West?" repeated his sister.

"You see, he needs active occupation—and he's naturally an out-of-door man. So I'm trying to get him interested in cattle-ranching again."

"Oh no! No!" Mrs. Howard made a dismayed, negative gesture. "Jack mustn't give up his profession!"

"But he's already given it up," Patricia reminded her.

"He must be made to resume it again! We supposed that was what you were doing. His place is here. He was made to see that once, and he must again—unless his life is to be a tragic failure. No, no, my dear! I know the circumstances—and I know my brother—and shirking the responsibilities to which he was born isn't going to help him. I thought you understood that!"

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"POOR OLD JACK! THIS WOULD HIT HARD—ESPECIALLY THE PICTURE!"

This ended the discussion, but a certain mutinous light in the girl's eyes impelled Mrs. Howard to telegraph to her husband, urging him to lend his presence immediately to what she felt might be a critical situation.

Notwithstanding the confident prediction of Ordway's return, three days dragged by bringing no tidings of him. Wednesday morning Howard arrived, and after a long talk with his wife he sought Patricia, who was obliged to admit that Jack's protracted absence was discouraging.

"But he'll pull himself together," she reiterated. "Only he must get away from here. He needs change—and congenial, absorbing work."

"He has his profession."

"Which has never absorbed him."

"Where did you pick up that notion? He was a shark for work before he went to pieces."

"I know. He was working for Dorothy—or thought he was. But he never wanted to study law—and never consented to until he fell in love with her. You've all assumed that it was his natural channel. It wasn't. It was one the family dug for him. He's a lot more interested in doing things himself than he is in arguing and haggling over things

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other people have done. If life had gone smoothly, perhaps he'd have stuck to the bar. But when he lost Dorothy—and had most of his ideals knocked in the head at the same time—he also lost his incentive to do uncongenial work. Don't you see?"

"I don't know about that!" The engineer shook his head dubiously. "Changing the whole course of a man's life is serious business. I do agree that he ought to get away from here—but he doesn't know anything about ranching. All his training's been legal. He's spent a large amount of time and money in acquiring his profession—and older men said he had a brilliant future. This scheme sounds like waste to me."

"Waste! My word! Look here, Mr. Howard, why don't you use steel wire for transmitting electric power? Won't it carry a current?"

"Y-yes, after a fashion—and for a limited distance." He looked at her keenly. "But it isn't very efficient, at best. It corrodes, and—"

"Well—there you are! It isn't exactly a non-conductor, but it doesn't carry a heavy current efficiently—and it corrodes. I don't know what happens to a mental generator under those circumstances, but ingrowing energy's mighty bad for humans! Jack began by blowing out all his fuses, and now a lot of perfectly good power's in danger of electrocuting itself. There's waste, if you like!"

"There's an interesting figure, at any rate!" Howard laughed.

"'Av it worrks, it's thrue,'" she urged. "And your steel wire hasn't worked, has it? Then why not lend a hand in connecting my copper?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want sympathy for him—intercession with the rest of the family—and possibly financial backing. I want him to have a chance to be himself."

"H'm. I'll think it over. Meanwhile, I'll see if I can locate the scamp and make him come home."

But no trace of Ordway could be found. He had not been seen in any of his accustomed haunts, and all his friends disclaimed knowledge of his whereabouts, which did not tend to allay the anxiety of his family. By night, even Patricia had succumbed to the prevailing depression, and was dejectedly dressing for dinner when she heard his car on the driveway. Slipping into a negligée, she opened her door just as he passed on his way to his own room, and hailed, in a gay undertone:

"Hello, Jack! You came pretty near being late to dinner!"

"But I'm not, you see." Notwithstanding his pallor and evident fatigue, his eyes were steady and his handclasp firm. "You didn't think I'd let anybody else take you out to dinner in my house, did you?"

"Well—I didn't know. But I'd have been hideously disappointed if you had—fond as I am of Mr. Howard."

"Howard! Is he here? H'mph!"

"Somebody had to be host," she suggested. "We didn't care to repeat that famous performance of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark omitted."

"Here's where we fool 'em." His tone was gruff. "Denmark's back in the cast. What's more, he's back to stay."

At that moment a voice, hardly recognizable in its excitement, called from the other end of the hall: "Jack! Is that Jack?"

"Yes. All right, Grace. I'm here."

"Well, I *do* think you might at least have let me know you were coming!" Mrs. Howard complained, and Patricia laughed softly as she heard through her closing door the brotherly response:

"Suffering Mike! You didn't hear anything about my not coming, did you? Then what do you take me for? Of course I'm here!"

That night Patricia saw Ordway in an entirely new light. For the first time within her knowledge of him he laid aside all his bitterness and cynicism, appearing as a rarely gracious and accomplished host, and for a while she was content to admire his skilful handling of the conversation at their end of the table. But there came a moment when the attention of their neighbors to left and right was diverted, and she seized the opportunity to say, quietly:

"I have an invitation for you."

"For me? Nothing doing! This social resurrection is a consequence"—he bowed to her over his lifted wineglass—"not a precedent."

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"For that pretty speech you shall have another chance, though you don't deserve it. I had a letter from the scientist yesterday. I've written him more or less about our flying and the amazing way you've learned to handle the plane, and he seems quite excited about you. He says he's leaving for the Pendleton round-up Saturday, and would you care to go with him?"

"Would I ca—" He broke off in the middle of a word, his face set suddenly in hard lines.

"There's not the slightest obligation about it, you know," she hurried on. "He seems to have taken a fancy to my description of you—"

"Pat—you little brick! You asked him!" said Ordway, unsteadily, and then his face grew rigid again in his effort at self-control.

"Perhaps I mentioned your interest in the wild and woolly—which would be quite enough for him," she admitted, with almost a gasp of relief. "He's an awfully good sort—and knows rather a lot of people out there, I believe. Will you go?"

"How soon can I start?"

"He leaves New York Saturday, but if you can't meet him there—"

"I'll meet him." When she would have spoken, he checked her with a quick gesture, and after a moment's tense pause, said: "There's one thing I want you to know—right now. I haven't been hitting it up."

"I knew that the instant I saw you."

"But before I got back? Tell me!" he insisted, as she hesitated.

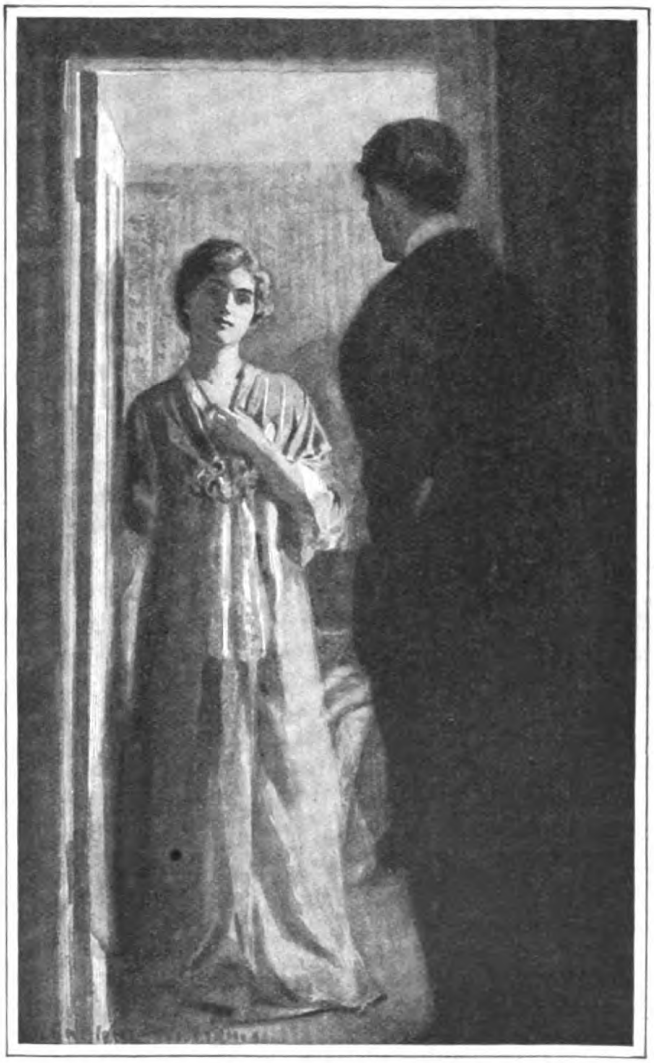
"I just thought you'd been hurt, Jack—more than you could bear at the moment," was her soft reply; and he grimly returned:

"Well, I hadn't. I can bear it all right. I've discovered that. But I had to get away, and—think it over."

"I know."

"You were right, too," he went on. "I've been a quitter—"

"But you've come back," she quickly interrupted. "You would, of course, as soon as you caught your wind."



"HELLO, JACK! YOU CAME PRETTY NEAR BEING LATE TO DINNER!"

"Yes, I'm on the map again—to stay. But I'm not going to stay on this part of it. I've made up my mind to that. It may be quitting again."

"It isn't! You don't belong here, anyway. You never did."

"Well—I don't know— But this trip West will give me a chance to think—"

"And to get your bearings," she finished, hugging the consciousness that the

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scientist already knew of two promising opportunities for the right man in the cattle country. "Then we'll wire him after dinner that you'll go? Will you start to-morrow?"

"Sure! No; on second thought—" He regarded her ruminatively. "Pat, you certainly are one brick! I'll go Friday morning." Here his attention was claimed by the woman on his left, and the last guests had gone and the family was separating for the night before he found another opportunity for a word alone with Patricia. Then, affecting carelessness, he said, "By the way, do you still want me to do a stunt with you to-morrow night?"

"Jack!" In a flash she perceived all that his reappearance in society would indicate, not only to his family and friends, but also to that gossiping little local world whose disparaging judgments of him she had so resented. In the same instant, she remembered that no encounter with Dorothy need be feared, as she was out of town. "Jack! It wouldn't be too hard?"

"Nothing would be too hard—if it would give you pleasure," he said, and his light tone did not wholly mask his feeling.

"I'd love it—just once before you go! But let's keep it as a surprise! Tell nobody—except the family."

"All right! We'll work out a stunt to-morrow for both planes. And—you'll dine with me to-morrow night?"

"Oh, I've promised Billy Blaisdell! He's giving a party, and we're all going on to the fête later. But I will, anyway!" she promised, recklessly. "His is an informal thing—and it will be our last night. I'll beg off."

"You're a brick, Pat! Good night—and thanks." He turned sharply away, and she went up-stairs wondering whether his voice had broken on the last word, or whether she had been tricked by her own emotion.

Deciding that it was too late to telephone to Blaisdell that night, she waited until morning to call him up, only to learn that he had gone to the country for the day. So she wrote him a humorous little note, pleading that unforeseen complications connected with her début as a circus-performer would prevent her joining his party that night. She promised a full explanation when she saw him, and dismissed the matter from her mind. For once, however, she failed to anticipate his mental processes.

Meanwhile, the day proved a busy one, both for her and for Ordway, but by night all their arrangements were completed, and after a last quiet dinner together they drove out to the park where the fête was held, when it became evident to Patricia that the diplomat intended to give her no immediate opportunity to make her promised explanation. Not unnaturally attributing his manner to pique, she paid little attention to it, at first, being very fully occupied in shielding the sensibilities of the prodigal, whose return to the paths of social rectitude was not allowed to pass unemphasized. However, if there were those with supercilious brows who glanced at Ordway and passed by on the other side, and yet others whose too-obvious compassion carried its own sting, there were not lacking a goodly number who met him with just the right degree of welcome and put him at once at ease.

Occasionally, when he was insulated in a group of these old friends, Patricia had time to think of her own affairs, and gradually it dawned upon her that there might be more than pique in Blaisdell's continued avoidance of her, and she began to be troubled, fearing that beneath his conventionally smiling manner he was really hurt.

Her "act" was to close the performance, which took place out of doors; and when she caught sight of Blaisdell, as the programme neared its finish, strolling away from the audience toward a side-path, she slipped out another way and intercepted him behind some screening shrubbery. At sight of her he hesitated visibly, but came on to where she waited.

"Well?" she asked, whimsically.

"Can I do anything for you?" His manner was constrained.

"You might be a little nice to me—for a change. You might even walk over to my tent with me, if you felt inclined. It's time to dress for my 'turn.'" Still he stood motionless, his face like a stone mask, and, after the briefest pause, she

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decided to take the bull by the horns. "Billy, if I didn't know better, I should think you didn't want to see me at all. Do you know that you haven't been near me this whole evening?"

"Did you expect me to—join you?"

"At any rate, I didn't expect you to ignore my very existence! But if you're going to be peevish—"

"Peevish is hardly the word, I think," he said, obviously holding himself in restraint. "But I'm afraid I can't accept—all this—as lightly as—as you seem to expect."

"All what? I was terribly sorry not to go to your party, Billy, but truly I couldn't! If you weren't so cross"—she glanced up comically—"I might tell you the reason. I was—"

"Don't!" he harshly interrupted. "It's plain enough. Your being here together—"

"Oh, that's not all—just being here! Last night Jack—"

"Good God, Patty!" he broke out. "I tell you I understand! And I hope you'll be happy! You know I do! But don't ask me to stand here and discuss it with you!"

"Discuss—" For an instant she stared in sheer amazement, and then she laughed. "Oh, Billy, you *are* an idiot! You're hopeless!"

"Do you mean to say it isn't true?" He caught her hand.

"True? My word! What ever gave you that impression?"

"Why—everything! The dinner last night—your note—his being here tonight— What else could I think?"

"I admit that it was unintelligent to expect you to think at all!" Still laughing, she pulled her hand away. "Billy, what do you do with your brains? Because it isn't as if you had none."

"But everybody thinks so!" he persisted. "They're all talking—asking whether it's been announced yet. I've nearly gone mad to-night! Patty, you're *not* engaged to him?"

"Well—not yet!" she said. "Now, listen—intelligently, if you can! Jack came home unexpectedly last night—"

"Where's he been?"

"Don't interrupt—listen! And because he's going away to-morrow, he offered—"

"Where's he going?"

"Billy, I haven't but a second, and if you won't listen—! Very well, then! He offered to help me—and he hates all this—he only came to-night because he knew I wanted him to show this town, just once, what he *is*—"

"And yet you say he's not in love with you!"

"Billy Blaisdell, do you think that boy has the heart of a Mormon? How can he be in love with two women at the same time?"

"Do you mean that he's in love with Dorothy—still?"

"Well, in the name of Heaven, what do you think all this is about?" she demanded, with exasperation.

"H'm. Speaking of Dorothy"—he was watching her keenly—"have you seen her to-night?"

"To-night! Billy! She's not *here!*"

"Yes, she is. They came home unexpectedly, and Stannard brought them over here late. I've just left them."

"My word! Where's Jack? Has he seen her?"

"I don't know. What if he has?" He seized her hand, detaining her.

"Heaven only knows what he'd do! Let me go!"

"He'd probably survive. Other men have."

"Yes, yes! But can't you understand—no, of course you can't! But just as everything's coming right—"

"Patty!" He caught her other hand and looked searchingly into her eyes. "Are you sure you're not in love with Ordway?"

"Well, if I am, you've wished it on me!" she vindictively declared. A bugle sounded, followed by a rattle of applause. "Heavens! That's the signal that I'm about to fly! Let me go!"

Tearing her hands from his clasp, she ran swiftly down the path toward the dressing-tents, where she found Kate awaiting her in a fever of anxiety lest she should be late. As she scrambled into her aviation dress, Patricia asked:

"Where's Mr. Ordway? Have you seen him?"

"Oh, yes 'm! He came out and looked his plane over quite some time ago. He's getting dressed."

"Was he all right?"

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"Sure!" Kate greatly admired Ordway. "He was kind o' solemn and sober-like, but—sure, he was all right."

"Oh, dear!" said Patricia. "I wonder—"

Then she ran out into the field, acknowledged the greeting of the assemblage, and a moment later the lights and the people were beneath her, while the white ray of the search-light shone now here, now there, in its effort to keep in touch with her. But even as she circled and dipped and swooped and swerved, alert to every movement and sound of her machine, always in the back of her mind lurked that uneasy wonder whether Ordway had seen Dorothy, and, if he had, what the consequences had been.

When she came down a dozen men ran toward her, but he was not among them; and then, according to programme, the bugle sounded again and the biplane was trundled out from its hiding-place behind the shrubbery. There was a murmur of surprise and more applause, which swelled to a welcoming roar as the erect young figure in khaki striding toward the machine was recognized; but beyond a curt, perfunctory salute Jack seemed scarcely to notice it. He settled into his place, his mechanician fumbled quickly and strangely about him, and then his plane began to move. Patricia assured herself that it was all exactly as they had planned it, but something kept whispering insistently: "I did think he'd come and speak to me! Why didn't he?"

Meanwhile, the biplane was climbing in ascending spirals into the dark sky, the long, wavering, white finger of the search-light always following it.

"He's going pretty high," Patricia murmured to the man beside her, whom she afterward discovered to be Howard. "Much higher than I did."

When his machine was scarcely discernible, Ordway made two wide circles without farther ascent, and then of a sudden the aircraft tipped nose downward and dropped like a plummet. Patricia caught her breath in a rasping gasp, as her hands flew to her throat, and somewhere on the outskirts of the crowd a woman screamed. A relieved groan broke from the watching throng as the plane seemed to catch the air again, rose, turned completely over, dropped again—and repeated the manœuver.

"By—George!" breathed Howard, hoarsely. "Young fool! He's looped the loop!"

"Oh—Mr. Howard!" Patricia's voice came in a thin croak. "He's—seen her!"

"Seen whom? What do you mean?"

"Dor—Dorothy! She's here! He's seen her—and he doesn't care—what happens! He's never done—that—before! He'll be—killed! And I've done it! If I hadn't—got him into this—"

"Nonsense!" Howard said, trying not to speak thickly. "He's probably done it dozens of times before. Anyhow, you've nothing to do with it. You've been trying to stop this sort of thing, and if the fool can't keep his head—But he's all right! Look at him! Doing big circles up there, steady as a church!"

"But he's—going to do it again!" she gasped. "Oh—*Jack!*"

Two more great circles Ordway described against the heavens, twice again he pitched downward, only to turn, somersault, and skim on in safety, until at last, volplaning in one final, blood-curdling swoop, he landed and ran lightly along the turf, while the spectators roared their acclaim.

Patricia was the first to reach him, and as she fumbled at one of the straps that held him, she sobbed: "Jack! Oh, Jack—how could you!"

Waving an arm toward his clamoring fellow-townsmen, he turned toward her, instead of the reckless, defiant face she had feared to see, a broad, triumphant, albeit somewhat excited, smile.

"Well, I guess we showed 'em, eh? Why, Pat!" He put a quick hand on her shoulder and gave her a little shake. "Pat! You weren't frightened!"

"Frightened, you crazy young fool!" exclaimed his brother-in-law. "You've given us all nervous prostration! What induced you to do a thing like that?"

"Wanted to be a credit to little teacher," Ordway returned, laughing. "And that particular stunt takes rather a steady nerve, you know."

"But—you never did it before!" Patricia was still gasping.

"Sure, I've done it before! I told you

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ver be satisfied until I'd looped a
s, didn't I? Well, I've done
grinned cheerfully, and Pa-
gave another leap as she
e had not seen Dorothy,

bugler?" she cried.
crowd! We're both

ard protested.
and you're all

"Of course
. But this is
rehearsed. No
searchlights, please."
et her go," he returned,
ne bugler set his instrument
ps and blew.

nen Patricia's monoplane swept off, ne biplane gave chase, and for ten minutes or more the two, each followed by a search-light, seemed to be playing tag among the stars, to the delight of the crowd. All the time, however, Patricia was planning how to get Jack away before he should see Dorothy; and when this last flight was over, while they were still the center of a congratulatory group, she took the first opportunity to murmur, "Let's run away now, and go home."

"Home?" he said. "What for? The fun's just beginning!"

"It has been fun," she agreed, "but enough's enough. I'm tired."

"Tired! You?" he scoffed. "You're jealous—that's what's the matter with you! Trying to shove me out of the limelight!"

"But I *am* tired, Jack! I want to go."

"A lot you do!" Laughing, he shook his head. "I'm beginning to understand your game, my lady! But this time it isn't necessary. Nothing would induce me to keep up this sort of thing, but just for once—and for the last time—it's pretty good sport! Honestly, I'm having a bully time, Pat—of its kind. So don't you worry! And you needn't try to make me believe you want to leave right in the middle of things. because I know better! If you really want to go home, of course I'll take you, but I warn you that I'll come back and see this out. Run along and play, now—and don't fret. I'm all right."

Perceiving that he was not to be convinced, and that even if she feigned illness he would still know it to be a ruse, her mind raced to the next expedient. If Blaisdell could be induced to detain Dorothy for the rest of the evening in or near the dancing-pavilion, the danger might still be averted, as Ordway seemed happiest among his men friends. Convinced that he would be safely engaged with this group for half an hour, at least, she sped away to find the minister, at first choosing by-paths to avoid the crowd.

Cutting across a shadowy expanse of lawn, her footfall inaudible, she was startled by a sound of hysterical weeping behind a line of thick shrubbery, and stopped short as she heard a vibrant young voice declare, in a silence broken only by the distant throb of music:

"I won't! I don't care what you say! I know now—and I won't!"

"You will!" responded the low, incisive voice of an older woman. "What's more, you'll control yourself—instantly! You're making a public exhibition of yourself! Even he must have heard you shriek!"

"I don't care! I don't care about anything, except—"

"*Hush!* Sentimental little fool! Some day you'll come to your senses and be glad I prevented your ruining your whole life for a silly impulse Think what he is! A drunkard—a gambler—"

Patricia took a quick step toward the shrubbery, but stopped again as the sobbing voice contended: "He's not! And if he is, whose fault is it?"

"He's intoxicated now," the clear, cutting tones went on. "No sober man would take that risk. He's thoroughly disreputable and discredited. He has nothing to offer you—"

"He has everything I want!"

"Very well! Go and tell him so! Throw yourself at his head—and let Patricia Carlyle set you neatly on your feet again!"

On the other side of the hedge, Patricia awoke, with a gasp, to a consciousness that she was eavesdropping, but amazement held her motionless a moment longer, while the low, taunting voice continued: "Let her

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"YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT—BUT I WANT TO HELP YOU"

make a laughing-stock of you, for the benefit of the whole town! How can you be silly enough to prate of love and a broken heart, when you know what *he's* done? For Heaven's sake, save your pride, at least! Come, now—go back out there, with your head up! Make them all think that you're gay and happy—as you ought to be, with your future!—and to-morrow you shall go away and stay until the wedding."

Patricia heard no more. Veering around some bushes, she ran on, her thoughts in a tumult, abating her pace only when she came into the crowded paths again. After a little search, she discovered Blaisdell near the dancing-pavilion, as she expected, and he joined her at once.

"Billy, I need help," she began, without preamble, leading him rapidly in the direction from which she had come. "Dorothy Alexander's down here a little way—with Ada. Find her, and make her go with you."

"Where? What for?"

"Don't ask questions! Get her to dance — to go to supper — anything! Only get her!"

"But suppose she refuses?"

"My word! What are you a diplomat for? *Make* her go! And for Heaven's sake don't let anybody get her away from you!"

"Look here. What's all this about?" he demanded.

"When you're out of Ada's sight, take her over on the east walk—beyond my tent—"

"Is this all to protect your precious Ordway?" he interrupted. "Because, if it is—"

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"Billy, I don't know what it's for—I'm all in a muddle—but there's not a second to lose! Don't fail me!"

With that she turned off into another path, and Blaisdell, bewildered, hurried on to find Dorothy, traces of whose recent agitation were still evident, and who proved reluctant and unresponsive when he finally discovered her. But Ada, appreciating the cheering effect his persiflage invariably had upon her sister's spirits, warmly seconded his suggestion that the dancing-floor was less crowded than it would be later, and confidently sent them off together, returning herself to Stannard. No sooner was she out of sight, however, than the minister said:

"You don't seem to be very keen about dancing, and neither am I. Suppose we walk—and talk—instead, eh?"

They were well down the deserted east walk, and he had almost decided that the whole thing was merely another ruse of Patricia's, when he caught sight of her quickly approaching. She stopped directly before Dorothy, who recoiled a little and would have turned aside, had not Blaisdell prevented her.

"I know," the elder girl said, a little brokenly, although her steady glance never left the younger's face, "you won't believe it—but I want to help you. At least—I think I do. Quite by accident, I overheard part of a conversation between you and your sister a few minutes ago—"

"Oh!" the other gasped. "How *dare* you! Let me go!" She turned and would have fled, but Patricia caught her arm.

"Listen to me!" she said, almost sobbing herself. "It's not true! Jack Ordway has never been in love with me for an instant! He still—well, that's his story. But I tell you I'm trying to help you — both — unless I misunderstood. That's what I must be sure of, before—You see, I heard only a phrase or two, but Billy Blaisdell has always insisted—And if it's true—if you *are* really in love with Jack— Oh, you poor child!" For Dorothy, after a vain effort to speak, had hidden her convulsed face against Blaisdell's arm. "Bring her to my tent, Billy!—and tell her as you come! Hurry! They may begin looking for her any minute! I'll find Jack!"

It was perhaps half an hour later that Patricia and Blaisdell stood, with Howard and his wife, beside Ordway's biplane, wherein sat two helmeted figures in khaki, one of whom, since she wore Kate's uniform, the few remaining stragglers lingering about the machines naturally assumed to be Miss Carlyle's mechanician.

"Good-by, children — and God bless you!" said Howard, huskily. "Draw on me, Jack, if you need funds."

"But they won't really stay out there!" his wife insisted. "After they've seen it, they'll come home—where they belong."

"Not much!" Ordway buoyantly returned. "Unless that scientist of Pat's is a four-flusher, it's us for the wild and woolly—for keeps. Isn't it?" He turned to the helmeted girl beside him, who nodded, and then leaned out to give her hands again to Patricia and Blaisdell, crying, brokenly:

"Oh, you're wonderful, you two! To think that an hour ago I wanted to die! I hope you're as happy as we are—but you can't be, even with each other!"

"Ready!" said Ordway.

"Blow, bugler!" Patricia called.

As the triumphant notes rang over the grounds, people exclaimed, "Oh, they're going up again!" and lifted their eyes to see Ordway's plane swimming in the stream of the search-light.

"Now, what did she mean by that?" Patricia demanded of Blaisdell, as they walked toward her machine. "Billy, what did you tell that girl?"

"Only the simple truth. You see, her mind had been poisoned against you, and even after you talked to her she wasn't sure that she could trust you. The only way I could make her believe that you hadn't been trying to marry Ordway was to give her the impression that you're going to marry me."

"Billy Blaisdell!"

"Well—I submit that it worked," he proffered, with an innocent air. "So now we're engaged."

"Are we, indeed! You may be—but I deny the allegation!"

"But wasn't that what you required—works? And didn't I help?"

"So now you claim your pound of flesh?" she dryly inquired.

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"Oh, let's be fair!" he urged. "Wasn't I right all the time?"

"Very well—*let's* be fair!" she retorted. "In whose interest were these 'works' of yours committed? Honest Injun, now—cross your heart—just what *was* your motive when you 'helped'?"

"Well—motives are mixed things at best, I guess," he confessed. "But, anyway, here we are—and we're all happier, aren't we?"

At that moment the Howards overtook them, and Jack's sister said, "You won't change your mind and come back?"

"I wish I could," Patricia replied. "But I've broken all manner of engagements to stay this long, and I really can't—"

"Look here!" Blaisdell cut in. "You're not going—for good?"

"I'm sorry." She turned laughing eyes toward him. "Kate's already packing, to follow by the first train. I'll see those two married to-morrow, in my aunt's apartment, and then—I'm going on."

"That being the case, I'm going with you," he announced, preparing to clamber in beside her.

"Indeed you're not! Blow, bugler!"

"But, Patty!" Blaisdell held her hand, while the golden notes poured forth. "Haven't I earned that, at least? Tell me where you're going!"

"To the Back of Beyond," she teased, adding, in a tone indescribably softened as she saw the pain in his face, "Billy—I'm going to Washington."

"To—but not— Really?"

"Really! But remember, your Excellency, that motives are mixed things, at best—and official business calls me! *Hasta la vista!*"

Three times she circled over their heads, the ghostly finger of the searchlight pointing at her, and then she flew away into the starry night, to overtake the eloping lovers and help them on their way, while Blaisdell went contentedly to his hotel to pack.

[THE END.]

At the Grave of Keats

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

THE Roman violets blossom on thy tomb,
Not Surrey daisies nor the Kentish may;
For swaying elms, the cypress and the bay
Mingle above thy head an alien gloom.
Harsh fate, it seemed, that grudged thine ashes room
To sleep beneath some quiet orchard spray
Where English blackbirds pipe the opening day,
When England's April fills the dales with bloom.

Yet better so: too strait thine island home
To hold the glory of thy lofty rhyme,
Or compass all the splendor of thy fame.
Fitly upon the withered breast of Rome,
Mother of empire, hoary bride of Time,
Sparkles the deathless jewel of thy name.

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The Country Newspaper

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE country town is one of those things we have worked out for ourselves here in America. Our cities are not unlike other cities in the world; the trolley and the omnibus and the subway, the tender hot-house millionaire and the hardy, perennial crook are found in all cities. Class lines extend from city to city well around the globe. And American aversion to caste disappears when the American finds himself cooped in a city with a million of his fellows. But in the country town—the political unit larger than the village and smaller than the city, the town with a population between three and one hundred thousand—we have built up something distinctively American. Physically, it is of its own kind; the people for the most part live in detached wooden houses on lots with fifty feet of street frontage, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth. Grass is the common heritage of all the children—grass and flowers. A kitchen-garden smiles in the back yard, and the service of public utilities is so cheap that in most country towns in America electricity for lighting and household power, water for the kitchen sink and the bath-room, gas for cooking, and the telephone with unlimited use may be found in every house. In the town where these lines are written there are more telephones than there are houses, and as many water intakes as there are families, and more electric lights than there are men, women, and children. Civilization brings its labor-saving devices to all the people of an American country town. The uncivilized area is negligible, if one measures civilization by the use of the conveniences and luxuries that civilization has brought.

In the home, the difference between the rich and the poor, in these towns, is denoted largely by the multiplication of rooms; there is no very great difference in the kinds of rooms in the houses of those who have much and those who have little. And, indeed, the economic differences are of no consequence. The average American thinks he is saving for his children, and for nothing else. But if the child of the rich man and the child of the poor man meet in a common school, graduate from a common high-school, and meet in the country college or in the state university—and they do associate thus in the days of their youth—there is no reason why parents should strain themselves for the children; and they do not strain themselves. They relax in their automobiles, go to the movies, inhabit the summer boarding-house in the mountains or by the sea, and hoot at the vulgarity and stupidity of those strangers who appear to be rich and to be grunting and sweating and saving and intriguing for more money, but who really are only well-to-do middle-class people.

In the American country town the race for great wealth has slackened down. The traveler who sees our half-dozen great cities, who goes into our industrial centers, loafs about our pleasure resorts, sees much that is significantly American. But he misses much also if he fails to realize that there are in America tens of thousands of miles of asphalted streets arched by elms, bordered by green lawns, fringed with flowers marking the procession of the seasons, and that back from these streets stand millions of houses owned by their tenants—houses of from five to ten rooms, that cost from twenty-five hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars, and that in these houses live a people neither rural nor urban, a people who have rural traditions and urban aspirations, and who are getting a rather large return from civilization for the dollars they spend. Besides the civilization that

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comes to these people in pipes and on wires, they are buying civilization in the phonograph, the moving picture, the automobile, and the fifty-cent reprint of last year's fiction success. The Woman's City Federation of Clubs is bringing what civic beauty it can lug home from Europe and the Eastern cities; the opportune death of the prominent citizen is opening playgrounds and hospitals and parks; and the country college, which has multiplied as the sands of the sea, supplements the state schools of higher learning in the work of bringing to youth opportunities for more than the common-school education.

Now into this peculiar civilization comes that curious institution, the country newspaper. The country newspaper is the incarnation of the town spirit. The newspaper is more than the voice of the country-town spirit; the newspaper is in a measure the will of the town, and the town's character is displayed with sad realism in the town's newspapers. A newspaper is as honest as its town, is as intelligent as its town, as kind as its town, as brave as its town. And those curious phases of abnormal psychology often found in men and women, wherein a dual or multiple personality speaks, are found often in communities where many newspapers babble the many voices arising from the disorganized spirits of the place. For ten years and more the tendency in the American country town has been toward fewer newspapers. That tendency seems to show that the spirit of these communities is unifying. The disassociated personalities of the community — the wrangling bankers, the competing public utilities, the wets and the drys, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines in a score of guises that make for discord in towns— are slowly knitting into the spirit of the place. So one newspaper in the smaller communities—in communities under fifteen thousand, let us say—is becoming the town genus! And in most of the larger towns—so long as they are towns and not cities—one newspaper is rising dominant and authoritative because it interprets and directs the community. The others are merely expressions of vagrant moods; they are unhushed voices that are still uncorrelated, still unbridled in the community's heart.

It is therefore the country newspaper, the one that speaks for the town, that guides and cherishes the town, that embodies the distinctive spirit of the town, wherein one town differeth from another in glory—it is that country newspaper, which takes its color from a town and gives color back, that shall engage our attention at present. That newspaper shall be our vision.

Of old in this country the newspaper was a sort of poor relation in the commerce of a place. The newspaper required support, and the support was given, somewhat in charity, more or less in return for polite blackmail, and the rest for business reasons. The editor was a tolerated person. He had to be put on the chairmanship of some important committee in every community enterprise to secure his help. In times of social or political emergency, he sold stock in his newspaper company to statesmen. That was in those primeval days before corporations were controlled; so the editor's trusty job-press never let the supply of stock fall behind the demand. Those good old days were the days when the editor with the "trenchant pen" stalked to glory through libel-suits and shooting scrapes, and when most American towns were beset by a newspaper row as by a fiendish mania.

But those fine old homicidal days of the newspaper business are past, or are relegated to the less civilized parts of the land. The Colonel and the Major have gone gallantly to dreams of glory, perhaps carrying more buckshot with them to glory than was needed for ballast on their journey; but still they are gone, and their race has died with them. The newspaper man of to-day is of another breed. How the Colonel or the Major would snort in derision at the youth who pervades the country newspaper office to-day. For this young man is first of all a manufacturer! The shirt-tail full of type and the cheese press, which in times past were held as emblems of the loathed contemporary's plant, have now grown even in country villages to little factories. The smallest offices now have their typesetting-ma-

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chines. The lean, sad-visaged country printer, who had tried and burned his wings in the editorial flight, is no more. Instead we have a keen-eyed, dressy young man who makes eyes at the girls in the front office, and can talk shows with the drummer at the best hotel, or books with the high-school teacher in the boarding-house. This young gentleman operates the typesetting-machine. Generally he is exotic; frequently he is a traveler from far countries, but he rides in the Pullman and the clay of no highway ever stains his dainty feet. In the country town, in the factory that makes even the humblest of our country dailies, the little six and eight page affairs, all unknown, unhonored, and unsung, three or four and sometimes half a dozen of the smart, well-fed, nattily dressed machine operators are hired, and the foreman—the dear old pipe-smoking, unshaven foreman who prided himself in a long line of apprentice printers, the foreman who edited copy, who wrote the telegraph heads and ruled the reporters in the front office with an iron rod of terror, the foreman who had the power of life and death over every one around the building but the advertising man, the foreman who spent his princely salary of fifteen dollars a week buying meals for old friends drifting through with the lazy tide of traffic between the great cities, the foreman who could boast that he once held cases on the *Sun* and knew old Dana—that foreman is gone; in his place we know the superintendent. And, alas! the superintendent is not interested in preserving the romance of a day that is past. He is not bothered by the touch of a vanished hand. When the vanished hand tries to touch the superintendent of the country newspaper office to-day, a ticket to the Associated Charities' wood-yard is his dull response. The superintendent is interested largely in efficiency. The day of romance is past in the back room of the country newspaper.

But in the front room, in the editorial offices, in the business office even, there abides the spirit of high adventure that is incarnate in these marvelous modern times. Never before were there such grand doings in the world as we are seeing to-day. Screen the great war from us, and still we have a world full of romance, full of poetry, full of an unfolding progress that is like the gorgeous story of some enchanter's spell. Where in all the tales of those *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* is anything so wonderful as wireless telegraphy, so weird and uncanny as talking over the seas without wires? What is Cinderella and her romance compared with the Cinderella story to-day—the story that tells us how the world is turning into her prince, shortening her hours of work, guaranteeing her a living wage, keeping her little brothers and sisters away from the factory and in school, and pensioning her widowed mother that she may care for her little flock! How tame is the old Cinderella story beside this! And Sindbad is losing his load, too—slowly, as the years form into decades, Sindbad is sloughing off the old man of the sea; the twelve-hour day is almost gone, and the eight-hour day is coming quickly; the diseases and accidents of labor are falling from his shoulders, being assumed by his employer; his bank savings are guaranteed by his government; his food is no longer poisoned; his tenement is ceasing to be a pit of infection; his shop is no longer a place of torture. And every day the newspaper brings some fresh and inspiring chapter of these great stories to their readers. Stories of progress are the magnificent tales of sorcery and wizarding that come gleaming in celestial light across the pages of our newspapers every day. And in our country papers we rejoice in them, because we know the heroes. We know Cinderella; she works in our button-factory. We knew her father, who lived on Upper Mud Creek and was a soldier in the big war of the 'sixties. We know Sindbad; he is our neighbor and friend. He is not a mere number and a wheel-tender to us. We played with him as boys; we went to school with him in the lower grades before he had to leave, when his father died, to support the family. We see Cinderella and Sindbad every day, and when we read of their good fortunes we feel kindly toward the paper that tells us of these fine things. We open the country paper and say, "How blessed on the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings,"

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and so we read it, every line. It is the daily chronicle of the doings of our friends.

Of course our country papers are provincial. We know that as well as any one. But then, so far as that goes, we know that all papers are provincial. How we laugh at the provincialisms of the New York and Boston and Chicago papers when we visit the cities! For the high gods of civilization, being jealous of the press, have put upon all newspapers this spell: that every one must be limited in interest to its own town and territory. There can be no national daily newspaper, for before it reaches the nation its news is old and dull and as clammy as a cold pancake. News does not keep. Twelve hours from the press it is stale, flat, and highly unprofitable. However the trains may speed, however the organization of the subscription department and the press-room may perfect itself, the news spoils before the ink dries, and there never may be in our land a cosmopolitan press. So the cities' papers find that they must fill up those spaces, which in a nation-wide paper should be filled with the news from the far corners of our land, with city news. Thus in every country paper we have the local gossip of its little world. And our country papers are duplicated on a rather grander scale in the cities. What we do in six or eight or ten or twelve pages in the country, the city papers do in twenty or forty pages. What they do with certain prominent citizens in the social and criminal and financial world, we do also with our prominent citizens in their little worlds.

And in the matter of mere circulation, our American country newspapers are a feeble folk, yet they do as a matter of fact build their homes upon the rock. The circulation of daily newspapers in our cities—towns of over four hundred thousand—aggregates something over eleven millions. The other daily newspapers in the country circulate more than twelve millions, and the weeklies circulate twenty millions more, and most of these weeklies are printed in our small country towns. We have, therefore, a newspaper circulation of nearly thirty-four millions outside of our great cities, and only eleven millions in the great cities. At least so says our latest census bulletin. And the money we country editors have invested is proportionately larger than that our city brethren have invested.

But the beauty and the joy of our papers and their little worlds is that we who live in the country towns know our own heroes. Who knows Murphy in New York? Only a few. Yet in Emporia we all know Tom O'Connor—and love him. Who knows Morgan in New York? One man in a hundred thousand. Yet in Emporia who does not know George Newman, our banker and merchant prince? Boston people pick up their morning papers and read with shuddering horror of the crimes of their daily villain, yet read without that fine thrill that we have when we hear that Al Ludorph is in jail again in Emporia. For we all know Al; we've ridden in his hack a score of times. And we take up our paper with the story of his frailties as readers who begin the narrative of an old friend's adventures.

The society columns of our city papers set down the goings and comings, the marriages and the deaths of people who are known only by name; there are gowns realized only in dreams; there are social functions that seem staged upon distant stars. Yet you city people read of these things with avidity. But our social activities, chronicled in our country papers, tell of real people, whose hired girls are sisters to our hired girls, and so we know the secrets of their hearts. We know a gown when it appears three seasons in our society columns, disguised by its trimming and its covering, and it becomes a familiar friend. To read of it recalls other and happier days. And when we read of a funeral in our country newspapers, we do not visualize it as a mere church fight to see the grand persons in their solemn array on dress parade. A funeral notice to us country readers means something human and sad. Between the formal lines that tell of the mournful affair we read many a tragedy; we know the heartache; we realize the destitution that must come when the flowers are taken to the hospital; we know what insurance the dead man carried, and how it must be stretched to meet the

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needs. We can see the quiet lines on each side of the walk leading from the house of sorrow after the services—the men on one side, the women on the other—waiting to see the mourning families, and to be seen by them; we may smile through our tears at the uncongenial pall-bearers and wonder what common ground of mirth they will find to till on the way back from the cemetery. In lists of wedding-guests in our papers we know just what poor kin was remembered, and what was snubbed. We know when we read of a bankruptcy just which member of the firm or family brought it on, by extravagance or sloth. We read that the wife of the hardware merchant is in Kansas City, and we know the feelings of the dry-goods merchant who reads it and sees his own silks ignored. So when we see a new kind of lawn-mower on the dry-goods merchant's lawn, we don't blame him much for sending to the city for it.

Our papers, our little country papers, seem drab and miserably provincial to strangers; yet we who read them read in their lines the sweet, intimate story of life. And all these touches of nature make us wondrous kind. It is the country newspaper, bringing together daily the threads of the town's life, weaving them into something rich and strange, and setting the pattern as it weaves, directing the loom, and giving the cloth its color by mixing the lives of all the people in its color-pot—it is this country newspaper that reveals us to ourselves, that keeps our country hearts quick and our country minds open and our country faith strong.

When the girl at the glove-counter marries the boy in the wholesale house, the news of their wedding is good for a forty-line wedding-notice, and the forty lines in the country paper give them self-respect. When in due course we know that their baby is a twelve-pounder, named Grover or Theodore or Woodrow, we have that neighborly feeling that breeds the real democracy. When we read of death in that home we can mourn with them that mourn. When we see them moving upward in the world, into a firm, and out toward the country club neighborhood, we rejoice with them that rejoice. Therefore, men and brethren, when you are riding through this vale of tears upon the California Limited, and by chance pick up the little country newspaper with its meager telegraph service of three or four thousand words—or, at best, fifteen or twenty thousand; when you see its array of countryside items; its interminable local stories; its tiresome editorials on the waterworks, the schools, the street railroad, the crops, and the city printing, don't throw down the contemptible little rag with the verdict that there is nothing in it. But know this, and know it well: if you could take the clay from your eyes and read the little paper as it is written, you would find all of God's beautiful sorrowing, struggling, aspiring world in it, and what you saw would make you touch the little paper with reverent hands.



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The Plum-pudding Dog

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

ELIZABETH sat alone in the small, tidy kitchen of the new house. It was about tea-time, and a streaming wet September day. Overhead there wasn't a sound, and that seemed queer. Her hands lay idle, which was stranger still. Her mouth, which had kept smooth and red although she was past forty, appeared reflective. On the table, drawn close to the fire and easy to her hand, was an atlas opened at the map of Europe—that and the railway time-table.

Not a sound in the house! The kettle on the fire had not begun to sing; the clock in the corner had stopped—its hands pointed to half-past twelve. She had stopped that clock the night that Mrs. Marshall died, for its ticking had got upon her nerves. Not yet had she found resolution to set it and start it. When a soft-hearted woman is forty and has seen so many deaths, her nerves become unsteady. The long total of compassionate years had shaken her, and she must get away for a change.

She was free to go where she liked, to handsomely pay her way. And this at forty-two, after nursing people and seeing them die one after the other since she was seventeen. Her mother had died then. The doctor had said, "You're a born nurse." So she had taken to nursing in a humble, unprofessional way, and here she was at forty-two, with the last one departed.

Mrs. Marshall, her mistress, had been a grocer's widow, and childless. She had left her bit of money and her house and furniture to Elizabeth. The last old woman she ever need tend, was gone, and that was a good thing, for she was better off. Elizabeth was pious; also she was very much relieved. She sat by the fire thinking of them all—and they were all better off, it seemed.

Mrs. Marshall had been buried on Monday, yet it was hard to break old habit. Elizabeth, sitting by the fire, kept listening for sounds in the bedroom. She listened for the tinkle of a bell or the sound of a cough; her meditative eyes besought the bare hob, for it was queer not to see a small pot there. She missed the smell of broth and milk.

She bent over the atlas, following all the places with her finger, fording rivers, climbing mountains. She was breathless—and afraid. She wished that she had some friend to go with. She might do worse, after all, than stay at home and adopt a baby, for she knew she would miss the nursing. She had loved those people who had died one by one. They were all she had. She bitterly wanted something to love and cuddle and spoil. She wanted a creature that, not even knowing your name, would trust you. A baby, then? It would be a foolish thing to do—she stared stubbornly at the atlas and at all the places—but something to cuddle and be silly with— Would not that be better than gadding about alone?

She heard steps on the wet gravel, and there was a knock at the door. She went and opened it. A man was standing there, of the sort who might have seen better days. She thought by the look of him—by his smooth lip and side-whiskers—that he had been a groom. She stared over his shoulder at the desolate day—dripping leaves so big and green and heavy.

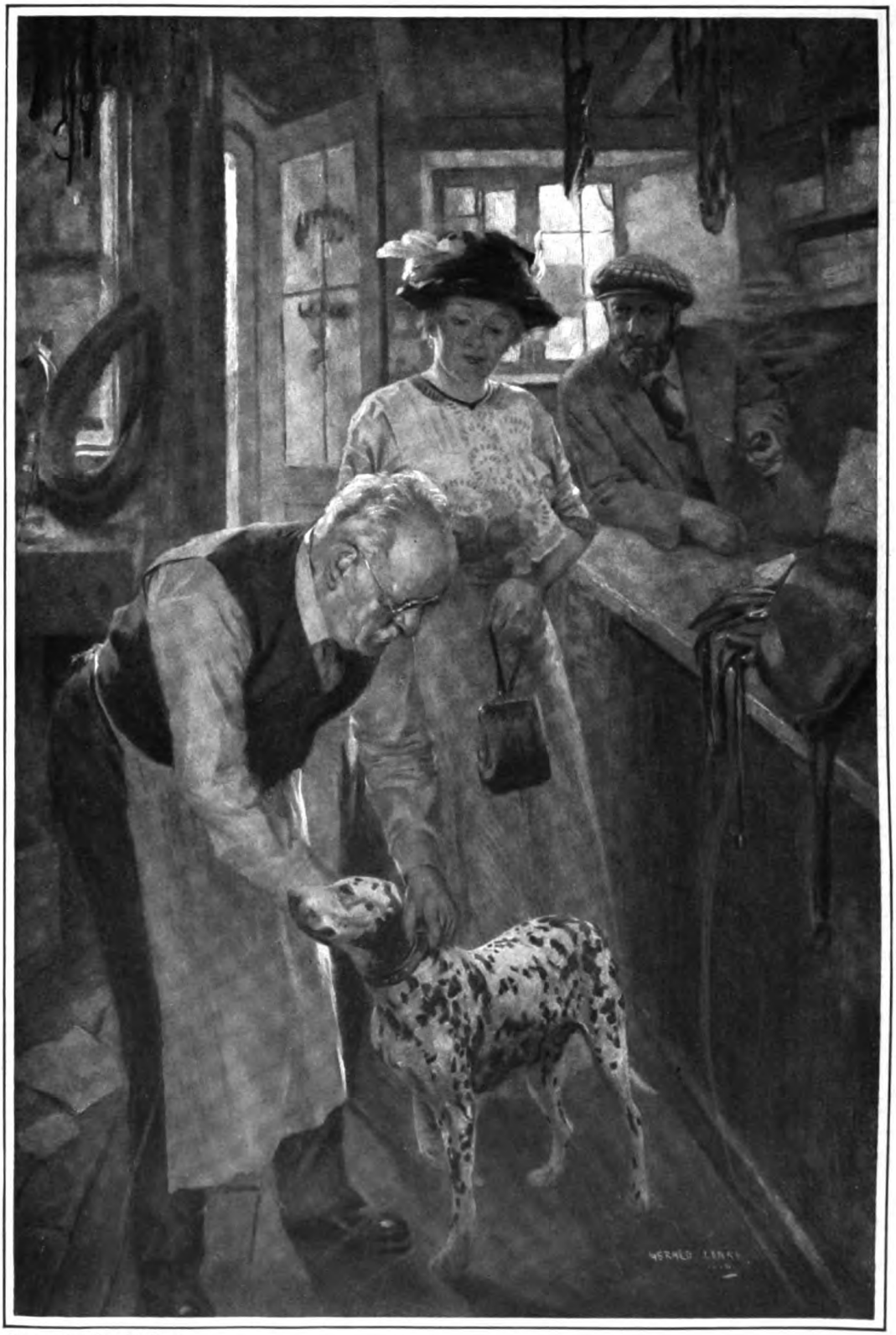
There was a bulge in the breast of his coat and a quick whimper came from it. Elizabeth's long years of ministration told her that something living and weak lay hidden in his coat.

"What's that in your breast pocket?"

He laughed. "You're sharp," he said. "A pup; pedigree, bless you. The poor little devil's cold."

"Bring him in to the fire," said Elizabeth. "You wipe your shoes first."

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Drawn by Gerald Leake

PLUM-PUDDING HAD GNAWED HIS COLLAR AND WANTED A NEW ONE

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When they stood by the fire he took the tiny dog out and gave him to her—a whimpering thing, fat and white and blind. Elizabeth had the sort of hand and the kind of gesture that beckoned to weakness and misery; she held the puppy under her chin, against her warm, full bosom.

"You're a motherly sort," said the man. "Like him? I'd sell him for a trifle."

"Did you come through the rain to ask me that? We're a mile from anywheres."

"I want to sell him, missus. No harm in that."

"Gentleman's servant you are, I suppose?" She surveyed his neat whisker.

"Have been all my life, but I'm out of a job. Look here, I'll take half a sovereign. He'll be a lovely creature—a carriage dog. You know the sort?"

"Carriage dog," said Elizabeth, thoughtfully, and the impulsive, fine color steeped her face as the whimpering ceased.

"Yes—spotted. Plum-pudden' dog; Dalmatian hound's the proper name."

"He—hasn't got any spots."

"They'll come. He ain't a week old yet," said the man, prodding the puppy with his forefinger. "Black spots," he said, "all over the body. Black ears, a black nose, and a face as white as a ghost. Them's the points. He's pure bred."

"Where's his mother, then?" asked Elizabeth. "A week old! Poor little mite!"

"You ask so many questions. Think I've stole him?"

"I wouldn't wonder," she said, bluntly.

"You've brought up a long family, so I should say." He flung a comprehensive glance at her graciously mature figure. "I'll take two half-crowns for him."

The puppy snuggled at her neck; he gave a blissful baby snore.

"Two half-crowns," said Elizabeth, solemnly, and, bringing out her purse, she laid the coins in his palm. "Don't you come back again" she added, in a flurry. "I've bought him, remember. He's mine."

"'Tain't likely I shall come back. I'm on the tramp, looking for work."

"I'll give you a cup of tea first." She glanced at his dripping coat. "Kettle's boiling, so you sit down."

"Thank you kindly," he said, and sat down, looking about him curiously and wondering where her husband was. He fingered the two half-crowns. She was a fool to give so much for a dog too young to leave his mother, but he supposed she had brought up all her children and yet longed for something to cosset. Women were like that.

When he went away he said, "Give him plenty of milk and keep him warm; that's all."

"Teach me how to bring up a baby," retorted Elizabeth.

She went up-stairs into the awful order of Mrs. Marshall's empty bedroom. She found an old work-basket and a bit of ragged, white blanket for the puppy's bed. When he was in it she put the time-table and the atlas away. This she did with a touch of conscience, feeling vaguely that she was doing the large world some injury, for she had always meant to see a bit of the world if ever she got the chance—and now she must stay at home.

All the evening she dreamed of what her dog would be when he grew up—handsome and spotted, a splendid guard. Through watching by sick-beds, through broken nights and hushed days, she had developed the habit of contemplation. "Plum-pudding dog," she said, looking tenderly down at the helpless lump.

She had ten happy months with him, watching him grow up. He delighted and sufficed her; he gave her what she wanted. She grew comely, here in the lonely little house, with lazy days and lots of play.

Her first delicious occupation had been to watch the dawning of his spots—the mysterious, shadowy look that his fat body took, and then the markings coming. He was beautifully spotted; his ears and his nose turned black; his eyes were black, too—full of sadness, full of mischief.

No living creature had ever made such an appeal to her, and no one had loved her as he loved her. He followed her about, always close at her skirt, playful yet grave, the mournful touch

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of the hound contending with his boisterous puppy spirits. She adored his sad muzzle and drooping airs. She led him through his weak and his naughty puppy ways; she watched his funny growing-up stage, his lean flanks and awkward legs. She took him for daily walks, and stood still to laugh at him running in swift, wide circles round the green fields that led to the sea—a flash of black-and-white, enough to turn one dizzy. She laughed when he barked at the waves in his sheer delight. Never before had she known fun, and never possessed vision. She had been lashed all her life to sick-beds; she had been sobered by the stiffness of sick people. Now she could be young and gay, she and Plum-pudding together.

At meal-times he sat erect beside her; or he would stand upon his hind legs, begging. He never made a sound; but the sadness, romance, and language of the whole world stood in his black eyes, although he merely begged for a bit of bacon rind.

When she did her housework he looked for his morning game of dusters. He would steal so quietly behind her, or leap as light as a bird through the open window, snatch the duster away and carry it into the garden, where he mauled it under the apple-tree. Elizabeth would hold her sides and laugh as she watched the duster dangle from his mouth and saw his proudly cocked ears and curled tail.

She never wanted better company than Plum-pudding. She could never settle on a name for him; nothing seemed good enough, nothing was remote enough from the names of other dogs.

He went shopping with her, not offering to carry the basket, never turning aside into the wood to hunt rabbits. There wasn't a touch of sport in him, nor was he good as a house-dog. He was capricious, and would bark at a butterfly or lick the hand of a tramp.

Sunday was the day he dreaded, for she went to church, leaving him locked in the kitchen. The last look of his imploring white face as she shut him in haunted her all through service. Once she gave him a sponge-cake, and when she came home he hadn't touched a crumb. After that she used to shut him in the garden with a bone which he steadfastly declined to gnaw.

This joyful idyl might have gone on through Plum-pudding's life if his rival had not appeared in a middle-aged widower—a pensioner of some sort—who came to lodge at the saddler's in the village, a mile away.

One day into the dark shop with the noisy bell, the smell of leather, and the blinking bits of odd metal swinging from the whitewashed rafter, came Elizabeth and her dog. Plum-pudding, never quite grown up, had gnawed his collar and wanted a new one. She chose the collar. The widowed pensioner, smoking behind the counter, puffed at his pipe and watched the two of them—gentle hound, devoted woman. Something volcanic came into his eyes.

"You ought to have his name on the collar," said the saddler, when she had paid.

"He hasn't got a name—only Plum-pudding," She went out.

The pensioner, moving to stare through the window, watched her go along the street. When she was out of sight he asked questions. The next afternoon he went for a walk in the direction of her house.

The saddler's wife, much amused, watched him turn the corner. "Sudden," she said.

"What's that about sudden?" asked the saddler, who was stuffing a horse-collar.

She did not trouble to answer him. Men were that slow.

It was a fine autumn day. Elizabeth was at needlework under her apple-tree. Plum-pudding lounged delicately up from the grass and advanced to a low bough to pick himself an apple. This he did every afternoon, pretending that apples were bones. The tree was bare.

"Fruit picked yesterday, you old stoopid," she said. "I'll move that ladder from the wall or you'll be climbing it Sunday and following me to church."

Then she heard the gate open, and the pensioner came up the path. Plum-pudding had petulantly frumped down on the grass again, looking sulky, staring at the ladder. He did not move when the strange man came up.

"It's a hot day." The pensioner,

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whose name was Robert Miles, took off his hat. "Could I trouble you for a glass of water, madam?"

"Milk's best," said Elizabeth, prettily. "You sit down." She put her white work on the round deal table and went toward the house, with Plum-pudding close at her side.

The pensioner followed her with a pair of good gray eyes. He noted her walk and the crinkle of her hair, and the grace of her loose-looking, matronly body. So that was how it began with him.

"Didn't I see you at the saddler's t'other day?" she asked, when she returned with a jug and a glass.

"That's it. You wanted a collar for him." He pointed to Plum-pudding.

So, suddenly, within a year, twofold love came into her life. She had Plum-pudding, and at the end of six weeks from their first meeting Robert Miles was asking her to marry him. They were sitting by the sea, for he usually contrived to intercept her afternoon walk. The sea was gray, yet emerald-splotched. Plum-pudding went down and barked at the waves. Elizabeth followed his spotted body with her soft glance.

"I love that dog," she said. "I don't know how I'd manage without him, nor how I managed before he come."

"Love me, too," said Robert Miles, boisterous and sudden. "Love me more. I've loved you ever since that day in the saddler's shop. You've got a way with you. Don't know—can't say exactly how it is. My first was a loyal wife—but she never had your way. Look here! Marry me. Will you, my dear? Let's be happy." He looked at her; he put his big hand on the back of hers, which lay lax in her lap. "What a thing it is—a woman's way! Why haven't the men married you before?" He looked at her fresh-colored face; he seemed to be thinking profoundly.

"Can't marry more'n one," she said in a confused way, and turned toward the drift-white breakwater. "I never had time for courting."

"We're both past forty, but I'll give you courting," he told her, tempestuously. "But you've got to love me better than you love him."

"Plum-pudding?" She turned quickly, showing her face, which had never lost its lovely trick of blushing. "A dog's different from a man."

"Yes, he's different," Robert said, and leaned toward her and pulled that wholesome pink face close, for he wanted no further answer than that divinely youthful blush. A man's lips lay on hers at last. Even Plum-pudding receded in that perfect space of complete shy silence. "I'm not after your money, mind," he said, as they walked back, with the dog behind them. "I've got my own bit."

"I know you ain't after my money." The sound of her voice and the pose of her head were regal.

The night before their wedding he said: "I'm glad we settled not to have a honeymoon. I'll hire a cart to bring my traps from the saddler's, love. Then we'll settle down and be happy—just you and me, until one of us dies."

"You and me and Plum-pudding," she answered.

They were sitting in her parlor, a room only used upon solemn occasions. She made a signal with her hand. Plum-pudding knew that gesture, and he came bounding from the hearth-rug where he had been lying, looking unutterably mournful, his spotted muzzle wrinkled up between his outstretched paws. He came bounding and flying. He fell, the big beast, light as a feather, into her lap, looking adoring and absurd, his chin on her shoulder, his big legs sticking out straight.

"You and me and him," Robert nodded wryly, "but a dog's different from a man, mind. Hanged if I'm not half jealous of him. Why 'ain't he got a name?"

"Never found one good enough," said Elizabeth. "You come and feel the top of his head, Robert dear. It's softer than white velvet."

Robert's hand covered the top of the dog's domelike head. "He's a fine beast. I like a good dog. I'll teach him a few tricks. I had a terrier once; he could shoulder arms and die for his country, and—"

"Plum-pudding isn't a trick dog," she said, quickly.

"He's not everybody's dog. Some

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might hate his spots." Robert surveyed them. "You don't want him to be a fool. You want him to be like other dogs."

"Don't know as I do." She hugged her spotted beast. "I'll be forced to tie you to the kitchen-table leg to-morrow," she said to him, tenderly, "while I get married."

Robert and she glanced at each other, then glanced away. They were happy that evening.

"I'm sick of your spots and slinking ways," said Robert, violently. His face grew dark and he kicked Plum-pudding.

The creature in his sensitive way crawled along the floor to Elizabeth. She was on her knees, packing. Robert was going to London for a week's holiday. He was going to stay with his first wife's mother. They had been married a year and this was their first parting. It seemed to her both sad and guilty that she should be glad at his going, yet this was so. She knelt there packing remorse and mutiny in with his shirts.

"Don't you hit him no more, Robert; he's never been hit." She spoke, and looked up swiftly.

"Hit! I'll bring along a whip with me when I come back. I'll cut the coward out of him. A woman's no good with a dog; she spoils him, as if he was a baby."

"I've never had a baby to spoil, and I ain't likely to have." Her gentle voice and her plump hands shook as she knelt packing.

"Well, never mind, my dear." He kissed her hurriedly and looked ashamed. "I can hear cart-wheels coming up the lane, so give me the bag. Everything in?"

"Everything's in," she told him, and stood up, seeming bewildered and wild.

Robert never noticed. "No ill feeling, old man," he said to Plum-pudding as he went away.

But the dog took no notice; he sat upright and sulky, very near his mistress.

When she was alone in the little house once more, and when things were as they had been a year ago, Elizabeth made up her mind. Hers was a decision quite Greek in its swift tragedy. She sat alone; her eyes were dry and luminous, her mouth was stern. She signaled, and Plum-pudding leaped into her lap. She tried to cuddle up all of him, to comprehend every spot. She sat stroking his white, voluptuous head and thinking of that day on the beach when Robert had said to her, "I'll give you courting." That was love, the husband's love for the wife; she must not imperil it. Robert had given her the great bliss; by that significant caress upon the beach—so long and so swimming—he had unlocked a world. It had all come late into her life, but he had given it. She sat thinking. Her kind face was tender and hopeless as she looked down at her dog. She loved him; he had been to her a little baby, her own, and the only mother love she would know. Yet he must go, for he came between a man and his wife.

She sat there thinking; sat primly and passionately divided between love and duty for the man she had married—love and pity for the dog who loved her so. Man's love was holier and bigger than dog's love, wasn't it? As she sat thinking, she remembered all the things that she had noticed, throughout the last twelve months, between the three of them—things that had hurt and perplexed her, yet she had never said a word.

Robert had started by being hearty with the dog. He was prepared to train him and teach him tricks, as he had trained and taught his fox-terrier. Plum-pudding merely looked at him in bland, helpless amazement and never moved. He tried to take him for walks; Plum-pudding, who was sly, took the first chance of rushing back to his mistress. He fed him at table; Plum-pudding swallowed the bits—and kept his intent, sad gaze upon his mistress.

There came a day when Robert swore at him. To-day he had kicked him. In a week he was coming back from London with a whip.

Elizabeth, sitting there, saw the solution: Plum-pudding must die. She recalled all those people that she had nursed through a last illness. They were dead, and she loved Plum-pudding—God forgive her!—better than any of them. She sat thinking, yet keeping her eyes fixed on the clock. When it was

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half-past four she went into the garden, her dog at her heels. She dared not look at him. When he softly licked her hand she snatched it away, then softly dropped it down again and he went on licking.

"I dursn't look at you," she said to him in a smothered voice, and she stared blindly along the road. Yet she turned her head at last and met his gaze; saw those quiet, doggy eyes fixed upon her face with a world of faithfulness and bliss in them. "Don't you make it harder for me than you can help, my dear," she said, passionately.

She was waiting at the gate for the veterinary surgeon, who drove past the house about this time on Fridays. When she heard wheels, and when she saw his old-fashioned trap and the veterinary sitting rubicund in it, she called out. When he got down she said, faintly:

"Tie your horse to the gate-post, Mr. Beard, and come in, won't you?"

He followed her into the house, looking rather surprised. It was a fine, warm afternoon and she could have said what she wanted to say out of doors, surely.

"Saw your good gentleman driving to the station," he said, surveying her queer face as they stood in the kitchen.

"Yes, Robert's gone away."

"You don't seem yourself, Mrs. Miles. I'm not"—his jolly laugh rang in the place—"the doctor you want."

"I'm all right. It's the dog," said Elizabeth.

"Well, he's all right." The veterinary softly pulled Plum-pudding's silky ear. "Can't say I've ever seen a finer dog of his sort."

"He's a nice dog," said Elizabeth, coldly, staring through the window at her apple-tree. "I want you to kill him for me, Mr. Beard."

"Kill him! Why, he ain't two years old! You got tired of him, then?"

"Yes, I got tired. We're both tired, me and Robert."

"Don't kill him. Give him to me; sell him to me, I mean."

"Wouldn't be any good. He'd always come home."

"That's true." He kept gently stroking Plum-pudding, whose muzzle was on his knee. "He's so fond of you. It's the most faithful breed of dog I know, and the gentlest. I could find him a good home at a distance, I don't doubt."

"No"—she was emphatic—"I grudge him to other folks. He's my dog. Now you do as I want—you kill him. I'd like you to take the easiest way, that's all. I won't have him hurt."

"Hurt! Poor old fellow!" The jolly dog doctor seemed pitiful. "Nobody's hurt nowadays, Mrs. Miles. Pain's out of fashion, bless you. We've got stuff to ease humans and dogs alike. I could do it now, but it seems a pity, and if you alter your mind—"

"I don't alter my mind—not once it's made," said Elizabeth, never shifting her frigid glance from the window.

"Well, then, you give me a bit of stout cord, and—"

"You don't mean to hang him?" she suddenly shouted.

"Hang him! The pretty fellow—no. I'd tie him to the apple-tree out there to keep him steady, and then—" He broke off, looking at her fixedly.

"Then?" asked Elizabeth, staring back at him.

"Give him something to paralyze the heart. It don't taste; it's a sort of sweet.

Elizabeth looked down. Plum-pudding looked up.

"I knew a man," said the doctor, "who wanted to get rid of his dog, so he took him down to the beach and tied him to a breakwater. And, if you'll believe me, three tides ebbed and flowed before that beast was drowned."

"Give the stuff to me," said Elizabeth, shivering. "Can't I do it myself, Mr. Beard? He'd take anything from me. There wouldn't be any call for a cord to tie him up."

He reflected. If he gave her the stuff she would never do it, and the dog would be saved. It went to his heart to kill a valuable, healthy young dog. "Yes, you could give it to him."

"Got it with you?"

"Well, I do happen to have, because I'm just back from killing a dog who would worry chickens. He 'ain't been killing chickens, has he? I never knew Dalmatians to hunt; they've got no nose—it's all bred out of 'em."

"No, he don't kill chickens."

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"And he don't worry sheep, I s'pose?"

"He's afraid of sheep," said Elizabeth, tenderly. Then she added, speaking harshly: "You go out and fetch the stuff, Mr. Beard. I 'ain't got all day to waste talking about a dog, no more haven't you."

So he gave her the tabloid and instructions, and he drove away wondering. He had known Elizabeth for many years; he had thought her a soft-hearted woman.

Elizabeth said to herself that she would do it the day Robert came home. Yes, she would do it in the morning, and she would dig a grave under the apple-tree the day before.

The days went on. Every morning she had a letter from Robert, a love-letter. These letters kept her up to her resolve. How dared she imperil a love like that? She blushed when she read them; she folded them away romantically. She never lost her sense of wonder at being loved. In her mind she was an old maid still, and shy. Robert hoped in each letter that Plum-pudding was well. That was his kind heart; yet he hated the dog.

In the middle of the week she took train into the town with Plum-pudding. She went to the photographer's and had his photograph taken in several poses. Her plump face flushed and twitched as she said, hurriedly: "Take him this way! Now take him that way!" She said that she didn't mind the expense.

The photographer thought her a little mad, as silly women were over dogs. But he patted the velvet-soft head and said: "Nice dog! Young, isn't he?"

"Not two years yet," said Elizabeth.

"Then you'll have him for another ten."

"Send me them photographs soon," she burst out, rudely. "I can't wait."

Then she went away thinking. Long before the photographs came Plum-pudding would lie in his grave. She must dig that grave.

The day she did it was a lovely day, with a pale-blue sky, with beech-trees blazing. While she dug—it was easy work, for soil under the apple-tree was leaty—Plum-pudding, who had the gift of never growing up, played around or sat on the edge of the hole she was digging, with his red tongue out and his mouth so wrinkled and stretched that he seemed to roar with laughter.

"You think I'm digging for bones, don't you, dear?" she said, with her hands clenched on the handle of the spade. Slow tears, big tears, gathered in her eyes; they splashed upon her bodice and down her cheeks and into her mouth, just anyhow.

When everything was done, she cleaned the spade, put it away, and went indoors to tidy herself.

Plum-pudding sat by the kitchen fire sublimely sniffing at stew in the pot. Elizabeth loved his candid gluttony; she even condoned his wicked trick of stealing. He stole whenever he could. He was full of faults and full of charm. He was her dog and they loved each other.

She gave him his dinner, watching him eat, eating nothing herself. When he had finished he came and dug his head between her limp, parted knees; wrinkling up his flushed, broad muzzle.

"Don't you do that!" she said, and started up. Then she sat down again and he leaped to her lap.

She sat thinking. She was going to kill him and he had no soul. There was the double cruelty. She was not sending him to heaven—the place where people went—but into oblivion. He had no soul. Yet it was hard to believe this, when she looked at the delight of him and the swift, quick life and the lithe, sweet beauty. Where would it all go then, when she had given him that deadly sweet which she kept in her pocket? What would become of the wonder and the love which had gone to make up the total of Plum-pudding?

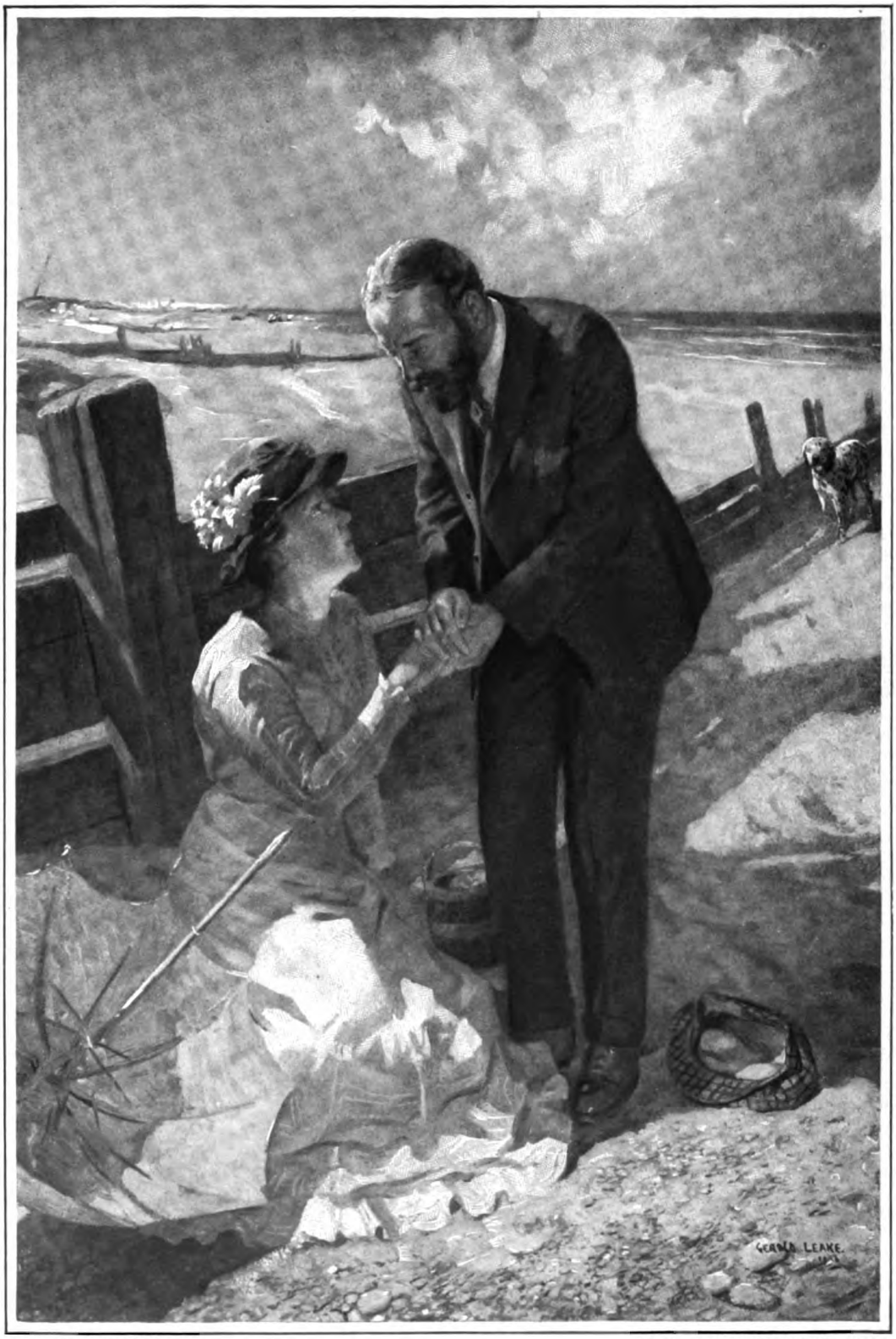
"Don't," she said, "don't!" when he kept looking at her.

There was knowledge in his eyes.

"Ain't I right to kill you, Plum-pudding?" she asked him at last, speaking in level tones of agony. "You'd fret yourself sick, love, if I give you away to a strange home, and likely they wouldn't be kind."

For he was, as Robert always said, not everybody's dog. He suffered from the disability of all choice forms of life—he was unlike his fellows. The average human regarded him as a great joke, and other dogs seemed to distrust his

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Drawn by Gerald Leake Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I MADE SURE I'D FIND YOU HERE WITH HIM"

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spots. Nine out of ten fought him. He was a coward and ran away. He was a creature for excessive adulation or great ridicule. He was not popular.

"It's for your good," she said to him, looking rigid, while he straightened up and touched her cheek with his wet, black nose. She jumped up. "If I stay in this house a minute longer with you I shall go mad, or I shall take the thing out of my pocket and ram it in your mouth!" she said.

So she started off with him to the sea. It was to be their last walk. When they were out in the sun he barked and leaped and growled. That growl of his so deep and threatening — when he wouldn't even snap at a fly! She had taught him to snap off the yellow heads of dandelions, just for fun, as they sat in the grass together; and that was the only murder he did.

But she was going to murder him. She walked fast. She would see him and hear him for the rest of her life. She would remember his joyous ways, she would hunger for him, yet always she was doing her duty to Robert. For she knew that Robert hated the dog—she had noticed often enough the ugly look upon his face—and she was keeping for herself, in sureness and tranquillity, the worship of a man.

The sea was big and blue and jolly; it looked to her like washing-day with plenty of wool-white suds. She sat down, feeling cold in the middle of the color and the warmth and the sound. Plum-pudding tore down to the waves. Oh, the pretty dear, her darling! She watched him. Every now and then he came back, to make sure that she was there and safe. Her tired head rested against the breakwater, sound of the surf lulled her. She had not slept at all last night. She was nearly off when something touched her cheek.

"Don't you come up from the water and kiss me, for I can't bear it!" she sobbed out.

A fond laugh made her open her eyes and struggle up. Robert was beside her.

"Didn't you hear me come down to the beach?" he asked. "I made sure I'd find you here with him. You dream of him, then? You thought it was him kissing you?"

Elizabeth stood up. She regarded him blankly. "To-morrow!" she said, breathlessly. "You said you'd stay till to-morrow."

"I couldn't stop away from you no longer, Bessie." He put his big arms around her; he kissed her amply. "That's good," he said, with much simplicity. "I can't live a week without you, and that's a fact. I didn't want to sit and hear her talk about old times."

"'Her'?" asked Elizabeth.

"My first wife's mother, where I've been staying, of course; I was all on the fidget for you, so I come back a day earlier. Ain't you glad to see me? Wake up."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, with a great stare at him and a frightful sob, "I'm glad, Robert; I'm glad." She fell against his breast. "Don't you let go of me!" she entreated. "You keep tight hold of my hands."

He held her so, fast. To him, this middle-aged, soft, ample woman was always both divine and necessary.

"Plum-pudding," she said, in a catching, hard whisper—"Plum-pudding."

"Now you leave off crying. He's down there, all right. I was worried till I see him." Robert turned quiet. "You tell me all about it. I met old Beard on the way from the station, and he said you'd asked for stuff to kill the dog. I wouldn't believe it. I said you'd kill me first if it came to choosing. But when I went into the garden, there was a hole under the apple-tree. What's it mean?"

"Robert! Will you call him up from the water? I'd like to touch him."

"He's coming of his own accord; he's seen me. Hello, old chap! Glad to get me back? By Jove! he is glad; he's missed me. Steady, now! He'll tear my best suit to pieces. Well! But it is nice to get a welcome like this."

Elizabeth stepped back; she wiped her eyes; she said faintly to the dog, showing arrogance and immense love, "Now you come here to me." When he came, she dragged him down to her on the beach and held him fast. Robert sat beside them. "I've been a fool to cry, dear," she said, crying faster.

"It's doing you good, my girl. Go on. Plenty of time. You'll tell me in a minute what it means, I reckon."

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She had her arms tight round Plum-pudding, and his heart beat fast. He was alive.

"I'll tell you, Robert," she said.

So she told him all she had suffered and what she had meant to do to-morrow morning.

"You'd do that for me?" asked Robert, sounding scared when she stopped. He looked at her face in adoration and perplexity. Her face expressed the awful nobility of a martyr—and over killing a dog! He could never hope to understand the travail which she had endured within a week; yet, coming to love her in a new way, he probed a certain distance into the fine maze of a fine woman's soul.

"But you're so fond of him, and you're so tender-hearted," he said. "And you're so full of fancies, you make too much of things, my dear."

"You was unkind to him; you threatened him with a whip. Think I'd stand by and see that?"

Her face flamed. She was angry, and he had never seen her angry before. She looked well in a towering passion.

"Fact is"—he sounded abashed when he did speak—"I've been jealous of him; yes, I've been jealous from the first. I'm a great, greedy chap, and I couldn't bear that he should love you more than I did, or that you should love him at all. Queer! Over a dog! But that's it, old girl. You can't hope to understand a man, no more can't I a woman. We're all different—men, women, and dogs."

"A man's different from a dog, Robert," she said, eloquently; and they looked at each other, across Plum-pudding's head, as they had done the night before their wedding. "I told you a man was different from a dog," repeated Elizabeth, thrillingly, "on that first day down here."

"You'd have killed him! You put me first!" said Robert, brokenly. He seemed too humble even to kiss her; he was so amazed that he blinked his eyes in the bright sunlight. "My old woman!" he murmured, fiddling with her wedding-ring, looking at last on her broad face that was firm and plain, tender and tear-stained.

"You're not jealous any more, Robert?"

"Jealous! I can't be, not now."

"You won't use the whip to him?"

"Whip!" He seemed perplexed.

"You said you'd bring a whip from London. I can't suffer that."

"My dear! I never give it a second thought, once I was out of the house. I never thought of much except getting back to you, and that's the truth."

Plum-pudding was sitting bolt upright and statuesque, like a china dog. He regarded them benevolently.

"If I was to throw my stick in the water," said Robert, with a tender, awkward laugh, "he wouldn't have the sense to swim after it. Would you, old dog?"

He thumped the dome-shaped white head, dealing one of his big caresses. Plum-pudding delicately licked the back of his great hand.

Elizabeth sat with wide, glad eyes. She was watching them.

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The Prodigal's Return

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ON my occasional visits to town I always make a point of calling on a certain friend of mine high up in the business world, just for the purpose of watching his face as I drop into his busy ear a certain word or two—as a chemist lets fall an innocent-looking globule into a previously placid solution, with lo! what convulsive and iridescent results. Seen thus in his office, populous with stenographers and insistent with telephones, he is, to outward seeming, rather stern and cold, piteously practical, aloof and rapid of speech, with never a thought, you would say, waking or sleeping, of anything more human than the bank rate or the day's quotations, and with surely no conceivable point of rapport with the poetic likes of me!

But as I sit there in that alien world, admiringly, and with no little awe, watching his keen mind at work, handling a dozen matters at once with such swiftness and precision, I smile slyly to myself at the thought of the change that will come over my friend's Wall Street face as I let slip that innocent word or two. I hold them back on purpose, to prolong the pleasure I have in watching a result that has never failed me. At length I say, quickly, "The striped bass . . ."

He doesn't give me time to finish the sentence, but breaking off in the midst of dictating a letter—I have interrupted him on purpose, to get the full benefit of the experiment—he swings round in his chair with a sudden soft, eager look in his face, an entirely different being. The transformation is nothing short of magical. "Yes, yes!" he says, eagerly. "Tell me about it."

The stenographer puts down her pad on her knee with a smile. She knows that the letter is going to wait. She has watched the miracle before.

"The striped bass are running strong just now," I continue.

"They are, eh?" he comments, with eyes that seem suddenly to be going out across the sea.

"Yes! I caught several yesterday—one a twenty-three-pounder."

"You did! Did you see any bait?"

The reader will scarcely need telling that bass are often fished for without bait—merely deluded by a shining, spinning metal device which they mistake for a "snapper."

"Yes, I tried an old fisherman's dodge—a cricket."

This, of course, is not new to my friend, to whom no one can tell anything new in regard to his one passion, though he is always hoping they will. So we get to talking "bait," the best for this and that kind of fish—fiddler-crabs for blackfish, shrimps for snappers, and so on; and meanwhile office-boys come in and out, and callers to see the great man are told that he is engaged in an important "conference," and the half-written letter still waits, and the stenographer and I catch each other smiling.

I have another friend, one of the busiest doctors in New York, to whom I have but to mention the word "sloop" for his consulting-room to fill with wearily waiting patients, shamelessly held up, while the doctor and I are solemnly closeted talking—boats. And it is the same with still another friend of mine, a lawyer, to whom wild-duck shooting is that hidden romance at the heart of things which alone makes life worth living.

Now these friends of mine, and others I could name, are the more interesting because they are not exceptional, but rather, on the contrary, typical of the modern man's deep-down homesickness for the country and a life lived in touch with wild and elemental things. Life in the city is coming more and more to seem an unnatural exile, particularly to

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the country-bred, at whose heart-strings boyish memories of farm and orchard, of wood and stream, tug appealingly, making pictures to the inner eye as of lost paradises as they sit imprisoned in their palaces, slaves to the telephone and the ticker. More and more such men are planning to escape, vowing to themselves that they will rest satisfied with the modest competence rather than the big fortune, so that they can pull out while they still have some youth left, and be boys again in the old countryside, fish the old streams, and go coon-hunting in the old woods.

I have for neighbors one or two such returned prodigals, men who have come back to the great sweet mother, and our talks together, as we compare notes sometimes on birds and beasts and other country matters, are a revelation of the eternal boyishness at the heart of men. They are men who have the handling of what are called large interests, but these have no place in our talks. The really important matters are how the birds are coming back this year—the unusual number of grackles and bob-whites—the fact that a Baltimore oriole has rested in neighbor So-and-so's garden (he glows over it as though the fact were a personal distinction). Did you hear the owls last night? So-and-So counted as many as eleven blue cranes standing in the marsh at the side of his house. And did you hear of the deer and its doe that had strayed out of the woods into some one else's garden and eaten all the young corn? The delight of the individual whose garden had thus been honored was quite beautiful.

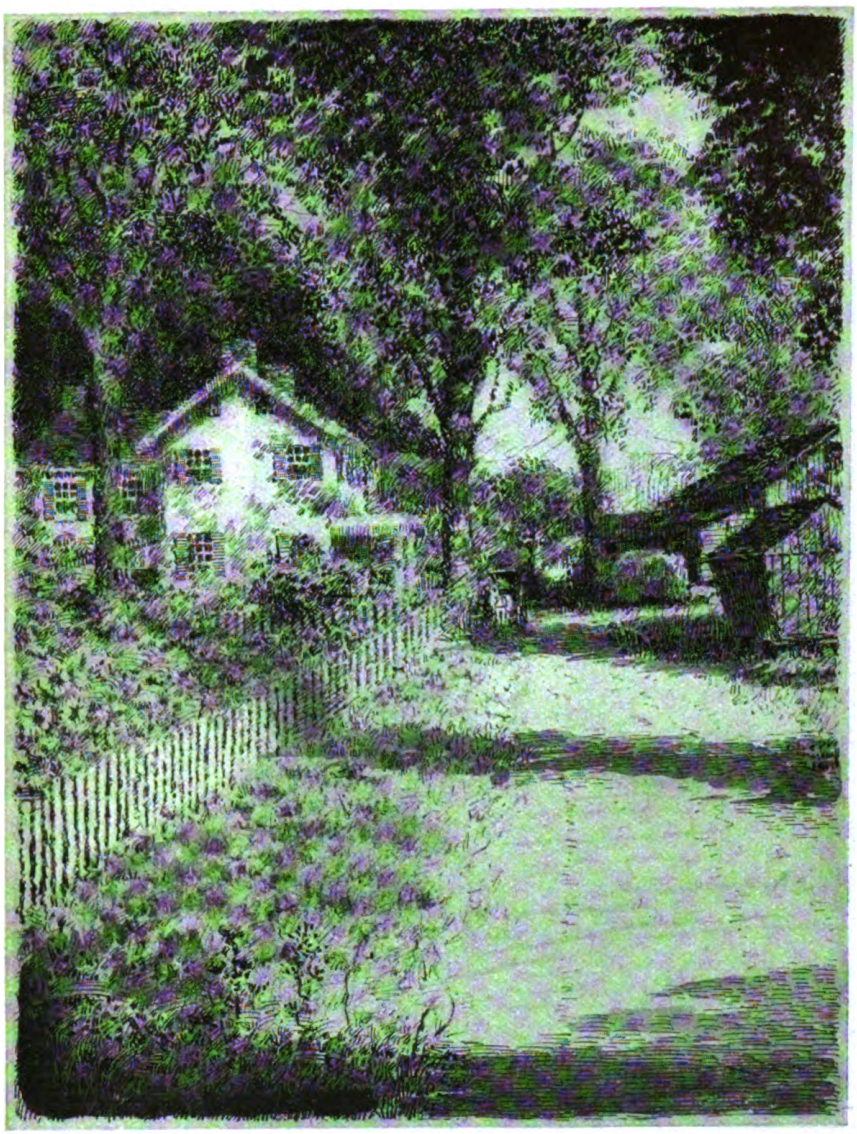
Early in the spring, about six in the morning, I came upon one of my neighbors, a prominent real-estate man, in the woods. I could scarcely believe my eyes. He was gathering dogwood! He blushed like a girl, to be caught at it. No wonder. We are all so ashamed of our innocence. Here was a prodigal returning indeed. He told me that—except once or twice as a matter of business—he hadn't seen the dogwood for twenty years; and then he went on to talk about the woods and the spring like a poet.

For a man who has been exiled in the city for a number of years, having during that time had no more intimate acquaintance with nature than is to be snatched in his annual holiday at some fashionable beach or some luxurious hotel in the mountains, for such a one



THE ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM-TIME

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD AND ITS COMFORTABLE BARNS

to watch the coming of spring day after day in a stretch of old woodland is to come as near to the recapture of youth as is possible in a world whose one irremediable sorrow is the unescapable doom of growing old.

The annual miracle of returning spring is accepted by us so much as a platitude of experience that one would need words animated with a like wonder and freshness even to suggest once more what a miracle it is—the thrilling novelty of this ancient enchantment, the apparitional quality of its delicate and triumphal resurrection. It is a divine surprise from which we can never recover, no matter how many springs we have seen. Its fairy-like changes proceed to a music of which it is impossible to tire, however well acquainted we are with the score. I cannot imagine becoming used to the reflowering of the lilac, or the reblossoming of an apple-orchard, though one lived for a thousand years. Time is not long enough to exhaust the mysterious satisfactions of the loveliness flooding out of those familiar perfections. Nor will any amount of knowledge stale for you the unfolding of this marvel of the spring; however learned you may be in

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times and seasons, in the ways of winds and waters and the heavenly bodies, though you can call all the birds of the wood by name, or can classify and dissect more plants than Linnæus had Latin for. Unless you are of the kind that learning dries up and depoetizes, the mystery will abide, in spite of the learned label, though I, for one, consider that perhaps those are best off in the woods who are limited to Shakespeare's nomenclature, and know the flowers only by such names as those that Proserpina let "fall from Dis's wagon."

To get the full value of the surprise of spring one should either have spent the preceding winter in the country or be there before the winter is quite ended. For then, though you know that, unless something has gone wrong with the universe, spring must surely come, yet such is the grim deadness, the hardness and blackness of the earth, that the divine thing seems impossible. As you walk through the woods toward the end of March, or even at the beginning of April, by poking about under dead leaves you can easily discover signs of the great underground conspiracy, though on the surface everything is forbidding, shut-down, iron-bound. The trees stand gaunt and lifeless as the dismantled scaffoldings of some deserted coal-mine, and last-year's vines sprawl untidily about like rusting cables; all is débris and desolate disorder. Black swamps fester in the hollows, rotting logs and fallen branches sticking up here and there like half-submerged machinery dumped there as on the refuse-heaps of some gloomy foundry. You would as soon expect a junk-yard or amountain of clinkers to produce primroses as this winter-trampled, rain-blackened waste to live again.



THE SWIMMING-POOL

Yet of course you know that beneath all this seeming inertia the mines are, so to say, laid from one end of the wood to the other, that they but await the falling of a spark to release fountains of fiery life that in an instant shall fill the trees with a million green tapers, lighting up the old rocks with silver stars, pouring out torrent after torrent of colored flames, till, to the spiritual ear, the whole wood seems to be aroar with a mighty conflagration of leaves and flowers.

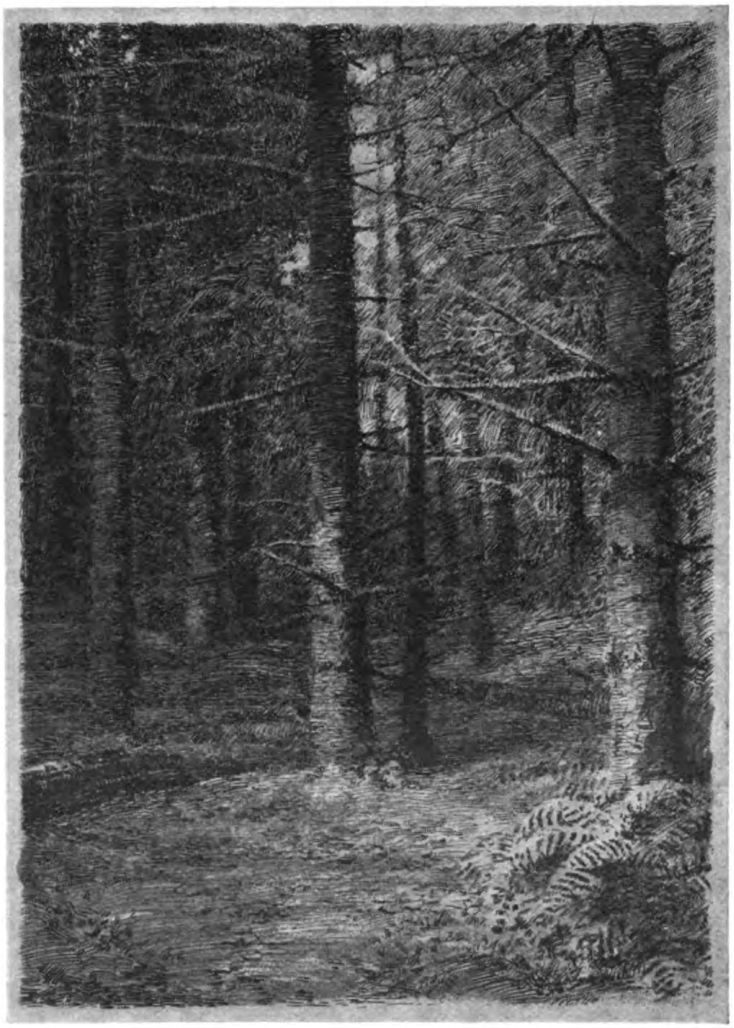
Veritably, like urns of fire breaking

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through the boggy blackness of the woods are those first and most welcome apparitions of spring for which it were well our gratitude should find some less contemptuous, more savory name. Surely the skunk-cabbage deserves to be renamed. It should be easy to forgive and forget its disagreeable odor — which is not, after all, obtrusive, and which there is no need to encounter, in consideration of the triumphant blazon it makes in a landscape still black with winter. With its splendid upthrust of sturdy leaves, bright as newly minted gold, it is like a fanfare of trumpets to the eye. It is, so to say, the veritable brass-band of spring. Soon it will be lost amid the marching armies it leads, lost and forgotten, discovered even with difficulty in the midst of the wild vegetable hordes it has summoned; but for me no fairest flower that comes after it can match its thrilling suddenness, and when the wild rose comes at last I cast back my thoughts with gratitude to its humble and discredited forerunner, long since blowsy with overgrowth and obscene with insects.

If in my thoughts of the returning spring the skunk-cabbage takes precedence of the regulation spring flowers, similarly there is a music of its annunciation which I will venture to confess is nearer to my heart than that of the birds, however sweet. The world, with its taste for sugary and polished melodies, has done it but little honor. It has been neglected even by the poets, save indeed by the great mocker who heard it over twenty centuries ago by the Ægean, and though, indeed, Aristophanes makes use of its grotesque side, some of his lines seem to hint that he was not insensitive to its charm, too:

> O brood of the mere and the spring,
> Gather together and sing



THE SILENT WOODS ARE FILLED WITH LIVING PRESENCES

> From the depths of your throat
> By the side of the boat,
> *Ko-ax*, as we move in a ring.

Lark and thrush and nightingale, catbird and oriole, have been sung to almost as much as they have sung, but the music of "peepers" yet awaits its celebrant. Yet if it was made by anything but frogs, it would, I feel sure, hold high rank among those musical

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noises by which the natural world, sometimes strangely spoken of as inarticulate, seems to feel the necessity of expressing its satisfaction in being alive. Convention would seem to demand, or at least expect, a certain congruity of graceful externals in its singers. We expect the musician to look like a musician, and the frog doesn't look like a musician. It is absurd in so grotesque a creature to have a sweet voice, almost as absurd as if a pig should warble instead of grunt. Similarly, among vegetables, the cactus gets little credit for the loveliness of its flowers because beauty is not expected—scarcely, indeed, desired—of so uncouth and forbidding a thing. It is an anomaly which disturbs our preconceptions of the esthetic proprieties. Actually, of course, our astonishment at the anomaly should be a gratifying addition to our pleasure in the beauty. So, at all events, it is for me as I listen to that little humpbacked musician of the marshes who is the first to respond with shrill and sweet elation to the quickening pulse of the awakening year. The roulades of the accomplished virtuosi who succeed him seem artificial compared with this whole-hearted jubilation that, some dreary evening of late March, while the fields are yet sodden with melting ice and snow, and numbing vapors still hang low over the landscape, suddenly, as by the striking up of some unseen, enchanted orchestra, thrills through the hopelessness of the wintry dusk.

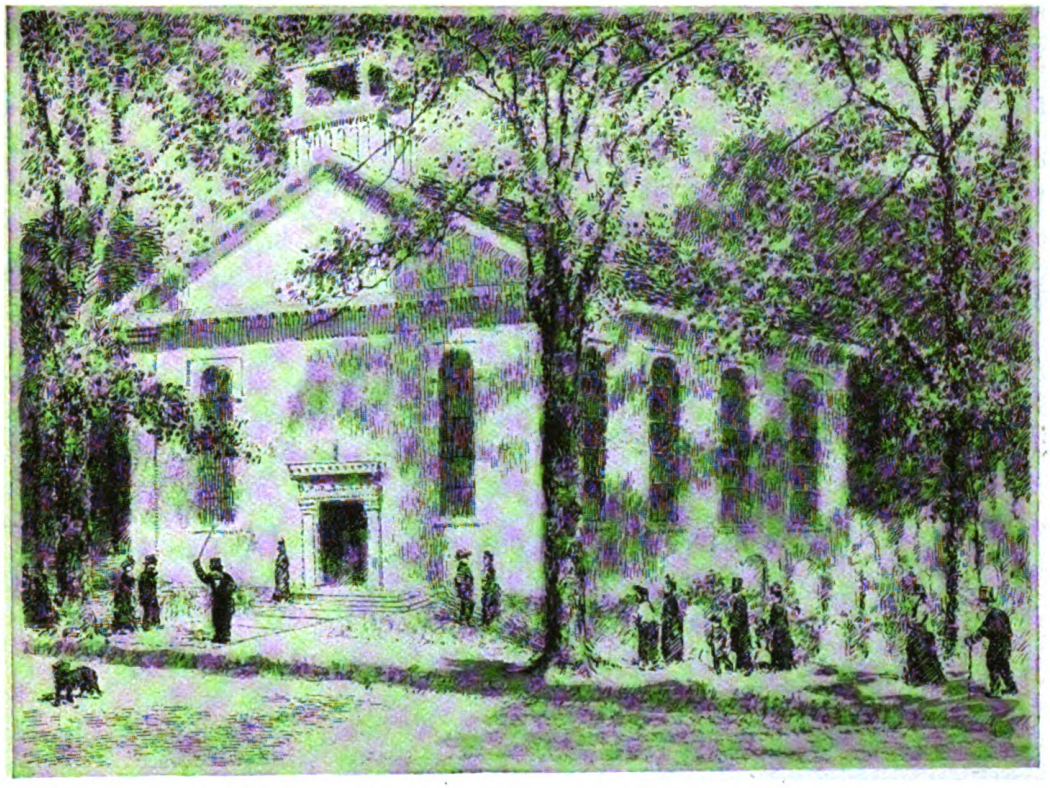
Of all earth-music I am convinced that this music of frogs is dearest to the heart of Pan, and indeed nearest to his own. If one should even encounter him busy with his old pipes, it will be just such music we shall hear. There is so much earth in it, and so much heaven. There seems to be in it the deep content of earth-born creatures with the earth; the warm, fertile ooze in which it is so comfortable to crouch—with one's eyes on the stars. Over a ground-swell of guttural satisfaction, at regular intervals punctuated by a deep twanging note, like the plucked string of a bass-viol, there mounts a medley of fresh young sounds of every variety of pitch and fineness — like the voices of the greenest and freshest of young grass-stalks joyously springing up in some gleaming winter meadow. You look across the flats into the muddy darkness. Out of no morning of glittering tree-tops rises this strange music, this magic melody welling out of the bosom of gloom. The very blackness of the night seems to be singing. Even the abyss is lifting up its voice with the stirring of the spring, and the voice of the spheres is not sweeter. Piercingly, pathetically sweet, poignantly, almost unbearably spirit-like, aerial, is this singing of the little creatures of the mire.

Another uncouth but exquisite musician of whom one seldom hears a good word is another early announcer of spring. The owl. Yes, the owl, most absurdly maligned and mistrusted of birds, and credited with a hoot and a screech for his only language. Yet if you want to hear one of the most thrilling love-duets in nature you should listen to two owls calling to each other on the edge of a wood at twilight. The tenderness of the exquisitely modulated tremolo is heartbreaking. No dove can coo more appealingly, can make such soft, nestling promises; but along with this reassuring domesticity of accent, the owl's cry has a lyric liquidity of appeal, a yearning homelessness as of a lost creature out in the night where no love is.

Sometimes near the end of winter, while the trees are still heavy with the last snow-storms before spring, I have heard an owl softly churring in the cedars near the house—so softly I could scarcely hear it, though it was close to my bedroom window. Immeasurably muffled and buried deep in mystery it sounded, with a suggestion of feathery warmth and security in its warbling tremolo, as though it was lying snug in some winter fastness hidden layer within layer of the snowy darkness, as though dreaming in its winter sleep of spring and calling out in its dream. So near, yet so far away and wild it sounded, it was as if the heart of the woodland, dark and secret, had come close to the lit window for a moment and spoken.

This sleepy half-awakening of the owl is one of the surest signs that spring is really coming. The day after you have heard him usually proves wistfully sunny, softly laughing, brook-singing, and, as

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THE MEETING-HOUSE

you walk abroad, you are met by a strange new sense of kindness in the air, extending even to human beings. People who by no means make a habit of it are caught smiling on their neighbors. There seems to be a sort of general unlocking of hearts, a universal emotionalism and gaiety as though the whole world has just been let out of prison and breathes the sweet air as if it had never breathed the like before. You have a feeling, too, that every one is almost ready to cry from sheer happiness and fullness of heart. The very sound of hammers and saws on some new building has echoing gaiety about it, and seems a part of the spring music. If you climb up into the old barn, you will hear a hot buzzing among the rafters, for the mud-wasps are awake and languidly crawling about the dusty beams. It is the hour of the ghostly return of insects. And, as you walk through the woods, you will catch sight of swift, dark coils mysteriously moving among the rocks. For the black snakes have had their sleep out, and, like other things of the season, are gay, too, in their furtive fashion. You may note, too, the dead leaves mysteriously heaving here and there, as though some buried thing was pushing its way up out of its grave. Presently the broad back of a turtle emerges, and the strange, beautiful, human-looking eyes look around cautiously before going about the year's business.

Such a day is usually followed by a thunder-storm in the night, and the seemingly unseasonable volleys and rumblings have the sound of an authoritative announcement. It is an august confirmation of the gentler vernal signs. The skunk-cabbage is right. Spring is at the door.

And when once the skunk-cabbage (you may call it, if you like, *Symplocarpus fœtidus*) has blown its brazen reveille through the woods, the rapidity with which it is answered on every hand is literally startling. Within a day or two you become aware that the woods are silently filling with living presences. The curious thing about them is that, though you may have thought yourself

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watchful, you have not been aware of their approach. Yesterday there was nothing but a brown carpet of autumn leaves. To-day they are suddenly there. Indeed, you are surprised by a curious, almost eerie feeling that you are being watched. You are being stared at by something, a body of miniature presences. You look up. It is a company of stealthily unfolding ferns, of so immaterial a greenness, so delicate a blondness, beyond all words so fresh and new-born looking, that you can scarcely believe them real, and are tempted to think that they exist only in your mind, like the pale, spiritual flames of some seer's vision. Or, again, you are suddenly conscious, as you pass a tumble of old rocks, that small, hooded shapes are rising out of the crannies, like the tiny old men, the green gnomes of fairy-books. The place is alive with jack-in-the-pulpits. They seem to eye you furtively, and if I say that they give you a curious little thrill of fear I can hardly expect you to understand. The false Solomon's-seal, too, is everywhere, though yesterday it was nowhere—come to prosperity in a night. And in corners of rocky lawns your eyes are suddenly flashed on by a wood-nymph whiteness—starry clusters of bloodroot are eagerly drinking in the dew and the sun. They seem almost too pure, too shyly virginal, for you to look upon. The plashy margins of greening meadow-bottoms are already blue with violets, and the iris is rising out of last year's reeds. And—you rub your eyes, but here surely is the dogwood holding out its silver trays of blossom. A few hours ago you had looked at the same tree and there had been nothing there but a delicate green rain of budding leaves. It is mid-April, and from now on not merely every day, but almost every hour, brings with it a new discovery of old, returning loveliness. Who shall express or explain the strange novelty of these flowers we have known since our childhood; have, maybe, watched for year after year, and yet meet again with an ever-new enchantment of surprise! Nothing can happen to us so thrillingly new as these familiar shapes, and there is no marvel, no discovery or invention of science, however astonishing, that can impress us like the marvel of their orderly return. We feel that no life could be



A WINDING LANE LURES ONE ONWARD

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long enough to exhaust this joy we have in watching this annual reiteration of leaf and flower, and perhaps we sadly speculate on the number of springs possibly left to us, and determine with unsleeping eyes to keep count of each separate re-blossoming thing. But nature is too swift for us. It is impossible to keep up with her procession of lovely shapes. Our eyes are no sooner on one than they are claimed by another. Cruelly they crowd upon us—wild-cherry and swamp honeysuckle and bramble, wood-lilies and may-apple, bells and stars and vines and grasses, in exquisite multitudes, clustering inexhaustible fancies of the mysterious earth-soul, hurrying and hurrying on. If only we could moderate the tempo a little—

Too soon the wild rose hastens to be sweet,
Too swift, O June, thy feet.

The coming of the wild rose may be said to be the year's climacteric. Actually, of course, the richest portion of the year is still ahead of us. Technically, summer has but just begun. Nature has yet a vast deal in store for us. Many delightful things have yet to happen. But, for all that, it is in vain that we try to reason away the sadness that steps into the year with the wild rose. It has the sadness of all triumphant culmination. It is the crest of the wave, the top of the hill. Time will, indeed, seem to stand still on this golden summit for many weeks yet. But you know in your heart that he will mount no more. The bride has been sung home. Young love has had his hour. The year is grown-up. All is going to be splendid and prosperous and happy for a long time. But when time moves on again, it will be toward the ripening orchards and the harvest fields and the overflowing barns. Though you may prefer to shut your eyes to the saddening facts, Nature is already busy with autumn; busy turning her blossoms and flowers into fruit and seed-pods, a magical transition one needs the magic of Shelley to describe:

The plant grew strong and green, the snowy flower
Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began
To turn the light and dew by inward power
To its own substance; woven tracery ran
Of light, firm fixture, ribbed and branching, o'er
The solid rind, like a leaf's veinéd fan.

It is, of course, but the exchange of one miracle for another, and it is scarcely deniable that a milkweed pod, with its fairy-like arrangement of seeds packed in silvery silk skeins that later on are to be wings, is a stranger and lovelier thing than the milkweed flower, a greater wonder; and, for sheer beauty, the fall is perhaps esteemed most by the majority of nature-lovers. Yet I confess that for me the apple seems a prosaic exchange for the apple-blossom, and the poetry of autumn seems too poignantly elegiac for comfort.

But perhaps, indeed, the poets are to be blamed for thus sicklying o'er with the pale cast of thought a season which really is no less full of vigor than of beauty, and the prodigal who has left the city to live with nature must not be encouraged to indulge in moods which are bred of melancholy fancies, and have no real warrant in what one might call the inexhaustible optimism of the earth. He has not come out into the woods or by the sea to play the melancholy Jacques, but to unite himself once more with the power and the glory of natural things, to learn strength from the oak, swiftness from the bird, gaiety from the squirrel, simplicity and innocence and laughter from running waters, courage from the storm, and kindness from the rose. In some such flight we may be permitted to generalize the regeneration which a city man returning, after years of exile, to the country cannot help achieving, whether he be conscious of it or not. His friends, at all events, will be aware of it. Merely to sleep each night in country air, though one must take train for one's daily business, leaves a recognizable mark on a man. He has so much the more calm and reserve force in his system. But the man who is fortunate enough to be able to shake the city dust from his feet for good will in a year or two be little less than new-made. No city delight can match the mere fun of the change. The pleasure to be derived from raising chickens, keeping bees, going a-fishing, or sailing

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a boat so far surpasses all city excitements that the man who has been wise enough to taste of it will have no regrets for the first-nights he misses, and will indeed be seldom seen again on Broadway.

Nor is any city knowledge comparable in fascination to some bit of country knowledge learned from one's own observation. The curiosity of boys as to the ways of natural things points the way of true wisdom, and most sensible men remain boys at heart. To return to the country is to be a boy again, with all a boy's contempt for artificial pleasures or preoccupations, his sense of wonder, and his joy in simple being. There book-knowledge of anything has little value. To be a mere library naturalist is as barren an accomplishment as to be a mere gossip of the clubs, learned in the scandals of the town and the genealogies of the smart set. But really to know a stretch of woodland at first hand, the trees that grow in it, the birds that nest and the beasts that burrow there; to know the tracks of mink and musk-rat when you see them; to know where the chipmunk keeps his hoard, where the heron nests, or the ground-hog sleeps; to know where to look for wild honey; to know the birds by their songs; to know when to fish and when not to fish, and just where; to have all dogs for your friends; to know the ways of wind and weather, to know the north from the south and the east from the west—to know these and other such matters for oneself is to have a knowledge that grows within one and satisfies like no other, and in the increase and practice of such knowledge is peace.

The Captive

BY DANA BURNET

WHEN I was very young—
Was it yesterday? What of it!
And the whole must needs be sung,
Over and over,
Earth, and the heavens above it,
The sea, the clay, the clover—
I smote a ringing word against its brother,
Silver and silver, one upon the other,
As rain smites on a pool in April weather,
And music is born of the two coming together.

That, by the clock, was yesterday,
And the words were flashing and clashing within me,
Like wild bells singing and ringing within me,
Sweet as the unpremeditated pipes that shepherds play
In the dusk-dim'd theaters of May!

But now, O Song, in travail art thou wrought,
No more upspringing like a sun-waked bird,
Thou liest in chains, the slave of tyrant Thought,
The captive of a meaning in a word!

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The Ancient Courage

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

HER mother always thought of her in terms of light. She seemed to her to glow with a soft, inner radiance like that of a candle set in an alabaster vase. When she came suddenly into the room in one of her breathless, still excitements, it was as though a sudden shaft of sunlight had entered. Lately she had been like an aspiring white flame.

The light of Amy Vossema's life—that Cara surely was. What she meant to her father Mrs. Vossema often wondered. Certainly his feeling toward her was different than it had been toward his boys. She was the only person who was not afraid of him. She came into Durrell Vossema's presence with as much unconcern as if he were not notoriously formidable—a man with a terrible weight in the fury of his anger and a man who enjoyed the fear he engendered. Indeed, it seemed to Amy Vossema, his wife, that if he should cease to walk in the midst of a circle of apprehension he would cease to be. She believed in her secret heart that he barked at people in sudden violence for the pleasure of seeing them start. He had never made Cara start, and with her his silence had been less grim.

In all the pictures of her inner mind there was one that stood out most clearly in Amy Vossema's mind, and that was Cara and her father walking along, hand in hand—he, bull-necked, heavy, his early good looks swallowed up in the habit of wrath; she, blond as silver, either flashing around him like uncertain sunlight or holding his hand and looking up into his face, talking incessantly. Amy Vossema often wondered what she said to him. This conversation that she could see and not hear teased her; she wondered, too, what Durrell had in his veiled and wrathful eyes when he bent down to look at Cara. She thought of these conversations — and they had ceased long ago—as she sat watching Cara from her place at the end of the long piazza whence she could watch another shadowy conversation sketch its outlines in pantomime.

A little trill of laughter fluttered continually in the air between Cara Vossema and Raphael Manta. Some high and heady joy had seized Cara's spirit and was letting it send out leaping flames. The beauty of the two of them smote through Amy Vossema's heart with a feeling of almost pain.

The laughter died away. They looked at each other with the profound and questioning scrutiny of youth. Raphael, in spite of his splendid and far-flung gaiety, his swift and quiet strength, gazed at Cara timidly, almost beseechingly, and she answered his wistful look by some deep, inner withdrawal, then turned toward him a glance as swift and sweet as a shy kiss. The conversation had stopped, and the silence between the two had become peopled with new shapes; things from the immemorable past stirred in their hearts. A flicker of fear passed through Cara's eyes, as though she greatly feared and yet most deeply desired that which was awakening in her heart.

Again a stab of what was like pain went through Mrs. Vossema. She turned her head away, for she noticed they were not aware they were silent. They were not afraid of silence together. They were utterly without the usual restless sense of vacancy that so profoundly disturbs young people when words do not flow readily. This being so, Amy Vossema knew that they had advanced a long distance on the road of life. She had a curious sense of indiscretion at being there at all, as though she were overhearing something not meant for her ears, as though she were looking through some keyhole of the spirit into their hearts.

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Then for a second her heart stood still at the sound of Durrell Vossema's light step and heavy breathing—for he moved like a cat, in spite of his weight. She never got over the sense that he was about to spring. He came on the piazza and paused for the fraction of a second to flash a glance of steel from his wife to the young people and back again. He sat down heavily in a chair that creaked under his weight, and said, with indifferent politeness:

"How do, Raphael?"

Then he dropped into his usual brooding silence, until it seemed to Amy Vossema that he enveloped them all in the dark cloud of his own black temperament. It was as though she could see the lights of their spirits dimming like a lamp that is being turned out. Next he threw back his head with a short laugh that sounded like a bark, and stared with insolence at Raphael.

At this a sudden little change came over Cara. She settled back into herself absently and into the hammock, and let her gaze stray out across the quiet treetops to the bay. She had withdrawn herself into some remote fastness of the spirit where her father could not penetrate. She sat there with a calm countenance that almost seemed the calm of indifference.

Raphael sat steady under Vossema's hostile scrutiny. He was a little flushed, put out, and troubled, but unflinching. It was as if the older man were using all the force of his personality to crush the boy. After what seemed an interminable time:

"Ha!" Mr. Vossema barked again, and then he asked, "How is your father?"

By what inflection he managed to make this inquiry an insult no one could have told. Raphael flushed more hotly.

"He's very well, thank you," he replied, holding his head a little higher, a little sternness also in his tone.

Mr. Vossema dropped his gaze broodingly on Cara. He seemed utterly lost in morose reflection which included himself and Cara and shut every one else in the world out. There was something so subtle and firm about him in the chair that he seemed to have grown there.

It was like witnessing some act of heroism to see Raphael faltering forth a question; it seemed like inviting a death sentence. Then, with much grace, Raphael rose and with composure and simplicity he said his good-byes, bowed deeply to Mrs. Vossema, who, in a toneless voice, sent regards to his mother, and departed.

All three of them sat in silence—Cara's unperturbed spirit far away, Mrs. Vossema full of the apprehension that scenes like this always gave her. It was like seeing a menacing, unnatural-colored cloud coming toward you at full speed, knowing that in a second more the blast would strike you. It came with a low, concentrated fury.

"What do you let him come here for?"

It was as if the impact of his still fury, like the rush of a great wind, took all the words from Mrs. Vossema's mouth.

Cara from her shelter answered: "Because I like him, father. We're good friends."

He paid no attention to her, but with gathering rage said, "What makes you let him come, I ask you?" He got up from his chair and walked with his light spring over to his wife, where he stood towering above her. "I'd like you to answer. What made *you* let him come?" Without waiting for a reply: "Has it been going on long? That's what I want to know?"

To this she faltered, "Going on?" and then drew back involuntarily. Her fluttering, inadequate answers always maddened him, and though he had never touched her with violence, she shrank from him as though she expected a blow. There was something in his pose that suggested it was with difficulty he restrained himself from tearing her with his hands.

Mrs. Vossema glanced at Cara. It did not seem possible her perfect poise and tranquillity could be assumed. One gathered that she was in far-off spaces, where the still fury of her father's anger came to her like the humming of distant bees. She answered for her mother, however.

"He's come to see us quite a few times, father."

"Well, he's not coming any more few times!" He spoke to his wife, though he answered Cara.

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No one asked him why. No one asked him what he had against Raphael Manta; such futilities had died and been buried in the far distance of Amy Vossema's past, and Cara had never learned to ask such questions.

"You heard me?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Yes," said his wife.

He snapped back his head and looked at Cara without speaking. She smiled at him, one would almost have thought indulgently.

"Yes, father," she responded.

He could not quite keep it up in the face of her young serenity. She evaded his anger, avoided it, withdrew herself from it, did not fear it. Under her calm exterior, her mother reflected, there must be something made of steel. What did she think of her father, she wondered. Did she love him? She had ceased being a child, and her prattling confidences had ceased with her childhood. As she had grown up she had been a silent spectator of more than one devastating scene between her father and the three older brothers, who had all of them gone from home because of him. Two of the boys he had driven to fury. The youngest he cowed into a sullen acquiescence; his father's grim silences, his irony and his outbreaks, had never failed to have a shattering effect upon him, as they continued to have on Mrs. Vossema herself. As for Cara, she neither rebelled nor acquiesced. She knew as well as any one the destructive force of his anger, but she had somehow developed a power which to her mother seemed almost mysterious, for she remained forever outside the circle of his wrath, as though at will she could enter into some fourth dimension of the spirit.

He left them. Mrs. Vossema looked inquiringly at her daughter. She returned her mother's glance with a smile.

"I suppose it's because he's Portuguese," Mrs. Vossema hazarded.

"He never used to mind Portuguese," Cara reflected.

"He may have quarreled with Raphael's father over some business matter," Mrs. Vossema again hazarded, her anxious eyes on Cara. "Does this hurt you?" her glance mutely asked. "Are you wounded by this?" for she was not yet far away from the spell of the deep silence of understanding that had so infolded them.

Cara smiled ever so faintly—a soft little smile that modeled the contours of her face as softly as the face of one of those women whom Luini loved to paint. It was fortunate, Mrs. Vossema reflected, that Raphael Manta was only twenty and Cara but eighteen — too young for either of them to think of marrying yet awhile.

Raphael as a friend was right enough. A lovely thing, Mrs. Vossema secretly called him. His manners and bearing had a Latin grace. He had, too, a high gaiety, a sudden, flashing smile, and all this tempered by an admirable gravity and dignity of poise, as Latin as his manners and his laughter. A splendid human being, Raphael Manta, but an undesirable husband for Cara Vossema —she New England, he Portuguese; he Roman Catholic, the Vossemas Protestants. So, even if the Mantas owned half the fishing-fleet and were as powerful in the town as Durrell Vossema himself, the Vossemas would always hold themselves above the Mantas.

Mother and daughter looked deeply into each other's eyes for a moment. Then Cara spoke:

"Father's going to be like this about every one. It isn't just Raphael; it's that I have grown up."

To this her mother had no answer. She was certain there had been something in the air between Raphael and Cara that had never existed between Cara and any of the other young men who came to visit, something that she had felt and that evidently had flashed itself instantly on her father's jealous spirit. She knew that Durrell Vossema had a savage and jealous love of his own people that was as dark as his temper—part of it, perhaps.

Raphael Manta did not come any more to sit on the Vossema's piazza, and it seemed to Mrs. Vossema that through some seventh sense she was a spectral witness of a drama which was enacted in the depths of Cara's heart. A cloud was over the light of her spirit. Sitting with her, to her mother, was like sitting in the dusk instead of in radiance.

Once Mrs. Vossema came into the

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drawing-room to find her staring out of the window, looking very little and forlorn and very much alone, standing in the attitude of one who waits and who knows she waits in vain but still must continue to wait. And Mrs. Vossema could say nothing to comfort her, nor could she ask her anything. She was to her mother as heartbreaking a sight as a sick child who is too good. She lifted up her face with its gallant smile every day, as a starving garrison might still run up its flag. Words would have been comforting—tears still better. Instead, there was only a smiling silence. Neither of them spoke of the scene or of Raphael Manta again—yet he was always there, almost visible at their elbows.

They met him once on the street. He bowed gravely, then flashed his smile on Cara—a smile that seemed to be a compelling sort of promise. For a half-second he and Cara looked at each other, Cara with flushed cheeks and her lips half opened, her hand at her heart—a little gesture that had in it both gladness and anguish.

Two days later Cara went out to walk in the mysterious back country that lay behind the house. This country is strange and elfin, low-lying, and very wild. It gives a sense of being unsubdued by man. Its scrubby woods, festooned with impenetrable entanglements of bull-brier, its sudden marshes in which one can sink thigh-deep, make it as unconquerable as the sea or the great dunes beyond. Those who know its ways may find there hidden and mysterious places, places that seem the very abode of silence. All through it are networks of tiny trails, made by who knows what feet, for they lead nowhere. Few people from the village go there except the berry-pickers, or, in the fall, during the short, open season, men with guns taking a short cut out to the ocean.

Always this back country had reached out a silent, beckoning hand to Cara. In its intricate and mysterious places lived her serenity. It had always seemed to her since she was very little that this country, so wild and yet so gentle, was part of herself, or she part of it, so deep was her sense of oneness with it.

She came back from her walk, and it was as though her spirit had been relighted. There was a still radiance about her. She sat with a book in her hands, but Amy Vossema noticed she never turned the pages of it, but sat absorbed and withdrawn.

These were the two things that Mrs. Vossema knew about Cara. Light had ebbed from her spirit until she had sat in some mysterious twilight of the soul—and suddenly light had flooded back again. She had gone to walk in the back country and returned the luminous, shining thing that she had been before.

Mothers are strange beings. They know so little the things which concern their children most. They register their emotions, but do not know why these emotions come to them. There are some things they blind themselves to wilfully, their children ever appearing to them the way they wish them to be, not the way they are.

At first it was enough for Amy Vossema that light had come back to Cara, and she sought no answer at all, or gave herself vague assurances that she knew Cara would be what she called "a sensible girl," which meant that she would not do so unreasonable and undesirable a thing as to fall in love with Raphael Manta.

Mothers are suspicious of others, but curiously complacent concerning their children's actions. There scarcely exists a mother who does not believe touchingly in the things that "my daughter would not do"—as though being one's daughter constituted some strange talisman that taught youth decorum.

Then one day into Amy Vossema's spirit there slid a little sickening question. It began "What if—" and then she wrung its throat. This little chill question had a thousand lives. She might choke it one day, but it came back the next, hauntingly, and got as far as "What if Cara—" before she killed it again with a fatuous "I trust my girl." The back country had always been Cara's playmate, her nearest friend; her natural refuge it had been after one of her father's storms with the boys, a sort of impregnable retreat. Often and often Cara had wept with her mother and then gone to the back country and returned, her face shining. It was as

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though an incorruptible self, untouched by any pain, lived there which she went out to find.

The little doubt came back at night and broke Amy Vossema's rest, pointing out in its chill little voice that others could move about the back country as easily as Cara, and that other consoling presences than Cara's shining and perfect self might wander through its enchanted byways.

Yet Cara's manner had nothing but candor. She looked into her mother's eyes with limpid happiness. She was so frank and so natural, so disarmingly unembarrassed when she told her mother where she was going. To put a question to her was impossible—a desecration of her girlhood if it was not true. And if it were true there would be nothing to prevent her lying in words as she had been lying in her manner. Of no use! Amy Vossema lay sleepless while Durrell breathed heavily beside her and muttered in his sleep.

Suddenly an icy fear gripped Mrs. Vossema's heart. What if it were so, and he should find out first? What would happen if he found out? She saw her life pulled to pieces before her eyes by his wrath—Cara and herself both shattered under its fury. There would be no forgiveness from him. The fear that shook her was like the fear of torture to one who has already known torture. Her spirit had lived through the sickening days of conflict with her sons, and she cowered into herself as she thought, "I shall be as powerless to help Cara as I was to help them."

She woke next morning from a troubled sleep where all the things she had suffered in her mind had distorted themselves and become more horrible—for they had not let her be.

Next day fog was over the face of the bay. The Vossemas' house was on the bluff above the town; it looked directly on to the roofs in the street below them, and on the tops of the trees, and from there across the shining expanse of the bay to the lighthouse beyond. To-day there was nothing but the tolling of the bell to tell where the lighthouse was—a bell that tolled mournfully, as though it were already ringing for those who would be lost at sea because of the fog.

All day Mrs. Vossema had been tortured by her thoughts. Now the question, instead of coming to her and laying its cold finger on her heart, stood before her and with naked shamelessness asked itself over and over again, and in her spirit fear and a certain new-born revolt at her helplessness strove together.

Cara came gently into the room and smiled at her mother with deep affection. She was dressed for going out.

"Isn't it too wet to walk in the back country to-day?" Mrs. Vossema let a little definiteness into her tentative manner.

"I love it in the fog."

"It's quite wringing wet," her mother objected, with more emphasis. She continued sewing and did not look at Cara.

"I love all sorts of weather," Cara gave back, her eyes seeking the window.

She was quite unembarrassed. If she was acting, it was perfect.

"Before you go will you fetch me the pieces like my dress in the piece-bag?"

There was a shade of alteration in Cara's eager manner. She soon came down a little breathless, a little flushed. "I can't find them," she said.

"They must be there, dear. Look again."

Very quietly Mrs. Vossema hid in the folds of her skirt the little pieces for which she had sent Cara. She did it without remorse; she was as cool as Cara herself. She *had* to put Cara to the question; she *had* to have certainty.

Again Cara came back. "I can't find them," she said. Her voice was even, she smiled, but there was a little look in her eyes that said: "Ah, give me leave to depart! Don't keep me!"—a little breathlessness about her.

Her mother felt as though she were tightening up some string in Cara's spirit, a string that presently would give out a note of anguish that would be her answer—or snap, which would also be her answer. "I must have them, dear," she said.

Cara went up again, and again returned without them. If she seemed now like a ship tugging at its anchor, she gave no outward sign of what oppressed her spirit.

"I'll go up and we'll look together," said Mrs. Vossema.

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Cara acquiesced. Her mother felt in her that complete revolt and impatience when one is kept against one's will and made to spend precious moments in futility. It was almost as though she could see Cara's spirit winging itself ahead of her, waving to her lagging body to hurry. The tension grew and grew. Anxiety deepened in Cara's eyes.

"Why are you keeping me?" she seemed to implore her mother, mutely. "Why do you torture me so? Let me go, let me go! For I can wait no longer; there is that waiting for me which is dearer than you, dearer than home, my heart's heart. My heart has gone out of my body and stands waiting for me in the back country."

"Here they are at last!" Mrs. Vossema gave out. She knew what she wanted to know.

One could see that Cara's spirit was like an arrow released. But she did not hurry. She even had the courage to look with a disarming and tranquil gaze on her mother and say:

"Is there anything else you'd like me to do before I go?"

"No," Mrs. Vossema replied, absently.

She could not keep her now. She had used up her entire strength. For a moment she gazed down a dark gulf, and her spirit sickened over its depths.

There was a sound on the stairs. The two women turned to each other. Their glance said, "Why has he come back at this hour?"

Durrell Vossema flung open the door and stood menacingly before them. He seemed to his wife as though he were crouched to spring upon them and destroy them both, yet he stood there silent, contained, and in silence infolded them both in his violent gaze. But he did not speak. He poisoned them with silence and anger, crushed them and overwhelmed them with it.

Amy Vossema could feel her heart beating more and more painfully with that anguish of apprehension that she knew so well. Her heart beat so that her whole body quivered with its pain. And still he did not speak. Quiet and violent he stood there until his wife felt that *she* was guilty, as though some monstrous fault of hers had been unmasked, and he was standing there accusing her with his terrible silence.

The fog had blown in more deeply. It was as if they were wrapped away from the world, away from all help and from all human contact. There were not even the familiar things like trees and houses, whose presence could console them for a moment. They were alone in the world where the white heat of his anger could consume them.

At last he spoke, and the quiet of his voice and his commonplace words were more menacing than any outbreak would have been. With awful meaning, the whole of his force that had dominated every one about him throughout his lifetime concentrated in his look, he said to Cara:

"It's a bad day for walking in the back country, Cara."

The dignity of him made him more formidable. It was no mere wild, blind rage, but something as firmly directed as a shell from a great gun. There was no answer possible, still less than there was to his silence.

Cara stood trembling slightly, but with a semblance of her old, luminous indifference to his anger still giving the appearance as though it were something that could concern her not at all.

After an interminable while, he turned to his wife and, as though letting fall some casual remark of no great importance, he said, "Old Mosher tells me his boy saw Raphael Manta and Cara cruising round the back country together."

Then, as though his own words had touched some spring in himself, he trembled as with ague. But still he controlled himself, and still his white-hot silence withered the souls of them.

Then, very quietly, Cara opened the door of her room, which led from her mother's, and went into it. One could hear her lock it behind her. Then silence again—and then the storm burst, the molten torrent Amy Vossema had been expecting.

He raged at her. That she could have let this go on under her eyes. That she had perhaps connived at it! That she, who had had the bringing up of Cara, could have let her grow up with such disgraceful possibilities in her heart!

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"My God!" he foamed at her, "you soft, white-livered thing! Not fit to bear children for a man! It was in *your* hands, wasn't it?"

She retreated from him against the wall, as though always expecting the blow of his fist that never descended.

Then the flood of his anger was checked by a little sound very far off. It was the closing of a door.

"What was that?" he demanded, in a sharp whisper.

Breathless silence surrounded them. They were shut off alone in a phantasmal and fog-bound world, listening. Not a sound in all the silent house. For a second or two he stood that way, then flung himself to the window.

"*Cara!*" he whispered; "*she has left the house!*" He looked at his wife as though he would have killed her, then noiselessly ran down the stairs.

From the window she watched the fog swallow him up as he had watched Cara. She waited for his return at first as one deprived almost of breath by the terrible and painful beating of her heart. Full of the anguish of apprehension, she walked up and down her room and then listened, and yet no sound would come from the silent world except the fog-bell from the Point. Then that feeling of revolt that she had felt before stirred vaguely within her and grew in her heart. There flamed up in her the passionate revolt of a fine spirit that has stayed too long in bondage.

In what way, she asked herself, had he so supremely dominated her? It seemed to her now, through sheer noise and through her own cowardice. The house they lived in was hers; it was through *her* money that he had got the start in life that had enabled him later to dominate the people around him, as well as the force of his personality.

She imagined him overtaking Cara and bringing her back, her luminous spirit vanquished. Her whole self revolted against this. There came to her, too, a sudden vision of Raphael Manta. Why, he was a *man*—a beautiful human being, strong and tender and gay, and Cara had turned to him like a flower to the sun. In the light of his presence she had bloomed, and she had been able to go out of her father's house and do things so contrary to all her traditions of maidenhood without shame. It was as though she had said: "I am very sorry to do this thing which would be so contrary to your wishes, but what else am I to do? In the light of the love I have in my heart it seems to me a very little thing." If she had met Raphael in the back country, it was Durrell Vossema's fault, and his alone.

While she waited there it seemed to Amy Vossema that her spirit burst into a flame that forged a shining weapon in her soul—a weapon that she could use to protect herself and Durrell Vossema from himself. This new-born self looked with shame on her own timidity and her own false values of life that had let a difference of race and religion obscure Raphael from her. In her imagination she saw Cara coming home, the inner fastness of her spirit violated, which she had kept so inviolate. She sat down now and waited quietly for what might happen, not knowing what she would do, but feeling a high strength in her spirit for anything life or her husband might demand of her.

He came back alone, lowering as a dark thunder-cloud. He had not found Cara. He came to Amy Vossema's room and flung himself into a chair, accusing her with his silence. But she had escaped him. He could not touch her. She waited. Dusk enshrouded them. In the silent house there was no sound at all. Outside, great melancholy drops fell from the willow-trees.

Suddenly, anger, articulate and noisy, welled up in Durrell Vossema. He flung himself to and fro like a mad thing, demanding where Cara was, insisting on her return, as though his wife had but to summon Cara back, and it was her own wilful act of wrong-doing that kept Cara away so late. When words failed him, she looked at him with sternness.

"Be still!" she said, and left the room.

He followed her to the sitting-room, surprise in his whole attitude, and a certain curiosity.

Again silence infolded them and darkness, until she turned on the light. At that moment, as though by a signal, the silence was rent by the clamor of the telephone. Durrell Vossema sprang to his feet.

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She waved him aside and answered, quietly, "Yes, Cara."

"Give it to me!" he raved. "I want to speak to Cara."

It was as though she did not hear him raging behind her. She did not even turn her head. She had stepped out into that other dimension of the spirit, even as Cara had done. Calmly she said:

"Yes, Cara dear, do that—and God bless you!—and then come home." She hung up the receiver and turned round and faced him proudly. "Cara," she told him, "telephoned from Eastport. She has gone there with Raphael, and they are to be married at once."

A noise as from some fierce and wounded creature burst from Durrel Vossema. "You!" he cried. "You dare to tell me that? You!" He raised his hands quiveringly above his head. Then the noise of him dropped, and, low and menacing, all the wrath of him concentrated, as if to strike one mortal blow, "She shall never cross this threshold again," he said.

Then there streamed forth from Amy Vossema all that she had felt throughout that day. Behind her was the heritage of the ages—the heritage of loving and courageous mothers who from all time have protected their children. Her anger was like a shining weapon. It was the lightning-flash compared to thunder. It struck him where he stood. With a flame of immortal courage in her eyes, "You talk like a child, Durrell," she told him.

Her voice was soft, but behind the little, commonplace words there was a force so much stronger than any rage he had to offer, than any of his noisy storming, that suddenly he became quiet and obedient. His anger dropped from him like a cloak.

"Don't talk nonsense. Our children come to *my* house whenever I wish—and I wish for them all the time. Whatever they do, I stand behind them, and you stand with me as long as you stand behind them, too. And when the time comes you don't, and you try to close *my* door, you can close it behind yourself."

Durrell Vossema lifted his head sharply. The old, menacing anger flamed up in his eyes, but she held them steady. She was without anger, grave; her deeply brooding gaze infolded him. It seemed as if she had drawn upon the immemorable steadfastness of all the mothers of the ages, and against this his rage would dash its puny fury in vain forever. There was no conflict now between them. Since for the first time he had met something stronger than his own fury, he bowed his head to it.

Mater Dolorosa

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

O CLINGING hands, and eyes where sleep has set
Her seal of peace, go not from me so soon.
O little feet, take not the pathway yet;
The dust of other feet with tears is wet,
And Sorrow wanders there with slow regret;
O eager feet, take not the path so soon.

Take it not yet, for death is at the end,
And kingly death will wait until you come.
Full soon the feet of youth will pass the bend,
The eyes will see where followed footsteps wend.
Go not so soon, though death be found a friend;
For kingly death will wait until you come.

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Death Valley and Our Future Climate

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

DEATH VALLEY is the hottest place in the United States. It lies in the desert of southern California not far from the Nevada line. A Weather Bureau thermometer was installed there some years ago at Furnace Creek, the only inhabited spot in the valley. There one or two white men and two or three Indian families maintain a little ranch, raising alfalfa and selling it at exorbitant prices to the few prospectors and the rare scientists who wander that way. One of the white men keeps the weather record. The thermometer is properly exposed above a gently sloping plain of gravel in a regulation shelter such as is used all over the country. No other out-of-door thermometer in the United States, or perhaps in the world, is so familiar with temperatures of 100° or more. During the period of not quite fifteen hundred days from the spring of 1911 to May, 1915, a maximum temperature of 100° or more was reached on five hundred and forty-eight days, or more than one-third of the time. One day in July, 1913—the 10th of the month, to be exact—the mercury rose to 134° and hit the top of the tube. How much higher it would have gone no one can tell. That day marks the limit of temperature yet reached, according to official records in this country. A new thermometer with a greater range has been installed, and perhaps next summer we may hear of a temperature of 140°.

The day with a maximum of 134° or more was not the worst that Death Valley has recently experienced. I was there in May, 1915. The weather was only moderately warm—110° one day, and on the other four days not much over 100°. The man who has been in charge of the ranch for two summers was telling me about the effect of the hot weather on his heart and nerves. He could not possibly stand it another summer, he said. "If you want to know how hot this place can be, look at that pepper-tree over there. Most days it gets fairly cool at night, even when it is 120° or 130° at noon. When it is 90° a man can sleep in comfort because the air is so dry. But one day last summer we had a sizzler. Notice that top branch of the pepper-tree. Well, sir, one day last summer the upper part of that tree just dried up and died. It had plenty of water, but it couldn't suck it up fast enough. The thermometer that noon rose to 128°, and that was bad enough, but we thought it would cool off at night. It didn't do it. A hot wind like a furnace came blowing from the south, and the lowest it got that night was 114°. Sleep? Well, I guess not. We lay on the floor and tried not to go crazy. I had a young man here with me from New England, a husky-looking young chap, strong and healthy. Well, I tell you I thought he would lose his mind. I just had to send him away at last to keep him from going plumb crazy. Why, that fellow, when he got good and hot, would lie awake on the floor all night and groan and call on the Almighty till I thought it was the end of him. He couldn't sleep at all. And as for me, I'm pretty nearly a wreck. See how nervous I am. And when I came here I was the strongest kind of Englishman."

Death Valley is a long, narrow trough ten or more miles wide at the bottom and nearly one hundred and fifty miles long. Its lowest point is 280 feet below sea-level. It is a barren, desolate region, more like the deserts of Asia than is any other part of America. At the northern end one finds great stretches

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of blowing sand, studded with small bushes at intervals of a few hundred feet. Elsewhere vast wastes of sloping gravel have been brought from the neighboring mountains by occasional cloudbursts and spread into a dreary plain of gentle slope and sinister aspect. For a mile at a time scarcely a speck of vegetation can be seen. On the sides of the valley barren slopes as dreary as cinders rise in jagged lines to a series of peaks, one of which bears snow even in May. Farther south the whole bottom is covered with grayish-white deposits of salt from a lake which long ago dried up under the burning sun.

We rode southward along the edge of the salt one day, intending to cross it at the causeway built years ago when borax was hauled from the old lake beds. It did not pay to bring the borax from here for any length of time, for from May to September it was practically impossible to get any one to work except at exorbitant wages. Who of us would work in such a furnace with the thermometer averaging above 100° day after day for five months at a stretch? Out on the white salt the glare is terrible. The prospectors say that poisonous vapors exhale from the salt beds. In proof of this they cite the fact that now and again men have been found dead on the old lake beds with canteens beside them full of water. They had plenty to drink, they were in no lack of food, and yet they died. The truth seems to be that they died of sunstroke. It is often said that there is no such thing as sunstroke in the dry desert even when the air is hottest. Perhaps this is true, but I have seen men grow faint and suddenly drop to a seat on the ground simply from the heat. The men who die in Death Valley are almost certainly overcome by the heat. If the temperature in a well-ventilated shelter rises to over 130°, it must rise almost to 150° out in the open glare of the sun.

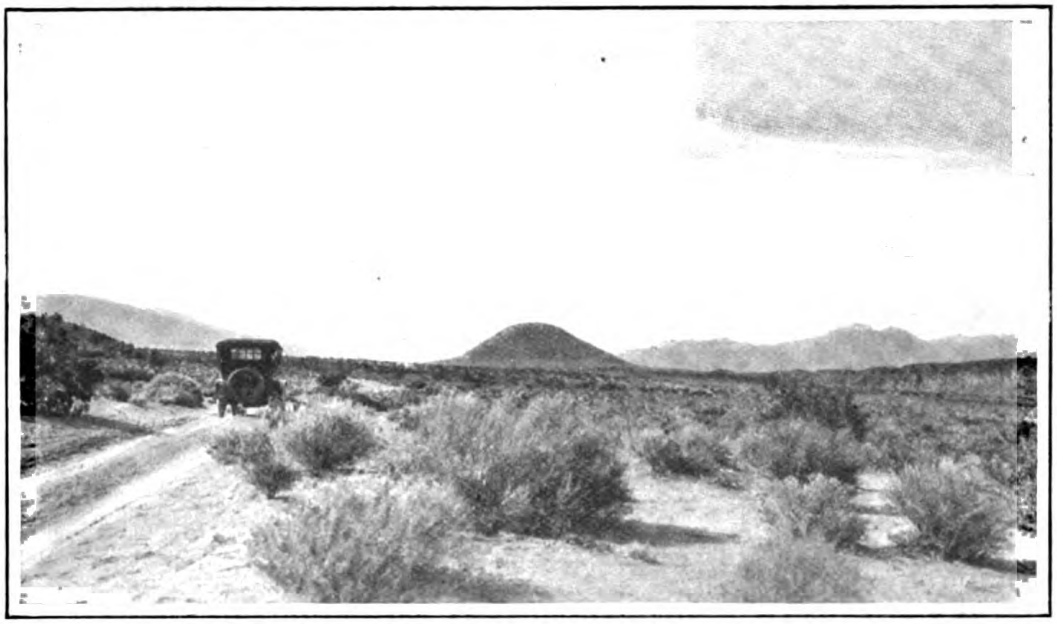
As we rode along beside the burning waste of the dry salt lake one day, our guide was talking. That was nothing unusual, for he talked night and day. Possibly he stopped at night, but I know that when I went to sleep he was always talking to the horses, and when I awoke he was still talking. He was a "desert rat." He said so himself. And, strange to say, he laughed at other desert rats. "These poor old prospectors who live all their lives in the desert get to be terrible talkers," he said. "They don't have a soul to talk to for months, and when they get hold of some one they like to talk so much that they never stop. It's a hard life on the poor old fellows. They never save any money, because when they make a strike they spend everything they get." If one were looking for morals, one might speculate as to the number of more favored people who are making fun of themselves when they think they are making fun of others.

Our desert rat was such a talker that my botanical companion and myself dared not look him in the face for fear he would begin an endless yarn. It was Hobson's choice whether it was more comfortable to sit on the water-barrel in the back of our big four-horse wagon and bend one's head till one got a stiff neck in an attempt to dodge the great sun-umbrella, or to sit on the driver's seat in comfort and listen. We used to discuss the problem under the very ears of our driver, and he never knew it. He seemed to feel flattered when the botanist said: "Don't you think you better sit here with Mr. Smacks? He might have something that he wants to tell you. He knows a great deal about the valley."

He really did know a great deal, and some of his stories were good. We passed a board bearing some such sign as this: "Unknown. Died of thirst, August, 1896." That reminded the driver of a story. Here it is, more briefly than he could possibly tell it.

"One time I found a likely spot of ore up by the Windy Gap Mountains. Every one said there was no water there, but I know the signs, and I found a nice spring a mile or two from the trail. I laid in grub for three months, turned my burros loose, and went to work. I didn't see a soul for two months, and it got sort of lonesome. One afternoon after I had quit work I took my telescope and looked around to see if I couldn't see something to break the monotony, and all of a sudden I nearly keeled over. Way down in the

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TOURING THROUGH THE LOWER PART OF OWENS VALLEY

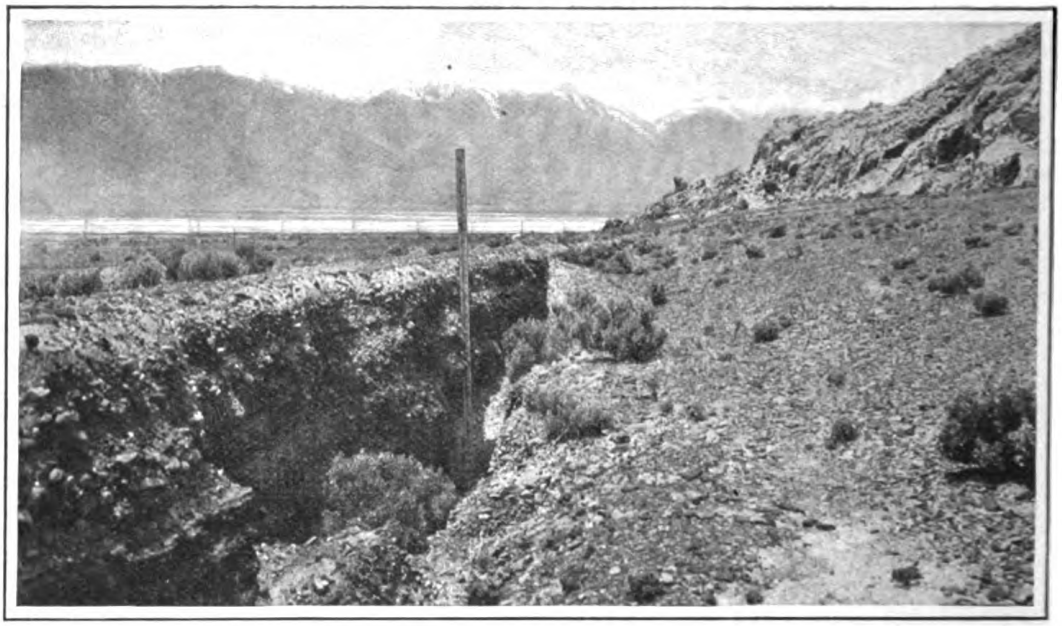
valley a couple of miles away I saw a wagon with two horses. One horse was lying down and looked dead. The other was standing, alive. Near his head sat a man, with his head bowed over as if he were dead. On the other side was a woman holding a child in her hands. I looked a few minutes, but no one stirred. Then I didn't waste no time filling a canteen. One of the burros was at the spring to get a drink, so I got on his bare back and rode off. Well, sir, when I got near enough to see them with the naked eye not one of them moved. I rode right up, and got off the burro, and still they did not move. They're sure dead of thirst, thinks I. Then I walked up to the man and put my hand on his shoulder. He jumped like a scared rabbit. 'Great God! Who sent you?' was all he could say. The woman jumped, too, and cried out, 'My God! are you an angel?' and began to cry. I never was no angel, but I felt more like one then than ever before or since.

"They didn't know the road, and thought they could go through that desert. They had tried to dry-farm it, but, shucks! you can't dry-farm where there ain't no water. They had enough water to start a crop of beans, but the wind blowed a bit—not what we call hard, but enough to raise a dust. The beans was about three inches high, and every last one was broke off close to the ground. Then they started out, dead broke, and without a thing in the world except their horses and wagon and what was in it. They could not carry much fodder or water. One horse fell sick and died, and the other was pretty weak and couldn't pull a two-horse wagon. And there they were, thirty miles from water, and their water all gone. The man dared not leave his wife and baby alone to die, so they had sat there since morning, waiting for God to come for them. And it was only me that come.

"Well, sir, I gave them all a drink. We went up to my camp and had a good feed. The next morning I fixed the man up and sent him off on the live horse to get another horse where I told him. These darned settlers are fools. If he'd known anything about the desert, he'd 'a' come through all right. I gave the woman my tent, and she and her baby stayed till the man come back. What became of them? Well, they got out all right, but after that I never heard."

He was only a rough prospector, a desert rat, but that woman and child were perfectly safe with him. He told

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AN EARTHQUAKE CRACK EAST OF OWEN'S LAKE.
The land on the right has dropped along the line of breakage in which stands the measuring-rod

of other rescues—when he found a man crazy with thirst, naked in his delirium, and running away like a frightened beast. Such stories are the stock in trade of the desert. Many of his tales were much more than twice told, for he himself told them twice and others had told them long before; but some, like the tale of the lost family, were his own, and those he told with a fervor that sent a thrill straight to one's heart.

With such tales as these he beguiled ten hot miles one morning while we drove south from Furnace Creek Ranch, where the thermometer is. On our left was weird scenery of bright yellow hills of clay, wherein I walked one day and felt that I was in goblin land. They were not hills, but mountains of bright yellow, softly rounded in places, then giving place to black, craggy masses of forbidding lava. On our right was the glaring white expanse of the old salt beds. At last we came to the crossing where we must enter the salt beds to get to the other side. Our driver was cautious, for he knew the desert. So he stopped the horses and wanted me to prospect the road. It was good till the middle, where the old corduroy was broken at a place where pools of the bitterest brine filled hollows in the white salt. I tried this side and that to find a way around, but only succeeded in loading my shoes with heavy mud and stirring up a vicious odor. We had to turn around. Back we went ten miles, then fifteen up the borax road to the edge of the valley, forty or more southward, and finally back westward nearly twenty; and so, having gone eighty or ninety miles out of our way, we came back to the valley bottom once more. It was easy for us with our four good horses and abundant supplies, but that is the kind of accident which causes crosses to be erected marked, "Died of thirst."

Death Valley does not stand alone. It is the lowest and most easterly of four long, narrow, parallel valleys which lie between the eastern border of California and the Sierra Nevada Mountains in southern California across the mountains from Fresno. Panamint, the second valley from the east, is almost like Death Valley except that it is not quite so low and hot, and its salt beds are often covered with a foot or two of water for several months in the year. Once there was a noble lake here, 900 feet deep, 10 miles wide, and 60 miles long. In those old times, perhaps twenty

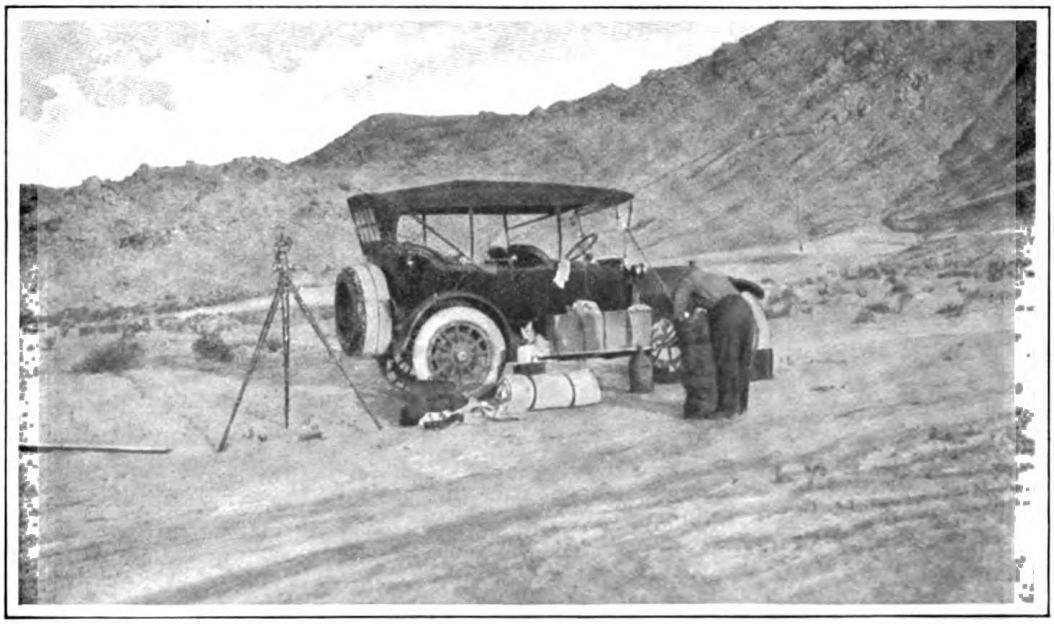
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thousand years ago, Panamint sent a stream to Death Valley, and there must have been a fine lake there also. The scenery must have been superb, for both lakes washed the bases of splendid, rugged mountains.

Farther to the west, and somewhat south of the others, lies Searles Lake, the third and strangest of the series. Here, as in each of the eastern valleys, there is one inhabited spot in the midst of the dreariest sort of desert. I know what that desert feels like, for with a good friend, an engineer, I motored through it and tramped across it. We ran profiles from the edge of the salt beds of the old lake up across the score or more of old beaches to a height of 650 feet, at which level this lake in its days of expansion overflowed to Panamint. Starting soon after sunrise, we would spend till nearly noon in running a level. By that time the temperature was about 100°. When at last we regained the stifling shade of our automobile, it seemed like a cool grotto. We had to drink weak lemonade by the quart before our systems were restored to their normal wateriness. Man's body is not built to stand such rapid evaporation, and for that reason the dwellers in the desert cannot have the energy and mental power that the same people would have elsewhere.

The people who live at Searles Lake are there to get potash. Munitions of war need potash; many chemical industries need it; and, most of all, the fields require vast quantities. Deposits are rare in the United States, and the Searles beds contain the only known supply that can be cheaply extracted. Since the discovery of this fact by the United States Bureau of Soils and the Geological Survey there has been a lively fight to see who could get possession. One company has almost succeeded in ousting the others, but as late as the spring of 1915 we found a group of insurgents camped on the east side and drilling wells in the hope of getting hold of the good, strong brine in which the potash is dissolved. There was a time not long ago when men with guns went to their rivals and said, "Get out or get shot." That is what comes of our mineral laws, which encourage individuals to scoop in all the good things of the earth without any adequate return to the general public which is the true owner.

The manager of the successful company was most courteous to us. "Don't you want to ride out on the lake?"



AN AUTOMOBILE CAMP NEAR SEARLES LAKE

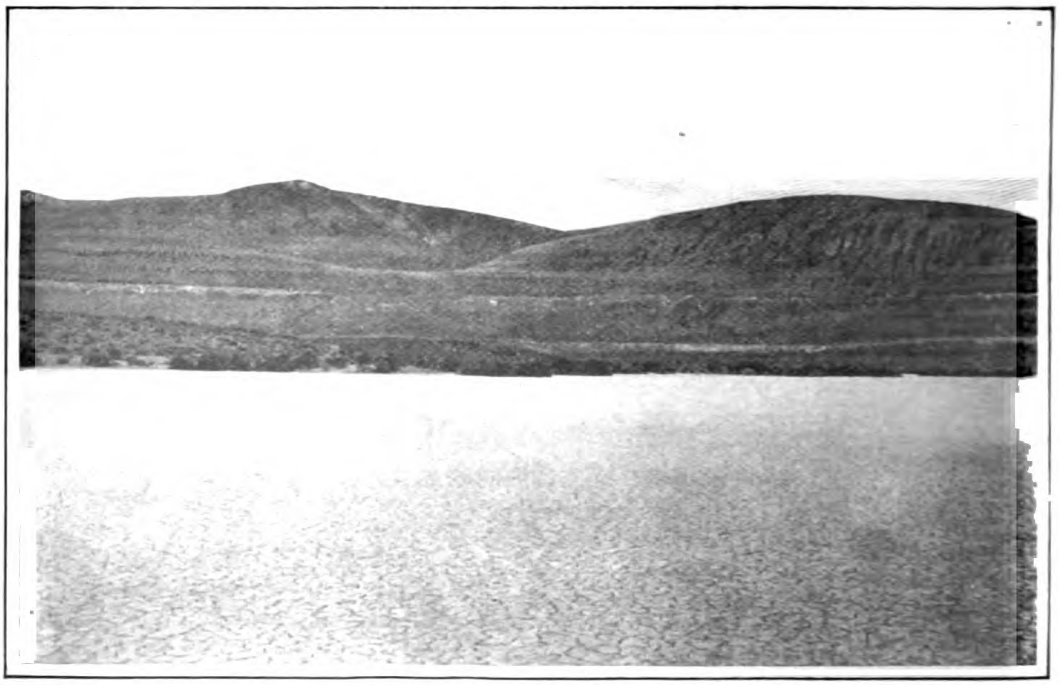
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he asked. We certainly wanted to, but did not know it was possible. We suggested riding down to the shore in our own car, but he demurred, and said he would bring one for us. When it appeared down the street, it looked like Christmas—a regular Santa Claus car, pure white from tires to panels, and scintillating most beautifully in the bright sun. We almost felt cool from looking at it. Nearer at hand it was not quite so glorious, but more interesting, for it was completely incrusted with salt crystals. We soon saw where they came from. Bumping over a causeway built through the mud on the lake's edge, we shot out onto the lake itself.

"This is a solid body of salt seventy-five to one hundred feet thick," said the manager. "It is about six miles in diameter, and forms the bulk of the old lake. It is full of brine, which we pump out at all levels so as to draw on all parts of it. It is generally wet on top, but there is not the slightest danger of breaking through."

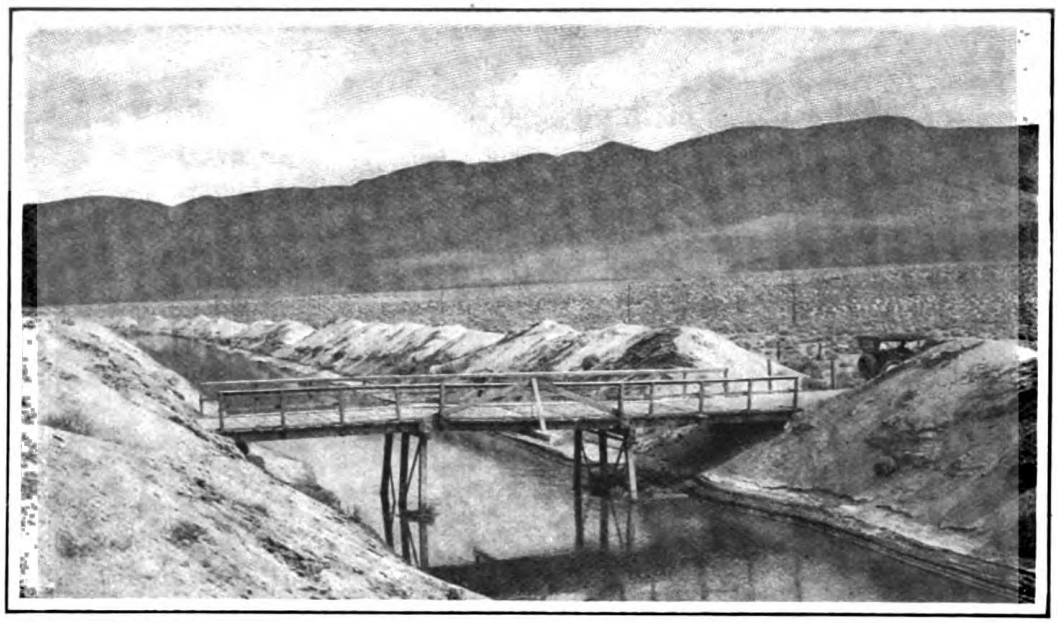
In spite of his statements one could not help wondering whether, after all, something might not happen, at least for the first mile. It seemed so like a mass of ice in the spring—rotten, and covered in places with pools of water two or three inches deep. A lurch into a pool and a shower of salt spray over the car at first made one think we should break through. That would not be pleasant, for, if one must drown, let him at least do it in water that looks like water, and not be pickled in the strongest brine on earth. The pools were of a beautiful purple color, due apparently to the presence of bacteria or algæ, which somehow manage to live even in a brine which kills everything else. As soon as we became used to the lake, we became engrossed in its beauty. The shimmering white expanse in the distance, the splashing spray, the pools flushed with many dainty shades of purple, the thin, yellow rim of sand far away on the shores, and the purpling brownish mountains in the background made a picture more unique than can perhaps be found on any other lake.

The most westerly of the four valleys contains Owens Lake, which is a real lake in the ordinary sense of the word. The views across it from the east side are wonderful. Back of the blue water rises the wall of the Sierras towering in a few miles to heights of 14,000 feet, a sheer 10,000 feet above where one



THE DRY, MUD-CRACKED BED OF SEARLES LAKE

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A PART OF THE LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT LEADING FROM OWENS RIVER

stands. Up among the heights one can see the storms raging over snowy peaks among glaciers and crags as fine as those of the Alps. One realizes here the strength of the inner forces that heave such mountains into the air, for on every side hollows and escarpments have been made in recent years by a breaking of the earth's crust. One can jump down into great cracks made at the time of recent earthquakes and not yet healed.

The feature of Owens Lake that interested me most was the way in which its chemical and geological evidence came to the support of the measurements of the Big Trees which I had made on the other side of the mountains only fifty miles to the west. Owens Lake is chiefly supplied by Owens River. The river has been taken by Los Angeles and carried to that city in a wonderful aqueduct about two hundred and fifty miles long. Some day the aqueduct may be shattered by earthquakes, for it lies close to the most active zone of earth movements in the United States, but meanwhile it is a splendid piece of engineering. Because of the waterworks the volumes of both the lake and the river have been measured with the greatest care, and the salinity of the water has been determined with accuracy. From the data thus obtained it is an easy matter to calculate how long it has taken to accumulate the sodium and chlorine now contained in the water of Owens Lake. Making allowances for the water which comes in from other sources than the river, it appears that not much more than two thousand years ago Owens Lake must have had an outlet, so that its waters were fresh. The old outlet and some large beaches can be seen at a height of about one hundred and eighty feet above the present lake level. This means that not far from the time of Christ, Owens Lake must have been two and a half times as large as it is now, and must have sent out a stream to Searles Lake. At the same time, Searles Lake must have been a real lake, whereon no automobile could think of running, and its waves must have formed the beaches which can be seen at various levels all around it. When the lakes were so large, the rainfall must have been much greater than now, and life in the desert was a wholly different matter.

What has all this to do with the future of the United States? Much, for the past is the key to the future. The chain of four lake beds from Owens to Death Valley provide the best climatic scale to be found in any part of the world.

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CUTTING A TREE THAT HAS BEEN KILLED BY THE RISING SALT WATER

They show that for a million years, more or less, the climate of the United States has been passing through a series of changes much more rapid and numerous than has hitherto been supposed. They also show that there is a possibility that the climate may change again within a century. If that is likely to happen, it is well that we should know it. If, during the next forty or fifty years, there should be as great a change as took place between about 1240 and 1290 A.D., the whole economic structure of the country would be strained to a degree that we can scarcely imagine.

If this seems an extreme statement, look at the effect of slight climatic changes at the present time — the changes, that is, that take place from one year to another. Have you any idea of the value of an inch of rain in July? Does an inch more or less in July in the states from Ohio westward and southwestward to Kansas and northern Texas make any special difference in your life? Perhaps you think it does not, but think further. Corn is the greatest American crop. We had about three billion bushels in 1915, and it was worth two billion dollars. Corn can get along fairly well with moderate rainfall in the earlier and later stages of its career, but in July, when the silk is coming out and the ears are forming and growing, an abundance of water is essential. Take two years with the same acreage of corn, but one having an average July rainfall of two and one-half inches and the other of three and one-half inches, and what will be the difference in the crop for the main corn area? At the prices which prevailed during 1915 the difference would have a value of between three and four hundred million dollars. With greater differences of rainfall the effect of one season as compared with another on this one crop may rise well toward a billion dollars. Add to this the effect of the weather on other crops and we find that the variations in climate which are now occurring from year to year sometimes make a difference of two or three billion dollars in the amount of money that comes to the farmers. What if such conditions should last for years?

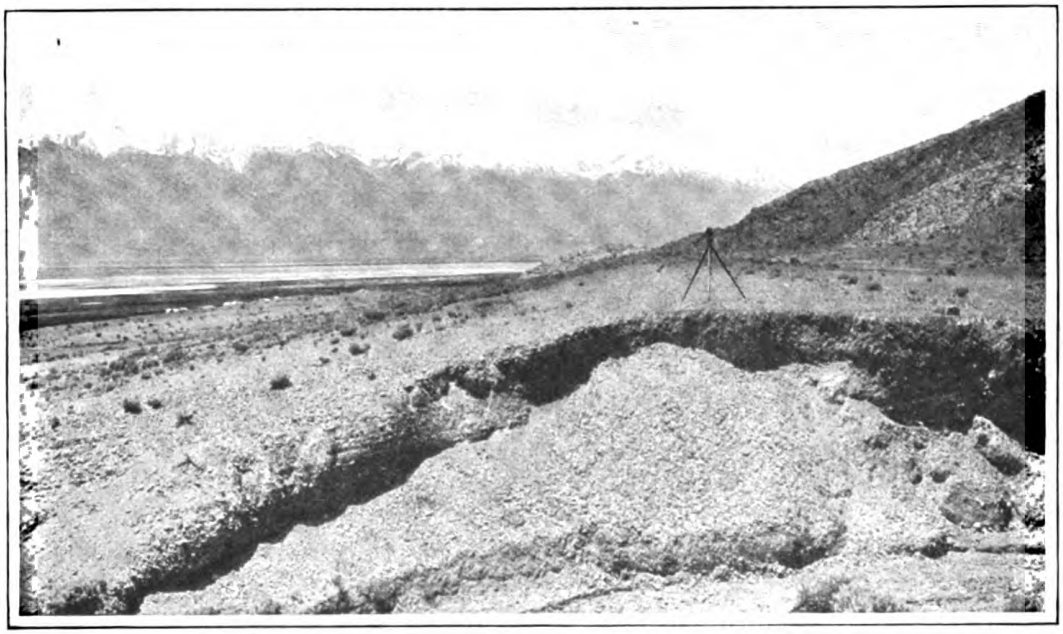
With such a curtailment of spending-money the farmers are by no means the only sufferers. The retail merchant cannot sell nearly so many shoes, dresses, automobiles, electric fans, carpets, lumber, and all sorts of other commodities, while thousands of boys and girls who were expecting to go to college cannot be sent; mortgages cannot be met, new houses cannot be built. The retailers find that they are not selling goods, and

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they soon cut down on orders to the wholesalers. At first the wholesalers do not notice the difference, but before long they find their orders declining, and begin to delay about sending new orders to the factories. Thereupon the factories cease to enlarge their plants, and so the orders for machinery, and hence for iron, decline. The railroads, too, are not carrying so much freight as hitherto, for the crops are small and the retailers are not ordering much. Therefore the railroads cease to build new tracks or to repair old ones, and this again causes a decline in orders for iron. Thereupon the price of pig-iron drops.

If the crops continue bad, the demand for manufactured goods grows less and less, for the farmers, who are the greatest single class of buyers, cannot buy. Soon the factories have to work on part time. The factory hands are not earning so much now as in better days, and thus another part of the market for goods of all kinds is cut off. Manufacturers become so eager to sell that they are willing to reduce prices, but even that does not greatly stimulate the market. Thus prices of every kind drop, trade is dull, and hard times are upon us. Other causes may sometimes induce hard times, but the most potent of all is the variations in the weather, and hence in the crops. Think how the sequence goes. First, poor rainfall; then poor crops, farmers who cannot buy much, retailers who do not send in large orders, railroads without much business, wholesalers who cannot rapidly dispose of their wares, factories whose orders diminish so that they must run on part time, factory operatives who have scanty employment and cannot spend much money. Hence we have low prices on all sorts of goods, low dividends, and hard times, except for the people who have incomes which cannot fluctuate. A bad monetary system, bad banking laws, or overproduction may precipitate a panic; but, except in the comparatively mild panic of 1907, these causes have not led to disaster except when a period of poor crops has already brought hard times.

Pig-iron has often been called the barometer of trade because its price begins to fall or rise before that of most other commodities. The reason is that when the farmers begin to restrict their buying, the first effect on the manufacturers and railroads is to cause them to cease to enter upon new enterprises. These are



THE BEACH AT THE OLD OUTLET OF OWEN'S LAKE BROKEN BY A RECENTLY FORMED GULLY IN THE FOREGROUND

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the ones that consume pig-iron. Hence its price falls when bad times are approaching, for the demand slackens and the makers are willing to accept less rather than not to sell at all. When good times are coming the price rises, for the farmers begin to ship their crops out freely and to have plenty of ready money to spend. Therefore the railroads and factories begin to make repairs and install new equipment, and this at once creates a demand for iron and drives up the price. Thus pig-iron is a good barometer, but the real barometer is the crops, and back of the crops the weather. Aside from sudden calamities, such as war, it is the weather more than any one thing that determines for all of us whether we shall live in times of prosperity or adversity. We cannot escape its influence so long as we stay on the earth.

If we grant the dominating importance of climatic variations upon the economic life of the world, places like Death Valley and its neighbors assume a new importance. They demand the most careful study, because from them we may get light on the causes and nature of the changes that are constantly taking place. Perhaps we may even learn to predict what is going to happen next year, or even during a series of years. From Owens Lake and from the Big Trees on the other side of the mountains we learn that in the fourteenth century the storms and winds of this part of the country became unprecedentedly severe. Vegetation thrived to an uncommon degree, which would have been a great advantage if agricultural people had been living there then, but the strong winds would have been a disadvantage. In the central states, from Kansas to Ohio, there is reason to think that at the same time the storms decreased, which would be a great misfortune if it should happen now. The value of the crops of the country would diminish by billions of dollars; the bottom would drop out of land values; millions of people would be impoverished, and would move to new regions.

This is not an extreme picture. In Norway, during the fourteenth century, the crops became so poor that the crown revenues declined sixty or seventy per cent. Storminess increased there as it did in our Southwest, and the summers became so wet and cold that crops would not grow. In England at the same time the productivity of the land fell off so badly that only eight bushels of wheat were reaped on an average where formerly there had been twelve. The peasants fell into poverty; the landowners could not get their rent in many cases; great numbers of estates gave up ordinary agriculture and engaged solely in sheep-raising, to the great detriment of the country. The old régime did not return for over a century, when the climate at last became propitious once more. In Greenland, coincidentally with the time of storms in California and northwestern Europe, there was also a period of climatic stress. Many authorities are coming to believe that the final disappearance of the Norse from Greenland in the fourteenth or early fifteenth century was due to an increase of storminess which ruined the farms and blocked the sea with ice. At the same time the Eskimos were in such straits that they began to make violent raids, while the impoverished people of Norway could no longer succor their equally impoverished kindred across the Atlantic. If all this had not happened, who knows what might have occurred in America? Should we be talking Norse? Would there be such a thing as Latin America? Would the civilization of northwestern Europe have spread all over America? No one can answer, but surely America would not be just what it is.

This brings us back once more to Death Valley. We cannot afford not to know the truth about a place of such importance. We must know every possible detail as to both the past and present conditions of climate. The world's weather bureaus are finding out about the present. Only such places as our four lake basins of southeastern California can tell us adequately about the past. We are beginning to believe that variations in the sun's activity are the cause of our climatic vicissitudes, but we cannot be certain until there have been far more careful studies of Death Valley and any other places that will afford answers to the great riddle of the weather.

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Missionary Blood

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

MARILOU sat at one side of the box, as became a hostess, and, being able to see only a corner of the stage, let her good-humored gaze wander from the crowded house to her own little party. Doris MacKaye sat in the foremost gilt chair, very elaborate and trinketed, playing fine lady in a bland ecstasy of self-enjoyment. Close at her elbow breathed her faithful satellite, Maudy Lewis, abjectly responsive to the least whisper dropped over Doris's satin shoulder, and tense with pride in this public exhibition of friendship with the great one. The other two had their own eminence, as the very angles of their chairs proclaimed, yet perhaps they were not regretful of Doris's accentuated presence.

Marilou Truslow, seeing all these things, smiled to herself, not critically, but with an easy human tolerance in her amused eyes. Then two faces in the matinée audience below caught and held her attention by their unlikeness to all about them. Mother and son, evidently; grave, high of purpose and of brow, following the play with an inquiring earnestness that kept them both straightly upright, the man with arms folded across his chest, his mother with lips and forehead slightly drawn, black gloves clasped together on her knee. Their very plainness had an arresting quality; and perhaps some dim likeness, unrecognized as yet, reached Marilou. When the curtain fell on the first act, she was still watching them. She bent forward to Doris MacKaye.

"Aren't they nice?" she murmured.

Doris looked where she indicated, then turned on her eyes of protesting wonder. "For Heaven's sake!" was her only comment.

Marilou laughed. "They're so—sort of—permanent," she tried to explain.

"Permanent! You do have the queerest ideas, Marilou. I suppose it's your missionary blood."

Reference to her missionary inheritance was the only attack that roused Marilou. She was curiously impersonal for a young woman of twenty-six—a looker-on at life, welcomed everywhere for her droll frankness, but offering intimacy to no one. Call her any other name, and she laughed and perhaps agreed with you; but the term "missionary" was known to have a galvanic effect.

"Now, Doris, did you ever see any sign of the missionary in me?" she demanded, abruptly sitting up.

Doris was holding a tiny gold mirror to each eye in turn. "Sure thing. I'll bet that is why you left the stage."

"It was not. That was sheer laziness —and my mother's money. I don't like to work."

"Well-known missionary trait," put in Doris, and they both laughed.

"I am going down to Truslonia some day." Marilou had dropped back again in her chair. "I think it would be sporting of me."

"What's the use? They won't be your kind of a crowd," Doris argued, shifting the mirror to her nose and applying a tiny, gold-handled powder-puff. The young man below, who had glanced up, looked hastily away, but his mother's strong, sensible gaze followed the performance in grave wonder.

"What is my kind of crowd?" Marilou pondered. "Some people are born to be the gay one in a dull set or the dull one in a gay—no set ever goes at just their gait. Perhaps they haven't got a gait. *I* don't know."

"The trouble with you," declared Doris, "is the mixture. What can you expect when you've generations of missionaries on your father's side and comic opera on your mother's? You ought to go back to work. Lewisohn would take you on like a shot."

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Marilou was following her own train of thought. "There are five families of Truslows in Truslonia and they run the town," she said. "They're the church and the bank and the foreign missions and the water-works, and goodness knows what. Mother visited them once —didn't you ever see her do Uncle Noah passing the plate? And Grandma Truslow presiding at the missionary board meeting? You'd have burst." And Marilou sighed.

"I wish I could have. Awful to lose a mother like that," Doris said, with real feeling. "But you keep away from them, or they'll turn you into a missionary. I tell you, Marilou, it's in you."

"Oh, don't be an idiot," said Marilou, as the curtain rose.

After the play, in the crowded aisle, Marilou found herself face to face with the mother and son; and certain old family photographs came to life before her eyes. She pressed toward them.

"Your name must be Truslow," she said.

The woman started, as though recognition from any one in that box-party were the last thing she could have expected.

"I am Mrs. Herbert Truslow of Truslonia," she admitted, with defensive stiffness.

Marilou's smile came out. "Then you are my aunt or cousin or something," she explained, offering her hand. "I'm Marilou Truslow."

"Amos's daughter!" Mrs. Truslow spoke as one receiving sorrowful news, and her son interposed with unhurried kindness.

"Then I am your cousin Jonathan," he said.

Marilou presented Doris, of whom she had kept fast hold, letting the others drift on. "You must all come and have tea with me," she urged. "I never had so many relatives together at once before."

Doris had become a very fine lady indeed. "Thanks, dear; so good of you. But I don't tea," she drawled. "We poor players, Mrs. Truslow, have to dine at the impossible, bourgeois hour of six."

Mrs. Truslow was recovering from the first shock, and showed herself no awkward rustic. "In my home we all dine at six," she said, with grave dignity.

"Oh, really!" Doris was slipping away. "Ah, well, New York, you know! Must run, Marilou—my car is waiting. Thank you so much!" She gave the restraining hand a sharp pinch and escaped.

"But you will come?" Marilou asked.

Mrs. Truslow had a train to catch, but her bag was at the station and half an hour could be spared. Her son, it was explained, was attending to Truslow interests in New York. Marilou knew that it was going to be hard work, but she bent herself to it with amused determination.

"Father had an old album full of Truslow photographs," she began when they were seated in the tea-room and the order had been given. "Chignons, you know, and lockets. I am sure you must have been there, for I recognized you."

A solemn inclination of the black bonnet was the only answer. Mrs. Truslow had still a slightly stunned look. Her son was entirely at his ease, but evidently was not yet ready to talk. He had the Truslow black hair and ministerial leanness, but his dark eyes were studying her with human friendliness, and his smile came from the center of his being.

"I suppose father was your black sheep," Marilou went on with her celebrated frankness, "but he was a white angel of a father in our world. I can remember his laugh so well; it cracked, then burst! We adored him, mother and I."

Mrs. Truslow took painful breath for speech. "Your mother once visited us. She stayed with your great-uncle Noah, my husband's cousin."

"I have heard her—speak of him," and Marilou swallowed a mounting desire to laugh.

"You have left the stage?" Mrs. Truslow was unlimbering like a heavy gun getting into action.

"Yes; for the present, anyway."

"You did not find the life satisfactory?"

Marilou's side glance at Jonathan was a droll appeal for help, but he was awaiting her answer with simple inter-

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est, as unselfconscious as a child or an angel. "I've never found any life so very satisfactory," she parried.

"What kinds of life have you tried?"

"Oh, gay, middling, dull. Cream or lemon?" said Marilou.

Mrs. Truslow took cream, but refused toast. "I never eat between meals," she explained, obliviously, her mind all on the hour's duty. "What church do you attend?"

A tiny smile dawned in Marilou's face, grew to a broad illumination. "I like your asking me that! No one ever did before, and yet it feels homey, like something one used to have." In the joy of analysis she laid her hand over Mrs. Truslow's wrist. "Things like that come down in one's blood, don't you think? Take a kitchen—all my life it's been a cupboardy little tiled affair with a bright, cold, buttoned gas-stove, but just the same a kitchen to me is a big, roomy, shadowy place with a glowing range and a red table-cover and a cat and a geranium."

"We could show you such kitchens at home." Mrs. Truslow's face had softened, and if she did not smile it was only because the occasion was to her so gravely important. She was as intent as a life-saver who has a limited number of minutes. "Will you visit us?"

Marilou slowly shook her head. "You wouldn't like me. I should adore you as part of the picture, but I don't believe it would—work very well."

The older woman closed her eyes, as though she prayed for help. When she opened them, Marilou saw again the look of things high and fine that she had called "permanent."

"Our young people have plenty of gaiety," she said. "If you would let my son Jonathan bring you down for Christmas—decorating the church and dressing the tree is always quite a little festival."

A quaint homesickness—for a home she had never had—made it feel almost possible; then Marilou's very soul seemed to yawn at the prospect. "Ah, we shall be very gay here," she excused herself. "A play, and then a supper, then a dance—we shall be very noisy and merry. Last year I was a French doll on a Christmas tree myself—they gave me to a harlequin." Memory of how that party had dragged, of her desolate inner boredom, for a moment swept her off her little pinnacle of detachment; then she scrambled back to safety, and laughed to herself at the earnest student Jonathan's persistent gaze.

Mrs. Truslow bravely pushed on. "What is your daily life—what do you do with your mornings?"

"Sleep," was the prompt answer. "And read. And after lunch I spend money. And telephone—you can kill hours at the telephone. And theater—theater—theater. We never get away from it. My life does very well."

"Mother!" said Jonathan, offering his watch. He had a remarkable voice, deep and rich.

Mrs. Truslow hesitated, then rose. "My son tells me that I must go," she said, and sighed.

Marilou went to the station with them. She had not intended to, but Jonathan quietly expected it of her, and she realized, between amusement and dismay, that he was not at all done with her. He seemed to be keeping her there till he could take his turn. It was settled without words that he should come up to Marilou's apartment. She turned on the lights in the gay little drawing-room and took off her hat, running her fingers up through her hair before a mirror. Their eyes met in the glass, his with a strong earnestness, hers humorously apprehensive.

"I wish you would go down to Truslonia," he said at once.

"I feel as if I had been," said Marilou, sitting down with intentional limpness in the nearest chair.

He ignored that. "You are of our blood. Something in you must be kin to us," he declared. "Go down there and give it a chance!"

"Before it is too late?"

His sober "Yes!" fell chillingly.

"What's the matter with me?" she complained.

He answered with a question. "Did you really want my mother to enter a public café with—that woman?"

"Doris? Doris MacKaye?" Suddenly she found the whole thing delicious, and laughed out, ringingly. "I was only teasing Doris," she confessed.

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"I knew she would die rather than enter a public café with—with us."

That made him stare. "My mother is at least a lady!"

"Oh yes; but what does Doris care about that?"

"But *you* care—!"

She shrugged. "Does it matter? I know anybody, everybody. They amuse me or they don't, that's all. Inside I walk by my lone, waving my wild tail." It was spoken lightly, and he could not gauge its unwonted intimacy.

"Does a woman amuse you who"—this was so bad that he could scarcely word it—"paints her face in public?"

Her smile was indulgent. "Ah, you care what people think, down in Truslonia; you're afraid of what they may say."

He took a quick turn across the room, then came back to stand over her. "You talk like a child! But there is Truslow blood in you, and I mean to find it."

"Missionary blood," she murmured. "Well, if you can find a drop of that in me you are welcome to it, Cousin Johnny! Only I am afraid, when the novelty is off, you will bore me."

"Doesn't everything bore you, really?" he asked, with unexpected acumen.

"Well, suppose it does? What is the remedy?"

"Work, prayer, pain—anything that's real."

"Oh, goodness!" said Marilou, feebly. "I'd rather be bored."

"No, you wouldn't," was the deep answer. "You are not happy, not satisfied. What can they give you that is worth a whole afternoon—those common, trivial women?"

"They give me the human comedy, little cousin, just as Truslonia would—for a limited time. I am the lady from Mars. I belong nowhere."

"A string of little sensations, leading nowhere," he commented. "Unless you mean to write?"

She hesitated, as though he had touched a secret. "One thinks of it, of course," she finally admitted; "it's a writing age. But it is easier to talk. And easiest of all to let others do it." Her head dropped back. "Why bother?" she asked, cheerfully.

His eyes held hers for a long moment, asking a question that presently found abrupt words: "What happened—who did this to you?" She smiled, but he had seen her startled recoil. "A man?" he persisted.

"But naturally!"

"Will you tell me?" It was a demand, and, after an astonished pause, she spoke:

"Don't hesitate on my account. Only it is so hackneyed. I was playing then, but, having Truslow blood in me, I supposed that we were headed straight for the altar. Deep as first love. You see, he forgot, for a long, long time, to tell me that he had a wife and the usual trimmings. Careless of him; he was careless in a great many ways—but full of charm. 'And so he died, and she very imprudently married the barber.' If you are collecting family skeletons, there is mine." She saw with detached surprise that he breathed as though he had been running.

"I'd like to kill him!" The words spoke themselves, unshaped by the stiffly closed lips.

She knew better than that. "Not at all. Vastly wiser to let him grow a little fat and just a bit coarse, and so—eventually—lay his own ghost. More comfortable for me. I think I will ask a few questions," she went on, with sudden spirit. "Don't you for a moment wonder how you are appearing to me?"

His smile, coming up from within, seemed to pour out upon her in increasing radiance, as though he were seeing all the queer possibilities of his appearance with impersonal appreciation. "A freak, I dare say," he admitted. "The boys called me Parson, at college. Or 'the Mish.'"

An odd thought flashed comet-wise across her mind: "But they loved you!" She suppressed it, but it left a rosy trail.

"I consider you a set of narrow, self-righteous philistines," she said, taking in the whole tribe. "You don't know the world or your generation or anything but Truslonia; and you come up here with your eyes tight shut against anything different. If it were worth the trouble, I'd take you in hand myself."

He was not in the least offended. "I

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Drawn by Edward L. Chase

IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE THE WORDS REACHED HER

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don't believe you'd say that if you came down there," he said, thoughtfully. "Some things are eternal; it is only the froth on the generation that is different. Truth, kindness, work— My dear girl, what can you know of the world—sleeping and telephoning and going to the theater?"

He hurt her for a startled instant; then she was amused. "You are thinking of rescuing me?" she asked in polite mockery.

He put out his hand. "I believe I was sent to you, just as surely as the first old Jonathan Truslow was sent across wild seas to lost islands."

She looked up to laugh with him, but made the extraordinary discovery that he meant exactly what he said. Her flippant answer died at her lips.

When he had gone she rose with a stretch.

"Life is reel, life is oinest," she murmured, passing into her bedroom. A moment later she was lying across the bed, sobbing.

The next day, Sunday, Marilou took pains to be out. Cousin Jonathan had been an interesting experience, but one dose of him was enough for the present; and he was the kind that would come and come. She protected herself similarly for several days. Then she took to hurrying home, and finally she refused engagements and stayed in; but for many days Jonathan neither came nor telephoned. Doris, dropping in late one afternoon, found her moping over a book that did not look as if it were being read.

"What is the matter with you?" she demanded.

Marilou had an air of thinking out just what was the matter. "I've had a blow," she finally decided. "I thought I was going to be saved. Cousin Jonathan started in on me. Well, he almost made me think there was something in it. And then he quit the job, leaving me hung up. Here I am, neither saved nor damned. It's beastly uncomfortable."

Doris's range of comment was limited. "You are the queerest!" she said, as usual. "What do you mean by saved?" she added.

Marilou considered. Then, "At parties and things, do you really feel as jolly as you act?" she asked, abruptly. "When you throw a macaroon at Noddy, for instance, do you throw it inside as well as outside?"

Doris was only puzzled. "Sure thing. Why not?"

"Well, so did mother. And her chief worry about dying was having Louise Waters get her part in 'The Crystal Queen.'" Marilou paused, as though awaiting comment.

"She needn't have cared. Lou was rotten in it," Doris said.

A quick smile restored Marilou to her usual aspect of indulgent onlooker. "Oh, well!" She leaned back, arms stretched above her head. "You don't need saving, Doris. What's the news?"

The telephone presently interrupted, announcing a visitor. Marilou, who had gone to it listlessly, turned back alert and rather wicked.

"It's my missionary. Stay and win him, Doris. You two were made for each other."

Doris had begun to adjust her veil. "Thanks," she drawled. "Get him a decent hat and some white spats and I'll consider taking him on. Is he rich?"

"Of course; nice, solid, missionary sort of prosperity."

"But will he let go of it?"

Marilou went laughing to open the door. "Stay and see," she advised.

Jonathan came in, serene and unapologetic, a package in his hands. Having greeted Doris, he sat down and quite frankly waited for her to go. Doris, having no conversation—only replies and looks—struggled for a few moments, then rose with the air of an offended stage queen. Marilou tried in vain to keep her.

"You weren't very polite to her," she observed to Jonathan.

He wiped Doris off the map with a vigorous, "I hate a doll!"

"But manners!" she insisted. "Don't they have manners in Truslonia?"

"We say 'thank you' and 'please,'" he humored her, but without interest; he was waiting for her attention.

She sighed aloud. "If I had only been a missionary, I should have found my field in Truslonia. Field is the word, I believe?" He smiled, but still waited.

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"Oh, all right, all right," she conceded. "Go ahead. What is it?"

"I've got an idea," he began at once, untying his package. "It has been sizzling in me ever since that night, but I had to wait till I could run down to Truslonia and collect the materials." He laid before her a pile of little old note-books, bound in broken black leather, and a handful of yellowed letters. "There are the records of the first Jonathan Truslow's missionary work in the South Seas. They'd make a splendid book; and the family would publish it, if no publisher would. I want you to write it."

Marilou looked from the books to his face; then she laughed till she cried. "Oh, I love it!" was all she could say.

Jonathan waited through that, too, smiling parenthetically, but undiverted from the main issue. "You could write," he insisted. "You are full of unused ability. Besides, this would be largely editing and arranging. He was a splendid old fellow. You'll like him."

She looked at him helplessly. "The last part I played was the slavey in—" But she could not go on; she could only beat the cushion that hid her face.

"If you could portray a slavey, you could portray a missionary," was the undiscouraged answer. "Now let me read you some of this."

She wiped her eyes, settling down among the cushions. "Do," she said, exhaustedly.

He read well, his deep voice modulated to the bright little room. Marilou lay very still, her eyes on the unconscious face. It was a long time before the words of the original Jonathan reached her; then a quaintly matter-of-fact account of setting his own broken leg, with the help of his good wife and a stout bedpost, caught her attention. Extraordinary happenings, shipwreck and divine miracle, savage feast and savage murder, followed in the same laconic wording. Once or twice the good wife was afeared and had to be rebuked, but usually she came through hair-raising experiences with the expected fortitude, and produced her seven children without interruption or mishap; and heathen hearts at last were opened to the message.

"All that trouble, just for that!" Marilou silently marveled. Realization that Jonathan would do the same, would take any trouble to carry his message, stirred her curiously. Presently she grew sad over it, desolately sad. He, at least, had his world, as Doris had hers; she, Marilou, swung forever between, belonging nowhere.

"But I see them all as they never see each other," she comforted herself. "And I like both, while they can't like each other. Funny—to hate on sight!" Memory of the encounter between Jonathan and Doris set her smiling.

"You do like it," said Jonathan, contentedly. "When you come down to Truslonia at Christmas time I'll show you a print of old Jonathan offering the Bible to the heathen."

"I'm not coming to Truslonia. I'm going to keep you here and take you to the Christmas dance at the Sphinx Club. You shall go as the original Jonathan and I'll be the heathen. What do you say?"

He took her hand. "I say that I am coming to get you in time for the six-o'clock train on the twenty-third. You don't care about fancy-dress balls."

"No?"

"Not a bit. It's real, down there—homes, fires, dogs, room to breathe. You are chilled to the soul here. Come down and get warm."

He hurt her intolerably. She caught away her hand. "Come down and get bored," she said, brutally. "Uncle Noah passing the plate—that was my mother's best stunt. I tell you, it would only be funny to me!" In her resentment she had wanted to wound him, but his serene smile showed how puny her blow had been.

"Well, Uncle Noah is rather funny at it," he conceded; "but you will see what a dear old boy he is, too. Laugh all you like—you'll have to love him."

She gave him back both her hands. "I was a beast to say that! I'm usually a gentleman, too. Forgive me, Cousin Johnny."

His eyes forgave her so luminously, so very kindly, that the little room seemed to glow with a home warmth. "I'll come to-morrow evening and read you some more of the journal," he said,

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with no suspicion that Marilou would normally have had engagements for nights ahead.

They were destined to spend many evenings over the little old black volumes, but never one without a renewed contest on the subject of Christmas. Neither ever shirked the fight, or showed a sign of yielding. Sometimes they argued it with laughter, sometimes impatiently; now and then a secret gust of feeling came up out of it to set Marilou's heart rocking like a stray boat, but apparently the irresistible force had at last met the immovable object. On the evening of the twenty-second Jonathan entered with an air of carrying fresh ammunition, and laid before her a Pullman chair ticket. Marilou countered with a guest card to the Sphinx Club, and laughed out.

"There's nothing to say," she declared. "We've said it—every possible word on the subject. There isn't a new argument left."

"Yes, there is." Jonathan spoke on a deepened note. Marilou's heart gave a wild lurch, then came up under her steadying common sense.

"Well, try it," she defied him. He was in no hurry to find words. He had always a trick of staring at her out of darkly absent eyes that told nothing; but to-night they seemed to tell something sad. "If I don't want to go, why should I?" Marilou insisted with intentional peevishness.

"It's just this." Jonathan sat down, turning away from her. "I've finished all my New York business. I shall not be coming back. And so—" He forgot to go on for several moments; then he roused himself with a sigh. "I should like to show you the old place. Don't you want to see the house where your father was born?"

"Why, no, not especially." Marilou looked bright and rather hard.

"It would help the book, I think. I could show you a safe full of old—"

"Couldn't you stay on in New York if you wanted to?"

"Not very well. My work—"

"You could stay over Christmas if you wanted to."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"But you don't want to."

"My dearest girl!" It burst from him, a rebuke and a caress and an exasperated protest. "We are never away at Christmas if we can crawl home. My mother would be more hurt than you can realize."

Marilou's rigidity had melted. "I am going to be hurt, too, if you leave me. Wouldn't you consider hurting mother, just this once?"

Jonathan buttoned his coat with an air of buttoning himself away from wicked nonsense. "As your next of kin—"

"Third cousin once removed!"

"I was speaking for the family, not for myself. Can't you feel the fittingness of going back to the family for Christmas? Marilou, tell me the real reason why you refuse." He stood over her, his eyes bent on reading what she hid, and there was no escape.

She gave him back his look, head tilted for better ease, but arms folded defensively across her chest. "I don't want to spoil it," she said, coolly.

He was puzzled, shaken, though only his changed color betrayed him. "Spoil it?" he repeated.

"Yes. Up here, you are a refreshing adventure. It is like dropping into a cathedral on a motoring trip—a big relief at getting out of the dust and noise; the stained glass and the organ give one a nice little feeling of holiness. There's a thrill in it. But down there you would only be a part of the whole tiresome family thing. The glamour would all go. I'd have to realize then that it was just a passing sensation, and that I was glad to climb back into the motor again. Do you understand?"

His arms flew out in exasperated protest. "You of little faith! Glamour—sensation— Child, don't you know that there is such a thing as real life? Work and achievement—that is what I am offering you. *Glamour!* If that means we are seeing each other falsely, then in God's name let us get rid of it!"

"No!" She spoke sharply, angrily. "When it goes, there will be nothing. I know! There's nothing for me down there. Nothing is real, nothing ever comes true. If we get a little rag of glamour to wrap about us, that is as much as we can hope for. Do you sup-

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pose I haven't thought this out, night after night?"

For the first time his high faith in the outcome was shaken. A discouraged droop brought a look of boyishness so appealing that Marilou's midnight wisdom was nearly shattered by the longing in her arms.

"We can't be fools, Johnny," she flung at him.

"No. But if you would just once let me show you—"

She jumped up. "I am going to show you! Come into my world; then you will see how little I belong in yours. I tell you, I know! There will be a crowd at Doris's to-night. If you can make a success there, little cousin, I'll go down to Truslonia with you to-morrow."

"You mean that?" he asked, quickly.

Her laugh had a hard edge. "Of course I do. Like them, forgive them for being different from the Truslows. In short, change your spots. It's perfectly easy."

"I can try it," said Jonathan, composedly.

Every cubic foot of Doris MacKaye's drawing-room was compact with cigarette smoke, phonograph strains, perfumes, and shrieks. Some sort of a rehearsal was supposed to be in progress, but no one rehearsed. One faithful couple stood up in the center and piercingly demanded co-operation, but the others would only demonstrate new steps, or retreat to window-seats, or busy themselves at a side-table offering bottles and glasses. Marilou entered on a momentary lull, due perhaps to her companion. There was no marked difference in dress, and yet Jonathan looked as though he had not even language in common with this easy, hilarious little world. His face had darkened ominously, his advance was reluctant.

"Oh, everybody—this is my cousin, Mr. Truslow," Marilou called out. "So now you know him. Please give him a good time. Here's your hostess, Johnny."

Her heart was beating, hard, angry strokes. Jonathan must sink or swim, as he could, in this strange element; she would put out no hand to help him.

"If he isn't man of the world enough to swing it, he can go," she said with a new cruelty, as he backed defensively against a wall.

Liking Marilou, the others would have welcomed Jonathan to their city. A tiny young woman told him that her name was Midgy, and asked his frank opinion of her new green silk stockings. Jonathan looked down at the diminutive feet, planted close together for his judgment, and said, "Very pretty," so dryly that there was a laugh.

Midgy looked up plaintively into the unsmiling face. "I wasn't fishing," she protested. "I just wanted to get him started." She dropped her voice. "Don't you feel any jollier than you look, Mr. Marilou's Cousin?"

The friendly intention reached him, and he smiled a little. "I don't believe I do," he admitted.

Midgy propped herself against the wall beside him. "Do we bore you, or scare you to death, or what?" she wanted to know.

Jonathan's glance passed darkly over the room. A stout young man who had just come in was being welcomed with joyous shrieks; a traveler returned from the jaws of death could not have aroused more enthusiasm. Apparently he kissed everybody.

"I hate it!" burst from Jonathan.

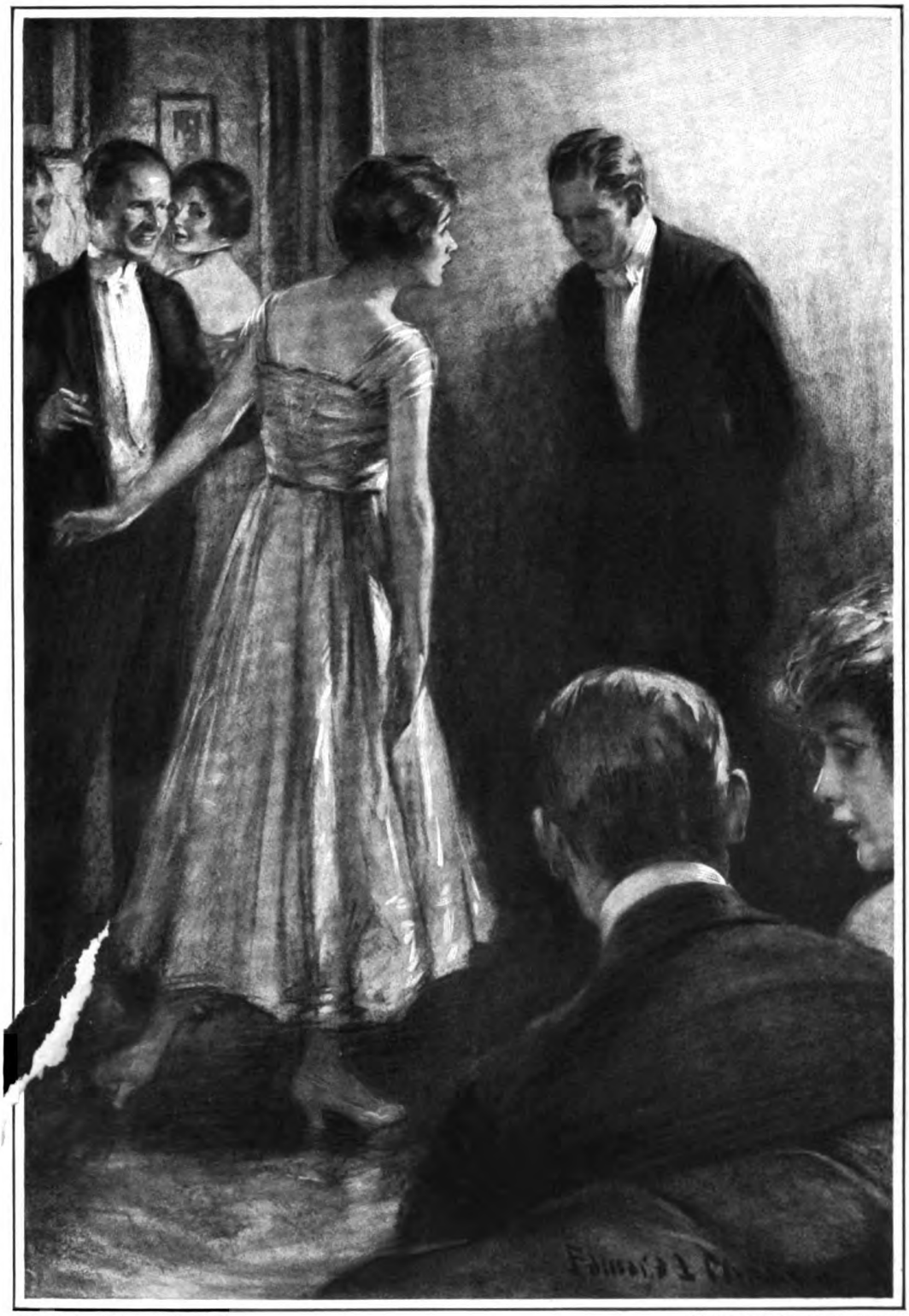
Midgy laughed with unabated kindness. "Poor boy—I know. I came from the country once myself. You get over that in about three days; then you just lap it up."

Jonathan, with a guilty start, remembered his rôle. "Marilou says I am narrow and Pharisaical," he said, with troubled simplicity. "We don't call it that at home; we call it being true to one's standards — refusing to compromise. How is one—"

"Look here," said Midgy, firmly; "Marilou can run off that line of talk, but I can't. You've got out of my depths. Let's begin again at my new green silk stockings and see if we can't do better. Don't you think they're pretty?" The little feet were again planted for his inspection.

Jonathan barely glanced at them. "You surely think of things like that sometimes," he argued.

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Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by H. Leinroth

"WHY DO YOU STAY?" SHE ASKED, IN COLD REBUKE

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"Not so that you'd notice it," said Midgy. "That's a fox-trot. Want to try it?"

She did the step invitingly before him, but Jonathan refused, and another man carried her off. The noise grew shriller, the smoke thicker. Every one was dancing now; some, like Marilou, gracefully; others with an exaggeration that brought a wrathful question into Jonathan's frowning eyes. It wiped out all memory of why he was there. Now and then a friendly attempt was made to draw him in, but he stood aloof, rigid, exasperated, grimly bearing it. Presently Marilou, leaving her partner, went up to him.

"Why do you stay?" she asked, in cold rebuke.

"How can you stand it?" he returned. Their eyes clashed, and the glamour was utterly gone.

"Poor old missionary," Marilou said, with a shrug. "Well, don't wait for me."

She would not again look toward his wall, but she felt his bleak presence in every quivering nerve, and hated him. By her code, she should have found him funny; but her safe detachment had failed her. It was significant that the others could not ignore Jonathan. A quiet stranger would usually have been forgotten, but Jonathan's silence had a force that they all felt, and presently resented. They danced more recklessly because of him. When Noddy slipped "The Holy City" into the phonograph there was a general shout of laughter.

Doris's voice called plaintively across the room: "Marilou! Your cousin from Truslonia doesn't like us!"

Marilou's answer came back, clear and cool, silencing the others: "This is history repeating itself, Doris. Shall I tell you the story? The original Jonathan Truslow, about six generations ago, went out to an island in the South Seas. The natives were very friendly, and invited him to land on their beach; and then they did their dances for him. They were just happy and kind, but he rose up in horror, and got out his Bible and went for them on the spot—I have it in his own handwriting. They didn't know what he was saying, but they were frightened, so the joy went out of them, and they no longer wanted to dance on the beach. And to this day, when a Jonathan Truslow sees dancing, he is filled with the same stern wrath, and spoils the party. Isn't it so, Jonathan?" She turned to him with an air of courteous question, not caring in her anger how sharply she punished.

Jonathan took a step forward, facing the half-laughing, half-hostile group. "I am sorry!" The big voice was deeper than usual, but perfectly composed. "I have acted very stupidly. I lost my temper, you see"—he was actually smiling, the warm, inner smile that came like a benediction—"and so I stayed when I should have gone. If you will all forgive me, I'll go now."

He held out his hand to Doris, who took it confusedly, trying to laugh off what had happened. There was a general movement to cover up past resentment, to prove that nothing had been meant. "You're all right," the men told him, heartily. "We were joking," the girls said.

Only Marilou was silent. The passion of anger—new anger, coming from new depths—had fallen away before a vision that took her breath with its splendor. Jonathan opened up, softened, mannered—Jonathan with the bristling antagonisms laid down, as they were in this moment of nobility—such a man could change the course of history. What he was took on the aspect of a great, lost reservoir, needing only to be connected with the world to enrich it with its stored-up power and purity. And the woman who saw all this and loved him could lead him out. The splendor of what might be shone in Marilou's face so openly that Jonathan, coming with his fine, unhumbled humility to say good-by, looked at her with sad wonder.

"I was a failure," he said. "And so this is good-by, Marilou?"

Her grasp tightened on his hand. "I have missionary blood, too, Johnny! I'm coming with you!"

He did not speak, but she felt the leap of his spirit. Their hands had an earthly message, but in both lighted faces was a gleam of high and selfless joy. Perhaps the first Jonathan had worn that look when heathen hearts had seemed to give him his chance.

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Pagan Personalities

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoological Park

IT was early one morning when I first saw the white outlines of the beach at Hambantotta, Ceylon. This is an obscure little port. It is beautiful, but it has acquired no distinction in the eyes of the world. On this particular morning, however, it was a place of great importance to me. I had traveled half-way around the world to study pheasants in their native environment, and it was close by Hambantotta that I was to begin this work. From this point I was to make my brief excursions into the Ceylon jungle. Therefore, the moment when I first saw this sandy, sloping coast was a moment of great gravity and significance, for that moment marked the real beginning of my trip—the unofficial but real beginning.

It was a little after dawn that a dark, low cloud along the horizon resolved itself slowly into a beach, distant trees, and low-roofed huts. There was something almost magical about this. The East, perfect in every detail, alien and exotic beyond measure, appeared to rise out of the sea and move silently and gently toward us as if in welcome. Aladdin himself might have summoned such an island, such a sunlit and desolate coast, from the darkest depths of the green water. It was hard to realize that nothing extraordinary was under way—that it was a commonplace and casual happening for the sun to rise and disclose a small fishing village engaged in the necessary business of making a living, while the morning mist, like a broken white cloud, still hung over the tops of the palm-trees.

It was the necessity for landing which brought back some of the realities of life. For this appeared at best a somewhat treacherous proceeding if photographic plates, guns, ammunition, and all the perishable paraphernalia of an expedition were taken into consideration. Because it was necessary to lower these into a native outrigger canoe, which was nothing more than the hollow trunk of a tree, kept stable and upright by means of a log fastened to the boat proper by two long bamboo poles.

Considered from a purely artistic standpoint these outriggers are eminently satisfactory. They are graceful in contour and when the single square sail is set before the wind it shows a deep [illegible] against the blue water. But either one cannot stand in such a canoe without [illegible] itself. They are too [illegible] a semblance of security [illegible] space underfoot provides [illegible] foothold. These, however, [illegible] difficulties when compared [illegible] problem of getting into [illegible] ceed in this one must depend [illegible] upon the generosity of nature, for it is impossible to make a scientific landing; instead, one achieves the vicinity of the surf and waits, silent and expectant, for the auspicious breaker destined to wash one up on the beach. Afterward it is a comparatively simple matter to haul the vessel and one's luggage to relatively dry land.

This, in itself, is a fitting introduction to the East. The outriggers, constructed so simply from the material at hand, the fishermen's almost childlike faith in the providential breakers, demonstrate clearly the psychology of the people and show the tremendous influence which the country itself has had upon their development. They build their huts close to the sea, and are true to their traditions and ideals, with little or no thought for to-morrow, but a great faith in the possibilities of to-day. In all of my dealings with these people I

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found them much alike—contented with their monotonous lives and governed by simple desires.

My first night at Hambantotta, after I was officially installed at the dâk bungalow, I had dinner with the government agent. He was an Englishman who had lived for many years on the island. This experience and his judgment were of inestimable value to me. This first evening was remarkable in many ways. It showed above all else the manifold differences between the East and the West—yet it showed how the two were closely allied, were brought together so that they moved in perfect unity toward a given end.

To begin with, if I had been dining with him in London, he would not have found it necessary to send two men with lanterns so that the way to his home would be properly lighted. Yet this was fitting enough in Ceylon, for on either side the darkness seemed as solid and impassable as a stone wall; the flickering yellow flames showed black trees and a heavy tropical undergrowth.

I found my host waiting for me, perspiring and in full evening dress. The dinner itself was formal, and perfectly served by barefooted men-servants wearing white sarongs and a loose upper garment of the same coarse cloth. These servants came and went like ghosts in the long, shadowy room, and I have never forgotten their gentle, dignified bearing. They had an air of detachment, of unreality, which was in some mysterious way enhanced by their curious headdress; for it is the custom for the men of this caste to twist the hair in a loose psyche knot at the back of the head, and to wear above this knot a tall, circular comb. In certain lights this transparent comb looks like a broken halo—a halo fixed at a somewhat humorous angle, although this does not detract from the kindliness of their faces nor rob their manner of its natural distinction.

It was late in the evening when my host dismissed the servants and told me some of the reasons for maintaining with such careful detail the conventions of his own country. He said that it was absolutely necessary to dress for dinner at least twice during each week, for the moral effect on himself as well as on the members of his native household. It is imperative to keep up certain standards of conduct, to make evident constantly the laws of caste which operate in such a relation between an English master and a Singhalese servant. It is fatal for a white man to allow the slightest infringement upon these unwritten codes, else he loses the respect of the natives, and the foreign government which he represents becomes accordingly less powerful. If he makes any concessions to local conventions he is no longer considered a superior being from a superior country, but a native, an equal, and to be treated as such.

This was a new side-light upon conditions. It showed clearly how little an outsider can know of such practical administration. I wondered if the people over in England who had made the laws for Ceylon knew with what infinite tact and patience, with what painstaking vigilance, they were being daily inforced and reinforced on the island.

But I had come to study pheasants, not politics. I had little time for speculation, and none in which to hazard any conclusions; so I went back to the bungalow and put things in order for the next day's trip. This dâk was cool, fairly well lighted, a little musty from disuse. All during the night lizards kept up a commotion on the porch roof above my head; they were as noisy and as indefatigable as they were overgrown. Later, I shot one that measured eighteen inches, and he was being pursued at the time by one much larger. These roofs support also a fair number of snakes; these are always welcomed and comfortably lodged because they catch rats and mice. According to this, one at least can choose the preferable pests.

It was my intention to discover more of Hambantotta, to learn something of the people, but a certain species of pheasant summoned me very shortly to Welligatta. However, this village was but eight miles distant, and I found the general conditions much the same, except that here the natives were in a little lower stage of development, and came oftener to my bungalow to be treated for the diseases which ran rife in the small community. Antiseptics and mercury were needed in most of the

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cases; for many there was nothing to do but give a little morphine. And even then little could be accomplished, for, despite all threats and warnings, every pill and powder would be swallowed the instant it was received, the theory being that the greater the amount of medicine consumed the quicker the cure.

The living conditions in this section were very primitive, and the dress equally so. The children wore one or more necklaces, and the men and women were dressed in a draped skirt; while the Veddahs, an inland, isolated tribe, were yet a step lower in the scale. Their clothing was scanty and nondescript, and they were close to absolute savagery. They were unsophisticated, slow in thought and speech, and incurious. It was very hard to discover anything of their ways of life; they were taciturn, and their habits, religion, and superstitions were all enveloped in mystery. However, they were good trackers and understood all the secrets of the jungle. But when I left Ceylon I knew no more of them than when I had come. Somewhere, well within the wilderness, they built their homes, prayed to their gods, and taught their children to live according to the laws of the tribe. But they chose to be let alone in this, to succeed or to fail unmolested. Therefore all of the doors were barred against outsiders.

Some months later, in Darjeeling, I engaged thirty-two Tibetan coolies who were to carry the baggage and paraphernalia of the expedition over the Himalayan trails. Six of these luggage coolies were women, but women as strong and fit to cope with hardship as the men who worked shoulder to shoulder with them. I could not help but compare these people with the Veddahs of Ceylon, for these mountain coolies were boisterous, good-natured, jolly, indefatigable, frank and outspoken beyond measure. At the end of a long day's trek, when both my horse and I were thoroughly tired, I have seen several of these Tibetan women, who had kept up with me since early morning, race with one another the last hundred yards to the dâk bungalow, and make some sort of a game out of unfastening the heavy loads from their backs and heaping them up on the porch.

It may have been that the climate played a part in this. The heat of the low countries is depressing, just as the sharp cold of the hills is a stimulant. Certainly there is little in the lives of these Tibetans to make them happy. They live in eternal winter, where the snow-covered mountains look down on range upon range of white hills, and their transient homes are filthy and infested with vermin. But they are immune to suffering and privation; their excess of jubilance and joy in living spills over in the midst of the hardest labor. They laugh at everything, good or bad. They seem to have acquired some rough, instinctive philosophy which gives a bright color to the world.

One day when I was tragopan-hunting I came across one of their settlements, where eight persons and thirty-three hybrid ya[illegible] were gathered together in the semblan[illegible] a village. A single shed-lik[illegible] was perched on a small [illegible] which jutted out from th[illegible] slope of a great Himalaya[illegible] precipitous slope dotted [illegible] with rhododendron-trees [illegible] It was a sudden rift [illegible] cloud which revealed th[illegible] ing, and, when closing, sh[illegible] from view. This seemed in [illegible] to emphasize how hopelessly t[illegible] man beings were set apart fro[illegible] world, to show how every outside influence must die out before it could reach them, to bring out with merciless detail the completeness of their segregation.

When I climbed down to the shed I found the people stolid, unwashed—the women hardly to be distinguished from the men. They were all of them dressed in layer upon layer of tattered, dirty cloth, and stood silent, close together, as if afraid. But after I had been with them an hour the mental and physical differences in the separate individualities became apparent. One small boy, clad in the rags of his ancestors, was the superior being among men. He stepped forward of his own accord and made friendly advances, volunteering the information that his name was Yat-ki. His small, dark face with its Mongolian eyes and typical low, broad forehead was alight with eagerness and curiosity.

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This young Tibetan readily understood the business which had brought me to the mountains, and pointed out a distant gully where pheasants thrived in abundance. Also he offered his services as guide should I have need of one. He asked about my camera, and when he learned that it was my ambition to point it at the yaks, drove several up to me. In all of this he conducted himself with the greatest gravity and courtesy. The other members of his clan were stupid, with that impregnable stupidity which far transcends the reputed stupidity of animals. Whe... I was leavi... asked for ... metri... fr... was engi... bargain... hich ensued. ...d when I had climbed back up the slope and turned to look down at the plateau, I saw him standing far out on the ledge, waving both hands in farewell. He seemed smaller than when he had stood beside me, younger, even a little helpless, with the snow whirling up around him like luminous spray from the depths of the blue valley which lay so far below. He could not have been more than twelve years old, but he was centuries older than his people in sympathy, in tact, in imagination. I hope that since that day the gods of his Tibetan clan have dealt kindly with him.



ANGAD SINGH—A TRUE SIKH

It seems that in every village, in every community, there is one person more gifted, more developed, than those around him. This is more apparent, perhaps, among savages or primitive tribes because their communal and personal affairs are not complex, and it is easier to know all the thoughts and motives which lie below the surface. Yat-ki, twelve years old, was a most dramatic example of this innate superiority. And many months later I came in contact with another such individual, equally fine and equally set apart from the world of affairs which might have found some use for his talents.

It was when I was camped along the western boundary of Yunnan, a district which had come into bad repute because of the border-line disturbances — intermittent scrimmages in which, every few weeks, a considerable number of natives were killed or made slaves. Therefore, this camp was a little more elaborate than was customary; first, because I had with me six additional men, a body-guard of six Ghurkas which the English government had insisted should go with the expedition through this district; and secondly, because it was necessary to pitch the tents where they could be easily defended should this become necessary. For some time marauding bands of Chinese and mongrel tribes had been further complicating the situation along the frontier, so that the entire country was in a state of unrest and upheaval. As a matter of fact we were never seriously molested beyond some minor skirmishes with Mongolian robbers fleeing inland for safety. Once, at night, they shot down on our sentry with poisoned arrows, but these did no damage beyond striking the walls of the tent and knocking down whatever happened to be hanging up there.

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This might have been due to the advantageous position of our camp, because for safety the tents had been placed on the summit of a small cleared knoll, while those of the servants and the Ghurkas straggled down one side of the hill. The valley which we overlooked was of great extent, and when the morning clouds would drift down from the Yunnan mountains it would be filled to the brim with blue vapor that, moving before a light wind, would take a thousand inconceivable forms and shadowy outlines, each and every one of which reflected and intensified the brilliant sunshine like a mirror. Across this valley, facing us from the opposite slope, was the village Sin-Ma-How. The dozen thatched huts were set back in among the thick trees, and at one side an icy mountain torrent showed white against the green background.



ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S DYAK PADDLERS

It was in this village that I found the superior man who, like Yat-ki, had gone so far ahead of his people. He was the head-man officially of this Chinese-Kachin tribe, and I believe that he was a full-blooded Chinaman. He was a man well toward middle-age, a strong, lovable personality, dramatic, keen, who would have taken a high place among the people of his lawful country if life had but placed him among them. Instead, he spent his days with low-caste savages whose existence was so cheerless and uninspired that there must have been times when he was overcome with bitterness and despair, for even the huts which these people built were the most pitiful structures, ill-thatched, inhabited equally by vermin, pigs, and humanity. They were windowless and always filled with foul air, thick with smoke. These natives were in all ways of an exceedingly low order, and I found in them but one spark which redeemed them from utter degradation. This was the fervent devotion of each individual to his particular household god. No matter how poor the home, regardless of the fact that nothing more than a heap of rags in a corner formed the bed, and that one single pot sufficed for all the cooking, there was always a tiny shrine built in worship of the mysterious spirit whose privilege it was to superintend the fortunes of the family. This shrine was sacred and held in such high regard that even to have touched it would have been a desecration.

At every point where we pitched camp along the Yunnan border the natives would for the first few days watch us with doubt and suspicion, but little by little they would become assured that our presence among them portended no danger. Then they would straightway become less shy and more friendly. At the beginning only the most intrepid souls would brave the mysteries and terrors of our camp, but after a time the general atmosphere of distrust would be dispelled and our headquarters became increasingly popular.

There were times, however, when the native diffidence could not be fully overcome, and this was true of the Lishao women above all others. It was not that they were incurious, because they found the tents and every part of the equipment of such engrossing interest that they would stand for hours watching everything that took place, absorbed in every detail. But they showed in no way whatsoever the impression which these new objects made upon their

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minds, beyond the fact that they sometimes whispered together, said a few low words without gesturing or without change of expression.

The conventions of dress were well established in this tribe. These women wore loose waists, high-necked, with long sleeves as well as long, full skirts. They wore also high leggings made of dark cloth, and a flowing headdress which fell like a cape over their shoulders. These costumes must have required a great amount of labor in the making, for the material was not only hand-woven, but many times richly decorated with borders of shells and colored beads. Their belts were made wholly from such ivory-toned shells, linked together in some regular design, and supporting at either side two long braided tassels which hung almost to the knees. These were sometimes weighted with copper ornaments, for copper is held in high favor by the Lishao women. They wear numberless necklaces of it—slender hoops of beaten wire strung around their necks and over their shoulders in such profusion that they are like a shining breastplate.



A TIBETAN WOMAN AND CHILD

The children also give evidence of this tribal passion for ornamentation. A baby, only old enough to be carried in the cloth cradle on his mother's back, must have his beaded cap with its shells and silk dependent tassels. This is brightly colored, with high lights of copper, and does not fail to give him a ceremonious and imperial air, even when asleep.

It was in this same region at our nightly camp-fires of great rhododendron logs that we came to know more intimately one of the most appealing of our retainers. When the embers glowed brilliantly in the utter blackness of night we drew close, for we were camped near a high pass in northern Burma, and the icy breath from the Tibetan snows siphoned down with the mist at nightfall. Twice on similar evenings we had started at the sight of a tall form looming suddenly, ghostly, from the darkness. The apparition made us reach for our weapons, for more than once poisoned arrows had rattled against our canvas, sent from the cross-bow of some Chinese renegade. But we now knew our regular evening visitor would be only Angad Singh, the Sikh orderly, come obviously for the following day's commands, actually in the hope of a chance to talk for a few moments at the sahib's fire.

Angad Singh was a true Sikh and wore the five k's of his caste—the uncut hair, the short trousers, the iron bangle, the steel dagger, and the comb. And he was handsome, like most of his two million fellows, as the Greek gods were handsome, and his manners were those of a courtier. But Angad Singh had a temperate daring which set him apart.

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Sustained by the thin veil of asking for orders, he stood by our camp-fire each evening, grave, respectful, attentive. I asked after the horses one by one, and ascertained that the worn girth had been mended, and I promised punishment for the syce who had driven the extra pack-mule over the aconite meadows, without harm, to be sure, but with a carelessness not to be condoned.

Then each evening I spoke of some subject casually, very casually, for any more direct speech would touch our difference in caste, and we should both become conscious, and the delightfully slender daring of Angad Singh would be ended forever. It was always a subject of my own country and always of war, for the Sikh is first a warrior, and next native, orderly, syce, or what not. And his eyes would glisten, and in the flickering light I would see him sway restlessly, as a tethered elephant sways when the wind blows from swampy jungle. I spoke once of the great war between the North and South, and of the battle waged at Gettysburg. After a respectful pause the question came eagerly, "At this great battle, O Sahib, at the Burg of Gettys, this Pickett Sah'b, did he not charge with elephants?" And I considered gravely, and finally confessed that there were no elephants in that encounter. Ashamed to admit that our American armies were destitute of elephants, I hinted that the jungle was too thick for their use. And Angad Singh shook his head sympathetically.

In the great Punjab and Northwest Provinces the Sikhs form a marvelous body of men. In numbers they equal the Norwegians. Their caste is high, their laws strict. They may not touch wine nor tobacco. They are not born to the title Singh, or lion, but acquire it by baptism, the water of which is called amrit, or nectar. The Sikhs form the backbone of the English native army and constabulary in India. When, as master, you win the respect and affection of a Sikh servant, you need fear neither poison nor steel in so much as it is humanly possible for him to protect you. At first it is sometimes difficult to keep the line quite distinct, to preserve the balance and distance of your relationship. For his gentle courtesy and dignity is natural and very charming, and in appearance they are the most aristocratic, handsome race of living men. As one looks deep into their clear eyes one longs for a hint of their true ancestry. It seems altogether reasonable that their forefathers were the remnants of Alexander's Grecian army, many of whom settled in the northern provinces. And the kinship of face, of morals, makes of them companions beyond all other native tribes.

I could not fail to compare the Lishao women, the Kachins, and the Burmese, with the native Dyaks of Borneo, who also came within the range of the expedition. It was an irresistible comparison which sprang up full-fledged without any conscious thought on the matter. Throughout the entire trip I was so much taken up with the pheasant work in hand that I was not always able to cope with the problems which the various tribes presented in themselves. But this was a contrast which could not be escaped, for the simple reason that these two peoples were so singularly unlike. It was an innate and a profound difference, and it showed in countless outward details, even in the most trivial matters of speech and deportment.

For the Dyaks are simple, outspoken, wholly savage—that is, savage in the best meaning of the word. They have not been open to outside influences, or have resisted whatever pressure has been brought to bear. And they are undeveloped, uncivilized, loyal to the ideals which served the generations before them. These things have combined to make them both splendid and naïve; and this naïveté, this unsophistication, is only the more remarkable when placed side by side with their great mental quickness and receptivity, for they never fail to appraise a situation or a personality at an instant's notice; and they are resourceful, tactful, and courteous in dealing with whatever events may ensue. These are the head-hunters of Borneo.

However, they act always on impulse, from instinct. They have no civilized ideals and conventions. They have their own laws of conduct and morality as well as their customs. It is their custom, after having killed an enemy, to cut off his head, then to take it home and cure

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it by a certain process, after which it is entitled to a place of honor among the human heads which depend in a circle from the ceiling of any reputable Dyak dwelling. This appears to them both a legitimate and a well-advised ceremony, and is accordingly held in high respect by the tribe.

I have no doubt that the Dyak mind considers the taking of heads an honorable practice. I do not know how they justify it, or what motives lie behind the deed, but I know that as a people the Dyaks are honest and straightforward in all that they do. Unlike the Lishaos, they were friendly and curious, invaluable hunters and trappers. They did not understand the purpose of the expedition, and were at times sorely troubled by the scientific mysteries they were encountering for the first time. They thought it supremely illogical to follow a pheasant for hours with the greatest possible patience and discretion, only to refuse to shoot it once it was within easy range. They considered it a waste of energy to pack so many bugs and pheasants and flowers in big boxes and nail them up securely. But whatever their personal opinion in such matters, it did not at any time interfere with their work. They were good subordinates, and generous in their judgment of others.



YAT-KI, THE TIBETAN BOY

This was especially true of the thirteen Dyak paddlers who were with me on all of the canoe trips through Borneo. These trips were long, and the men had to work hard day and night. Such association as this and such conditions will bring out all that is good and bad in any character, but these Dyaks had little to fear from such revelations. They were unfailingly trustworthy and loyal. There were numberless times when the fate of the expedition was wholly in their hands, when they determined whether or not it should survive and reach fulfilment.

There were dire hours when they fought for our safety all during the night, for the rivers were treacherous, and the canoe carried a full cargo. Sometimes the heavy tropical downpour, which begins at dusk and does not stop until dawn, would churn the water into a white froth, covering the whole surface of it with broken eddies of muddy foam. In the bluish twilight these appeared singularly menacing as they creamed up along the sides of the boat—they moved so silently and swiftly before the wind. But it was at midnight that the storm would make a black avalanche out of the river; in the darkness great tree-trunks would rush past, and it would seem that nothing could save the canoe from being cut in two. Then I would look out from the compartment amidships, and a flash of lightning would show me a row of heads, like a moving cordon, surrounding the boat. I would see a hand and an arm lifted out of the water to fend off some debris bearing down upon us, or the moving light would show me one of my men signaling to assure me that all was well. And yet in the early morning they would be ready to take up the day's work, ready to tramp for miles through the jungle, to build causeways for landing and loading, to make camp or to break it at an instant's notice.

It was this corps of paddlers whom I learned to know well and to understand, but at every Dyak village where we stopped we were welcomed with the greatest courtesy and respect. There

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was but one tribal house that we passed which did not make some advance and offer some friendly salutation. This communal dwelling of hostile Dyaks was built at the foot of a steep hill so that low trees overhung the roof and gave the whole structure a curiously peaceful and sequestered air. This was purely accidental and fictitious, but it was so convincing that to run away from it appeared a wholly unnecessary precaution. However, we had little to gain by seeking them out, and much to lose, so we passed them by within a discreet radius, as we had been told to do.



THE WIFE OF A MONGOLIAN CHIEF

However, the unaffected pleasure which the other tribes showed at our coming was compensation. It seemed, each time, as if they could not offer sufficient evidence of hospitality. They would arrange an orderly programme of events in honor of our arrival, and the chiefs and high dignitaries would wear their most precious decorations as a token of esteem. I remember with great vividness the day when we landed at the home of Narok, one of the younger men of my crew who had earned considerable distinction among his people as a dancer. On this particular day two men had gone ahead in a fast canoe to give word that a war-canoe manned by thirteen paddlers, and carrying various gifts as well as a white man, would appear in the early evening at an appointed time. Therefore, at dusk, when our boat grated against the pebbly beach bordering the jungle where Narok lived, a crowd of men, women, and children, and a still greater host of mongrel dogs, rushed down to greet us. These men and women were like very polite boys and girls at some great celebration. I do not believe that they had ever seen but one white person, and certainly every article included in my equipment, even down to the pots and pans, as well as the last minute detail of my clothing, filled them with unparalleled curiosity. I even think that secretly they were a little amused at such manifestations of an alien culture. But they made no sign to show it. Instead, those of the proper caste came forward silently and gravely to greet us.

This Dyak greeting holds true to the old, primitive ideal that a guest must be welcomed with a gift. This gift is a very modest one, but it is also very valuable. It is an egg. Throughout the whole country, if you find favor in the eyes of a tribe, you are formally presented with an egg on the day of your arrival in their village. And in the heart of Borneo, where food is in the nature of things a more or less undetermined quantity, the possession of an egg is a matter of profound gratitude. Particularly a fresh egg, because at times the Dyaks show a marked preference for high game and preserved eggs—an instinctive, almost racial, preference not easily acquired by a more sophisticated taste. There is always the chance, however, that the gift egg will be a good egg. So the presents of Narok's tribesmen found great favor with us when they were ceremoniously pressed into our left hands, and in exchange we offered our small supply of scissors, mirrors, beads, and flat choco-

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late wafers wrapped in tin-foil. These wafers did not fail to bring forth sounds of delight, but at the same time they did not fail to provoke a great indecision in the minds of those who had fallen sudden heir to them, because nobody could bring himself to destroy the beautiful, smooth, shining contour of his silver disk, regardless of the chocolate within. It was remarkable to see how momentous this question was to them; to see the real emotion brought out by these scraps of cheap, bright foil that had been of so little value to the civilized people who had produced them.

When the ceremony of landing was fully and properly achieved, Narok and his chief led us to his tribal house, where one by one, we climbed the steep, notched pole that was the sole roadway between a high veranda and the earth, some ten feet or more below. This veranda gave directly upon a low-roofed corridor which ran the full length of the dwelling. At intervals resinous fires burned in shallow bowls before two long rows of barred doors. Behind these doors the individual members of the tribe lived out the daily routine of their lives in some small semblance of seclusion. I would have liked to have the privilege of opening one of these doors, to have seen the personal possessions gathered together in the room itself, but instead I was conducted to a seat of honor in the direct center of the long corridor, where I sat down on some spotlessly clean mats and awaited the programme which was to honor our coming. Directly above me, suspended from the roof by slender strips of bamboo fiber, hung a circle of dried heads, each one equally distant from its neighbor. White, wooden eyes had been placed in the eye-sockets of these heads—white eyes unnaturally large and distended. They seemed to be staring at something which was hidden in the dark shadows of the inner roof.

Narok danced for us that night, and others danced with him, or alone, according to the spirit of the story which they interpreted. For music there were the Dyak tomtoms, extraordinarily low and resonant, perfect primitive instruments for the expression of primitive emotions. Their rhythmic beat, minor and inevitable, seemed to embody every savage ideal, every secret thought and feeling of those people who were ranged so close around me in that dim corridor where the heads of their enemies watched above them with their white, blind eyes.

It was late—for the moon had dropped down below the topmost branches of the trees—when we went back down to the canoe, which was no more than a long, black shadow in the little harbor. The men took up their paddles and pushed off, because we had a good distance to cover before morning, but I stood amidships and watched the lights of Narok's house become smaller and smaller until they were no more than pin-points of flame in the darkness. I remembered the Dyak women who had come down to the beach to welcome us—remembered the frankness, the utter unsophistication of their attitude toward life—and compared them with those tribes who had learned more complex ways of living. For some reason the simplicity of these Dyaks seemed of greater value.

I thought, too, of all the many people who, knowingly or unknowingly, had furthered the progress of the expedition which had brought me to their countries. I thought of Ceylon and the white, curved beach at Hambantotta; of the Singhalese fishermen and their great, unwavering faith in the kindness of the sea. I remembered the Veddahs who had worked so zealously for the success of a trip whose purpose was so obscure and meaningless to them, and I thought that the money paid to them was a very small recompense for the service they had done. This brought home sharply that real tragedy of any expedition—the fact that people must take some place in the work for a little while, then the ordinary course of their lives. One cannot return and find that course unchanged; life moves swiftly and inevitably, with no sentimental repetition of its successes or its failures. And as if in proof of this, I looked back and saw the lights in Narok's house go out suddenly—all of them at once, as if a gust of wind had blown them out, while the sudden darkness there seemed to spread slowly, cover the trees, then close down like a black curtain over the purple stretch of river behind us.

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"Portrait of a Man" by Rembrandt

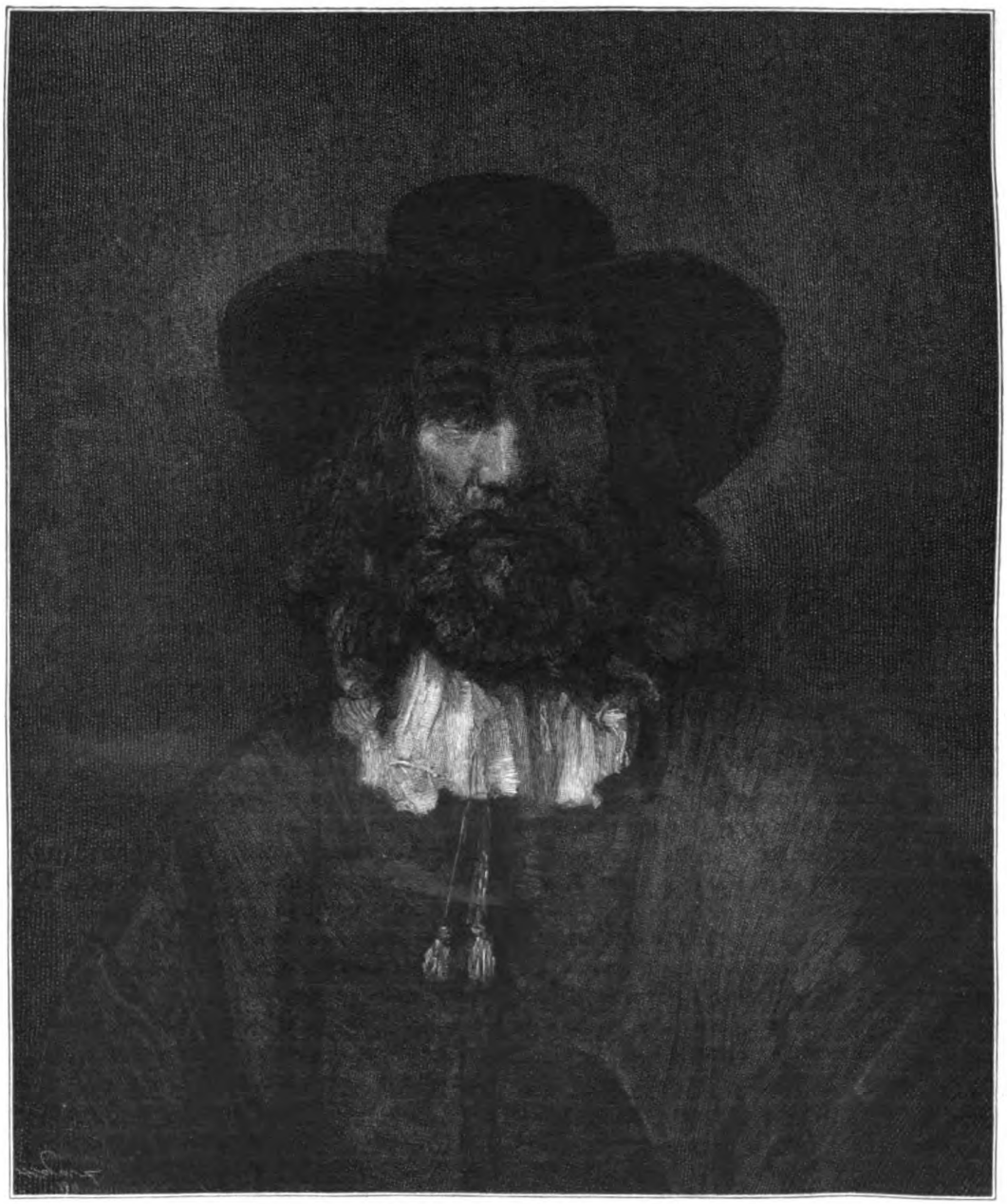
THIS portrait of an unknown man shows Rembrandt's strong personal accent, that accent which is the result of searching vision. It is not the work of his early, prosperous years, when fortune smiled upon him, and his studio was filled with sitters, and painters sought to learn the secret of his power. On the other hand, the date 1665, which is ascribed to it and which was but four years before his death, is probably erroneous, since all of his portraits known to have been painted after 1661 are conspicuously larger than life, an evidence of failing sight. Here we feel no uncertainty of his powers, but instead are confronted by the seer, conscious of his peculiar endowment. At this time he had outgrown his fondness for rich vestments and fanciful accessories, those trappings of the studio which figure in so many of his early portraits; now he sacrifices all details for simplicity of expression. Furthermore, there is the gravity which came later when deep sadness had settled over his life. Deserted by fashion, he is bent on recording the inner life of his sitter. The deep, serious eyes that look out from under the wide-brimmed hat are those of a man who seeks to fathom the meaning of life. He is a mystic who would sound things felt but unseen.

In this indisputable masterpiece of character the artist conveys his own thought. He is so fascinated by the unknown, the mysterious, and shows that larger vision which no misfortune could cloud, no neglect distort. There is the instinct for character which marks all great art. He drops his plummet into the deep abyss of accumulated experience, and, exercising his skill with authority, reveals that personal emotion and mystery which characterizes all great works of art.

The portrait was purchased in 1883 from the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne for five thousand guineas by Mr. Marquand, who presented it to the Metropolitan Museum.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY REMBRANDT

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

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The Dumb Peterses

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

CIRCUMSTANCE, in the shape of a tiny insect, can produce results of more moment than the temporary irritation which follows the bite. Bolter, the imperturbable, suddenly stung on his flank beyond the sweep of his scanty tail, lurched, stumbled, and almost bit the dust. The "Rolling Jenny" careened, and Miss Barcy, jerked out of a comfortable doze, made a dive for the reins, which had slipped from her lax hands and were disappearing over the dashboard. She missed them, lost her balance, and fell heavily upon the floor of the cart, one ankle twisted painfully under her.

Bolter, relieved of the fly, resumed his Buddhistic calm and stopped short in his tracks. His was not the nervous temperament which prolongs impressions. Miss Barcy tried to rise, but the grinding pain in her foot turned her sick and dizzy, and she sank back, leaning her head against the edge of the leather cushion. But even the torture of a wrenched ankle could not confuse Miss Barcy's grasp of a situation.

"That's what I git for sleepin' at the tiller!" she remarked, aloud, with a grim smile. "I've heard pa say, over an' over, 'Don't lose the feel of the sheet, Barcy, girl; there ain't nothin' more deceivin' than a dead calm!' Land! I didn't know Bolter had any shy left in him!"

The dome of the August sky was blue, the noonday was hot and brooding, and the dusty road unrolled itself like a white and glaring ribbon.

"Where be I?" Miss Barcy looked about her for some identifying mark in the woodsy way. "Accordin' to that big pine, we've sighted the Dead Forge turnout." She made another and futile effort to get up on the seat. "Guess there's nothin' for it but the Dumb Peterses," she groaned, as she managed to ease her position a bit. "I don't know what help I can git outer *them*. Not bein' Moses, I can't strike water from a rock. But sprains can't be choosers. G'long, Bolter!"

Slowly the red peddling-cart with its "Rolling Jenny" painted in big, white letters behind bumped over the rough road. The reins were entirely overboard, but they had caught on the shafts and swung clear of the horse's clumsy heels. Miss Barcy, huddled in the narrow space between seat and dashboard, took the seldom-used whip from the socket, gently keeping Bolter to action as she steered her craft into a little grass-grown road which led from the highway and plunged into the thick woods, turning and winding as if reluctant to get anywhere in particular or to reveal its destination to the chance comer. The trees met overhead and filtered dim light through thick foliage. It was cool and silent, save for the shrill note of a midsummer insect or the gentle twitter of a bird.

"There ain't anythin' handsomer than a ribbon road," said Miss Barcy.

Suddenly the woods gave way. Bolter stopped on the crest of a hill, and before him opened a wide vista of valley and distant mountains, silver-gray in the noonday haze. Below, a little lake sparkled and danced. A brawling brook ran from it, bridged by a stony causeway fringed with tall grasses and early goldenrod. On the other side of the brown stream rose a green slope dotted with a number of houses, gray and weather-beaten, their unglazed windows staring blankly at the overgrown street, as if in mute search for the figures of long ago who went up and down on the cheerful daily round of community life. The unhindered growth of long years ran riot; vines clung to the black shingles and draped the crumbling chimneys; lawless weeds had taken root on the

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decaying roofs. Boundaries were long since broken, and the overflowing door-yards had sent brilliant strays in all directions.

Down by the stream the ruins of the old forge made their pathetic appeal to memory—a toppling shaft of chimney and a heap of rubbish. The furnace was shattered, the fire long gone from its heart. Once, in Revolutionary times, a great anchor went out from that forge, and, drawn by oxen garlanded with flowers, made its slow, triumphal way over many miles to the sea and to the big battle-ship, the name of which is writ in large letters in the nation's records.

In the full light of day, Dead Forge made a pleasant picture with its tangle of grass and blossoms; but when the high lights faded, and the sun dropped behind the hills and the shadows closed on the little empty village, mournful shades of the past flitted along the silent street or gathered in dusky corners.

Miss Barcy regarded the forsaken hamlet with practical eyes. To her the pathos lay not in its forgotten past, but in the wasted opportunity of its present. Miss Barcy hated waste of any kind.

"Good land lyin' idle," she thought, as Bolter started on his downward course with deliberation. The hill was long, but fortunately it was not steep. Bolter's power of resistance was his strong suit, but the "Rolling Jenny" was heavy, and Miss Barcy could not reach the brake. Slowly and carefully the old steed scuffled and zigzagged down the incline, encouraged and admonished by his helpless mistress. When the foot of the hill was reached Miss Barcy drew a long sigh of relief.

"Never even shifted the ballast," she remarked. "Good old Bolter!"

They rattled across the little causeway and up the half-obliterated road. Just over the crest of the little knoll they came upon a house which had been repaired and was evidently inhabited by something more solid than the ghosts of the departed. It had been made tidy by a coat of paint, the roof was mended and the windows reglazed. The gay little door-yard showed signs of careful tending, and a vegetable garden flourished in the rear, while a score or more of hens clucked busily about. By the barn door a man was washing a wagon. He lifted a dark, sullen face as Miss Barcy's "Whoa!" struck his ear, but he did not speak.

"Good mornin'!" called out Miss Barcy, cheerfully. "What ever do you do to your corn, Mr. Peters? It's higher by half than any at the Hill."

Mr. Peters's answering grunt might be interpreted as one of assent, gratification, or disdain, according to the listener's pleasure. His only verbal response was a gruff call directed toward the house. Then he resumed his work as if he dismissed all responsibility as host.

A woman came to the doorway, mop in hand. Wiry, nervous, age-marked before her time, she still bore traces of good looks, in spite of fretful wrinkles and the half-defiant expression of her tightly compressed lips.

"I don't want nothin' to-day, Miss Barcy." Her voice was dull and uninterested.

"But I do," returned Miss Barcy. "I'm in a fix!" and she told her story.

A look of embarrassment grew on the woman's face, and her hands worked nervously on the mop-handle. "That's real too bad, Miss Barcy," she faltered. "I declare I'm sorry!"

But her husband broke in, peremptorily. "Fetch a chair, Sarah. I guess we can git her into the house."

It took some time and a number of suppressed groans on the part of Miss Barcy, but at last she found herself in a high-backed rocker by the kitchen window, her foot propped in another chair in front of her. She took hold of the helm at once.

"There, Mis' Peters, you jest bile up the kittle and we'll pour on the water hot's I can stand it. Pa taught me what to do for sprains. I'm afeared you'll have to keep me overnight. I can sleep settin' right here. I'm dreadful sorry to give trouble, but I guess I can git on in the mornin'."

Mrs. Peters looked at her husband tentatively; his answer was evidently a surprise to her.

"Don't you fret about trouble, Miss Barcy!" The tone was not unkindly. "There's a good sofy in the front room, an' I guess Sarah can fix you up com-

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fortable. I'll go and look after your horse."

"Of all things!" mentally exclaimed Miss Barcy, when she was left alone. "Dry-docked at the Dumb Peterses! I reckon I'm the first company they've had since they moved in."

Amos and Sarah Peters were the skeletons in the closet of Turkey Hill curiosity. They had come to the Hill some fifteen years before, and, after a short and uncommunicative stay in the village, had moved into one of the old dwellings at Dead Forge. They were a comely enough couple, industrious and thrifty, minding their own business and asking nothing of any one. They kept entirely to themselves, did not join the Grange, went to no sociables, and did not encourage neighborly calls. After they had taken up their abode in the deserted village the Hill saw nothing of them save as they occasionally visited the country store for an exchange of produce. What Turkey Hill could not understand it condemned, and the Peterses were beyond the possibility of comprehension; therefore the verdict was instant and uncompromising.

"Terrible close-mouthed!" pronounced the Hillites; and they gradually fell into the habit of speaking of the couple as the "Dumb Peterses." They became an unfailing source of speculation. Country tongues are not slow in improving a verbal opportunity.

"They say he beats her!"

"She looks as if he starved her!"

"Harlan says he's a good provider," rather grudgingly admitted the grocer's wife.

"I guess it's somethin' pretty bad," darkly hinted Miss Tole, the dressmaker who carried gossip as well as sewing-materials from house to house.

Such mystery is stimulating to country imagination; conjecture soon grew to assertion.

Miss Barcy did not fulfil her prediction of "gittin' on" in the morning. In spite of strenuous and heroic treatment it was several days before she could do more than hobble from front room to kitchen. She showed no sign of impatience at the delay, nor of consciousness that the hospitality shown her was enforced. She accepted the inevitable serenely, as she always did. While the atmosphere of the house puzzled her, she was too good a minder of her own business to draw hard and fast conclusions. There was no ignoring the fact, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Peters only addressed each other when driven to speech by necessity. "Fill your cup?" from Sarah; a grunt of assent or negation on the part of her husband; a request for fire-wood, with a grudging response—such sentences made up the day's conversation.

"Land!" thought Miss Barcy. "I'd be tempted to heave the coffee-pot at his head, just to make him say somethin' unexpected! But there! she ain't a bit better herself. I never did like too much talkin', but that don't follow I favor mummies! We warn't given tongues jest to taste our victuals with!"

At first Mrs. Peters had little more to say to Miss Barcy than to her husband. Mr. Peters, on the contrary, displayed a loquacity to his guest which was evidently a surprise to his wife. He volunteered an opinion on the matter of crops, and he actually asked a few questions in regard to the trade of the road. But Mrs. Peters had apparently lost the power of speech through long disuse. However, it was hard to long withstand Miss Barcy's cheerful, wholesome presence, and one day the flood-gates opened.

Miss Barcy was sitting by the kitchen table, peeling potatoes. Her capable hands possessed the light touch of strength, and the even-cut parings showed no waste of good material.

"Mr. Peters has got a generous hand with victuals," she remarked.

Mrs. Peters, washing dishes at the sink, had her back to her guest. "He's a good provider," she answered, without enthusiasm.

"Funny, ain't it," went on Miss Barcy, "how you can git at a man through his eatin'! Pa uster say their feelin's was stowed 'midships, an' I guess it's so. I don't know as I could stand a stingy provider."

Mrs. Peters dropped a pile of dishes into the pan with unnecessary emphasis; then she turned abruptly around, leaned against the edge of the sink, and folded her arms. "You might as well starve one way as another!" she declared.

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"I'M STARVIN' FOR PLEASANT LOOKS AND SPEECH"

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Miss Barcy did not know what to say, so she took the wisest course and said nothing, but her eyes traveled from the heap of vegetables on the table to the steak prepared for the fire. Mrs. Peters caught the look and gave a little bitter laugh.

"Oh," she exclaimed, a fine scorn in her voice, "'tain't for victuals! A woman's got to have more'n food. I'm starvin'! I'm starvin' for human bein's, for a neighbor to run in, or even to git mad with. I'm in a coffin here, in the midst of a graveyard!" She thrust out her arm in an inclusive, sweeping gesture. "I'm starvin' for pleasant looks and speech. I'd pick up a kind word or look thrown at me like a bone to a dog an' live on it for days! Fillin' up my stomach ain't goin' to keep me from hungerin' to see my folks! I've slaved for Amos Peters for fifteen year, an', except right at first, I've got no thanks. I've heeded all his notions, and all I've got is grumblin', or, worse yet, no word at all! He's cut me off from everythin' I care for, an' what has he given me in return? I wouldn't mind bein' beaten, if he was good to me betweentimes!" The dish-cloth, held in an unheeding grasp, dripped soapy water on the clean floor. It was not until the woman lifted her hand to brush away the fierce tears that she noticed it. She turned back to the sink. "I'm goin' to tell you somethin', Miss Barcy," she continued. "You can keep your own counsel, if all I hear an' see is true. I'm goin' to separate."

The last sentence bore a half-despairing, half-defiant note. Miss Barcy's china-blue eyes stared wonderingly, as if she expected to see her hostess's body resolve, then and there, into component parts. "Separate!"

"Yes, from Amos. It's bin borne upon me for a long time, an' now I'm goin' to do it!" There was silence for a moment, broken only by the woman's sobs. "I don't know what you'll think o' me, Miss Barcy, talkin' so of my own man! I loved him when I married him, but that's all over now. I'm goin' to git a divorce!"

Miss Barcy gave a little gasp; the very word brought an old-fashioned blush to her weather-beaten cheek.

"Amos Peters took me right away from my fam'ly, an' I 'ain't seen one of 'em since. He hated father because he didn't favor the match. None of my relations held much by Amos, an' he never forgive 'em, though they treated him real civil when they found I was set on havin' him. Amos don't like folks, an' he never lets me have company; I dun'no' how it is he 'ain't said nothin' agin your bein' here. I wouldn't mind so much if he was decent to me, but he's mum as a graven image. I mend his clothes and cook his victuals; he can hire that sort of thing from them as won't look for anythin' but money-pay. *I* can't stan' it any longer!"

"You poor critter!" said Miss Barcy.

"I take it that a woman's got rights that ain't writ down in any law-book," continued Mrs. Peters. "Her soul's worth a sight more'n her body; leastways that's what the parsons preach. If she can git a divorce because her body's starved, I reckon she can because her soul goes hungry and whipped. I'm goin' to try, anyhow!"

Miss Barcy did not respond in words; she was thinking. So this was the mystery of the Dumb Peterses! No interest of romance; no thrill of crime; no spice of circumstance; just a prosaic, dull condition of mood and temperament; no violence of law, only the common, conjugal tragedy of the quenching of the vital flame.

"Poor critter!" repeated Miss Barcy, this time to herself.

The very next day, when Miss Barcy drove to her home on the ridge, beside her, on the high seat of the red cart, sat Mrs. Peters, flushed and tremulous. Her personal possessions were stowed in the hold of the "Rolling Jenny." The departure took place while Mr. Peters was in the village.

"I don't fancy sneakin'," remarked Miss Barcy to herself. It was, however, the only way to accomplish her purpose. In spite of her declaration of independence, Mrs. Peters had but a slender backbone of resolution or accomplishment.

What took place when Mr. Peters returned to find his hearth forsaken is not known. Dead Forge was as mute

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on that subject as it was on other matters concerned with its past.

About a week later Miss Barcy once more pulled up in front of the little house in the deserted village. This time she was alone. She climbed down from her seat, favoring the troublesome ankle, took her bearings, pulled a box in front of the kitchen window and, mounting it, peered in through the unsheltered panes. A little smile twitched her lips. "Wonder how long he can stan' that mess!" she murmured. Then she walked leisurely around the house. Amos Peters was sitting on the step of the shed door, mending a harness. His black brows drew together as he caught sight of his visitor. "Good mornin'!" remarked Miss Barcy, cheerfully.

Amos glared. "You—" he began.

"There, there!" interrupted Miss Barcy. "You needn't say it! I've jest come for Mis' Peters's shawl."

"Don't you set your foot in my house!" exclaimed Mr. Peters, angrily. "I was a fool to let you in in the fust place! It was an act of mercy as I saw it, an' look what I got by it. Is Sarah stayin' with you?"

"Yes," answered Miss Barcy. "She's havin' a real restful time."

"Does she know I could have the law on her?"

"I guess she does," replied Miss Barcy, placidly. "You might try it. I reckon there'd be somethin' to say on the other side."

"I 'ain't done a thing to her, an' she knows it!" growled Amos.

"That's jest the p'int of the whole matter," returned Miss Barcy. "'Tain't what you done, but what you haven't! I don't know as you could git a man-jury to sense that, though. They ain't much favored with vision."

Amos brought a heavy fist down on his knee. "I allers pervided well for her. It ain't my way to say soft things!"

Miss Barcy gave a quiet little laugh. "I notice we're pretty apt to set right down on our 'ways' an' feel right well satisfied, instid o' findin' out whether they're good ways or not. But that ain't none o' my business. All I come for is the shawl."

Miss Barcy was back on the seat of the "Rolling Jenny," reins in hand, when Mr. Peters came out with the desired article in hand.

"You tell Sarah she needn't look to be took back," he said, as he grudgingly handed it to her.

"Oh, she ain't lookin' for anythin'!" replied Miss Barcy. "But I'll give the message. Hope you'll git along real comfortable, Mr. Peters. G'long, Bolter!" When she was fairly on her way once more she slapped her knee and laughed. "My fingers fair itched to red up that clutter," she remarked, aloud. "But I guess it's jest as well for him to git the full dose."

The days passed; the leaves fell, and the trees lifted bare limbs to the gray sky. Miss Barcy was away on the "Rolling Jenny" from morning to night. Now and then her voyaging lasted for several days at a time. Mrs. Peters, left alone, had much time for thought. Her hostess discouraged occupation. "You're goin' to rest up for one spell," she said. So the woman sat, hour after hour, her hands folded in unwonted idleness, watching the cold clouds, the sweeping branches, and the brown, shivering grass.

"I'm real sorry to leave you so much," said Miss Barcy, one evening. "But there, I guess you've found out before now that bein' alone ain't the worst thing there is."

Mrs. Peters made no response; her gaze was on the cheery fire which burned on the brick hearth. Miss Barcy kept a keen eye on the white, somber face illuminated by the fitful, leaping flame.

"I seen Amos to-day," she remarked.

Mrs. Peters's involuntary start was quickly restrained, but she could not subdue the color which rose to her pale cheeks.

"He was jest as crochety as ever," went on Miss Barcy. "I wouldn't take such looks from any man, to say nothin' of speech!"

Mrs. Peters's fingers nervously plaited the hem of her apron. "How— Did he seem well?" she presently asked.

"I thought he looked kinder peaked, as if his victuals didn't set well. But that ain't half what he deserves after what he put you through."

"Did he ask for me?" The question was faltering, almost timid.

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"Land, no! But I told him. I said you was fine an' hearty an' peaceful as the day."

There was silence for a moment; then Mrs. Peters remarked, as if to herself: "His appetite always did go easy if anythin' worried him. He was real good to me the year we was married."

"More shame to him not to keep it up, *I* say," responded Miss Barcy, briskly.

Time went on, and Miss Barcy continued to berate Amos and all his doings, but she noticed that Sarah responded less and less to her wholesale condemnations. Indeed, several times the wife spoke up in angry defense.

"I didn't know you'd talk so agin' anybody!" she retorted one day. "I allers heard said you spoke well of folks."

"There's some nobody could stan' up for," returned the unruffled Miss Barcy. "'Specially them as abuses women. There ain't nothin' too bad for them, in my mind."

Thanksgiving drew near.

"We'll make a day of it," declared Miss Barcy. "I'll ask up some of the village folks that 'ain't got families of their own, like you and me. It 'll be a bit of change for you. You shall have a real Thanksgiving once, you poor critter!"

The little wince with which this last expression of sympathy was received was not lost on Miss Barcy, but she gave no sign.

"We allers had a real good dinner." There was a defiant note in Mrs. Peters's voice. "He never missed bringin' me the biggest turkey he could get holt of. An' some years we had a goose, too."

"An' jest you two to set down to 'em!" exclaimed Miss Barcy. "Well, turkeys and geese ain't humans, though humans are gobblers and geese enough times, the Lord knows! But there, it's hearts that need feedin' Thanksgivin'-time, I take it, and not stomachs."

"I wonder what Amos will do!" murmured Mrs. Peters.

Miss Barcy, chopping-tray in lap, regarded its contents critically. "I guess this is about right," she remarked. "They uster say mince-meat was p'ison if it was chopped too fine, but I don't know as I lay much store by that. I guess I wouldn't waste any wonders on him," she went on, with sudden reversion to her guest's remark. "He won't have to speak to a soul, and that's about what he likes."

Mrs. Peters said no more. Thanksgiving eve, however, when Amos Peters, after a trip to the village, entered his lonely house, he found on the kitchen table a row of pumpkin-pies, yellow, crisp, toothsome.

"Sarah's, by gum!" he exclaimed. "I'd know them in Chiny! But how ever did she git 'em here?"

The empty house and the forsaken little hamlet did not give up their secret. Sarah, eating her Thanksgiving dinner in the midst of cheerful companionship, wore an air of mental reservation which Miss Barcy could not penetrate.

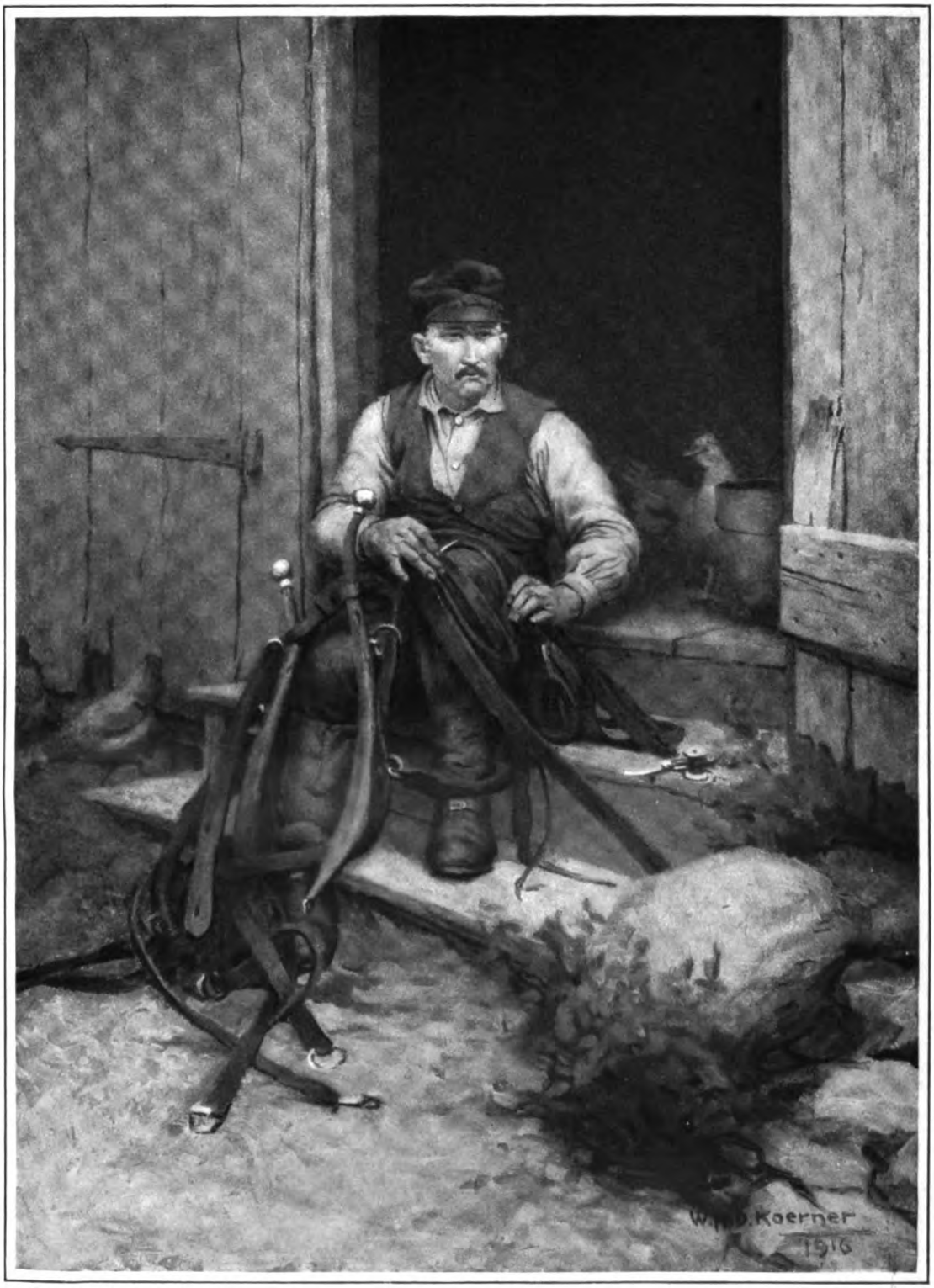
The days passed, grew into months, and the winter wore on in snows and bitter cold. Then the air softened, the snow gave way; the sap had begun to run, and in human hearts there sprang up the ever-recurrent miracle of the spring. In the New England hill-country spring coquettes, hesitates, yields, withdraws; her favors are not lightly won. Now and again comes a period of consent when the shy little leaves venture forth and receive no rebuff and when a note of certainty rings in the bird's song.

On one of these early days, when Miss Barcy was out with her new stock of spring goods, Sarah Peters put on her shawl and started down the long hill. She hurried on with quick, nervous steps, though the hands which clutched her wrap about her trembled and shook. When she reached the foot of the hill she left the road and entered a pasture through which led a foot-path. The softened earth oozed under her tread and, here and there, her feet sank in the thick mud; but she went on, unheeding. The path afforded a short cut from Turkey Hill to the deserted village, reducing the distance by fully one half.

She had gone about a mile when she saw a solitary figure approaching. She stood still with gasping breath and waited. The man drew near, then he, too, halted. The two stared at each other in surprised embarrassment. The man spoke first.

"Sarah!"

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

THE BLACK BROWS DREW TOGETHER AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIS VISITOR

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Mrs. Peters twisted and untwisted the fringe of her shawl. At last she found speech. Her voice was timid and apologetic. "I calc'lated you'd be at the village now, Amos. I—I jest wanted to look around a bit. I hope you ain't mad at me for comin', Amos?"

Amos's head was bent and she could not see his face. One big foot worked the earth into furrows, then smoothed them out and began again. The man seemed absorbed in the task of making them exact and even. Finally he spoke:

"I ain't mad at *you*, Sarah."

A quick light flashed into the woman's dreary eyes. "Ain't you, Amos?" she cried. "Ain't you?"

"I 'ain't ever been mad at you, but I wouldn' ha' believed Miss Barcy 'd acted as she's done, comin' between man an' wife," continued the man. "I uster have a likin' for her, an' the old cap'n was straight as could be. But I reckon I might ha' bin different. I've done a lot of thinkin' lately. You wouldn't consider comin' back, would you, Sarah?" The woman did not speak. "I—I was jest on my way up to ask you," went on Mr. Peters. His tone was pleading, almost humble. "I thought that Barcy woman would be out o' the way, and I wanted to ask you. I guess I'm a dumb brute. It was born and bred in me, but if you're willin' to try ag'in, I am."

Still Mrs. Peters was silent. She could not believe her own ears. Mr. Peters interpreted her hesitation as reluctance.

"'Tain't all on account of the cookin'," he continued, half shyly. "I'd *like* you to come back. I was thinkin' we might have your sister over from Greenhill for a spell—Sadie."

Mrs. Peters's heart gave a wild leap at the sound of the long-unheard name. She put out her hand and laid it timidly on Amos's sleeve. "I was comin' back to stay, if you'd have me. I don't want anybody but you, jest you, Amos."

A few days later Miss Barcy, driving through the village, spied the minister and drew up to greet him.

Mr. Dole's face was grave as he returned the salutation. "Miss Barcy," he said, "I don't quite understand your attitude toward the Peterses. I've known you a good many years and it doesn't seem like you."

Miss Barcy leaned back on the wagon-seat and let the reins fall slack. Her gaze was calm and unperturbed.

"Well?" she said, inquiringly.

"They say you did everything you could to separate them."

"'They' must know!" returned Miss Barcy.

The minister's face flushed.

"I notice," went on Miss Barcy, "that when 'they' look after other people's affairs they don't have much time for their own. Her tone was reflective and without animosity.

"I put it unfortunately," said the minister. "Mrs. Peters declares you used your influence to induce her to leave her husband. I can't reconcile it with what I know of you, Miss Barcy."

Miss Barcy's eyes were frank and untroubled as they met the minister's gaze, but a little twinkle seemingly lurked in their blue depths.

"No," she returned, "I don't suppose you can. It ain't easy to see through a grin'stone when you don't know there's a hole in it. I guess we all git a bit o' misjudgin' sooner or later, an' it don't hurt us none in the long run. Pa uster say that everybody'd got to steer by his own chart. I guess I better be gittin' along. Bolter 'ain't had his dinner." She tightened the reins, and Bolter prepared to move. Then she looked down into the minister's puzzled face. "Look here, Mr. Dole," she said. "They *haven't* separated, have they?"

"N-no," replied the minister, slowly.

"Well," returned Miss Barcy, "I've shown you the hole in the grin'stone; now it's for you to see through it. Git up, Bolter!" and the "Rolling Jenny" moved on.

The minister looked after the retreating cart. Clerical wits are not sharpened by years of bucolic life and association, but his sense of humor was not dead, only latent, and now a spark quickened it into comprehension. Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed.

"Miss Barcy," he exclaimed, aloud, "you're a good woman!"

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

FROM time to time mankind is afflicted with a sense of superfluity, almost of impossibility, in what the race, or the cultivated portion of it, knows as the Classics. Not that even the cultivated portion of the race practically knows the authors or the books known to it as classics. It knows the books by name; it has read in them or at them, if it has not read them altogether, and it proposes at some time to read them, just as people propose to repent of their sins, or to leave off tobacco or coffee. If ever it does read the classics really, it is astonished for several reasons that the race has not merely endured some of them, but cherished them, and it proposes to forget them or to reform them altogether. It ends by doing neither.

Many years ago—or thirty or thirty-five years ago, to speak by the card—when the Easy Chair was in greener wood than it is now, it had occasion to look at a complete edition of "the English Poets," and it was at once struck with the extremely prevailing rottenness of those immortals. The books were by far the most part made up of verse which would not now be accepted by the average Sunday or Saturday evening editions of the daily newspapers, let alone the cheaper magazines. As for the better magazines, printed forms of polite regret from the editors would have gone flying back to the authors after a glance at the first stanza. But it was not only the worthlessness of the literature which astounded the Easy Chair, then so in the green wood; it was the boyish immorality, the sometime brutish obscenity, the often more than animal indecency (as it seemed, in the exaggeration of the immediate shock) of the mess, so piously preserved, generation after generation, and guarded from perishing of its inherent and elemental decay. Up to that time the Easy Chair had known the English poets mostly from the English essayists, who had practised the art in writing about the poets, especially the older poets, of giving from them a line or passage of signal beauty which really conveyed no just notion of them, but lodged in the fond reader's mind the seed of a purpose some day to read the whole of the poets so skilfully managed to captivate his fancy and to win his heart. It was while rolling those sweet morsels under his tongue that the reader had looked at that complete edition of the English poets and then, in spite of his weariness and disgust, rather carefully examined them. He turned from this examination, necessarily imperfect, with a glorious idea illuming and consoling him, and sought out a publisher of his own age and infected him with it.

"Why should you publishers," he demanded, "go on publishing from age to age the whole mass of those dull and filthy brutes as 'the English poets' when the poetry in them is not one per cent., to put it extravagantly, of their bulk? Why not publish an edition of the English poets which should be poetry and not lewdness and dullness?"

"Bowdlerize them?" the publisher asked, sarcastically; he knew the phrase.

"Bowdler went only half far enough. He left the lewdness out of Shakespeare, but he didn't leave out the dullness. I want an edition of the English poets with both left out."

"Will you edit the edition?" the publisher dared him.

"Yes, I will," the bold reformer came back.

"Go ahead," the publisher said; he had begun actually to believe in the enterprise.

Our reader has already imagined its

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failure. Everybody who heard of it liked the notion, and the sub-editors whom the editor asked to undertake the poetization of the different poets were enthusiastic, but not one of these amiable scholars brought his poet to book. They seemed to lack the skill of the essayists who had known how to extract the brilliant and beautiful passages so as to captivate the fancy and win the heart of the reader when starting in italics from the essayist's praise. If here and there an editor put himself to the proof so far as to boil any poet down to his poetry, the residuum from the dullness and the lewdness was a line, or a half-line, or a few verses, or at most a few stanzas; and could this poor result be offered in an edition of the English poets as the works of an author who had hitherto bulked in several volumes on the shelves of gentlemen's libraries and clothed the expectation of intending readers in clouds of glowing promise? The affair fell through, with a prompt forgetfulness from which we have only just now been stirred by Mr. Alfred Mordell's essays on *Dante and Other Waning Classics*.

Mr. Mordell is the author of an earlier group of essays, *The Shifting of Literary Values*, which we have not seen, but we fancy they may be of much the same mood as the present group, which concerns itself with the waning of such classics as Milton, Bunyan, Thomas à Kempis, St. Augustine, and Pascal, as well as Dante.

Oddly enough, Mr. Mordell finds the obscuration of all these rather contrasting classics in their like mistaken religiosity. To him such poets as Dante are under the same doom for the same faults as devotees like Thomas à Kempis, St. Augustine, and Pascal. He does indeed recognize the difference of the first three from the second. He realizes that in their great moments the first three are great poets, but being of the same theology compact as the second three, they must be, and are, waning with them.

Here is, of course, a question of historical fact, and here we could not at all agree with Mr. Mordell for abandoning Bunyan "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" a good deal and Milton a good deal less; we have somehow a feeling that Dante is not at all in the same limbo with them. All three are poets of great imaginative invention, but Dante's imagination works so circumstantially, so realistically, as to distinguish him vitally from the other two, and to leave *Paradise Lost* a sort of idyl indefinitely distanced, and *Pilgrim's Progress* quite behind in the pale realms of allegory. But neither one of these feats of invention can be dimmed by the dead or dying faith which first established them in the far-spread fame now supposed so shrunken. Shrunken it indeed is in a sort, and faded; nobody now believes the inventions as so many once did, or for long accepted them as verity, but the poetry in these Puritan Nights' Entertainments kept them inextinguishably alive. The homely parable of *The Pilgrim's Progress* must now be left to the children whose Sabbaths the book once embittered with the charge to accept it for truth from those pious elders whose souls were wrung with the spiritual colic then infesting all faith. But it remains a poem which we must not insult by calling it a sort of *vers libre*, and whenever, wherever, a man truly hates his sin it keeps its hold upon the conscience. So far it is alive and must remain a vital part of psychical history, a human document, grotesque and even ridiculous, but as touching as ever at the points which the Salvation Army still searches out in the average man.

It keeps a hold deeper and wider than *Paradise Lost* on that kind of man, whom the greater poem never so widely or deeply reached. But this fact proves nothing for or against either. *Paradise Lost* remains the only English epic, and must always remain so probably, for there is no sign of one in the work of our American poets. It is massively and powerfully built, like some mighty organ, structurally part of the great temple of our religious tradition. More and more it stands silent, but now and then chance strikes its tremendous stops and their matchless harmony pours out and floods the soul. It is hardly a waning classic, for probably as many read it now as ever read it, and whoever comes to it when knowledge and experience have fitted him to value it, probably

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feels it as profoundly as when its mighty music first sounded through the world.

A hundred years after it was written, it needed a succession of Addison's papers in *The Spectator* to establish the epic's greatness in the critical consciousness of the polite reader; and yet, another hundred years after, it needed Macaulay's great primal essay to awaken a wider-minded and wiser, if not so polite a reader, to the sense of its sublimity.

But we think the world—the wiser part of that wider world—has not yet lost this sense, and we cannot think that it will ever let the poem fade from remembrance because of that heathen machinery which incenses Mr. Mordell so much in *Paradise Lost*. He blames the *Divine Comedy* and *Pilgrim's Progress* equally with the *Confessions*, the *Imitation*, and the *Thoughts* for the same reasons, not distinguishing between the works of imagination and the studies of personal psychology. Apparently he is without the historical sense, and in its absence he finds the poets who were more concerned in telling their stories than in convincing their readers guilty of the same dogmatic intent as the theologians. Apparently he thinks they are all in the way to perish together, for that one sufficing reason, but we should like to make him observe that the virtue and the vitality of an artist reside in his art, and that no classic can wane while this art remains alive with beauty in any part of it. We will cheerfully allow that the scheme of the *Divine Comedy* is tiresome almost beyond endurance, and that it is atrocious and loathsome in certain details; we will allow that the scheme of *Paradise Lost* is preposterous, but while certain strains of their majestic music renew themselves in the soul from time to time like the remembrance of personal experience, there cannot be any question of their waning. Somehow those great works had to be given form, and the poets gave them such form as would be imaginable by the intelligence of their time: the scholastic intelligence of Dante's time, the Puritanic intelligence of Milton's time, the non-conformist intelligence of Bunyan's time. These forms did not shock those contemporaneous intelligences or offend them or confound them, and the beauty which vitalized them was not affected by them.

Let many of Dante's creations be as ugly and cruel as you choose to find them, let their didactic intent be as abhorrent as Mr. Mordell will, they become exquisite and sublime at the touch of pity or of pathos in the places, many or few, where these reveal themselves.

Mr. Mordell recognizes the immortal beauty of such passages, but he seems to think them infected by the mortality of the poet's dogma and science, as he seems to think the poetry of Milton is destined to suffer the death which has befallen the mythology of his epic. Dante needs no defense against such an error; modern criticism has established the *Divine Comedy* in an absolute acceptance which is not concerned with its cruelty and deformity, and which would remain forever unaffected by them. Perhaps the like study of *Paradise Lost* may do our sole epic the like justice, and one need not claim an equality of Milton with Dante in hoping for some such event. The finer criticism of our time could do our poet a service past that rendered by Addison or Macaulay, but we feel that he hardly needs this against the misgiving of Mr. Mordell, or even the indignation of Mr. Mordell. If it comes to St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis, we own that we might be tempted to join him in abandoning them to dumb forgetfulness, yet even the *Confessions* and the *Imitation* do not seem to us destined to this joint oblivion. The *Confessions* must remain a part of religious experience, and the *Imitation* of religious aspiration. If the perpetual groveling before God, if the unremitting remorse of St. Augustine, weary the reader, we must allow that here is no intellectual cheer for the tired business man, here is no spiritual uplift for the modern thinker who would fain discover a shorter cut to self-redemption than lies through self-sacrifice and the love of the neighbor. Still we fancy there is some lasting life left in books which will help the world to forget itself and desire a world beyond itself, and we should not be sure that these classics had

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waned. Probably neither of them, and more especially the *Confessions*, was ever so much read as their survival might imply, and yet the spectacle of a soul baring itself before God in passionate humiliation is of an esthetic power which men will not soon cease to feel.

Still it must be owned that the world, even the religious world, changes. We now want something that will "appeal to young people" rather more than the *Confessions*. If St. Augustine could hardly be held up now as an exemplar of spiritual life, the Son of Man himself is not a pattern of wise living, in the opinion of Mr. Mordell. "Why should we imitate Jesus Christ?" he asks, in entering upon his criticism of the waning classic of Thomas à Kempis. "Why should millions of people pattern themselves after an ascetic and self-martyrizing idealist who lived in a different age and under different circumstances from our own? If the world were populated by Christ types we should have few great inventors, philosophers, or scientists; great industrial and diplomatic activities would be at a standstill." True, very true, especially as to diplomatic activities; and there would be no exploitation of labor for the making of millionaires; no wars, no white slavery, no caste—none of those things which the civilized world seems so much concerned in perpetuating.

Before we concede even this, however, we should like to have Mr. Mordell report those texts of Gospel where he finds Christ "an ascetic and self-martyrizing idealist." It appears to us that Christ left with the witnesses of his life on earth the impression, rather, of a man who came, as he said, "eating and drinking," and who saw no harm in marriage and giving in marriage; who bade sinners do no more than cease to do evil, and not seek to punish sin in others unless they were themselves without it; who was in every way so divinely right and just a man that the witnesses believed he must be God.

Mr. Mordell would apparently use the Bowdler method with the religious medievalism of Dante as well as St. Augustine and Thomas à Kempis. If he is right in finding the truth and beauty of the *Divine Comedy* one with the falsity and cruelty of its scholastic misconception of creation, we suppose that this classic must go, but he does not so convince us. He leaves us thinking there may be some other co-ordination in the universal mind which will keep it lastingly with us. We believe Dante will no more perish of his ugly and abhorrent scholasticism than those poets condemned to extirpation by the Easy Chair in its green wood must perish of their dullness and lewdness. They could not be saved by cutting all that away; and in the dry wood the Chair increasingly perceives that the body of literature, or the literary body of any poet, is an entirety, which cannot be reduced to what may be called its nobler parts without somehow impairing its essential life.

We are not wholly brain, except in some anomalous instances, and not wholly heart; there are other organs of our make-up which must perform their office in their own way; and what is to be said of their literary effect is that we are not obliged, however tempted, to read what is vile and foul in those poets of old; that we can better ignore it than annihilate it. That would, we think, taking thought after thirty or thirty-five years, be of doubtful advantage to the whole body of literature or of poetry. But what is not at all doubtful is that any writer of our time, who suffered those traditions of the past to corrupt him, would be a sinner against light and knowledge. Something like this we should like to say now to that publisher who failed with us so signally in our well-nigh forgotten enterprise; but unhappily, like most people of that period, he is no longer living.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE tutelage of minors, in primitive times absolutely parental, becomes more and more extra-parental with the advance of civilization. Military states — ancient Sparta far more rigidly than any other—have naturally claimed control over their youth for their own ambitious ends. But the gradual social development of control over the education and general welfare of the young of both sexes has been spontaneous and inevitable, and, to the degree in which it has been unconscious rather than arbitrary, it has resulted in a wise and beneficent tutelage.

As the social development advances in sympathy and intelligence it compels response from the state and from all institutions, educational and industrial, that have to do with the younger generation. As in every other field, so here social dynamics finds its chief obstacle and handicap not only in the low political aims vitiating all currents of life, but also, and even more directly, in the unworthy social ambitions of a large class of parents. These are obvious disadvantages that need no comment other than they have already received.

What we wish to consider here is the aggression of the modern social movement itself upon certain forms of cloistral retirement which were characteristic of former periods.

This pressure is upon adults no less than upon the young, though in their case it is at least justifiable, especially as the adult may choose how far he will yield to it—not altogether freely, perhaps, but within reasonable limits. For him, too, the pressure is, in general, a priceless advantage which too often he reacts against to his own loss.

The urbanization of the whole country during the last fifty years has been going on—as it has in all civilized countries—at a rapidly increasing pace. Its momentum is the mark of our ultra modernity. This urbanity, with all its trivial and eccentric features, still connotes a large leaven of humanism, as it must when the social dynamic is really operative; the psychical dominates the material.

We are not looking for an immediately culminant crisis in which the momentum of social development will swallow up all that is inert and reactionary in humanity. There is room for new quickness of creative life in every one of the long vistas of future generations for the resolution of human insolvencies which it needs a clearer vision than ours to discern, and for the lifting of burdens which our balances are not delicate enough to register. Indeed, the most optimistic sign for our own generation is that it is more keenly sensitive than any preceding generation has been to economic backwardness, to political corruption, to the indirections of statesmanship and international diplomacy, to social injustice, and to spiritual inertia.

This sensitiveness, reinforced by the impressive lessons of current events now being learned at immense cost by all peoples and rulers, promises for the coming generation much higher social ideals and achievements, when depression gives place to buoyant revival, with results superficially evident. In the longer prospect a vastly greater hope lies in those deeper currents invisibly pressing toward larger humanistic issues.

The tide of this "increasing purpose" has its freest course in that democracy which is not only political, but social, among peoples who have initiative as well as participance in social movements, and whom enlightenment and opportunity have made articulate and postulant.

Out of this postulance has grown an imperative collective demand upon the individual, beyond that imposed by the

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natural law of altruism through the operation of which society itself was originally possible, and through the modifications of which civilization has been developed. Parentage is the first form of a natural altruism. In the human case the peculiar dependence of infancy and its increased prolongation with man's greater detachment from nature and the growing domination of reason over instinct has developed a new kind of sympathetic relationship, above the plane of mere animality. So, too, a new kind of human experience, intellectual and emotional, is developed from the modification of the social instinct—a more expansive form of natural altruism—an experience involving fallibility as the condition of progress, and progress as a permissive condition of psychical evolutions.

Because the key-note of the creative harmony evolving in the course of the ages is sympathy, that harmony not only proceeds from the wholeness of the eternal reality, but must include the integrity of a real humanity. Both realities are hidden, and as either emerges to our more clarified vision it is manifest in new and unsuspected forms, and, with the reconcilement of apparent contradictions, new and unthought-of contradictions become evident, because of our still imperfect realization as disclosed to a freshly quickened sensibility—and there is no end of new repentances and redemptions, however repentant and however much redeemed humanity may at any stage have become.

Thus, in the measure of its expansion as well as of its depth, and in its essential quality, sympathy as the central factor in social dynamics is renewed in character and potency at every stage of psychical, or really humanistic, evolution. It is forever being translated into new terms of spiritual valuation. Itself a living principle, in an eternal ground, it is expressed only in living terms—those pertinent to the creative life of the soul. Liberty becomes the emancipation of the spirit; social justice significant, not merely as a formal adjustment securing fair play and equality of opportunity, but as living righteousness; tolerance, not as negative complacency, but as a positive burden-lifting power.

Withal, this dynamic principle of sympathy gives a new reality to democracy. Freedom, even of the spirit, does not imply essential equality. Abolish all artificial distinctions and all external inequities, yet, while an immense collective advantage is won—everything, indeed, which is possible to a real democracy—an inexplicable distinction in individual creative faculty and sensibility still remains.

We can imagine future commonwealths in which ideal outward conditions will be attained to such an extent, and with such a modification of human nature, that the natural dread of seeming ridiculous will prevent vain-glorious ostentation and ambition, and prick the bubbles of phariseeism, hypocrisy, and empty honor. It would not result in a level world, but all exchanges—commercial, intellectual, and psychical—in that society would be free from artificial restraint, and the interflow would be upon so high a plane and with so complete reciprocity of supply and demand that the sense of reactionary obstacles and burdens would seem to have vanished quite altogether, but not so the sense of distinction growing out of an inevitable and inexplicable inequality. The situation we have portrayed as imaginary, remote as its realization must seem, is not utopian, since the basis of its possibility is already the very leaven of our social dynamics.

The remoteness of realization is especially apparent when we regard it as incident to a wholly leavened humanity. It would seem to lift planetary society to a position in the starry firmament, it still remaining true that "one star differeth from another star in glory." The feature of so striking a contrast with present general conditions that most impresses us, in connection with our theme, is one concerning the claims of collective society upon the individual. In a society thus generally elevated and redeemed, what field would be offered for any special altruism, what occasion for burden-lifting tolerance? The weight of the world upon the shoulders of every social Atlas would seem to have been already shifted to some psychical attraction of gravitation, making every burden "a weight of glory." What room for

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social solutions when even the "melting-pot" shall have lost insolvency?

Such a realization of humanism would yield a clearer vision of that New Naturalism in which, just because it includes the whole of humanity, social dynamics and spiritual dynamics would become one—nature and human nature blending in one harmony.

We must be content with the vantage-ground for vision that our present horizon yields. From that we can see what transformation of life, art, and literature has already come from our approaches toward a real democracy. We see how far, through these approaches, the vast communicability in our modern life has been availed of for purely humanistic activities prompted by the ever-increasing sympathetic purpose, apart from activities through organizations and institutions—economic, political, educational, charitable, ethical, and ecclesiastical—only partially or indirectly humanistic. But all these activities, in the upward pressure of our life against numberless obstacles and imperfect conditions, impose demands upon developed individualism — a first lien upon its leisure, its powers, and its possessions; and these demands are the more pressing because of the growing postulance of the people for new leadership.

When these bonds are accepted from choice and with buoyant enthusiasm, individualism is enriched, reinforced rather than exhausted. Freedom is of the very essence of humanism, as it is of the very essence of the Gospel. Creative activity and sensibility consort with beatitudes, with the sense of the beautiful, with the grace of all spiritual manners. Creative literature, the means of the most intimate modern communicability, owes its transformation to this companionableness. Fortunately, too, like Faith, Art, and Science, its claim to cloistral leisure, as an essential condition of its open benefaction, is conceded.

We are thus brought back to the question with which we started. How far, in our tutelage of the young, can we give them, during the period of their greatest susceptibility and assimilative capacity, such measure of cloistral leisure as will secure for them immunity against the invasiveness of modern life and circumstance?

It must be a matter largely for wise social determination. The child in the first stage of its individual development cannot choose, but eagerly accepts what is offered. The parent, who in fact does choose, in the exercise of his prerogative is too likely to be guided by selfish or ambitious motives. The overruling influence must, therefore, come from the educational system itself as controlled by wise leadership.

Here it is that we see our dependence upon humanistic tendencies in their most vital, their forward-looking, aspect, along the lines of promise that we have taken more space to indicate than we need to give to details of our educational system whereby these tendencies may have free course in the inviolable channels of a continuous culture. It is the principle of inviolability that is essential. We do not ask in behalf of the young student the formal and technical scholarship or that worshipful regard of the past which was enjoined upon him in the old English grammar-school, but only that freedom of the whole realm which is his right and which, if he does not enjoy it in his youth, will probably never be offered to him again. The historic sense is an essential part of a liberal culture. Acquaintance with the best English literature since Chaucer is equally important as an acquisition before the whole foreground of attention is occupied by the engrossing claims of current literature.

We do not complain because special institutions or departments of institutions are established to fit the young of both sexes for a business career, if only they do not confine themselves to technical requirements, ignoring the needs of the economic world of the immediate future for creative leadership.

There is no field of human activity where youth is not, by virtue of its latent potency, in the van, or where that latency does not become more wisely and beneficently patent because for a season it is withheld at the creative font.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Bon Voyaging the Burglar

BY DON HEROLD

I HEARD our fifty-dollar vase crash to the floor in the front room.

"Fine!" I thought. "There's a burglar in the house." It was a dull, dark, uninteresting night, and a burglar was a godsend. Even the cuckoo-clock in the hall was dead.

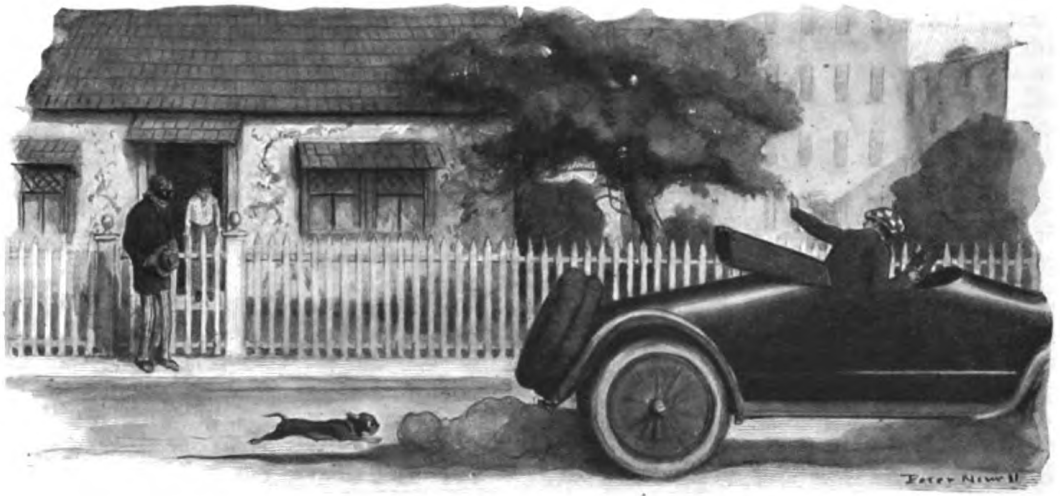
At the thought of the burglar I was like a child let out of school. I was free from the night. Five minutes ago there was nothing but the night. Five minutes ago I had nothing to do until to-morrow. Now there was a burglar.

I began to wonder how long he would stay. I hoped he would make a night of it. I hoped he was a slow, hard-working burglar, insatiable in his burglaring needs. Maybe he would be going my way in the morning, so I could take him home in the car—drop him off on the way down-town. I could hear him say, "Much obliged, mister, for the things, and for the ride." He would be twirling his hat around in his hands as embarrassed, appreciative burglars do. To which I would reply: "Oh, that's all right, old man. You saved my night for me. Drop in again. So long." And I would turn around and wave at him as I pulled away from the curb in front of his ivy-covered burglar's cottage. I would get a glimpse of his wife coming out to greet him in her kitchen apron.

Then I could imagine his wife telling him that he had kept dinner waiting. (Burglars have dinner instead of our breakfast. A burglar's day is all turned around.) And he would say to his wife that "de guy was so nice that he hated to leave right after he got through de job."

Or maybe he would be a rough burglar. I didn't care. Maybe he wouldn't sit around for a stogie. Maybe he would be all business, and keep telling me to stand out of the way and not butt in—he would find things himself. Maybe he would feel professional reticence when I asked him questions. But I didn't care. Anything was better than the sleepless night and the silent cuckoo.

I did not know whether to get up or to stay in bed. There was a big rip down the coat of my pajamas in the back, and I was afraid I wouldn't make much of an impression. If the burglar was going to come into my room and sit on the edge of the bed, that would be better. I could send him into the front room



"AND I WOULD TURN AROUND AND WAVE AT HIM AS I PULLED AWAY"

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HE WAS A LITTLE SHAKY, ON THE ASPEN-LEAF ORDER

for cigars and ash-trays, and I could prop myself up in bed, and we could smoke and talk it all over in a very comfortable way. I hoped he would crash around in the front room for a while and then come back to my room for my watch. It would be fun to hear him roughing around in the front room. I knew our front room like a book, of course, and when I heard anything break I could guess what he was after. That would be a mighty good diversion for me.

Then I thought of all the people in the world who just go to bed at night and get up for breakfast in the morning, and go to bed again and get up for breakfast—the people who don't have burglars. Then it struck me for the first time—the awful thought struck me that maybe it was not a burglar, after all. When the fifty-dollar vase fell over, I had heard no muffled exclamation. Maybe it was the wind, or a wild animal.

I rather hoped it would turn out to be a revolver-drawing burglar, one who would just as soon shoot you down in cold blood as look at you. It would be fun to subdue a burglar like that with my nonchalance. When he came into my room I would yawn, "Yo-ho-ho-ho-ho-*ho!*" and tell him not to shoot—that I was a new kind of customer.

"It may be necessary to shoot some of your patrons," I would say, "but I have my own particular attitude toward burglars. Sit down awhile and see if you like me. First, I want you to know that you are welcome."

He would sit down, and maybe, later on, shoot me—but we could see about that.

I wondered if he could find the switch in the front room—I never could—or if he used a lantern, or just what his illuminating system was. I had an impulse to get up and help him hunt the switch, and then I thought: "No; it will be better just to let him do it his own way. If I'm going to have a burglar, I want him to do things *his* way—not mine. It is his business, not mine. It is my house, but it is his profession—and my perspective may be too close." Things that I would ask him to take, for instance, might have no value at all, from his point of view. He knew the second-hand market, and all that.

I decided on one thing. If this were a dress-suit burglar I would go out and get a gun and kill him. If he were standing in my front room with a plug hat and a cape overcoat and rubber heels and smoking a cigarette, and looking out of the corner of his eyes, slick-like, like a moving-picture villain, confident and sickeningly full of assurance, I would kill him before he had a chance to say "Good evening." I don't want any burglars good-evening-ing me. It doesn't go, in my house.

The piano boomed.

He had put his fist down on the noisy end of the keyboard. This seemed amateurish to me. There was the whole keyboard open to him, with the little, squeaky keys at one end and the noisy keys at the other—and he picked the north end.

Then there was a minute of quiet. Then he fired a shot. This was not right. This was all wrong.

I got up and went into the front room and said: "Here! here! here! Shussesshhss on that. That's bad. Wait a minute, I'll find the switch. Goodness! Shooting like that! That's poor!" I turned on the light.

The burglar looked all right. He was a little shaky, on the aspen-leaf order, but he had a slouch hat and a black mask, and a bull's-eye and a revolver, still smoking, and a two weeks' growth of whiskers. And I could see that he was smarting under my reprimand. I had gone right for his technique—and found him very vulnerable on that point.

"Excuse me, mister," he said, "but this is

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the first time I was ever up on the Boulevard, and when I busted the crock it all upset me. It was the lace curtain that I shot at. I am afraid I did wrong to come up on the Boulevard, but I was always a man who aspired to better things." (The crock to which he referred was our fifty-dollar vase.)

The burglar was a disappointment. He was too meek. I had expected that the minute I turned the switch on, while my face was still to the wall, he would fire another shot —and that there would be a little, hot, scorched, scattered hole in the plastering about four inches from my ear.

"Now look here," I said. "Here you got me all enthused. Here you got me to thinking there was a burglar in the house. I thought we would have a time! You're a bad burglar!"

"I'm sorry, mister."

"Don't tell me you're sorry. You ought to be clerking in a bird-store, selling parrots and kittens to old ladies."

The man seemed so genuinely sorry that I was struck with a wave of compassion. I was moved to give him another chance. I thought quickly.

"Look here," I said; "do you think you can brace up and be a man? Do you?"

"I think so, mister. I'll try."

"Good Lord, I hope so!" I said. He was twirling his hat. "Don't do that! Don't do that! That makes me nervous—from you," I said, and he stopped. "I haven't given you alms."

"What do you think I had better do, mister?" he asked.

I was thinking quickly. Suddenly it struck me. I said: "You go next door to Smith's. Go over there, and for goodness' sake, get something. Don't be a bull in a china-shop or old man Smith will kill you, sure. He is tough, but that's what you want to go up against. Go over there and clean them out. The dining-room window on the ground floor is unlocked." I put one hand on his shoulder and clasped his right arm with my right hand. "Will you do it?" I asked, looking him straight in the eye.

"I will," he said, looking me straight in the eye—and I knew I could trust him.

"Before you go, there's one thing. How much money have you got?"

"Fifty-three dollars," he replied. "I hit an old geezer on the bean."

"Well, you owe me fifty dollars for that crock," I said, pointing to our smashed fifty-dollar vase. "I wouldn't have said a word about it, but you have been a bitter disappointment to me."

"I want to pay for the crock," he said. "It's no more than fair." He gave me fifty dollars, and I let him out the back door and showed him Smith's dining-room. As he stood on our back step, he took my hand and said, fervently: "Thank you, mister. You're different from the others."

We had got the vase at a special sale for thirty-five dollars, although it was really a fifty-dollar value. I felt right about the fifteen-dollar profit, because the burglar had disappointed me more than fifteen dollars' worth.

I went back to my room and looked out the window. In the moonlight, I could see my man working at Smith's dining-room. Then I went back to bed. I had helped a brother man, so I slept the sleep of a child.

The next morning when I awoke, the fifty dollars was gone again—and sixty-five dollars more that I had in my trousers, not more than four feet from my bed. My burglar had been back. He was going to be a success, after all. It did my heart good.

O Little Town

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

O LITTLE TOWN, for all the miles
That make 'twixt you and me,
Never an April morning smiles
But what I surely see

The old square lately graced with green,
The twittering amber eaves,
The long street latticed all the way
With pattern of light leaves;

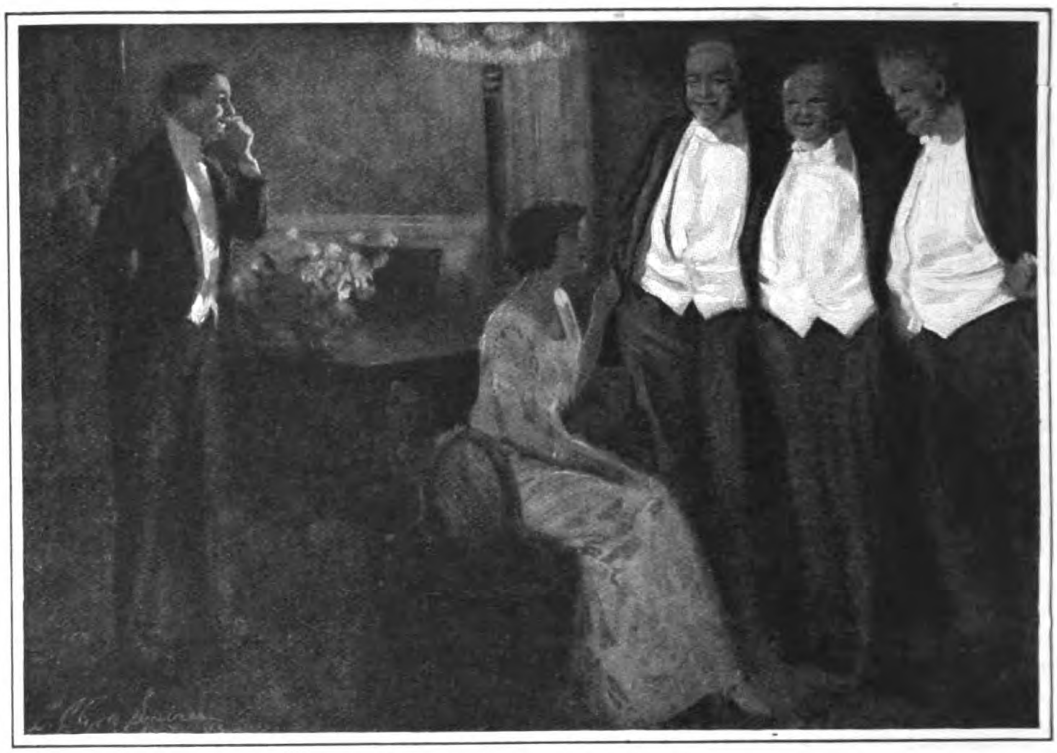
And one that was my own sweet youth,
Bedecked in dimity
And rosy ribbons, tripping down
The gray stones daintily,—

A new-blown blossom in her hair,
A fresh song in her throat,
With little lilt of pure delight
For every other note.

O Little Town, shall I come back
Some perfect April day
(For all the years, for all the years),
And meet her in the way?

Nay, God forbid . . . lest my sweet youth—
Soft-singing as she came—
Might stop with dimpling courtesy
To pray the Stranger's name!

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ADVERTISING MAN: *"What a waste of white space!"*

Passed On To Bill

A COUPLE of Kentuckians, meeting in a feud district, one asked the other:

"Look here, Bill, what did you shoot at me for? I 'ain't got no quarrel with you!"

"You had a feud with Ben Walker, didn't ye?"

"I did; but Ben's dead."

"Well, I'm his executor."

No Relief

A JERSEY boy came home the other day to communicate unusual news.

"And so your teacher is dead?" asked the mother, horrified at the lad's announcement.

"Yes," said the boy. But, after a moment's reflection, he added, "After all, what's the good of that while the school is still there?"

A Waste of Powder

A MAN who never before had been duck-hunting, shot at a duck in the air.

"Gee!" exclaimed the amateur's friend, "you got him."

"Yes," returned the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him, anyway."

A Family Relic

THIS was the young teacher's first year, and she was full of zeal. Personal cleanliness was her specialty. Moses was slowest of all to respond, but finally he, too, began to "take notice." He came with clean hands three days in succession. Then she began talking to him about brushing his teeth, and he promised.

Next day she said to him, with an air of keen disappointment, "Moses! you promised me you'd brush your teeth."

The boy couldn't stand it to be misjudged that way, and he burst out, half crying: "But I did try, teacher. Honest, I did. But we hain't got only one tooth-brush to home, and pa won't let me use it 'cause it belonged to my aunt who's dead."

Too Tender

A LITTLE boy in a nature-study class had been impressed by his teacher's talk on being kind to all animals. While out walking with his teacher one day he became tired and sat down. A few minutes later his companion was startled by a terrific scream. Upon being asked what was the matter, he answered, tearfully:

"I've been sitting on a hornet, and I'm 'fraid that I've hurt the poor thing."

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Special Dispensation

A LITTLE son of the minister was stretching the truth somewhat. The nurse reproached him. "Oh, that's nothing," he airily replied. "I have told lots of whopping big lies and never been struck dead yet."

Samples Supplied

A CLERGYMAN was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and, finding great difficulty in procuring the same sort at hotels when traveling, always carried a bottle with him.

One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table, and pretty soon asked the minister to pass the pickles. The divine, who enjoyed a joke, politely passed the pickles, and in a few seconds had the satisfaction of seeing the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man, when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am, sir."

"I suppose you preach."

"Yes; about twice a week, usually."

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, yes. Sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment."

"I thought so," said the stranger; "but you are the first of your class I ever met who carried samples."

Naturally

HOLDING up before the class a large reproduction of Breton's famous picture, "Song of the Lark," the teacher asked, "Who will tell us the story of this picture?"

Silence.

"Well, what is the girl listening to?"

"To the lark," chorused the class.

"Correct. Now, John, can you tell us what the girl has been doing?"

Silence again.

"Come, John," coaxed teacher, "you can tell us why she has the sickle, can't you?"

"Ter kill de lark," beamed John.

Her Size

A BOSTON schoolmaster tells a story about a governess who tried to give her pupils some idea of the relative size of distant countries by saying, "Cambodia is about as large as Siam." But when the pupils turned in their written exercise on the subject one had written, "She says Cambodia is about as large as she is."

"A Long Life and a Rapid One"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Willie, you may recite your lesson."

WILLIE: "'And the children of Israel arose and said unto the King, O thou King, live forever—'"

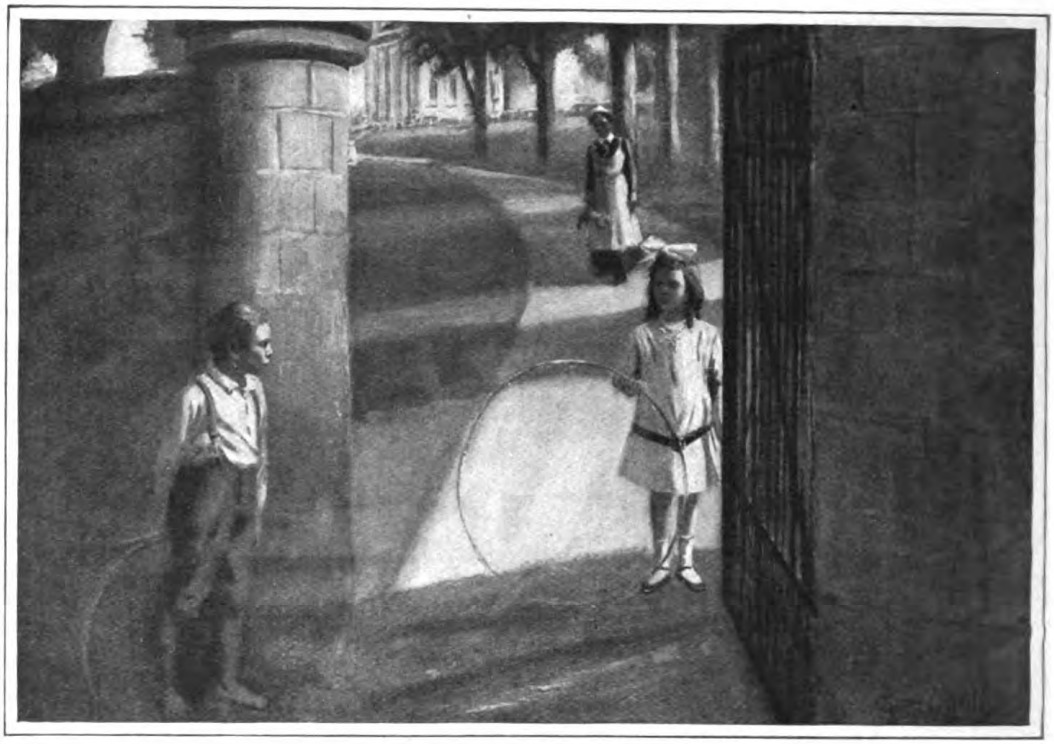
S. S. TEACHER (*prompting*): "And—"

WILLIE (*guessing*): "And immediately the King lived forever."



ANGLER (in deep water): "*Help! Help! I can't swim!*"
COUNTRY GENTLEMAN: "*I can't, neither, but I ain't hollerin' about it.*"

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The Great Divide

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FATHER sat in his study one afternoon writing out a speech, when his son called shrilly from the garden:

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Spring A-wooing

HARK, what's abroad this fair May day?
The very earth is stirring;
There's something mystical at play,
A busy hum and whirring;
A soft breeze gently steals about,
And sap in boughs is flowing,
While fairy calls go ringing out:
"Come, blossoms, make a showing!"

"You daffodils there in the dark,
Put on your dress of yellow.
Shame on you! Don't you hear the lark?
He's not a *lazy* fellow. . . .
The tulips lift their heads up high;
They're never slow in waking.
We'll want some perfume by and by,—
Those violets need shaking."

"That rose-tree lacks her ruby crown,"
A tiny voice is shouting.
"Go bend those sun's-rays warmly down,
These hyacinths are sprouting."
'Tis hurry scurry everywhere,
So many things a-doing,—
Earth decks herself in jewels rare,
For Spring has come a-wooing!

RUSSELL SAINSBURY

No Precaution Neglected

THE little son of a clergyman recently appeared at breakfast with distinct evidences of a hastily made toilet.

"Why, Edmund," his mother remonstrated, "I believe you forgot to brush your hair!"

"I was in such a hurry to get to school," he explained.

"I hope you didn't forget to say your prayers?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, sirree!" was the emphatic assurance; "that's one thing I *never* forget. Safety first!"

Injustice

"YOU ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called to see Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man. "I tell you he looked fine, a-sitting alongside of her with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, coloring.

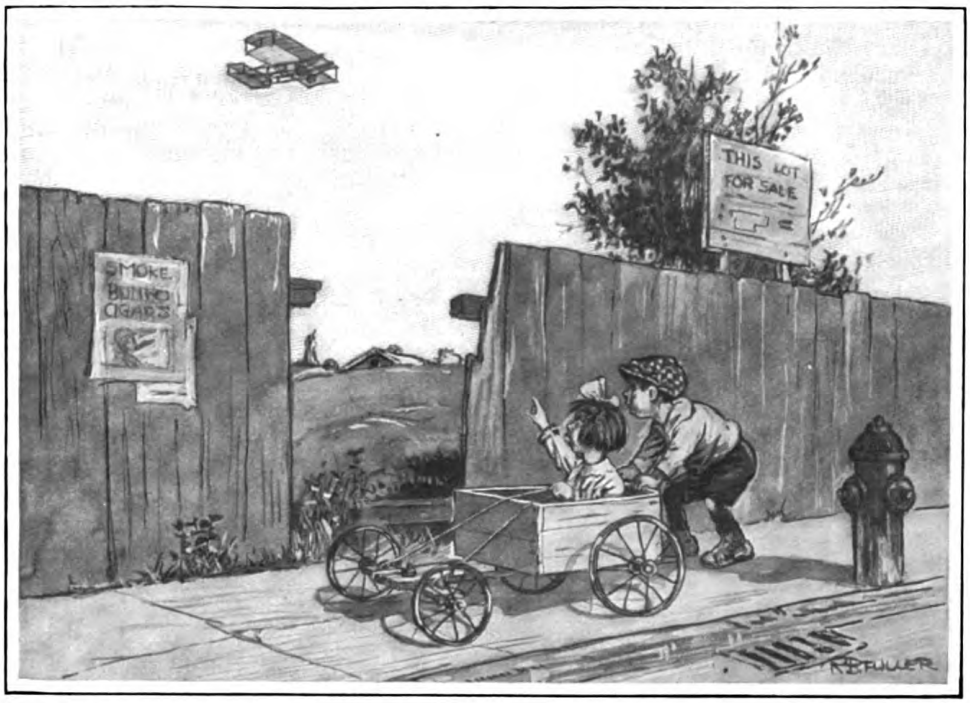
"Well, so he did," insisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John!" screamed his mother, frantically.

"Why," whined the boy, "I was—"

"John," said his father, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."



GENEROUS BROTHER: "*No, sis, we can't afford an aeroplane this year, we'll have to be satisfied with th' old car for a while yet*"

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YOUNG WIFE: "*Oh, Jack, baby's swallowed a cent!*"
PRACTICAL HUSBAND: "*Well, that's inexpensive diet—as food prices go!*"

Caution

A NEW-YORKER tells of a married couple he observed at a county fair in Ohio. They found themselves in the center of quite a crowd near one of the amusement booths and the husband addressed his wife in this wise:

"I say, dearie, I think you'd better give me the lunch-basket. Don't you see we are apt to lose each other in this crowd?"



Trials of a Dutiful Parent
"*I don't like milk in a glass. I want it in my mug.*"

Half as Bad

ONE of the clerks at the Weather Bureau recently took unto himself a wife, and it has been his endeavor to interest her in his work at the office.

The other evening, on coming home, he said: "It was a terrible storm that swept through Jersey. The wind blew sixty miles an hour for thirty minutes."

"Well, dearie," said the wife, anxious to show an intelligent interest in the matter, "it's lucky, isn't it, that it blew only half an hour?"

"Why?"

"Well, thirty miles isn't nearly so bad."

The Reading Lesson

"WHAT are oxen?" asked the teacher.

The little foreigners looked blank.

"Does any one know what a cow is?" she asked, hopefully.

A dingy hand waved wildly at the back of the room. "I know. I know, teacher. A cow, she lays milk!"

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